

Physic Wallah - Maai... ye Bappu kab marenge

Ads Script - EDUCATION EVERY CHILD CAN AFFORD.

(English Version)

Duration: ~55 seconds

Property of

Nilesh Kumar

20 November 2025 18:27pm

#as-036

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FADE IN:

EXT. SLUM OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Pitch-black sky. Wind howling. Sheets of rain hammer down. Lightning flashes briefly, revealing rows of broken tin-roof huts. Thunder CRACKS.

INT. HUT - CONTINUOUS

A tiny, dim hut. Barely 8x8 feet. Mud floor. Torn sackcloth curtains trembling in the wind. A cheap plastic fan hangs from a rope—rattling violently, making a loud, uneven grinding sound. Water leaks rapidly from multiple holes in the tin roof — drip... drip... drip... then faster... like a frantic rhythm.

A LITTLE BOY (7), thin, barefoot, in a baniyan and shorts, rushes across the room holding steel utensils. He places one under a stream of dripping rainwater. Then another. Then another. The floor is wet, slippery. The utensils fill quickly — ping... ping... ping... He slips slightly — catches himself. His breath fogs in the cold.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HUT

A MOTHER (28), frail, wearing a faded saree, kneels near a small chulha flame. Smoke curls upward. She stirs watery rice. Rainwater drips directly onto her head through holes above. She squeezes her eyes shut as cold drops hit her face. She wipes her face with the corner of her dupatta — again — and again — but the drops don't stop. Her saree shoulder is drenched. Her hands tremble from exhaustion.

The boy nods, runs again — placing another utensil. His small feet splash through puddles. A distant thunder BOOMS. The fan CLANKS louder — almost breaking. The mother stirs the pot slowly — the food barely enough for both. Her eyes glisten — maybe rain — maybe tears. Wind howls through cracks in the wall.

CUT TO BLACK THUNDER HIT.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - EVENING (RAIN STILL POURING)

Huge half-built structure. Flooded ground. Shivering labourers wash their hands and feet under a broken pipe. Mud splashes up to their knees.

A CONTRACTOR sits under a plastic canopy, counting cash with a handheld torch. Rain hits the tarpaulin above – TAT-TAT-TAT – relentless. LABOURERS form a queue.

Our MAIN LABOURER (30s), drenched, tired, approaches slowly, rubbing his cold hands. The labourer steps forward.

The contractor flips through remaining notes – only two left – looks annoyed.

CONTRACTOR

Cash khatam. Baaki sabko kal de denge.

LABOURER (hopeful, forcing respect)

Sahab... mera bhi de do. Aaj rashan le jaana hai ghar.

CONTRACTOR (snaps, dismissive)

Bola na! Kal aa jana. Ab jao.

Labourer stiffens. His throat tightens. He swallows. He waves him away like an inconvenience.

Music drops – a hollow, sinking thud.

The labourer lowers his eyes, defeated. Rain floods around his feet. Lightning flashes – revealing his hopeless expression. He turns and walks away – slow... heavy... broken.

EXT. SLUM PATH – NIGHT

Rain lashes violently. Mud everywhere. The labourer runs through the storm, a torn polythene wrapped around his head. His breath is ragged. His clothes stick to his skin. His slippers splash mud with every step. He slips – almost falls – catches himself – keeps running.

INT. HUT – MOMENTS LATER

The door flings open. The labourer enters, dripping. Water pools beneath him. The boy pauses, clutching a utensil. The mother turns quickly – hope in her voice.

MOTHER (lifting head, trying to smile)

Aa gaye ji? Aatta laaye ho na?

Silence. The labourer doesn't look up. His voice barely escapes his throat.

LABOURER (broken whisper)
Nahi... contractor bola... aaj ka bhi kal kar denge.

The mother exhales – a tiny sound – like her heart sinking.

LABOURER
Bas... aaj chawal hi kha lo.

Silence floods the room louder than the rain. The mother turns back to the chulha – her shoulders slump – her hand wipes her face again – but this time, it's not rain.

Music: a single piano key rings out... empty.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HUT - LATER

The father lies on the muddy ground, under a plastic sheet. Rain pelts his back. He doesn't complain. He just closes his eyes – exhausted. Inside, through a hole in the wall...

INT. HUT - CONTINUOUS

Mother and son lie on a small cot, right sides facing the wall. The fan rattles above – one screw hanging loose – threatening to fall. Both stare ahead silently. After a long pause...

BOY (soft, innocent, staring at the wall)
Maai... ye Bappu kab marenge?

The mother freezes – breath stops – eyes widen.

MOTHER (horrified whisper)
Beta! Aise kyun bole?

The boy blinks slowly – voice honest, emotionless, like stating a fact.

BOY
Maai... yaad hai... jab bhaiya diwaar ke neeche dab ke mar gaya tha...
(Thunder rolls.) (continuing, small smile)
Tab log aaye the... humein khana mila tha... Kitabein mili thi... (He turns slightly toward her.) Toh... Bappu marenge... to phir se humein khana milega na? Padne ke liye kitab milegi na?

The mother's face collapses. She grabs him – pulls him tight – hugs him like she's afraid he'll vanish. She cries silently – shaking – trying not to let him hear. Rain keeps pounding... merciless.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. HUT - SUNRISE

The rain has stopped. A pale golden light spreads across the slum. Silence. Calm after chaos. A gentle hand lifts the edge of the cot's cloth.

ALAKH PANDEY kneels beside the boy. The boy opens his eyes slowly.

ALAKH (soft, steady, warm)
Hello Baccha.... .

The boy sits up beside him – tiny – hopeful.

ALAKH (hand on his back)
Sapne... bhook se nahi... Shiksha se badalte hain.

The mother looks up – eyes swollen – but a spark ignites inside her.

ALAKH
Main zyada nahi bolunga. Bas itna zarur bataunga... (He looks at the boy – gently – with conviction.) Is desh ke har bacche ke liye...
Humne education sambhal kar rakhi hai.

Music swells – warm – rising – like sunlight breaking through clouds.

TITLE CARD

WE ARE HERE TO DEMOCRATIZE EDUCATION AT SCALE. TO ENSURE EVERY CHILD CAN LEARN. TO GIVE EVERY DREAM A CHANCE.

FINAL TEXT ON SCREEN

EDUCATION EVERY CHILD CAN AFFORD.

PW LOGO

FADE OUT.

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EXT. MOVING TRAIN - EARLY MORNING

Wind roars. The train thunders across the tracks at high speed.

A TEENAGE BOY (17) hangs from the open train gate, gripping the metal handle with one hand. His back faces the camera. His hair flies wildly in the wind. For a moment – it looks like freedom. His face lifts slightly, enjoying the rush.

The camera slowly PULLS BACK – widening. Revealing dozens of PEOPLE crammed at the gate, bodies pressed together, some hanging from the steps, some clinging to the bars. No space. No safety. Just survival. The wind fades. Replaced by LOUD, suffocating CROWD NOISE.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN TOILET - CONTINUOUS

A cramped, foul-smelling toilet space. Flickering yellow light. The train shakes violently. Inside, squeezed against the wall, sits a GIRL (15-16). Thin, wheatish skin, tired sharp eyes. Hair tied in a messy braid. Wearing a faded yellow salwar-kameez, torn near the shoulder. The right forearm shows faded burn marks. Slippers cracked at the heel.

Three other PASSENGERS stand or crouch beside her – no room. The girl hugs her small cloth bag to her chest, knees pulled in, trying to make space. Her breath trembles. But she doesn't complain. The CROWD NOISE outside grows louder... louder...

MATCH CUT SOUND: The crowd noise morphs into CHEERING and FAIR MUSIC.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL FAIR - DAY

Dusty ground. Makeshift tents. A crowd circles around a STREET PERFORMER (40s), animated, shouting loudly.

PERFORMER (yelling)

Aayiye! Aayiye! Insaani calculator dekhiye! Ye ladka— do second mein
bada se bada hisaab!

At the center sits a SMALL BOY (10), thin, wearing an oversized shirt. Eyes tired but sharp. He scribbles rapid calculations on a slate. People shout numbers at him. The boy answers instantly. The crowd gasps, claps. Coins and crumpled notes are tossed on a dirty cloth in front of him. The boy forces a small smile. It doesn't reach his eyes.

The cheers echo, distort... The frame slowly darkens... the cheers fade... until only a single BUZZING STREETLIGHT remains.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD DIVIDER - NIGHT

The same STREETLIGHT flickers overhead – harsh and cold. Below it, on the concrete divider, sits the SAME GIRL from the train. Knees folded, notebook on her lap. She studies, lips moving softly as she reads. Her eyes are tired but determined. The burn scar near her neck glints under the light. Behind her, on the bare ground, her FATHER (50s) sleeps under a thin blanket, face turned away, body curled with exhaustion. Cars rush by. Horns blare. No one notices them. The girl keeps studying – focused, hungry – her pencil shaking with fatigue.

Suddenly – A LOUD HORN blasts. HEADLIGHTS flood her face. WHITE FLASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. COACHING INSTITUTE - SAME MOMENT

Same horn. Same headlights. A shiny car stops outside a large PW COACHING CENTER. Big glass doors. Bright signage. Students exiting, laughing & cheering. ALAKH PANDEY steps out of the building, phone to his ear, talking seriously. Suddenly the call CUTS. Phone screen glitches. He hands the phone to his ASSISTANT.

Before the assistant reacts— The SAME GIRL appears from the side —
hesitant but bold. She runs up, clutching her bag.

GIRL (breathless, polite, nervous)

Laiye na sir... hum thik kar dete hain. Humko aata hai.

Alakh pauses, surprised. Slowly hands her the phone. She opens the back cover with quick, practiced fingers. Fixes the SIM slot. Wipe the connector. Snaps it back. The phone lights up. Working. Alakh watches — curiosity rising.

ALAKH (gentle)

Tum... padhti nahi ho?

For the first time, her eyes light up — with hope.

GIRL (fast, excited, emotional)

Nahi sir... magar humko padhna hai. Bahut padhna hai. (She swallows hard.) Subah hum paanch-chhe ghar mein bartan manjhte hain. Isliye subah ke batch mein nahi aa sakte. Aur sham ka batch... woh to poora bhar gaya hai. Aur... thoda mehenga bhi hai—

Her voice trails. Shoulders drop. Alakh nods slowly. Listening. Then notices the burn scars.

ALAKH (soft)

Aur yeh... tum itna jal kaise gayi ho?

Silence. Her eyes lower.

GIRL (quiet, breaking)

Arey... papa nahi hai na... to mummy ne shaadi kara di. Hum chahte the padhna... par jab humne pati se bola... to... bahut maara... (She hesitates, voice cracking.) Hum khana bana rahe the... to humpar garam tel daal diya. Tab se... bhag aaye yahan. Sir... sham wale batch ka price... thoda kam kara dijiye na...

Alakh looks away – eyes wet. Breath shaky. Shocked by the weight of her life. Then he turns back – gentle smile forming – a decision in his eyes.

ALAKH (soft, steady)

Gudiya... tu bas aise hi... hamesha confident rehna. (He kneels slightly, eye level with her.) Aaj se... tu koi kaam nahi karegi. Sirf padhai.

She freezes – not believing it.

ALAKH (strong, hopeful)

Aur tere jaise... ek lakh bachche. Koi kaam nahi karenge. Sirf padhai. Humne sabke liye... complete scholarship program chalu kiya hai. Tujhe bas... mann laga kar padhna hai.

A single tear falls from her cheek – but this time, it's hope. Music swells – uplifting – sunrise in sound. She nods... slowly... then firmly.

BLACK SCREEN.

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