

KHAYAL

Script
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Screenplay
Baylon Fonseca

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1

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

1

Aman Singh (49M) is preparing tea in the kitchen. Namita Singh(45F) is sitting in the living room, chopping vegetables / cleaning peas with rhythmic intensity while watching a cooking show on the TV. Aman pours the tea into two cups. Walking into the living room he places a cup in front of Namita and himself. He glances at his watch, the second hand is ticking away, the time is 2:55 PM.

AMAN

Namita, Vishal ab tak nahin aaya?

Namita wipes her hands on her apron, picks up her phone from the table and dials Vishal.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. COLLEGE - LATE AFTERNOON

2

A group of students sitting on the college steps, strumming on a guitar, tapping rhythm on their thighs, all in harmony, jamming together.

Vishal(21M) walks pass them. His phone buzzes in his pocket. He pulls it out, about to check -

Shivangi(21F) grabs his wrist and pulls him into jam with them.

SHIVANGI

Wait, na ... ek song please.

Smitten by Shivangi, he keeps his phone down and joins in.

CUT TO:

1A

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

1A

Namita listens to the automated response...

VOICE MESSAGE (HINDI)

.... The number you are trying to reach is currently unavailable. Please try calling later ...

Namita cuts the call and redials

INTERCUT TO:

2A EXT. COLLEGE - SAME TIME

2A

Vishal's phone lights up besides him, ringing insistently, but he is engrossed in the music.

He turns the phone face down.

The strumming intensifies. The rhythmic sound is in stark contrast to the ringing phone right beside him.

INTERCUT TO:

1B INT. LIVING ROOM- SAME TIME

1B

Namita's eyes narrow as she scrolls through her call log - Vishal's name appears multiple times under "Recent".

She redials.

The phone rings in silence.

Namita stirs her tea absent-mindedly - but with each ring, her movement grows forceful, the spoon clinking harshly against the cup, a rhythm of frustration.

NAMITA
(muttering)
Hamesha yeh hi karta hai...

She abruptly places the phone down.

NAMITA (CONT'D)
Tum call karo

AMAN
Namita, relax ...
(Alternate - woh aa jayega)

Aman picks up his phone and dials Vishal.

3 EXT. COLLEGE - SAME TIME
INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

3

The music winds down. The group laughs, discussing the next song. Vishal hears the phone ring ... he looks at the time... Its 3.15pm

VISHAL
Oh shit

Vishal picks up the phone ...

AMAN
(on call)
Hello

VISHAL
(on call)
Haan, papa?

Before Aman can respond, Namita snatches the phone from his hand.

NAMITA
(on call)
Mera phone nahi uthaya jata tujhse?
Baar baar call kar rahi thi. Tujhe
bola tha na 2:30 tak aa jaana... ab
3:15 ho gaye.

Vishal does not know how to respond. He shuts his eyes, the guilt creeping in.

AMAN
Lao meri baat karao

Aman gently pries the phone from Namita's hand.

AMAN (CONT'D)
(on call)
Beta, abhi kahan hai?

VISHAL
Papa... bus nikal hi raha tha.
Sabne rok liya ... ekdum se.

Aman exhales quietly. A knowing sigh...

AMAN
(on call)
Jaldi aa ja.

Vishal ends the call, picks up his bag and throws a brief goodbye to Shivangi and the group, rushing off.

CUT TO:

Vishal opens the door and enters. Namita who is seated on the sofa straightens immediately. She stares at Vishal with a sharp gaze...

NAMITA
 (taunting and cold)
 Bahut jaldi aa gaya. Aaraam se raat
 ko ajaata, ghum gham ke!

Vishal eyes are full of guilt.

NAMITA (CONT'D)

Kher... papa ki dawai laya?

Vishal freezes. His fingers tighten around the strap of his bag.

VISHAL
 (stammer & whispers)
 Aaa. Aaa ... woh ... woh main bhool
 gaya.

Namita turn towards Aman with a look of disappointment

NAMITA
~~Jab baat papa ki sehat ki ho, tab~~
~~bheolna option nahi hota, Vishal.~~

(pauses, almost to herself)

NAMITA (CONT'D)
 Tum kab samjhoge?

AMAN
 Koi baat nahi. Mera evening walk ka
 time hogaya hai. Main le aata hoon.

Aman grabs his wallet, slipping his feet into his slippers and heads towards the door.

Vishal sees an opening - a way out.

VISHAL
 Papa, ek kaam karna... ab aap jaa hi
 rahe ho, toh mere liye A4 size
 project sheets le aana. College ke
 assignment likhne ke liye chahiye
 tha.

Aman glances at him and nods, adjusting his slippers.

AMAN
 Theek hai, laa dunga.

Namita lets out an exasperated breath. She shakes her head in disappointment. She turns her gaze to Vishal. Her voice is quieter, but it cuts deep.

NAMITA
(soft yet disappointed)
Zimmedariyon se bhaagna kitna aasan
lagta hai na, Vishal?

The room falls into silence as Aman steps out of the door.

5

INT. VISHAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

5

A dim study lamp casts a pool of light on Vishal's desk. Books are open, notes half-written, a pen twirling mindlessly between his fingers.

His eyes scan the page, but there's a flicker of restlessness.

A soft vibration.

Vishal's phone screen lights up, illuminating his face in the otherwise quiet room. His hand hovers over the book for a beat, trying to resist—then instinct takes over. He picks up the phone.

Insert - Phone Screen (Pop up GFX)

Kartik (message): Bro whats up

Kartik (message): Club chal raha hai na kal

Vishal (message): Bhai 100 saal jiyega tu
Tujhe hi msg karne wala tha

Kartik (message): Acha, kyu?

Vishal (message): Bro kal Shivangi ka birthday hai,
I was planning a surprise for her

Kartik (message): Just you and her ... alone!!
Wah beta

Vishal (message): Nahi bey, uski kuch friends bhi hongi.

Kartik (message): Mom ne allow kiya?

Vishal (message): Nahin baat karna baki hai

Kartik (message): Jaldi karle warna surprise tujhe mil jayenga.

He thinks, gathering the courage he gets up and goes to his parents room

6

INT. PARENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

6

Aman and Namita sit on the bed, engaged in a low, serious conversation.

The bedside lamp casts a dim glow, creating a pool of quiet tension between them,

Vishal stands outside the bedroom door, hesitating. He pushes the door open, it makes an unusual creaking sound. Aman and Namita stop talking mid-sentence.

NAMITA

Tsk, yeh darwaaza phir se awaaz
karne laga...

AMAN

Baad mein theek kar dunga. Bolo
beta.

Vishal hesitantly takes a small step forward, looking down at floor, as he speak he looks at Aman.

VISHAL

Disturb to nahi kar raha?

AMAN

Nahi beta bolo

VISHAL

Papa, woh... umm... papa, maine aapse
woh LonaVala trip ke baare mein...

Namita interrupts him

NAMITA

(raised voice but not
loud)

Nahi, koi trip-vip pe nahi jaana.
Maine pehle bhi mana kiya tha.

VISHAL

Dad ... saare friends jaa rahe
hain. Aur yeh college ka last year
hai. Yeh ek aakhri trip ka mauka
hai.

Namita look at Aman

NAMITA

Woh ja rahe hai to jaane do. Tum apne future pe dhyaan do. Vishal you are not a kid anymore.

AMAN

Namoo college ka last semester hai, jaane do. Phir zindagi bhar yahi yaadein yaad rahengi... aur uss umar mein hum kaunse itne responsible the?

NAMITA

Aap mujhe emotional blackmail mat kijiye.

VISHAL

(raised tone)

Yeh galat hai. Aapne yahi bolke last time bhi mana kar diya. Aur ab phir wahi. Aisa nahin hota.

Vishal abruptly turns and leaves the room. The door make the unusual noise, then slams shut behind him.

NAMITA

Whenever I say no or try to discipline him why do you always make me look bad by taking his side.

Namita in huff turns over and goes to sleep turning off the light on her bed side table.

7

INT. VISHAL BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

7

Vishal sitting on his bed, one arm resting over his forehead, staring at the ceiling. His room feels smaller tonight-claustrophobic.

He grabs his phone, types quickly.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN (POP UP GFX)

Vishal (message): Aray yaar bro, mummy ne seedha mana kar diya hai.

He hits send, then tosses the phone onto the bed. A moment later—

BZZZT. New message.

Kartik (message): Bruh, seriously?

Kartik (message): Bhai, kya problem hai teri mom ko?

Kartik (message): Tu koi chhota baccha hai kya?

Vishal picks up the phone and calls Kartik.

VISHAL

(low, bitter)

Bhai, mujhe samajh nahi aata mummy
ka problem kya hai mujhse?

KARTIK

Classic Indian mom syndrome, bhai.

VISHAL

Nahi yaar... seriously soch. Kya
dikkat hai unko? Koi baat bhi karni
ho toh taunt. Koi decision lo toh
galat. Koi mazaak bhi karo toh
immature lagta hai.

Kartik laughs, but Vishal's frustration is real.

KARTIK

Sabki mummy vesi hi hoti hai. Agar
kuch unke tareeke se na ho, to woh
galat hai.

Vishal shakes his head, voice rising slightly.

VISHAL

Mummy ko toh bas pata nahi, har
baat mein kuch na kuch problem
milti hai mujhse...

(pauses, voice tightening)

jaise ki main unka beta nahi,
koi bura decision hoon jo unhe har
wakt regret karna padta hai.

Kartik pauses at that.

KARTIK

(softer)

Bhai, tu kuch zyada nahin soch
raha? Aur tere dad? Woh toh cool
hain na?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

The door swings open. Vishal looks up. Aman steps in,
carrying a small plate of food.

Vishal immediately cuts the call.

Aman places the food on the study table and sits down beside him on the bed. Vishal glances at the food, then quickly looks away, trying to act unaffected.

AMAN
(softly)
Trip.

Vishal looks at him, surprised. He nods slowly.

Aman picks up a pen from the side table, absent-mindedly fiddling with it. The room stays quiet.

AMAN (CONT'D)
(calm, deliberate)
Zimmedari...

Vishal frowns, confused. Aman tilts the pen in his hand, pointing subtly towards the guitar in the corner.

AMAN (CONT'D)
Sapne ya yaadein? (pause)
Dono zaroori hain.

Vishal watches his father carefully.

AMAN (CONT'D)
Bas itna yaad rakhna...
Sapne bina zimmedaari ke hamesha
adhure reh jaate hain.

Vishal looks down. He doesn't reply.

Aman taps the pen lightly against his palm, then places it back on the table.

He leans back slightly, looking at Vishal with a small knowing smile.

AMAN (CONT'D)
Tujhe trip jaana hai, jaa. (beat)
Par wapas aake soch, agla kadam kya
rahega.

Vishal searches Aman's face—looking for more. A straight answer. Permission.

Aman doesn't give it.

Aman gets up and moves towards the door.

Vishal hesitates.

VISHAL
(tensed)
Par mummy?

Aman pauses in the doorway. Without looking back, he shrugs slightly.

AMAN
Subah ki chai toh hai hi na.
(A beat. Silence.)
Aur khaane pe gussa mat nikal.
Khaale.

Aman smiles faintly and walks out.

Vishal stares at the door. Then, realization.

He grabs his phone, typing quickly.

8 DELETED SCENE 8

9 EXT. CAR ROADS - DAY 9

Car wheel turning. Divider lines zipping by. Shots of the car from outside. Beauty shots of the city.

The windows are down. Hair tousles in the wind. Sunglasses reflect golden light.

One friend in the passenger seat, drumming on the dashboard.

Someone in the backseat tossing chips at another, missing completely.

Shivangi leans her head out slightly, letting the wind hit her face.

His phone vibrates on the seat beside him.

Vishal glances at it. He does not answer.

A beat.

Vishal flips the phone over, screen-down, shutting it out.

CLOSE-UP: Phone Screen: "MOM CALLING"

Vishal leans back, arm resting against the window. The world rush past in blurs of green and gold.

The thump of the music matching the rhythm of excitement.

9A EXT. WOODED TREE LINED ROADS - EARLY EVENING

9A

The car shifts lanes, entering a winding wooded stretch. Sunlight flickers through the trees, casting moving shadows inside the car.

The phone's signal bar drops "No Network."

The car disappears deeper into the woods.

They stop at a roadside dhabba. Random happy shots.

The car stops at the lake. They all get out run.

Candid shots of them jumping into the water

9B EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

9B

The campfire crackles, painting faces in warm, flickering gold. Shadows dance against the trees.

Kartik pours soda into plastic cups, pretending it's a fancy cocktail.

Everyone dancing and enjoying.

Shivangi stands near the fire, swaying slightly, eyes closed, absorbing the moment.

Vishal sits with his guitar, fingers strumming effortlessly. His head bobs along, lost in the rhythm.

The group claps along, their laughter blending into the night air.

Shivangi turns, watching Vishal.

He catches her looking. Smiles.

She walks over, lightly nudging his foot with hers.

Vishal leans in slightly, playfully raising an eyebrow.

(The song reaches its peak—energy bursting, voices raised, feet tapping.)

Vishal pulls Shivangi up to dance. She laughs, spinning under the open sky.

Vishal and Shivangi settle down watching the fire, the stars, the movement around him.

The fire burns lower. The embers glow.

The night softens. The music eases.

Vishal and Shivangi lie back on the cool earth.

Above them - a million quiet stars. (Getty Images!!!)

His fingers tap against the guitar body, the faintest rhythm still playing.

Vishal and Shivangi fall asleep as the world fades into warmth and laughter.

FADE OUT.

10

EXT. CAR ROADS - MORNING

10

Shivangi sleeps peacefully, her head resting on Vishal's shoulder.

Vishal's head leans lightly against hers. A quiet, unconscious moment.

BZZZT. BZZZT. BEEP

The sharp sound of notifications floods the silence.

Vishal's eyebrows knit slightly in his sleep. His face twitches. Another vibration.

His eyes blink open. Disoriented.

He shifts slightly, feeling the weight on his shoulder. His gaze flickers down to Shivangi—her breath slow.

Then—more vibrations. Rapid, insistent.

Vishal straightens slightly, careful not to wake her. He reaches for his phone.

SMS MESSAGE: 47 Missed Calls - Mom

SMS MESSAGE: 14 Missed Calls - Mama

SMS MESSAGE: 19 Missed Calls - Kartik

WHATSAPP MESSAGES: MANY

His chest tightens. His breathing slows.

Shivangi stirs slightly, shifting but still asleep.

Vishal glances at her, a flicker of hesitation in his eyes. He exhales, looking back at his phone.

His fingers tighten around the device.

He searches for and calls "**Papa**"

CALLING: PAPA (automated message - no response)

He tries calling multiple times

Vishal lowers his phone, staring at the screen. The hum of the car feels heavier now.

11 EXT. OUTSIDE VISHAL HOUSE - DAY

11

The car stops outside the house, Vishal exits and walks towards the house

SHIVANGI

Vishal don't worry, sab teek hoga

As he walks up the steps Vishal sees shoes and slippers gathered outside his house.

11A INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

11A

He enters the house and as he looks up from the footwear he sees the photo of Aman with a garland on it. His world is shaken, his eyes widen, his body goes numb. He drops his bag to the ground.

Namita dressed in white sari walks past, lifeless eyes.

Vishal walks to her reaching out his hand to her shoulder.

VISHAL

Mummy! Papa...

Namita brushes it away and walks towards her room.

The house is filled with people, Dheeraj(42M), relatives, neighbor's, college friends everyone is looking at him.

There is a certain type of gaze on him. Whispers fill the air.

Vishal falls down (backwards).

MATCH CUT.

12 INT. VISHAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

12

Vishal falls onto his bed. Its a dark room with only a source of light from the phone. The silence is broken by the sound of the phone ringing

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN (POP UP GFX): Vihan calling"

Vishal rejects it.

BZZZT. New message.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN (POP UP GFX)

Vihan (message): Bro niche aja

Vihan (message): Thoda walk karte hai maan halka ho jayenga

Vihan (message): Vishal ...

Messages continue to come, but Vishal ignores them

Vishal open his phone gallery and looks at old photos of him and Aman together.

As he is scrolling a photo of him and Namita pops up.

12A **MONTAGE**

12A

Timelapse of Vishal in bedroom - many days / nights

SOUND TRACK: Vishal's haunted by Namita's words

Namita: Mera phone nahi uthaya jata tujhse?

Namita: Jaldi aa gaye, aaram se aajate raato ko

Namita: Zimedari se bhagna kitna asaan lagta hai na

Namita: Koi trip-vip pe nahi jaana

Namita: Tum apne future pe dhyaan do

Namita: Vishal you are not a kid

Vishal falls off to sleeps.

EDIT NOTE: Various shots from the past.

FADE TO BLACK.

13 INT. VISHAL BEDROOM - MORNING 13

Early morning, Vishal wakes to the sounds of the alarm. A pillow is laying on the floor, the bedsheet half on floor and half on the bed.

Vishal eyes are sore from the crying, hair is roughed up and low in energy. Gets up off the bed and goes to the bathroom.

13A INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING 13A

Vishal comes out of his room. Picks up his bag and just leave without saying anything to Namita who is in the living room, Namita acts as if she doesn't care.

MATCH CUT TO:

14 EXT. COLLEGE - LATE AFTERNOON 14

The college bell rings, we see student playing on the turf and others rambling, chatting, laughter. Vishal is sitting on a bench. A lost look, oblivious to the world. His eyes still red and sore.

A hand touches him on the shoulder. Shivangi comes and sits beside him. Vishal doesn't say anything. Silence.

SHIVANGI
(with hesitation)
Vishal, where have you been? Tum
itne dinno se calls, messages ka
reply nahi kar rahe.

Vishal turns his head little towards her and without looking at her directly.

VISHAL
Agar main nahi gaya hota toh,...
kya woh abhi bhi mere saath hote?

Shivangi tries to comfort him and gets closer

SHIVANGI
Tumhe thodi pata tha aaisa kuch
hone wala hai, apne aap ko blame
kyon kar rahe ho V

Vishal lost in his thoughts and with a harden face

VISHAL
Mujhe waha hona chahiye tha

Shivangi tries to hold his hand

SHIVANGI

Mujhe pata hai ... tum apne papa ko
bahut pyaar karte the

Vishal suddenly snaps, stands

VISHAL

The!? What the fuck do you mean
"karte the"?

SHIVANGI

Vishal I didn't meant that way

VISHAL

You know what! yeh sab tumhare
wajah se hua hai

SHIVANGI

How is it my fault?

VISHAL

Agar tum hi nahi hota, tumhara
birthday nahin hota, main koi trip-
vip pe nahin jaata aur mere papa
aaj bhi mere saath hote

SHIVANGI

Vishal what are you saying, are you
out of your mind?

VISHAL

Fuck you

Vishal stomps away in anger and leaves. Shivangi is dumb
founded

15 I/E. AUTO RICKSHAW - LATE AFTERNOON

15

Vishal sits in the back of an auto-rickshaw, the wind
brushing against his face as the city passes him in a blur.
His eyes betray the storm within.

He notices a family riding together on a motorbike, father
steering, the mother holding a young child, all laughing
together. The sound is muffled but lingers in the air. He
remembers

CUT TO:

16

INT. VISHAL HOUSE (FLASHBACK) - NOON

16

The young Singh family sitting in the living hall. A younger Vishal (12) sits cross-legged on the floor, eyes glued to the TV where a cricket match plays. The commentator's voice rises as a wicket falls.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Aur yeh behtarin ball! aur out!!!

Aman sitting on the sofa. Vishal on the ground. Watching the match. Namita sits beside him, folding clothes, only half paying attention.

VISHAL

Out! Array papa, dekha? Kya out kiya hai Shami ne.

Namita raises a brow, unimpressed.

NAMITA

Puri duniya India - Pakistan match ke liye besabri se intezaar karti hai but buss mera paati dev ji saare files nikhal ke dukhaan saja ke rakhi hai

Aman ignores her, grabs a folder from the side table. He opens it and scans through some papers as he continues watching the match. Vishal doesn't notice, too engrossed in the TV.

NAMITA glances at the folder and then at him

NAMITA (CONT'D)

Chutti ke din pe bhi yeh sab karna zaroori hai?

AMAN

(without looking)

Bas thoda sort karna baaki hi

NAMITA sighs, folding a towel with practiced precision.

NAMITA

Yeh tum kal bhi kar sakte ho.

Aman chuckles softly and looks at her

AMAN

Kal ka kya bharosa, Namita? Aaj hi kar leta hoon

Namita pauses, her expression softening as she looks at him, but she quickly hides it with a roll of her eyes.

NAMITA

Yeh sab investment ke papers aur
policy-volity ki baatein baad mein
karna. Pehle yeh batao, yeh Shami
iss over mein kitne runs diye?

Aman grins and closes the folder, leaving it on the side table. He reaches for a folded shirt, attempting to help with the clothes, attempting to fold it—poorly.

AMAN

Chalo, tumhare kaam mein haath bata
deta hoon. Shami ke runs toh ab
Vishal se pooch lena!.

Namita watches him struggle, trying to stay stern but failing as a smile tugs at her lips.

NAMITA

(smirking)

Vishu zara sikha apne papa ko kapde
kaise fold karte hai.

Vishal look at how Aman is folding cloths, laughs and mimics the folding motion with exaggerated precision.

Aman mirrors the clumsy gesture, proudly holds up the poorly folded shirt.

AMAN

Mein aise hi kar raha tha, ekdum
expert hoon.

The three share a laugh, the tension dissolving into warmth.

FADE TO:

15A I/E. AUTO RICKSHAW - EARLY EVENING

15A

Voice fades away and a faded voice of rickshaw driver

RICKSHAW DRIVER

Saab! Oh bhai saab ... poch gaye

Vishal snaps back to senses

CUT TO:

17 NO SCENE

17

18 INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

18

Namita sits at the dining table crying inconsolably. Dheeraj (42M) is trying to comfort her.

NAMITA

Woh bilkul theek tha! Usko kuch
nahi tha! The doctor said it was
just a routine medical procedure.

Her breath stutters, she's choking on the words she can't
process yet

NAMITA (CONT'D)

Ek catheter ... bas ek infection
... Do din ... aur sab khatam.
He should never have died.

She exhales shakily, her hands dropping to the table

NAMITA (CONT'D)

Kisi ne socha bhi nahi tha!

Dheeraj leans forward slightly, but doesn't interrupt.
Shaking her head, voice heavy, biting the words out

NAMITA (CONT'D)

Aman hamesha aise hi karta tha.
Hamesha! He never really told
anyone what was really going on.
Tujhe bhi nahin. Mujhe kehta tha,
'Main sab sambhal loonga'

Raising her voice

NAMITA (CONT'D)

Kya sambhal liya usne, Dheeraj?

DHEERAJ

Woh tujhe protect karna chahta tha,
Namita. You know Aman.

NAMITA

Protect? Kisse?
Covid aa gaya. Company downsize ho
gayi. Roz naye jagah resume bhejna,
naye interviews, naye promises
Har baar ek naya 'dekhenge' sunna.
But at his age no one wanted to
hire him. Par woh phir bhi mujhe
kabhi kuch nahin batata tha.

Her fingers clenching around the fabric of her sari.

NAMITA (CONT'D)
 Bas hamesha ek hi baat -
 'Sab teek hai, Namita. Tension mat
 le'

Dheeraj exhales slowly. He has nothing to say to that.

She wipes her face roughly, but the tears don't stop.

Her voice lowers—shaky but still sharp.

NAMITA (CONT'D)
 Pehle savings se chala... Phir jab
 aur koi option nahi bacha...

A beat—her voice sharpens, the words landing heavy.

NAMITA (CONT'D)
 Ghar girvi rakh diya. Savings
 almost khatam.

DHEERAJ
 (carefully, controlled)
 Toh ab?

Namita lets out a deep breath, like she's trying to steady herself—but it does nothing. Her voice drops to almost a whisper.

NAMITA
 Job dhoondhni padegi...

Dheeraj nods, but his brow furrows slightly.

DHEERAJ
 Itne saal baad?

NAMITA
 Jab Vishal hua tha... Aman aur maine
 decide kiya tha - Koi ek ghar pe
 rahega. Woh ek main thi.

A pause—then, almost to herself, quietly defeated.

NAMITA (CONT'D)
 Ab ghar chalane ke liye kuch na
 kuch karna hi padega. Aman has left
 me with no choice. Even Vishal is
 in his own world

A sound from the doorway.

Namita's head snaps up.

She sees Vishal standing there.

His fingers grip the doorframe tightly.

Something in his mother's words has landed.

Namita quickly wipes her face, straightening up—her defenses snapping back into place.

The room is thick with silence.

A clock ticks somewhere in the background.

A long pause. Heavy.

Vishal parts his lips, like he wants to say something.

Instead, he swallows hard, nods slightly.

VISHAL
(soft, distant)
Namaste, Mama.

He walks away, the door shutting softly behind him.

Dheeraj watches him disappear, then turns back to Namita.

DHEERAJ
(quietly, but pointed)
Usse pata hai?

Namita does not answer.

CUT TO:

18A INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18A

Vishal comes out of his room, looks around.

No one there.

His gaze shifts towards the hallway leading to Namita's room. He hesitates, breathes deeply, then starts walking towards the room.

He stops just outside the door, the door slightly ajar. A faint glow seeps through the crack.

Through the gap, Vishal sees Namita sitting on the bed, holding a framed photo of the entire family together – a rare moment of shared joy. She stares at it, her thumb gently tracing over Aman's face.

Her face is tear-streaked. She hugs the photo close to her chest, stifling quiet sobs.

Vishal shifts slightly, and the door **creaks** louder than expected.

Namita flinches, hastily wiping her tears as she notices Vishal standing there. Their eyes meet.

NAMITA
(forcing composure)
Kuch chaiye?

Vishal opens his mouth, struggling for words. Then, with a hollow voice

VISHAL
Nahi...

Namita nods, trying to hide her pain, but her eyes betray the pain she's still holding back.

Vishal lingers for a moment longer, then quietly closes the door. The latch clicks softly.

He stands outside the closed door, his forehead leaning slightly against it. He exhales shakily, his eyes fixed downward.

He glances back toward the door as if considering going back in – then stops himself and walks away, leaving the house in silence once more.

19 INT. HOUSE (VARIOUS) - MORNING

19

A faint sound of utensils clinking echoes from the kitchen.

Namita stirs awake. She ties her hair into a loose bun. Steps out of her room, still adjusting to the morning light.

The soft murmur of a **YouTube cooking tutorial** plays in the background. The house is mostly quiet.

She pauses, noticing Vishal in the kitchen, carefully stirring a cup of tea. He looks focused, almost awkward but determined.

Namita silently sits on the living room sofa, watching him from a distance.

Vishal approaches her, gently placing the cup of tea on the table in front of her.

Their eyes meet.

VISHAL

Main college ja raha hoon.

Namita doesn't respond. She just stares at the tea. Vishal grabs his bag and leaves. The front door closing softly behind him.

20 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

20

Vishal enters the house, removing his shoes near the door. The house is quiet again. His eyes immediately fall on the living room table. The **cup of tea remains untouched**, the surface now cold and darkened.

He picks up the tea cup, disappointment. He stands still for a moment, then, takes the cup back to the kitchen, placing it in the sink.

There's a spark of determination in his eyes.

21 INT. VISHAL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

21

Door bell rings. Namita opens the door, carpenter stands with his tools.

CARPENTER

Kis cheez ka repair karna hai,
ma'am.

Namita points her finger toward, her bedroom door

NAMITA

Yeh darwaza, awaaz kar raha hai
khaafi time se.

Carpenter checks, open and closes the door multiple times

CARPENTER

Maam yeh to bilkul theek hai.

Namita looks confused, curls up her eyebrows

NAMITA

Aise kaise, subhah tak to...

Vishal enters the house. Vishal notices the tea is untouched but doesn't react, carrying the untouched cup back to the kitchen.

Carpenter packs all his tool and leaves

CARPENTER

Agar aage kuch karabi ati hai ti
btana ma'am

Namita closes the main door and looks at Vishal.

Namita exhales sharply, still staring at Vishal. Then turns away and leaves the room without saying a word.

22

INT. HOUSE VARIOUS - DAY

22

(Montage Time Lapse: MANY DAYS - Day to Night)

Vishal quietly sweeps the living room floor. Namita watches from the kitchen doorway, saying nothing, but her eyes linger on him for a moment longer than usual.

Vishal puts the clothes in the washing machine.

Vishal carefully sets a cup of tea on the dining table.
~~Namita enters, and glances at the tea but leaves without touching it.~~

Vishal enters the house, the cup of tea is untouched.

Vishal works on the laptop paying the bills and doing bank work that his father would usually be doing. He has a lot of files surrounding him just like his father.

Multiple shots of him placing tea on the table, tea is untouched, throwing it in the sink, washing the cup.

SCENE 21 - should cut in here

Vishal tightens a loose screw on the window latch. Namita catches sight of him but stays silent.

Vishal takes down the clothes from the line. He sits to fold the clothes near the sofa. Namita passes by, pauses, as if wanting to speak, but continues walking away.

Vishal enters the house, the cup of tea is untouched.

23

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

23

Namita walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, takes out a bottle of water pouring it into a glass.

Vishal walks into the kitchen in a huff with the untouched cup of tea.

VISHAL

How long will you keep this up Maa?
I am busting my ass doing all the
work around the house.

NAMITA

Award chahiye? Itne saal se main
kya kar rahi thi iss ghar mein?

VISHAL

Mujhe kis baat ki saza de rahi ho?
Na mujhse baat karti ho, na meri
taraf dekhti ho, aur jo chai
banaata hoon, woh bhi nahin peeti.
Kya ek baar bhi socha ki main kitna
mehnat kar raha hoon?

NAMITA

Mehnat. Yeh sab mehnat kyun?
Tumhara papa mar gaye. Ab kya fayda
yeh sab kar ke? Yeh sab badalne ka
natak bandh karo.

Namita voice rises

VISHAL

Natak?

NAMITA

Haa natak ... do-chaar din ka phase
hai na yeh? Phir kya? Wapas ...
back to your old ways. Mujhe lagta
hai ki tum yeh sab apne guilt ke
wajah se kar rahe ho, Vishal.

Vishal freezes, setting down the dish and turns the tap off.
He clenches his jaw, turns and faces her

VISHAL

(softly)

Guilt? Haan. Hai mujhe. Har din.
Har raat. Kyunki main yahan nahi
tha jab Papa... (pauses)

NAMITA

Haan, tum nahi the. Kaha the jab
tumhare papa ko hospital le jaana
pada? Agar tum ghar pe hote, shayad
...

VISHAL

Shayad kya? Mujhe kehna chahti ho
Papa meri wajah se mar gaye?!

NAMITA

Main sirf yeh keh rahi hoon, agar
tum yahan hote...

Tujhe kya lagta hai, yeh sab karne
se sab kuch theek ho jayega? Aaj
tak tune mujhe poocha ki main kaisi
hoon?

VISHAL

Apne kab poocha main kaisa hoon?
Har cheez ka ilzaam mujhpar dal
rahi ho.

NAMITA

Roz woh din yaad karti hoon .. jab
Aman ... woh hospital mein tha.
Mein bilkul akeli thi. You were not
there.

VISHAL

Main bhi akela hu. Yaha tak hi
apne mujhe papa ko akhri baar
dekhne ka mauka nahi diya. Mera
wapas aane ka intezaar bhi nahi
kiya.

NAMITA

Do you even know what happened to
papa? Do you even know what sepsis
is?

NAMITA (CONT'D)

Aur kyon karte intezaar? Hamare ek
call bhi nahi uthaya Vishal. Phone
bandh kar diya.

VISHAL

Maine phone bandh nahi kiya maa,
waha network hi nahi tha.

NAMITA

Jhoot!! Jhoot mat bolo Vishal.
Tumhare class ke dost ne humme sab
bata diya. Kaha se seekha itna sab
jhoot bolna?

VISHAL

Ohh ... like you and papa always
told me the truth.

NAMITA

Papa did it to protect you. Your exams were approaching. Our whole lives we did everything to protect you. I gave up my whole career to look after you, and this is how you've become ... ungrateful

VISHAL

Protect? Kisse? You know what ... you are right everything that is wrong in this house is because of me. Yeh ghar bhi girvi rakhi hui hai because of me.

NAMITA

Stop it Vishal

NAMITA (CONT'D)

Yeh dhong se tum zimeedar nahin banoge.

VISHAL

Maa main zimeedar tab banuga jab tum meri ungli pakadna chodh dungii aur zimeedar banne ka mauka dengi. But you ... tum ek narcissistic control freak ho.

NAMITA

Shut up Vishal.

VISHAL

Aap bus mujhpe chilati raho. Kabhi kabhi mujhe lagta hai ki mein tumhara beta hoon hi nahi!! Ek unwanted burden hu joh paida hone se pehla khatam kar dena chahiye tha.

Vishal throws down whatever is in his hands and walks out.

Namita stands there quietly. A tear.

CUT TO:

24

INT. PARENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

24

Namita sits alone on the bed, staring at a photo of young Vishal on the wall. Her expression is heavy, lost in thought. She gently wipes her eyes but doesn't break down completely—just the quiet ache of unresolved grief.

25 INT. VISHAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

25

Vishal lying awake in his room. The bedside lamp is on. He stares at the ceiling, emotionally drained. He reaches for his phone but hesitates, then puts it back down. His breathing is uneven, the weight of the argument still pressing on him.

The silence feels louder than ever.

26 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

26

Soft morning light filters through the curtains. The house feels unusually still, the echo of last night's confrontation lingers in the air.

Vishal enters the kitchen, his movements quieter than usual. He picks up the kettle and makes tea. He pours a cup, the steam rising gently. His face is weary, but there's a flicker of quiet determination—an unspoken hope.

He sets the cup on the dining table, just like every morning.

Namita enters, her face pale, eyes slightly puffy. She notices the cup of tea.

Her gaze lingers on it but doesn't move closer.

Vishal watches her for a moment, as if waiting for something... anything. But Namita doesn't react. The tension remains.

Without a word, Vishal picks up his college bag from the chair. He hesitates at the doorway, glancing back once at the untouched tea.

He leaves.

The tea sits untouched on the table. Or so it seems.

27 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

Vishal enters the house, shuts the door behind him. His face looks tired, the weight of the day adding to his lingering pain.

He pauses in the hallway, glancing towards the dining table the cup of tea still sitting there.

Untouched.

A flicker of disappointment crosses his face. He walks over, gently lifting the cup, prepared to take it back to the kitchen like every other day.

But as he picks it up **The cup is lighter than usual.**

Vishal freezes. He tilts the cup slightly. The cup is almost empty. A moment of realization hits him.

Namita had taken a sip.

He exhales softly, the tension in his face softening, but his heart still feels heavy with unspoken words.

(credit roll)