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Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen.

At the onset, allow me to apologize
to this wonderful gathering...

...for the delay in the program.

The Maestro had been
delayed by a pressing issue...

...of a personal kind.

However, he is here now,
and we shall begin presently.

Ayush, please open the door...

Ayush.

Ayush, open the door, please.

Ayush.

Ayush, for god sake, open the door.

Ayush, please open the door.

- Ayush...

- I've managed to keep them quiet for now.

But let me assure you...

...this decorum won't be
maintained in another 10 minutes.

I urge you, Ms. Nafisa,
as Ayush's manager...

...to get him out of the bloody room,
and make him work ...

...for the money
you've grabbed from us.

Please give me a minute.

Ayush, open the door, please.

Ayush, people are waiting for you.

For God's sake Ayush, open the door.

This isn't right.

Ayush.

Ayush.

"You exist in me like so, beloved..."

"...there's no part of me left."

"You've spread all the way to my soul..."

"...that now I dwell in you instead."

"You're my reality... and my hope."

"You're all I see wherever I look..."

and in my memories too..."

"Whatever's left of me,

now belongs to you..."

"I am no longer myself anymore."

This is ridiculous. I've had enough.

I am sorry.

But we've little choice

but to break this door open.

- What?

- Ms. Nafisa, please.

But...

Darrel, Sam.

You break this bloody door down, please.

- Good God.

- Allah!

Someone call an ambulance.

Ayush.

Ayush.

Ayush.

Music.

Can you hear it?

A Fa... D-Sharp...E...

A Fe...CED...

- Asthana.

- Sir.

Where have you been

hiding him all this time?

I've never seen such a talent before.

Actually, sir,

I've no clue how he plays so well.

- How he plays so well?

- Yes...

What do you mean?

Actually,

sir...I had no formal training in music.

Whatever I play, I've learned myself.

By watching other pianists play...

- ...and from books as well.

- Unbelievable.

That is genius.

Unfortunately,

my niece, Meher isn't here...

...otherwise, she would've been

truly elated to hear your music.

Thank you so much, sir.

- Your compliment is all I need.

- It shouldn't be.

It shouldn't be enough.

You should take your music to the world.

You can be the sun,

and you're happy being a candle.

Sir...you know,

music is good for amusement...

...but, it doesn't pay the bills.

- So, in order to learn to play the Piano...

- He should go to England.

What?

You should go to England.

- But, I don't have...

- I do!

I have a suggestion.

The finest music school is in York.

And, a few kilometers

from York is my home.

The caretaker of

that home has grown old...

...and I am looking for new care-taker.

So, Ayush, if you are prepared

to look after my property...

...then, I can take responsibility

for your education.

So...how do you like this deal?

- W...Wi...Will you do this for me?

- Of course, I will.

Thank you so much, sir.

Thank you so much, sir.

"Erasing every distance from my heart..."

"...O beloved, I set out to meet you."

"Be my angel..."

"...be the sky to my stars."

"My darkness, and the light,

"...everything I own,

are all yours now."

"My darkness, and the light,

"...everything I own,

are all yours now."

"Let's walk with me in your arms."

"O my beautiful tomorrow."

"O my beautiful tomorrow."

"O my beautiful tomorrow."

"O my beautiful tomorrow."

Hello.

Hello. Hello.

Hello.

You must be the young gent from India.

Gosh, you are a young man, aren't you?

We did receive a letter from Mr. Wadia...

...to say you were coming.

I am Emma...

Emma Smith.

Ayush. Ayush Asthana.

So, glad to meet you.

Well, Mr. Jenkins, the old caretaker...

...is waiting to hand the reins over.

Aah...there he is now.

- A long-long journey, eh.

- Yes, sir.

Why don't I show you around this house...

...and hang this goddamn

Albatross around your neck.

"My darkness, and the light,

"...everything I own,

are all yours now."

"Let's walk with me in your arms."

"O my beautiful tomorrow."

"O my beautiful tomorrow."

"O my beautiful tomorrow."

"O my beautiful tomorrow."

Who's that?

'Dear father...'

'Hope you're fine,

and all is well back in Bombay..'

'I wish...even I could say the same.'

That everything is fine out here?'

'But it isn't.'

'It's been three months

since I got here.'

'Everything was fine when I arrived.'

'But then, I made a mistake.'

'A big mistake.'

'And because of that mistake,

now I can't go to the music school...'

'...or meet anyone.'

'I hide all day out of fear.'

'Moreover,

I think because of my mistake...'

'...Mr. Wadia's house is
now haunted by some evil spirit.'
'I tried to tell you
this for a long time now.'
'But I could never muster the courage.'
'I don't know what to do.'
'I wish there was someone
who could save me from my problem.'
'I wish...'
Rose, for God sake, let's go.
We're getting late for college.
We'll miss our class.
Please Nafisa, just a little longer.
I am not content yet.
If we wait for your contented...
...then we'll have to
wait out here all day.
Let's go.
I don't understand...
...how can such beautiful
music not have any effect on you?
Don't you want to forget everything
and drown yourself in this music?
I don't...
I came here from Lahore to study Law...
...and not become a musician.
You can stay drowned in that music.
I am leaving.
Fine, let's go.
You've turned into
a bloody dictator instead.
I wish I was a dictator...
...then, I would've sentenced you to death
for making me miss class every day...
...because of that pianist.
Rose?
What's wrong? Why do you look so scared?
It happened again...like always.
Allah...
Who is it this time? What does she want?
God knows.
I don't understand
this thing that you do.
Every time it scares you

to the edge of your life.
And a couple of days later,
it's back to the same old thing again.
If I can see spirits, and talk to them...
...then, it's my mother who
should be blamed for it.
She passed her power to me before she died.
So let them come to you.
Let them try to talk to you.
Why do you help them, Rose?
Simply ignore...ignore them.
I cannot ignore them.
They are in much more
suffering than we are.
They keep wandering for centuries...
...with the burden of
their unfulfilled desires.
If I can help them
break free of their prison...
...then what is wrong in that?
The thing is Rose,
not every spirit is good.
Some spirits are so evil...
...that they can even kill you.
- And I fear that...
- I will die.
God...don't ever say that.
You know Nafisa, I believe Jesus
Christ sent us to earth to play a part
And until we don't play our part,
death cannot harm us.
And once we've done our part...
...then no matter how hard we try,
life cannot hold us back.
Then I will pray to Allah...
...that your part isn't over
for the next 100-200 years.
Wow...this is unbelievable.
- Didn't we get too emotional today?
- No.
In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ...
...be gone if you're an unclean spirit.
If you want me to help you,
let the lamp flicker.

Once for 'no' and twice for 'yes'.

Is there something that
remains undone on this plane?

- Yes.

- Hello, are you, Mrs. Lily Lopez.

- Yes, I am.

- I have a message for you...

- ...from your husband.

- What?

Yes, of course.

Don't try to be so naive.

- Shut up.

- Fine, I'll shut up.

Whenever you go to London,
I feel very lonely.

Why couldn't you fall for a local boy?

What to do?

Our love's just budding.

And you know,

Salim gets so restless without me.

He can't focus on his medical studies.

Ohh, this damn love.

The things it makes one do.

Time for the train to arrive.

I'll leave.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye. Take care.

Bye.

Rose?

I am Ayush.

Ayush Asthana.

I know who you are.

You're the Indian boy who plays piano...

...down at the Wadia Manor, don't you?

Yes, that's me.

And you can talk to me in Hindi.

My father was British,

but my mother was an Indian.

Oh, I see...

- You don't look like...

- An Indian?

Yes.

What to say?

The British think I am Indian...

...and the Indian think I am British.
And I think you're the
solution to all my troubles.
What?
I am the solution to your troubles?
I read about you in the newspaper.
Oh, I see...
- So you're in that kind of trouble.
- Yes.
If you don't mind,
can we talk about this tomorrow?
It's getting dark.
And, if I wait any longer...
...then, I won't be
able to find my way home.
Ohh...
Just a minute.
May I show you the way...
...then, tomorrow you
can do the same for me.
Come.
So tell me,
what kind of trouble are you in?
- Well...actually, the place where I live.
- Wadia Manor.
Yes...Wadia Manor.
The terrible things that are occurring there...
...cannot be possible by any human being.
Sometimes I wonder these old homes...
...must have seen so many tragedies,
bad incidents, sorrows, and evil deeds.
There might be any number of secrets
and stories hidden behind those walls.
That's why I came to you.
Because you know these things.
You believe in them.
You have faith.
I need your help in getting
rid of whatever is in that house.
It's not easy to do that.
Facing these unclean spirits
can be really difficult.
They are unsatisfied spirits.
These souls have an

unfulfilled wish or desire.
I see...
Let's do one thing.
I'll come over to Wadia Manor
tomorrow after college at 3 pm.
Once I inspect the house,
I'll know what to do next.
Thank you, that will be wonderful.
Well, here we are.
This is where I live.
Thank you for showing me the way.
And, thank you very much
for agreeing to help me.
Take this light with you.
Because you show the light to everyone.
Very charming.
See you at 3 pm tomorrow.
What have you felt?
What do you see or hear?
It always begins in the same manner.
A very strange sound.
Mild, but high-pitched.
But, when I follow that sound...
...it feels like that sound is
coming from outside this house.
When I look out the window,
I see a white light.
Coming towards me.
White light?
Yeah.
After that,
anything can happen.
Lights turns off.
Doors start to open and close.
Windows start clattering.
Sometimes I hear a woman's scream.
And the last time I saw something
written on the wall in blood.
Really? In blood?
- Can I see it?
- Sure
Oh my, God! I've never
seen anything like this before.
You were right. This is dried up blood.

Yes, definitely.
Did someone suddenly die out here?
Before time.
Maybe.
Hard to say.
There's one thing...
Can you hear that?
Someone's playing the piano.
Is there anyone else
in this house other than you?
Oh, God...
It's a piece of glass with blood on it.
I've seen this before.
One thing is certain.
The spirit infesting your house is evil.
But try to remember.
Maybe you did something...unintentionally.
Or maybe an incident you don't remember.
Doesn't matter how small.
Even small things can have
a big importance in the spirit world.
I'll try to think since
you're insisting so much.
But as far as I remember...
...there was nothing that
would lead to such a situation.
Then we have only one choice.
In order to get rid
of any unclean spirit...
...we must first find out what it wants.
- But, how are we going to do it?
- Not us, God will do it.
It's called an intervention.
We can start tonight if you want.
Yes, of course.
I mean, please.
Do not bring us to the test
...but deliver us from the evil.
Amen.
Lord, grant me the courage
and the strength to fight this evil.
Can I ask you something?
What's the connection
between 3 am and evil spirits?

It's said that evil spirits
are the strongest at that hour.
That's true.
When Jesus Christ was crucified...
...his spirit left his
body at 3 in the afternoon.
So that's believed to be
the holiest hour of the day.
At 3 pm.
And that's why devil
chose exactly the opposite.
3 am.
Then was Jesus led up
the filth into the wilderness...
...to be tempted of the devil.
And when he had fasted
forty days and forty nights...
...he was afterward and hunger.
And when the tempter came to him,
he said...
If thou be the son of God,
command that these stones be made bread.
But he answered and said, it is written...
Man shall not live by bread alone...
...but by every word preceded
out of the mouth of...
...out of the mouth of God.
Then the Devil taketeth
him into the holy city...
...and seteth him at
the pinnacle of the temple.
And saidth...
And saidth on to him.
"If thou be the son of God,
cast thy self down."
"For it is written,
he shall give his angels charge..."
"And in their hands,
they shall bear thee up."
"Lest any time thou sky for a..."
"...against the stone."
Jesus said onto him, it is written...
Why are you hiding from me?
Why are you hiding from me?

Rose.

Rose.

"You're my hope..."
"...take me along with you."
"Be my destiny..."
"...and come closer to me."
"Be my angel..."
"...you're the sky to my stars."
"My darkness, and the light,
"...everything I own,
are all for you."
"Let's walk with me in your arms."
"O my beautiful tomorrow."
"O my beautiful tomorrow."
"O my beautiful tomorrow."
'Don't worry, I am absolutely fine.'
'Its just a little bruise.'
'I didn't want to wake you up. Rose.'
If you came here to find out...
...whether I was scared
by last night's incident and fled...
...then don't worry,
I don't give up easily.
And, now I am even more determined.
I didn't come here because
I doubt your courage.
I came here because
I'm ashamed of my cowardice.
Cowardice? I didn't understand.
Read this letter, you will understand.
'Rose, you kept asking
me and I kept lying to you.'
'But the truth is;
I am the reason why...'
'...this house is infested
with an evil spirit.'
'It all began when I
had just arrived in England.'
'First it was only a handful of people...'
'...but soon the entire village,
and also the neighboring villages...'
'...started coming over to my home.'
'And I thought if I can
make some money out of it...'

'...it'll make life easier for me.'
'I was completely wrong to think that.'
Hello.
Aren't you the caretaker
who my uncle speaks so highly of?
That pianist.
Yes, that's me.
- And you?
- Meher.
Meher Wadia.
Mr. Wadia's only niece.
And, the sole heir to this property.
Anyway, it took me all
day to get her from London.
So exhausting.
My bags are in the car outside.
Go and get them.
Go.
Quick.
By all means, ma'am.
Ma'am, which room would
you like me to keep these bags?
Come here.
Someone from this small
town wrote a small letter...
...and revealed a big secret to me.
I've heard that you play
the piano to make money.
No need to lie, because
I know my information is correct.
Yes...I play the piano.
But, not the way you think.
- I...
- No need for any clarification.
Firstly, my uncle trusted you.
He gave you the
responsibility of this house.
And you...
You turned this place into a brothel.
You... You are mistaken.
I understand everything.
I can tell the difference
between right and wrong.
Do you know how many generations

we've had this house for?
It's our identity, our pride.
And you used it to make a few bucks.
You let strangers come inside the house.
Imagine how disappointed
my uncle will be when he finds out?
And your father, Mr.
Asthana, he will lose his job.
Look, I beg you.
I made a big mistake, ma'am.
I...I...I just want to learn music,
that's it.
And, my father shouldn't be
punished for my mistakes, it's not fair.
I...I beg of you.
Please don't tell Mr. Wadia anything.
I...will... I'll do anything you say.
Please.
Let me see.
Play for me tonight.
Let me have a private concert.
If you can play for the entire town...
...then you can definitely
play for me. Right.
And, if I like your music...
...then I will forgive you.
I...I won't give you a chance to complain.
We'll see...
I mean, listen.
I never had wine before.
I'm sure you didn't. But you will now.
Come on.
Where are we going?
To nice people.
It's slow poison, my dear pianist.
It'll take more than ten hours for you to die.
And...what's interesting is that...
...the nice people,
that live here, will try to save you.
But they won't succeed.
It's going to be so much fun.
I'll enjoy watching their helplessness.
I am going to enjoy it so much.
It's going to be so much fun.

So much fun.

'I don't know why

Meher wanted to kill me.'

'But, even though unintentionally,
I killed Meher Wadia.'

'I had killed Mr. Wadia's niece.'

'What had I done?'

I could see my life getting
engulfed in pitch black darkness.'

'I was assured that
the police will find me...'

'...and lock me up for many years.'

I lived with that fear day and night.'

'I was so scared that...'

'...I even stopped going
to the music school.'

'I would hide in my house all day.'

'But days passed, and nothing happened.'

'When I returned to the accident site...'

'...the police had recovered
the car and the body.'

'Then why couldn't they get to me.'

'I kept waiting for Mr. Wadia's letter filled with anger.'

'But that letter never arrived.'

'Moreover, there was no news about
Meher Wadia's death in the newspapers.'

'My fear lessened...'

'...and I finally realized that
maybe no one saw me with Meher.'

'And maybe that's why no one knew
that I was involved in Meher's death.'

'But Meher did.'

'What she couldn't achieve
while she was alive...'

'...she's trying to get to it now.'

'I am sure this is
Meher Wadia's spirit.'

'And that's the truth.'

'But I am not telling you
all this so you can help me again.'

'I am telling you this because...'

'...you can find the heart to
forgive me for putting your life in danger.'

'Ayush.'

What the hell Nafisa?
Not one, not two, but three truths.
You know his, but he doesn't know yours.
And you two don't know mine.
Nafisa!
Nafisa!
Rose.
What's the matter?
Why do you look so scared?
I told you someday you'll come
face-to-face with an evil spirit.
My prediction has come true.
Now your life is in danger.
Please, Rose.
For God's sake stop
fighting with these spirits.
You cannot face these
evil spirits alone.
They will kill you, Rose.
You're not wrong, Nafisa.
But, I cannot desert
this battle in the middle...
...or give up easily.
Even if I have to give my life for it.
Why? What is compelling you?
Who are you risking your life for, Rose?
- There's only one such guy.
- Who?
The one who lives in Wadia Manor.
Allah...
So that's the reason.
Is he in big trouble?
Well, I can say that in all my years...
...I've never faced such
an evil spirit before.
So what will you do now?
First I must do what
I should've done long ago.
I read your truth.
And, I understand why
you don't want my help.
But, even I have a truth...
...which compels me to help you.
And just like you,

it's difficult for me to say it.
So...
I was only five when my mother passed away.
And she passed on her
power to see spirits, to me.
Then World War one happened...
...and my father lost
his life on the Front.
I was orphaned.
And I was so unfortunate.
I could see spirits...
...but, I couldn't see my own parents.
I was alone but now I was also lonely.
I had no reason to live.
That day,
I was about to give up my life, when...
"Wait, O heart..."
"...find a reason to live."
"Don't let sorrows scare you..."
"...and find your happiness."
"Fall in love..."
"Let your feelings soar..."
"Love is the cure for every sorrow."
"Wait, O heart..."
"...find a reason to live."
"Don't let sorrows scare you..."
"...and find your happiness."
"Fall in love..."
"Let your feelings soar..."
"Love is the cure for every sorrow."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me O heart."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me O heart."
Hello.
The piano is out of tune.
Took a day off.
That's alright. Another day perhaps.
Hey...
Now that you're here, how about
some music to take the pain away.
"I am your love... try to feel me."

"Its me who beats in your heart."
"You'll realize when you'll touch me..."
"...I am that moment that passed."
"For the darkness that dwells in your eyes..."
"...I am your dawn."
"I am the ray of light waiting for you..."
"...behind the mist."
"Find what you've lost..."
"...I am your path leading the way."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me O heart."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me O heart."
What language is he singing in?
I think its Hindi.
But what does it matter?
Music is music.
That's true.
"I am your destiny,
weave me in your words."
"How do I call you out..."
"...because I am voiceless."
"Hear me in your heartbeat."
"I am life...live me."
"I am your tear, drink me."
"I am shattered like a dream..."
"...and scattered around,
come and pick me up."
"I'm the one dwelling in you..."
"...and you're my image."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me O heart."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me..."
"Hear me O heart."
'When you came to
me asking for my help...'
'...I knew you didn't recognize me.'
'I was just an unknown
face amongst the crowd...'
'...who would come to listen to your music.'

'But for me, you're more than God.'

'Your music gave me new hope.'

'Showed me the path to live.'

'My life is indebted to you Ayush.'

'You became the purpose

of my aimless life.'

'Maybe that's why your

music didn't let me die.'

'So that I can keep

you and your music alive.'

Oh my, God. What is this?

How did this happen?

Doesn't it pain?

What do you keep writing all day?

HCH/66.

- What does it mean?

- I don't know myself.

Feels like someone's

written it on my fingers.

And I try to get rid of this feeling...

...by writing it on the paper.

But...

No matter how many times I write it...

...I can't get rid of this feeling.

It stays.

The harder we try to solve this riddle...

...the more confusing it gets.

What I don't understand...

...even if we try to solve this puzzle,

where do we start?

Maybe the place where it all started.

What?

Remember you said there

are many doors in this house...

...which you haven't opened yet.

And you don't know what's behind it.

Yes.

Then we must search this house first.

Who knows what secrets are

hidden behind those closed doors.

So this is Meher Wadia.

How is this possible?

Rose...this isn't the Meher Wadia

who came to meet me.

That is not her.
But...according to this photo...
...she is Meher Wadia, Mr. Wadia's niece.
Then who was the girl...who came
to meet me posing as Meher Wadia.
And tried to kill me.
A girl, who we know nothing about...
...comes here posing as Meher Wadia. Why?
She wants to kill you. Why?
She wants to prove something
to some good people.
Who are these good people?
Even if we find out
anything about that girl...
...where will that get us?
These evil spirits
Never reveal themselves.
They hide out of sight.
They stay in the dark
and fulfill their desires.
In order to get rid of them...
...we must find out who
they are and what they want.
Just like we must catch
a thief to stop him from stealing.
There must be some way
to find out who she was.
Hold on.
Bags!
She brought her bags here.
And I hid them.
Where are the bags?
It's an Indian passport.
Issued in Karachi in 1919.
Whoever she is, hasn't been
living here for more than 2 years.
But the problem is...
...this passport isn't
enough to identify the person.
There is a way.
If she's an Indian...
...then her ship must have
docked at South Hampton.
We can find information out there.

That's correct.
There's an immigration officer
in South Hampton who I helped out.
Maybe he can help us now.
There's a train which leaves
at 10 o'clock tonight for South Hampton.
I'll meet you at the station.
"Ringa-Ringa Roses."
"Pocket full of poses."
"I tease you..."
"I tease you..."
"We all fall down."
"Ringa-Ringa Roses."
"Pocket full of poses."
"I tease you..."
Oh my, God.
Come with me.
Exact same face.
Warning.
This spirit is trying to warn us.
See this.
It's what was written
on the mirror that day.
It's written in English down here.
"First you go Black, then you die."
I know what this painting
is trying to say.
It's a painting of the plague...
...which is also called the "Black Death".
The year 1347.
The epidemic had spread in Mongolia.
That's why...the Mongolian face...
...and, it's also written in Mongolian.
Later in 1348,
it spread to England through some sailor.
The plague was so dangerous...
Anyone infected by it didn't
survive for more than 3 days.
Then it's a very clear warning.
Look...
Look at this moon.
And down here, it has no reflection.
And this face, it's completely intact.
And here, it's turned

completely black in the reflection.
That spirit is trying to tell me...
...that, I have only three days to live.
Three days? What nonsense.
"First you go Black, then you die."
Look...
Like I said, that spirit is
giving these black marks on my body.
Look at this moon.
Three days later is the no-moon night.
In three nights my entire
body will turn black.
First I will turn Black,
then I will die.
I will be dead.
Do you get it?
We've lost, Rose.
We've lost to that spirit.
We can never figure out in three days...
...who that girl really was.
Or why does she want revenge from me?
We'll keep going around in circles,
round and round...
We've lost! There's no way.
You're giving up! Tell me.
Are you giving up?
Before you give up, you should know that...
...death itself gives up.
Do you know to whom?
To the girl who loves you so much.
I am standing between
you and death, Ayush.
Death cannot dare
to take you away from me!
"You dwell in my breath..."
"...I am your journey."
"Don't ever leave me..."
"...I am your abode."
"Love me a little more than you do."
"Without you...I've nothing."
"You are my world."
"My hopes...my belief."
"You are my sky."
Hello.

My dearie,
nice night for a dreamy drive, aye.
Yes, sir.
Just need some petrol
to make the dream come true.
Lady have a sense of humor as well.
That's a good thing.
I'll have to get you
the spare key for the pump.
Wouldn't want your dreamy drive
to end up in the middle of nowhere...
...due to an empty petrol tank.
Hello.
Are you okay?
Damn it.
Ayush, careful.
Rose, behind you.
Forget the key, let's get out of here.
Petrol tank, open the petrol tank.
She won't let us reach
our destination so easily.
But by trying to stop us she has
proved that we are on the right path.
Rose, this is the girl.
She came posing as Meher Wadia.
We found what we were looking for.

Name:

Nationality:

She's been invited from India
to study at the University of York.
The University of York?
There's been a bit of flooding.
The bridge down the road,
there's some work going on it.
But I need to get to York fast.
Well, My lady...on this broken bridge...
...you're going nowhere,
let me assure you.
The earliest this road will
be open will be early tomorrow morning.
You better off staying
at the inn close-by.

Until morning comes.
That's what I would do.
Just one night more.
One night is left.
- And after that...
- One night it all we need...
...to defeat that spirit.
Do you really believe
so much in yourself?
Not in myself. But in my love.
Since God has blessed me with such love...
...He will show me the
way to keep it alive.
Whether God exists or not,
I will only know after I am dead.
But fortunately I met one of his angels.
Isn't this so strange?
Thanks to the darkness,
I found my ray of light.
You know how to impress with your words.
But it's true as well.
I don't know how
I am going to thank you.
Well, there's no thank you in love.
But if you really want to,
there is one way.
I see... How?
When this phase is over...
...I want you to write a song for me.
With all your love.
Why do you think...
I haven't done that already.
Really?
Yes, ma'am.
Then sing it for me...now.
Listen.
Not like this, sing it properly.
"Stay..."
"Stay..."
"Stay O night for me..."
"Stay..."
"Stay..."
"Stay O night for me..."
"So two bodies can turn into one soul."

"The crescent moon on the horizon..."
"...let it shine in my eyes all night long."
"O clouds, heed my request."
"Don't let my stars
plunge into darkness."
"Stay..."
"Stay..."
"Stay O night for me..."
"So two bodies can turn into one soul."
"Even death can't come close to me..."
"...let's hideaway some
strands of life."
"live an eternity
in this one night."
"Let's not miss out
on living this life."
"Stay..."
"Stay..."
"Stay O night for me..."
"So two bodies can turn into one soul."
Ayush.
Ayush.
Excuse me.
I need you to unlock the door for me.
Hello.
Hello.
Ayush.
Hello.
Looking for the keys
to get out of the house.
Come dine with us first.
It's me, Rose.
It's all right. It's me.
It's all a trap.
Right from the Police
roadblock to this hotel.
Everyone we met is already dead.
This spirit is trying to mislead us.
Trying to stop us from
getting to our destination.
It's trying to delay us.
She knows...that we
have only one night left.
We must get out of here. Come on.

Come on.

Hold this.

- Dina Shaw, you said.

- Yes.

- Was she not the Indian student?

- Yes, that's the one.

Yes, I remember that girl.

She was a bright student.

Fell prey to ill health.

I believe she had a hole in her heart.

Poor girl.

It was late one night

when she really took ill...

...and I recall that a fellow professor
and I escorted her to the hospital.

But she hasn't returned.

It's very odd.

Thank you so much for the information,
professor...

...but if I may ask,
which hospital was it?

York General Hospital.

Oh my, God.

Can it be?

What? What can be?

Ayush, wait here.

- I'll be right back.

- But why?

Rose. Tell me.

Rose.

Ayush, do you remember the place...

...where Meher took
you after she poisoned you?

- Do you remember that place?

- Wait a minute, Rose.

Tell me what's going on?

Please Ayush,

I will tell you everything.

- But do you remember that place?

- Yes, of course, I do.

Then let's go,

we're running out of time.

Hurry up, Ayush.

Are you sure she brought you here?

Yes, I remember clearly.
But tell me what is it?
Ayush, we thought that spirit
is punishing you for your mistake.
But we were wrong.
Everything that's been happening
with you isn't your fault.
It's mine!
When I joined college...
...I had to leave my home
in Manchester and come to York.
Here, I started living with
Nafisa in her boarding house.
I knew Nafisa since our school days.
But I also met Vasudha there.
Even she lived with
us in that same boarding house.
She was an Indian.
Her father was some
rich barrister in Delhi.
Actually, it wasn't just Nafisa and me...
...but even Vasudha would
come over to hear your music.
The music's playing on that side...
...what are you looking for on this side?
I am seeing that this girl
is really in love with the pianist.
I have no idea.
How can she love someone
whom she never met, or talked to?
Maybe its love at first sight.
Or in this case,
love at first musical note.
You're not smiling.
What's the matter?
This has to stop, Vasudha.
This... You and me, this can't go on.
Stop?
I love you.
- You know that right.
- Yes.
And I love you too,
but you know I am married.
And this stealing behind

Julia all the time...
...it's making me very-very guilty.
Stealing behind Julia?
Are you even listening
to yourself, Richard?
That woman doesn't love you.
She doesn't even care about you.
And you still want
to feel guilty about us.
I cannot be like Julia, Vasudha.
I am not her.
I cannot be insensitive or uncaring...
...even if she is.
I am not the kind of
person to do the wrong thing.
I won't.
I am really sorry about this.
Come on Vasudha, what is wrong with you?
It's been a week.
You don't sleep or eat.
And even stopped coming to the college.
Get up.
Get up and come with us.
I don't want to go anywhere.
Please leave.
- But Vasudha...
- Just go. Please go.
We knew from Vasudha's condition...
...that something awful happened
between Richard and her.
Vasudha didn't talk to us or
step out of her room for many days...
...nor did she eat?
And then one day...
...she looked as happy
as she was sad before.
Salim and his poems, I tell you.
- Guess what my dear friends.
- What?
Richard proposed to me.
And I said yes.
I am getting married.
What?
But Richard...

I mean isn't he already married?

Then...

Well, not anymore.

His wife left him.

She left a letter behind for him and broke off their relationship.

He's single now, and he's all mine.

Oh my, God. This is amazing news.

I am so happy for you.

This is so beautiful.

Vasu, just what you wanted. Yes.

- Fabulous party.

- Well, I'm getting married to a fabulous girl.

It's the least I can do

to celebrate our engagement...

...is throw a fabulous party.

You girls will have to excuse us.

I want to show my new

fiance off to my friends.

- Sure.

- Sure.

See you.

I'll just be back.

Sure.

Can I Introduce you to Vasudha!

Let's talk.

- Excuse me.

- Rose.

Rose, excuse me.

What's wrong?

Nafisa, I need to talk to you right now.

That's so nice of him.

What is it, Rose?

We must leave this party.

I cannot tell you here.

- Now?

- Come on.

Rose, but...

Stop it, Rose.

Just stop it.

What nonsense is this?

Richard's wife isn't dead.

She left him.

I know that.

But, everything I saw and
heard today cannot be a lie.
Julia's spirit told me
that Vasudha murdered her.
And, she even told me
where Vasudha buried her.
And...Vasudha even used our typewriter...
...to write a letter
to Richard as his wife.
And she wrote that she's leaving him...
...so that no one doubts
that she's been murdered.
Don't talk nonsense, Rose.
She's our Vasudha. Our Vasu...
She can never kill anyone.
And...it can be any typewriter, Rose.
No, Nafisa.
The letter 'N' of
our typewriter is smudged.
And she said that the letter
'n' in that letter is also smudged.
But why will Vasudha do such a thing?
Because necessity can make
people do anything, Nafisa.
Allah, this is terrible, Rose.
What will we do now?
Your wife also told me that the
note you found had a smudged 'n' in it...
...which proves it was
written by my typewriter.
You can try it if you want.
You're right.
The 'n' is smudged.
This letter was written
with your typewriter.
Tell me...where is my wife buried.
Rose, Vasudha knows.
She knows that you went to meet Richard.
How?
She noticed that the
typewriter is missing.
Then she made me tell her everything.
And then...
She said that she would

rather die than leave Richard.

Oh my god.

Where is she?

She's locked herself in the room.

- Vasudha.

- Vasu...

Please open the door Vasudha.

- Vasudha, please.

- Vasu, please.

Talk to us.

Don't be silly, Vasudha.

Please open the door.

Rose...

Vasudha!

I'll call an ambulance.

Today when you took me to that hospital...

...I inquired and found out that...

...the art student Dina

was admitted on the same day...

...when we brought

Vasudha to the hospital.

In the same ward, just two beds away.

You're paying for my mistakes.

She wants to take
revenge by killing you.

I am so sorry, Ayush. I am so sorry.

Rose, it's not your fault.

When she can kill someone's
wife in order to get her love...

...and give up her own
life after losing that love...

...and then tries to snatch your love away,
must be such a vile person.

Think...she must be so full of hatred.

But now she cannot harm you.

We've seen her. We know who she is.

I...I'll go with Nafisa
and bring Father Agustus here.

He will bless this
house and exorcise it as well.

Then everything will be fine.

Okay?

Okay?

Okay.

Come soon, please.
I've grown used to you.
Well, ...at least you've
developed some good habits.
Who's there?
Rose?
Nafisa.
Nafisa.
Oh my, God. Nafisa.
How did this happen?
Thank you.
Oww...
I think we will have
to stitch this one up.
The gash looks pretty deep.
Alright, doctor.
Fortunately,
there were no internal injuries.
Now, you can go home today,
but you must remember to rest.
I'll arrange for the general
surgeon to look this up.
Nurse, stitch her up.
'What do you keep writing all the time?'
'HCH/66.'
'What does it mean?'
Excuse me, nurse.
What are these letters and numbers?
HCH is the Holy Cross Hospital.
And 19 is bed number.
So where would bed number 66 be?
Right down the corridor
and up the stairs.
It should be ward 7.
'Feels like someone's
written it on my fingers.'
'And I try to get rid of this
feeling by writing it on paper.'
'A strange sound.'
'Slow...but high pitched.'
- And how is bed 66?
- Just the same, doctor.
Poor chap,
caught between life and death.

Don't know how long the
body can survive like this.
It's just deteriorating away.
We're near the end of the month,
we need to make a decision.
I have to remove the support systems.
With the Bible and the
Cross placed next to him...
...it's protected him all this time,
more so than the medicines.
But...
I think its time we take it away.
You've been like a Florence
Nightingale to him.
He's a lucky man.
I understand everything now, Ayush.
Everything.
Now no one can stop me from saving you.
Not even Vasudha's hatred.
Rose.
Where were you?
Rose.
- Rose.
- Come with me.
- Rose.
- Just Come with me.
Rose.
What?
Just come, Nafisa.
Rose, what is it?
What is the matter?
Look closely at the
painting on the ceiling.
It's believed that when our body sleeps,
our soul awakens.
It also travels away from the body.
But when that happens...
...and white light keeps our
body and soul bounded together.
As long as this bond exists...
...the soul can re-enter the body.
But if this bond breaks,
then the soul and body separate.
The body can't survive without the soul...

...and starts searching for it.
I understand,
but why are you telling me this.
Because the one I thought was Ayush,
is actually his soul.
What?
It has separated from its body.
What are you saying?
The patient on bed number 66
of Holy Cross Hospital is Ayush.
He's in a coma.
Vasudha's spirit knew what I didn't...
...that's why whenever Ayush's
body tried to reconnect with his soul...
...Vasudha's spirit intervened.
She wants to keep the
body and soul separate...
...and kill the body.
And keep the soul in this darkness of hell.
That's her revenge.
Allah...but what will we do now?
We must unite Ayush' body and soul.
But it can't be that easy.
Vasudha will never let it happen, Rose.
I have a plan, but I'll need your help.
You must deliver this letter to Ayush.
But not right now.
A little before dawn.
This is important. Please understand.
A little before dawn?
But Rose,
you said this is Ayush' last night.
Yes, I know. I know everything.
Just do this for me,
and I'll handle the rest.
What are you going to do, Rose?
I must deliver Ayush's
body to his soul.
But how?
You die!
Excuse me, sir.
Would you please open the door for me?
Sir...
Are you listening to me?

Will you please open the door for me?
Sir...
Rose.
Rose.
Ayush.
Rose.
Ayush.
Rose.
Rose.
Rose.
Rose, please take me away from here.
Rose, please.
Rose...
Rose, please.
Rose, please take me away from here.
Please take me away from here.
Ayush!
Ayush, get up.
Get up, Ayush.
Get up, Ayush.
You can see spirits, don't you?
So it's difficult to hide from you.
Here you go...now I am out in the open.
Now your lover's useless
body will fend against you.
After tonight, Ayush's soul
will never unite with his body.
And this body won't let
you go out of here until dawn.
Save your lover...if you can.
Rose.
I am coming, Rose.
Rose.
Where are you?
Rose, I need to tell
you something important.
Rose.
Rose.
You're never safe from me.
Surprise!
Rose.
I am gonna get you, Rose.
You can run...
...but you cannot hide, Rose.

Hello, my lady.

Do you need a taxi cab?

Rose.

I know that you're

hiding in the chapel.

You'll save the soul,

but the body is in my possession.

If you leave, the body will die.

Come back, Rose.

Come back.

Good girl.

Good girl.

I can see the pain on your

face which I once experienced.

I'll damage this body so badly...

...that there will be

no use in saving the soul.

That hurt...didn't it?

Now watch me cut your

Love to pieces, Rose.

I will cut him down

slowly to small pieces...

...just like you broke

my heart to pieces.

What will you do now?

How will you save Ayush?

Tell me.

With that?

Really?

I knew it was impossible

for me to make out alive from here.

That's why I already made

arrangements to save Ayush.

You're lying.

I wanted to keep you

busy with me all night.

And I succeeded.

And as far as saving

Ayush's body goes...

...now I'm going to do what

I couldn't when I was alive.

Those who don't attain

salvation even after dying...

...have to be forced to

cross over to the other side.

You are coming with me.

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

Ayush.

Ayush, I know I can't
see you or hear you.

But I know you can see me and hear me.

Rose has sent this letter for you.

Read it.

Rose, where were you?

Rose, where were you?

You must deliver this letter to Ayush.

I must unite Ayush's
body to his soul.

How?

Rose.

Rose.

Rose.

Rose.

Rose.

Rose.

No, Rose.

No, Rose.

No, Rose.

Good God.

Allah.

Someone call an ambulance.

Ayush! Ayush! Ayush!

Doctor. Do you think he'll be okay?

I really can't say anything.

He's lost an awful lot of blood.

I don't think he's going to survive.

- Rose.

- Why, Ayush?

Why do you try to kill yourself?

Last time I saw you when I
was hanging between life and death.

I thought if I'm in
the same predicament again...
...then I'll see you.
And look Rose...
See...
My belief was right.
This isn't right, Ayush. It's wrong.
It's not your time
to come over this side yet.
You're needed back there.
In that world.
If there's one less
Ayush in that world...
...it won't matter to anyone.
Of course, it will.
That Ayush saved me from dying once.
And that Ayush can give hopes
to a lot more people with his music.
I feel lonely without you.
I don't want to live.
Why do you think I am not with you?
I am always with you.
Then why can't I see you?
Why can't I touch you?
Why can't I talk to you?
Love isn't visible,
Ayush, you can't touch it either.
You can only feel love.
I will always live in your heart.
Just try calling out to me.
Go back Ayush,
and try to find me through your heart.
That's where you will find me,
like always.
"You're my slumber and my dreams."
"Your image dwells in my eyes."
"Your fire is still lit in my ashes."
"I laugh at your happiness,
and cry in your sorrows."
"I wake up with you,
and fall asleep when you do."
"My life,
and my death, you're all I have."
"Without you I am nothing."

"You're everything to me."
"You exist in me like so, my love..."
"...there's no part of me left."
"You've spread all
the way to my soul..."
"...that now I dwell in you."
"You're my reality... and my hope."
"You're all I see wherever I look...
and in my memories too..."
"Whatever's left of me,
now belongs to you..."
"I am no longer myself anymore."
"You exist in me like so, my love..."
"...there's no part of me left."
"You've spread all
the way to my soul..."
"...that now I dwell in you."
"You dwell in my breath..."
"...I am your journey."
"Don't ever leave me..."
"...I am your abode."
"Promise me you'll
always stay with me."
"Love me a little more than you do."
"Without you...I've nothing."
"You are my world."
"My hopes...my belief."
"You are my sky."
"You exist in me like so, my love..."
"...there's no part of me left."
"You've spread all
the way to my soul..."
"...that now I dwell in you."