

"an ONION"

By

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INT.ADITYA'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Close-up on a peeled onion resting on the kitchen counter.ADITYA DESHMUKH,30,a Marathi man with an air of simplicity,step forward,kitchen knife in hand.As he brings cutting the onion,tears well up in his eyes,blurring his vision,He pauses, leaving the onion slices suspended in mid-air.

Aditya makes his way to the wash basin, his eyes still moist,He splashes water on his face, attempting to wash away both the pungency of the onion and the subtle emotions that linger, A face towel nearby becomes a remedy as he gently dabs away the traces of his unshed tears.

Returning to the task at hand, Aditya resumes cutting the onion with a newfound composure.Just as the rhythmic sound of the knife hitting the chopping board fills the air, his phone rings. The caller ID reads "ANAMICA."

He picks up the call, a warm smile spreading across his face.

ADITYA
hello...!!

INTERCUT-ADITYA & ANAMICA

INT.ANAMICA'S HALL - NIGHT

ANAMICA KADAMB, 28, wearing a traditional saree, sits in the hall, skillfully knitting a wool sweater. She uses the phone's speaker and responds with a warm smile.

ANAMICA
(cheerfully)
Hello ji... Back from the office?

ADITYA
Yeah, I'm home... but it's been a while...

ANAMICA
Oh? what are you up to? Have you eaten?

ADITYA
Not yet, yaar. I'm stuck in the kitchen, peeling onions...

(CONTINUED)

ANAMICA

(teasing)

You? In the kitchen? Oho... what's the special occasion?

ADITYA

No special occasion. you went to your mom's place. This is the only way I can avoid outside food... survival mode, you know?

ANAMICA

Good decision. Outside food isn't good for your health. Well done...

ADITYA

Forget that. When are you coming back?

ANAMICA

Don't worry dear, I'll be there once Ashadam ends. No need to stress.

Aditya grins, chopping onions in the background.

ADITYA

Come back soon, yaar, will you? I'm missing your cooking... and your lips too.

ANAMICA

(teasingly)

Oi oi, mister! No tempting during Ashada, got it? Okay, I have to go now, some work to finish. Bye!

She abruptly ends the call, leaving Aditya smiling. He proceeds to fry the onions in a wok on the stove.

INT.ADITYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aditya enters his dimly lit bedroom, carrying the weight of the day on his shoulders. He settles down at his cluttered desk, illuminated only by the soft glow of his laptop screen. With a few clicks and keystrokes, he connects to a VPN and opens the Tor browser, its onion-shaped icon a gateway to the hidden depths of the internet.

Various tabs populate the browser window, each offering a glimpse into a different realm of cyberspace. Aditya's cursor hovers uncertainly before finally landing on

(CONTINUED)

a pornographic webpage. His gaze fixates on the explicit content displayed before him, a mix of curiosity and discomfort clouding his expression.

With a hesitant click, he downloads a file, unaware of the consequences of his actions. The screen fills with images of intimacy, a voyeuristic peek into a world he had never dared to explore before. As the scene unfolds, Aditya's initial curiosity gives way to a wave of disbelief and unease, as he witnesses a minor girl engaged in sex with an adult.

The clip ends abruptly, leaving Aditya staring at the blank screen in shock. Conflicting thoughts swirl in his mind as he grapples with the reality of what he has just witnessed. The weight of guilt and confusion hangs heavy in the air, casting a shadow over his once serene demeanor.

Just as he begins to process the whirlwind of emotions, the distant sound of a cooker vessel rattling interrupts his thoughts. Aditya reluctantly tears his gaze away from the laptop screen, his heart heavy with the weight of newfound knowledge. With a heavy sigh, he shuts down the laptop and exits the room, leaving behind a lingering sense of unease.

INT.KITCHEN-NIGHT

Aditya enters the kitchen and turns off the gas stove. As he lifts the cooker from the stove, he burns his fingers and quickly sets it down, wincing in pain. Then, he carefully moves all the cooked dishes to the dining table to have dinner.

INT.DINING HALL-NIGHT

Aditya serves himself some rice, a spicy curry, and a side of sautéed vegetables, including ringed onions that glisten with a light sheen of oil. The table is set simply, with a single plate and a glass of water beside it. The quiet clinking of cutlery against the plate echoes in the room.

As he eats alone at the table, he occasionally glances at the empty chair across from him. Lost in thought, he reflects on a video he watched earlier, the images and emotions from it lingering in his mind as he continues his meal.

INT.KITCHEN-NIGHT

After finishing his meal, Aditya scrapes the remaining food into the trash. He gathers the dirty utensils, carrying them to the sink.

(CONTINUED)

As he cleans the dishes, the sound of running water fills the kitchen, accompanied by the soft clatter of cutlery and crockery. He methodically washes each item and carefully places them back in the cupboard, arranging them neatly on the shelves. With the kitchen tidied and everything in its place, Aditya turns off the lights and leaves the room.

INT.BEDROOM-NIGHT

After finishing his chores, Aditya heads to the bedroom, He settles into bed, the soft glow of the bedside lamp casting a warm light. Reaching for his phone, he opens Instagram and starts scrolling through his chat list.

As he scrolls, he stops at a Instagram ID:JYOTHI, 28 Years old,an Instagram friend he often chats with. Curious to see if she's online, he taps on her profile and begins typing a message.

The sound of his fingers tapping the screen fills the quiet room as he drafts a friendly text, hoping to strike up a conversation with her.

ADITYA(TEXT)

Hi...

After a short wait, Aditya's phone buzzes with a notification. He glances at the screen to see Jyothi's reply.

JYOTHI(TEXT)

Hello...

SPLIT SCREEN

INT.ADITYA'S BEDROOM / INT.JYOTHI'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Aditya taps on his phone and begins typing a reply to Jyothi.

ADITYA(TEXT)

How are you?

JYOTHI(TEXT)

I am Good, what about you?

ADITYA(TEXT)

Good...

He pauses for a moment, then decides to send a follow-up text, gently prompting her to continue the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA(TEXT) (cont'd)
Have you had dinner?

JYOTHI(TEXT)
yes, just finished. What about you?

ADITYA(TEXT)
Me too, just finished.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
Okay, what was special today?

ADITYA(TEXT)
Nothing special, just the usual egg
bhurji.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
(teasingly)
Is it? Didn't your wife cook
anything special tonight?

ADITYA(TEXT)
I told you, she went to her mom's
house.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
Oh, right, I forgot.

ADITYA(TEXT)
Yeah.
What's up then? What are you doing?

He continues to engage in the conversation.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
Nothing, just watching Netflix.

ADITYA(TEXT)
okay, Which movie?

JYOTHI(TEXT)
Fifty Shades of Grey.

ADITYA(TEXT)
Oh..!, that's one of my favorite
movies.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
Why? Because it has a lot of bold
scenes?

She adds a laughing emoji, clearly teasing him.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA(TEXT)
(typing)
yes, it has....

Aditya continues typing a reply saying "yes, it has..." but then pauses, reconsidering his response. He erases the message and searches Google for information about the film's cast. After gathering his thoughts, he starts typing again, carefully crafting his reply.

ADITYA(TEXT) (cont'd)
Not really, I like the chemistry
between the actors in the movie.
Jamie Dornan and Dakota Johnson are
fire on screen.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
Yes, true.

ADITYA(TEXT)
Can I ask you something?

JYOTHI(TEXT)
Go on.

Aditya turns on vanish mode in his chat and starts typing.

ADITYA(TEXT)
Would you ever prefer that kind of
romance and sex in your life?

Aditya waits in anticipation as her response is delayed. His fingers tap impatiently on the screen. He notices the "typing..." notification appear, signaling that she's drafting a reply.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
No, not really. Who wants to be
tied and beaten while having sex?

The messages start disappearing after they're read, adding a layer of privacy to the conversation.

ADITYA(TEXT)
People do.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
yeah, What about you? Have you ever
tried it with your wife?

Aditya pauses for a while, thinking, and then replies,

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA(TEXT)
No, but I would like to.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
Pity for her, Of course, everyone
has their own fantasies. By the
way, when will she be back?

ADITYA(TEXT)
She won't come back until Aashadam
is over.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
(teasingly)
Now I pity you. Isn't it too
difficult for you, cooking by
yourself and everything?

ADITYA(TEXT)
Yeah, of course.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
When the wife's not home, no good
food. No good food means no good
sleep. And no good sleep means the
whole day's work goes downhill...
am I right?

ADITYA(TEXT)
(smiling)
Yeah, true, and you forgot one more
thing, sex..?

JYOTHI(TEXT)
What?

ADITYA(TEXT)
When the wife's not around, you
miss that too, Isn't it essential
too? I am just kidding.

JYOTHI(TEXT)
(teasingly)
Haha, lol. But not more essential
than food and sleep, right? Can't
you survive without sex?

ADITYA(TEXT)
No, I'm not saying that. I'm saying
sex is also a necessity.

(CONTINUED)

JYOTHI(TEXT)

Yeah, you're right. And I appreciate your honesty, You always speak your mind, no filter--you're very straightforward.

ADITYA(TEXT)

What's there to be scared of? Just say it like it is, right?

JYOTHI(TEXT)

I mean, we don't know each other, we haven't met before, we've just talked on Instagram a couple of times, and you've been honest with me all the time. I appreciate it

ADITYA(TEXT)

Thank you...

JYOTHI(TEXT)

(puts a smile emoji)

ADITYA(TEXT)

By the way, speaking of this... I just saw a video on the dark web that I found both disturbing and intriguing.

JYOTHI(TEXT)

Is it?

ADITYA(TEXT)

yeah

JYOTHI(TEXT)

What is it about?

ADITYA(TEXT)

I think it is about one of the worst fantasies that men have.

JYOTHI(TEXT)

I didn't get you.

ADITYA(TEXT)

yeah, Wait, I'll share it with you.

JYOTHI(TEXT)

okay.

Aditya attaches and shares the video with Jyothi, feeling a sense of anticipation.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA(TEXT)
(video sent)

He waits, seeing that the video has been delivered to Jyothi, but suddenly realizes that his account has been blocked. He doesn't understand what has happened and tries to relaunch the app, but the result is the same. Now, he can see only his account username, and all his previous posts are no longer visible in the app. Previous chats, including his profile photo, have disappeared. Realizing his account is blocked, tension and anxiety set in.

He takes a deep breath and stares out the window for some time. Then he turns off his mobile, restarts it, and checks again, only to see the same result. His mind races with thoughts as he tries to understand what went wrong. Deep in thought, he gazes into the distance, feeling a mix of confusion and worry.

LAPTOP SCREEN.

Aditya sits at his desk, staring at his laptop screen. He types "child pornography" in a search query into the browser and clicks on a link about a recent case involving several individuals charged for sharing child pornography on social media. As he reads the article, he finds detailed information about the crime, the legal aspects involved, and the severe consequences faced by those responsible. He continues scrolling, searching for more articles on this sensitive issue. As he absorbs the information, a sense of fear grips him, and a knot forms in his stomach. Overwhelmed by anxiety, he rushes to the bathroom, barely making it to the sink before he vomits.

INT.BATHROOM - NIGHT

Aditya leans over the sink, retching as he empties his stomach. He splashes cold water on his face and stares at his reflection in the mirror, lost in thought. After composing himself, he searches through the bathroom for a hidden item, a masturbation tube which he purchased online and has kept secret from his wife.

INT.HALL - NIGHT

Aditya wraps the tube in a trash bag and places it in the bin. Moving quickly, he deletes incriminating videos from his phone, deactivates his social media accounts, and clears his search history.

(CONTINUED)

He pauses, then dials his friend ANEESHA, a 23-year-old Junior lawyer. She doesn't answer, likely asleep at this late hour. After several attempts, he gives up.

Standing by the window, Aditya glances at the trash bin and decides to dispose of it immediately. He wraps the bag securely, grabs his motorcycle keys and helmet, and leaves the house.

EXT.APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aditya walks to the lift, holding a plastic bag. The apartment complex is quiet, with everyone asleep. He rides down to the parking area, starts his motorcycle, and drives out of the apartment complex.

EXT.APARTMENT ROAD - NIGHT

He heads to the end of the road where a large dumpster is located. After stopping his motorcycle and checking for onlookers, he throws the plastic bag into the dumpster and quickly returns to his motorcycle. He starts it up and heads back to his apartment.

INT.ADITYA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Back at his house, Aditya stands by the window, chain-smoking as he wrestles with anxiety and the potential consequences of his actions. As dawn approaches, and the clock strikes 6, he makes another call to his friend Aneesha. When she doesn't answer, he decides to visit her in person.

EXT.ROAD - MORNING

As the sun rises and the city awakens, Aditya rides his motorcycle toward Aneesha's house. His eyes are bloodshot from a sleepless night. After a while, he arrives at her place.

EXT.ANEESHA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Aditya parks his motorcycle in front of Aneesha's house, walks to the gate, and rings the doorbell. He waits for a moment, then rings again. When there's still no response, he taps on the door and calls her phone. Finally, Aneesha opens the door. She sees Aditya standing there, staring at her with a look of urgency. She blinks a few times, trying to shake off her grogginess. Her voice is thick with sleep.

(CONTINUED)

ANEESHA

Aditya? You? What happened?

ADITYA

Nothing much, just needed to talk to you urgently. You weren't picking up the phone, so I came over.

ANEESHA

okay, come in..

She gestures for him to enter. They both walk into the house.

INT.ANEESHA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Aneesha tells Aditya to sit as she heads to the bathroom to freshen up.

ANEESHA (cont'd)

You sit, I'll be right back.

Aditya nods and sits on the couch, glancing around the room while he waits quietly.

After a short while, Aneesha returns with two cups of hot tea. She hands one to Aditya, takes a sip from her own, and sits down opposite him.

ANEESHA (cont'd)

What's going on? look at your eyes..? Didn't you sleep at all last night?

ADITYA

Forget that, just listen to me first, okay?

ANEESHA

Alright, go on...

ADITYA

aneesha..

Aditya tries to speak but hesitates, unsure of how to begin.

ANEESHA

aditya, is everything okay?

Sensing something is off, she tries to understand what's going on and, She is waiting for Aditya to speak.

ADITYA

(nervously)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA (cont'd)
Aneesha, there's something I need
to discuss with you. Please don't
misunderstand me, okay?

ANEESHA
okay..

ADITYA
And don't tell anyone else about
this...

Aneesha nods, her curiosity piqued as she watches Aditya,
waiting for him to continue.

ADITYA (cont'd)
actually, last night, by mistake, I
came across a video on tor
browser...

ANEESHA
okay..

She listens intently,

ADITYA
And that video was...

he struggles to continue and pauses,

ANEESHA
Yeah, what about the video?

ADITYA
Yeah, it was about child
pornography.

ANEESHA
What? What did you just say?

Aneesha asked him to repeat himself, and he took a deep
breath.

ADITYA
child pornography, where minor kids
involve in sex...

While he is explaining, Aneesha interrupts.

ANEESHA
aditya, i know what child
pornography is? you just
continue...

(CONTINUED)

so Aditya continues,

ADITYA

So, I accidentally saw that video. I wasn't looking for it, I just opened the browser, and it popped up out of nowhere. You understand, right, Aneesha?

ANEESHA

(nods)

yeah, okay.

ADITYA

So, the thing is, I sent that video to another friend on Instagram, just in the chat, and as soon as I sent it... my entire account disappeared. All my chats, posts, profile--everything's gone. Only my username is left. I think Instagram might have blocked me because this is such a sensitive issue.

ANEESHA

Are you out of your mind, Aditya? Don't you know that watching and sharing stuff like that is a serious offense? You're not a kid, and on top of that, you're a software engineer--educated!

She becomes angry and scolds him sharply.

ADITYA

Aneesha, it's not like that...

ANEESHA

Then what is it? You need to be extremely careful in today's world...

She stands up, takes a deep breath, and thinks for a moment.

ANEESHA(CONT'D)

Don't worry, nothing's going to happen.

She tries to reassure him, understanding his situation.

ADITYA

No, last night I read some articles online... a lot of people have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA (cont'd)
gotten into serious trouble over
this kind of stuff. It's a very
sensitive issue, Aneesha...

ANEESHA
Yeah, it is sensitive. But we'll
figure something out, okay? Don't
worry.

ADITYA
Aneesha, you have to help me,
please. If my family or wife finds
out about this tomorrow, it's all
over... please help me.

He bursts into tears, pleading with Aneesha. She moves
closer, gently consoling him.

ANEESHA
Aditya, calm down... don't worry,
nothing's going to happen.

ADITYA
No, Aneesha, if something goes
wrong, everything will be ruined...

ANEESHA
Come on yaar, nothing's going to
happen. First, give me your
friend's Instagram ID. Let me
contact her and check if she saw
the video too.

ADITYA
I don't know. As soon as I sent the
video, my account got blocked. I
have no idea if she saw it.

ANEESHA
Did you call and ask her?

ADITYA
Actually, I don't have her contact
number. We only talk on Instagram,
just texting sometimes...

ANEESHA
(sarcastically)
Texting about what, exactly?

She replies with a trace of irritation, and Aditya quietly
looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

Aneesha, it was a mistake. I was disturbed after seeing that video myself. I just wanted to see her reaction, so I sent it. If I had known this would happen, I'd never have done it.

ANEESHA

Okay. Have you discussed this with anyone else?

ADITYA

No..

ANEESHA

Good. And don't discuss it with anyone else, alright?

Aditya nods,

ANEESHA (cont'd)

Wait, let me talk to my senior.

and She grabs her phone to make a call.

ADITYA

Senior? Who?

Aditya asks nervously.

ANEESHA

Don't worry. He's a senior advocate. If anyone can get you out of this mess, it's him, alright?

ADITYA

okay.

She dials her senior advocate, KULAKARNI, 45.

SPLIT SCREEN -ANEESHA & KULKARNI

INT.A GYM-DAY

Advocate Kulkarni is working out in a gym, where loud sound track is playing in background, He answers the phone call and speaks to Aneesha.

KULAKARNI

hello aneesha, tell me

(CONTINUED)

ANEESHA
good morning sir...

KULAKARNI
good morning..

ANEESHA
Sorry to disturb you. I need to
talk to you for a minute.

KULAKARNI
Okay, hold on.. Hey, turn down that
music!

He shouts to someone to turn down the background music in
his gym.

KULAKARNI (cont'd)
Alright, Aneesha, go ahead. What's
the matter?

ANEESHA
Actually, sir... a friend of mine
is in a bit of trouble...

KULAKARNI
who?

ANEESHA
Aditya..? no..Adithi..

She glances at Aditya and, at the last moment, covers up by
changing the story to make it about a female friend. Aditya
nods, signaling it's okay.

KULAKARNI
Adithi..? okay..

ANEESHA
I wanted to discuss about her with
you.

KULAKARNI
ok go on...

ANEESHA
Sir, my friend accidentally shared
a child porn video on Instagram
with another friend. As soon as she
shared it, her account was blocked,
and now she's really worried about
the legal consequences.

(CONTINUED)

KULAKARNI

Oh...! Did you say child porn?
Seriously?

ANEESHA

Yes sir..

KULAKARNI

Aneesha, this is serious trouble,
you know that, right?

ANEESHA

Yes, sir. My friend is really
stressed out, sir. Please, can you
do something to help?

She glances at Aditya, who is staring at her.

KULAKARNI

Sure, sure, don't worry. Do one
thing--tell your friend to come to
the office this evening. We'll talk
in person, alright?

ANEESHA

The office...?

KULAKARNI

yes, any problem?

ANEESHA

Actually, she wants to keep her
identity confidential, sir. Can't
we handle this over the phone?

KULAKARNI

What? Are you out of your mind,
Aneesha? Do you know how serious
these charges are? This isn't
something we can discuss over the
phone. Tell her to come to the
office and we'll sort it out. Bye.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

He hangs up the call, and Aneesha makes a face, regretting
lying about Aditya. She exchanges glances with him.

ADITYA

What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

ANEESHA

He said to come to the office this evening.

Aditya nods his head, and Aneesha settles into the sofa, taking a deep breath as she doesn't know what to do next.

ANEESHA (cont'd)

I shouldn't have lied. How am I going to handle this now?

ADITYA

That's why they say never lie to a doctor or a lawyer.

ANEESHA

Oh, now you're going to teach me?

She makes an angry face at him and continues,

ANEESHA(CONT'D)

Alright, Aditya, you should head home now. Go and get some rest. I'll call you in the evening, and we'll go to the office together, okay?

Aditya nods nervously and leaves.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

EXT.ROAD-DAY

Aditya rides his motorcycle through the city streets as he heads back to his apartment. The morning sun casts long shadows on the pavement, He arrives at his five-story apartment building, parks his motorcycle, and takes the elevator up.

INT.ADITYA'S HOUSE-DAY

Once inside his apartment, Aditya freshens up, taking a hot shower that steams up the bathroom. He emerges and heads to the kitchen for a quick breakfast, glancing at the clock as he prepares to leave.

MONTAGE.

EXT.ADITYA'S APARTMENT/ROAD/TRAFFIC SIGNAL - DAY

Aditya exits his five-story apartment building, bustling with the activity of people going about their daily routines. The noise of chatter and footsteps fills the air.

He grabs his helmet, stepping into the elevator with a group of neighbors. As the elevator descends, the clatter of conversation and the hum of the building's activity fade into the background.

Reaching the ground floor, Aditya strides out of the building and heads toward his motorcycle. He puts on his helmet, the sun glinting off its surface, and mounts the motorcycle. The roar of the engine cuts through the ambient noise as he rides out onto the busy street.

Navigating through traffic, Aditya's mind drifts to various thoughts and worries. As he approaches a traffic signal, it turns red. He slows to a stop, noticing a police jeep pulling up behind him. Glancing at the rearview mirror, he sees the officers inside, waiting patiently for the light to change.

CUT TO:

INT.ADITYA'S OFFICE-DAY

Aditya sits at his desk in the bustling open-plan office of a software company. The room is a hive of activity, with rows of workstations lined up against the walls. The soft whir of computer fans and the rhythmic clacking of keyboards fill the air, punctuated by the occasional burst of laughter or quick chat between colleagues.

Aditya's focus is wavering as he struggles with complex lines of code on his screen. Lost in thought, he finds himself overwhelmed by the continuous hum of tech chatter and the steady click of mouse buttons surrounding him.

CUT TO:

EXT.OFFICE GROUNDS - NEAR CANTEEN - DAY

Aditya stands alone, leaning against a wall away from the busy canteen area. Inside, the clatter of dishes and the murmur of conversations blend with the occasional burst of laughter. The aroma of coffee and freshly prepared meals wafts through the air, mingling with the soft hum of a few vending machines.

Aditya takes a drag from his cigarette, watching the smoke

(CONTINUED)

curl up and dissolve in the gentle breeze. The distant chatter and the clinking of cutlery from the canteen create a muted, background noise.

As he contemplates, his colleague, SHINDE, 37 years old, approaches. Shinde nods a silent greeting as he steps closer, pulling out a cigarette of his own. With a practiced flick, Shinde lights his cigarette from Aditya's, inhaling deeply before speaking.

SHINDE

Bro, my brother-in-law keeps calling, insisting I invest in the stock market. You know the market, right? Do you think it's safe to invest?

Aditya takes a strong puff and nods his head thoughtfully.

SHINDE (CONT'D)

He says he'll handle everything, but I'm not sure how much he really knows. I thought I'd ask you--what do you think?

Aditya looks at shinde,

ADITYA

You can invest, but you need experience too, right?

SHINDE

Hmm... You know, I'm not really interested in all this, but it seems like my brother-in-law has made some money, which is why he keeps calling.

ADITYA

Ask him how much he's lost?

Shinde seems to be thinking, weighing the situation in his mind.

ADITYA (cont'd)

Shinde, the stock market is really complicated. My advice is, first study the market yourself, then think about investing. Don't just rely on your brother-in-law. Okay?

Shinde nods his head, absorbing Aditya's advice. Aditya takes a final drag from his cigarette and flicks the butt away, crushing it underfoot before heading back inside.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

INT.ADITYA'S OFFICE-DAY

As Aditya remains absorbed in his work, his phone buzzes on his desk. He glances at the screen and sees "Aneesha" flashing. He answers the call, responds briefly, and ends the conversation. After slipping his phone back into his pocket, he walks over to his boss's office, engages in a brief discussion, and receives a nod of approval and makes his way outside.

EXT.OFFICE PARKING-DAY

Aditya mounts his motorcycle, starts the engine, and takes off. The rumble of the motorcycle gradually fades into the distance as he rides away.

EXT. ADVOCATE KULKARNI'S OFFICE - DAY

Aditya arrives at Advocate Kulkarni's office and parks his motorcycle in the designated area. He removes his helmet and walks towards the entrance of the building.

INT. ADVOCATE KULKARNI'S OFFICE - DAY

Aditya steps into the office, where he finds Aneesha already present, dressed in the traditional black coat of a lawyer. They exchange a brief, understanding look as a silent greeting, acknowledging each other's presence and the seriousness of the meeting ahead.

ANEESHA

Aditya, you wait here. I'll go speak with sir.

ADITYA

okay.

As she is leaving, Aditya calls out to her, concern evident in his voice.

ADITYA(CONT'D)

Aneesha, everything will be okay, right?

ANEESHA

yeah sit, i will come.

She gestures for him to sit outside the cabin and then heads off to talk to the lawyer.

Aditya sits quietly in the waiting area, his leg tapping anxiously as he wrestles with stress and anticipation. After some time, Aneesha returns and gestures for him to come inside.

INT.LAWYER CABIN-DAY

Aditya follows Aneesha into the lawyer Kulkarni's cabin. Kulkarni, 45 years old, is seated behind a large desk, engrossed in reviewing a stack of files. The room is lined with bookshelves brimming with legal volumes, adding an air of authority and expertise to the space. Aneesha introduces Aditya to Kulkarni.

ANEESHA
sir, my friend,Aditya..

Kulkarni looks up from his papers and offers a welcoming nod as Aditya takes a seat opposite him, feeling the weight of the moment.

KULAKARNI
hello Mr.Aditya..

ADITYA
hello sir..

KULAKARNI
So, whose idea was it to lie? Yours
or Aneesha's?

He glances between them with a hint of a smile.

ANEESHA
Sir, it was my idea. Aditya was
already panicking, so I had to lie.
I'm sorry, sir.

Aneesha takes full responsibility, her voice laced with regret.

KULAKARNI
That's okay. No one wants to reveal
their name in a case like this.

He says, looking at Aditya.

KULAKARNI(CONT'D)
Don't worry, but let's not make it
a habit, alright?

Aneesha and Aditya nod in understanding, exchanging a look.

KULAKARNI(CONT'D) (cont'd)
Now, coming to the case... If there
was a woman involved, it would have
been easier for us, but this
situation is a bit more
complicated. No worries, though...

(CONTINUED)

He assures Aditya and pauses for a moment to think.

KULAKARNI

Aditya, does anyone else know about this? Family? Friends?

ADITYA

No, sir. I haven't told anyone. Only Aneesha knows.

He responds, glancing at Aneesha.

KULAKARNI

good..

He thinks for a moment and opens a book in front of him, quickly scanning it before continuing.

KULAKARNI (CONT'D)

Aditya, there's no problem yet, but if something happens--like a police case--it'll be tough to avoid. You understand that, right?

Aditya looks at Aneesha, confused, seeking clarification.

KULAKARNI (CONT'D)

The issue is, this is a serious matter. Even big celebrities and politicians haven't been able to avoid arrest in cases like these. So, imagine what could happen to ordinary people like us.

Aditya stares quietly and nods at Kulkarni, absorbing the gravity of his words.

KULAKARNI

Have you ever heard of the POCSO Act?

ADITYA

what..?

KULAKARNI

POCSO ACT, Protection of children from sexual offences Act..?

ADITYA

Yes, sir. I read about it last night.

(CONTINUED)

KULAKARNI

Right. For this kind of offense, they can apply Section 14(1) of the POCSO Act along with Section 67B of the IT Act. These are serious laws, Aditya. Once they're applied, it's almost impossible to get out of it.

Aditya begins to feel panicked, tapping his legs anxiously as the weight of Kulkarni's words sinks in.

KULAKARNI(CONT'D)

So, here's what I'll do. Before any arrests happen, I'll try my best to secure anticipatory bail. I'll also speak to the local police station's SHO personally, alright?

ADITYA

(nodding)

But sir, I read that getting anticipatory bail in such cases is...

KULAKARNI

Not easy, but possible.

He interrupts Aditya before he can finish.

KULAKARNI(CONT'D)

This isn't like a typical rape case. At this point, I can talk to the judge directly. Don't worry--I'll handle it.

ADITYA

okay sir..

KULAKARNI

You trust the judicial system, right? And me?

ADITYA

(nodding)

Yes..

KULAKARNI(CONT'D)

Good. You stay calm. I'll take some precautionary measures for this case, and Aneesha will assist me.

Aditya exchanges a glance with Aneesha, seeking comfort in her calm demeanor.

(CONTINUED)

KULAKARNI(CONT'D)

Aditya, as I've explained the seriousness of the case, it's going to take some money too. You understand, right?

Kulkarni maintains eye contact with Aditya, offering a reassuring smile to lighten the mood as he discusses his fee. Aditya nods, acknowledging the financial aspect.

KULAKARNI(CONT'D) (cont'd)

Prepare at least one lakh rupees as a nominal fee for now. We'll discuss the rest later, okay?

ADITYA

Okay, sir. Just do whatever it takes to get me out of this, please.

Aditya pleads with the lawyer, hands folded in supplication.

KULAKARNI

Don't worry, we've handled many cases like this. Aneesha, take his details and necessary documents, okay?

He instructs Aneesha, who nods in response.

KULAKARNI(CONT'D)

Alright, Aditya, you can go now.

ADITYA

thank you sir..

KULAKARNI

No problem. You're welcome.

Aditya stands up, ready to leave.

KULAKARNI (cont'd)

And remember, Aditya, don't discuss this matter with anyone outside. It'll only make things more complicated, alright?

ADITYA

okay sir..

Aditya nods again and walks out of the office along aneesha.

EXT.ADVOCATE KULAKARNI'S OFFICE-DAY

Aneesha and Aditya walk toward his motorcycle, chatting as they go.

ADITYA
Aneesha, your lawyer is good,
right?

ANEESHA
ha..., he is best..

They reach the motorcycle and exchange a look.

ADITYA
ha, anyway, thanks aneesha...

ANEESHA
That's okay... no need to thank me.

ANEESHA(CONT'D)
When is Anamica coming back?

She inquires about his wife Anamica,

ADITYA
She should be back soon. The
Aashadam month ends in a couple of
days.

ANEESHA
I see..

ANEESHA(CONT'D)
Alright, I'll message you the
necessary documents. Get them
ready, okay? And come to the office
tomorrow. I've got to go now, I
have some work inside. Bye.

Aditya nods in agreement.

ADITYA
bye..

They part ways, with Aneesha heading back into the building
while Aditya mounts his motorcycle.

CUT TO:

EXT.TRAFFIC ROAD-EVENING

Aditya rides his motorcycle through the busy traffic, heading towards his apartment. Thoughts about the lawyer's fee swirl in his mind. He doesn't have the money, and the weight of his financial predicament presses heavily on him.

EXT.PAN SHOP-EVENING

He stops at a roadside pan shop midway which is near by his brother's residence, parks his motorcycle, and buys a cigarette. Lighting it, he scrolls through his phone contacts, searching for someone to borrow money from. He finds a contact and makes a call.

SPLIT SCREEN.

EXT.PAN SHOP / INT.LOCAL TRAIN- EVENING

Aditya's friend and colleague, SUBHASH, a 34-year-old software engineer, is traveling on a local train while talking to him on the phone.

ADITYA
hello,Subhash...

SUBHASH(V.O)
Hey Aditya, what's up?

ADITYA
Bhai, I need some money urgently.
Can you help? I'll return it next month.

SUBHASH(V.O)
Sorry, bhai. I just cleared a loan a couple of days ago, so I'm strapped for cash right now.

ADITYA
okay..i understand...

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

He ends the call, feeling disappointed, and looks for another contact to call.

SPLIT SCREEN

EXT.PAN SHOP / INT.MADAN'S SHOP - EVENING

Another friend of Aditya, MADAN, 32 Years old, who owns a business, sits in his shop and answers the call.

ADITYA
hello, madan

MADAN
Hey Aditya, how are you?

ADITYA
I'm good, bhai. I need a favor.

MADAN
Sure, what do you need?

ADITYA
I need some money--around a lakh.
I'll return it soon.

MADAN
one lakh..?

ADITYA
yeah...

He pauses for while,

MADAN
Ah... what can I say, yaar? Things
are really tight for me right now
too. Maybe later we can figure
something out?

The call ends abruptly, and split screen ends.
Aditya feels upset about the situation, worried about his helplessness. As the traffic noise grows around him, he stands quietly by the roadside, feeling hopeless.
Suddenly, he hears a voice behind him and turns to see his niece, PINKY, 12 years old, wearing her school uniform and carrying a backpack.

PINKY
Chachu... hi! What are you doing
here?

Caught off guard by her presence, he quickly composes himself and greets her with a warm smile, momentarily setting his worries aside. She comes closer and hugs him in greeting. Aditya feels a bit uneasy. He glances around, masking his discomfort with a smile, and continues to talk with her.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

Hey Pinky, just out for some work.
School's done for the day?

PINKY

Yeah, Chachu. How's Anamica Chachi?

ADITYA

She's good...

PINKY

Actually, Chachu, I need to talk to
Chachi. Can I come over now?

ADITYA

(nervously)

Now...?

PINKY

ha..

Aditya struggles to find the words, stumbling over his
response.

ADITYA

Uh, not now, Pinky. Chachi's not
home. She's gone to her place and
won't be back for a few days.

PINKY

(upset)

Oh... okay, Chachu. I'll come by
later then.

ADITYA

yeah, And how's everyone at home?
Dada, Dadi... all good?

He unable to think of anything else to say, he shifts the
conversation to about their family.

PINKY

(smiling)

Everyone's fine, Chachu. Dadi's
been wanting to come over to your
place; she's getting bored at home.

Aditya forces a smile back, nodding his head nervously as he
glances around.

PINKY (cont'd)

Chachu, did I tell you? We're going
on a school trip next month!

(CONTINUED)

As she talks continuously, Aditya feels uncomfortable and uneasy, but he maintains a smile on his face, nodding his head.

ADITYA

Oh, That's great beta..

PINKY

We're going for a whole week!
Aren't you going to ask where we're going?

ADITYA

Sure, where are you going?

PINKY

Satara, Lonavala, Khandala, and
lots of other places!

ADITYA

That sounds nice. Have fun, okay? I
need to go now--got some urgent
work. You should head home too,
alright?

Wanting to gently get rid of her for now, he makes an excuse to leave.

PINKY

Chachu, please drop me home on your
bike, please...

She pleads with him, folding her hands in a gesture of request.

ADITYA

Sorry, beta, I really have to rush.
Next time, okay? Bye.

He tries to avoid the request and hops on his motorcycle, starting it up before riding off.

CUT TO:

EXT.A LIQUOR MART-NIGHT

Aditya walks into the dimly lit liquor mart, navigating through the crowd of drinkers and the clamor of the place. The atmosphere is chaotic, with loud conversations and clinking glasses filling the air. He buys a bottle of liquor and heads to a corner table, seeking some isolation. He takes a seat at the table, feeling uneasy in the noisy

(CONTINUED)

environment. His drink, a peg mixed with water, goes down smoothly, but he can't shake off the feeling of being out of place. As he sips his drink, he stares at the people around him, feeling alone and disheartened. The alcohol warms his throat, but his mind is troubled. Suddenly, his phone buzzes with a call from Aneesha. He glances at the screen but decides to ignore it.

After a moment's hesitation, he grabs his phone and scrolls through his contacts, finding his colleague Shinde's number. He makes the call.

ADITYA

Hello...

SHINDE

Hey Aditya, what's up?

ADITYA

Shinde, have you had dinner?

SHINDE

Not yet, dinner's still cooking.
What about you?

ADITYA

same here...

SHINDE

Where are you? It's noisy.

ADITYA

I'm outside, some place...

SHINDE

Alright, tell me, what's up?

ADITYA

Nothing much, you asked about the stock market this morning, right? I found something. There's a company whose stock is about to skyrocket. If you invest now, in a couple of months, your money will double, my friend. What do you think?

SHINDE

(softly)

Is that so..?

ADITYA

Yes, trust me on this. You have faith in me, right?

(CONTINUED)

SHINDE

I do, but are you sure?

ADITYA

Absolutely, bhai. You don't need to invest much, just a lakh. Watch how the value rises.

SHINDE

a lakh...?

ADITYA

yes..

SHINDE

Alright, Aditya. Let me talk to my brother-in-law first, then I'll call you back.

Shinde ends the call. Aditya feels a pang of guilt as he realizes he's deceiving his friend. He stares at his phone, feeling the weight of his actions. After a short while, his phone buzzes again with a call from Shinde.

He picks up the call,

ADITYA

Hello..

SHINDE

Aditya, my brother-in-law didn't pick up. Just do one thing: I'll send you the money, and you invest it for me. I trust you, you know the market well.

ADITYA

Alright, Shinde. Send me the amount, I'll take care of it. Bye.

Aditya ends the call swiftly, feeling conflicted about deceiving his friend. He takes a deep breath and checks his phone. A message pops up, confirming the money has been credited to his account.

He gets up, leaving the clamor of the liquor mart behind, and heads to his motorcycle.

CUT TO:

INT.ADITYA'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Aditya steps into his apartment, closing the door behind him with a heavy sigh. The silence of the room is punctuated only by the hum of the refrigerator and the faint ticking of a wall clock.

He heads straight to the bathroom, where he splashes cold water on his face. Droplets trickle down his skin as he stares at his reflection in the mirror, the dim light casting long shadows over his tired features. Returning to the living room, he pulls out his phone and transfers the money to Aneesha. The tension in his chest eases slightly as he initiates a call.

SPLIT SCREEN.

INT. ADITYA'S APARTMENT / INT. ANEESHA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Aneesha, lounging on her couch, checks her phone as it buzzes with the message confirming the credit. She answers the call.

ADITYA

Aneesha, did you check if the amount was sent?

ANEESHA

(Glancing at her phone)

Yes, I just checked. It's done.

ADITYA

Okay. When can we meet the lawyer?

ANEESHA

Are you free tomorrow? You can come to the office directly.

ADITYA

Alright, I'll come in the morning.

ANEESHA

okay

ADITYA

(A bit pleading)

Aneesha, please do something quickly to relieve me from this tension. I'm begging you.

ANEESHA

(Assuringly)

Sure, I'll take care of it. Don't worry.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

I mean, what if things don't go as planned and there's a problem?

ANEESHA

Nothing will go wrong. He will handle everything. That's why we paid him, right? Don't overthink it, and make sure to eat well and get some sleep.

ADITYA

(Lamenting)

Aneesha, until this is all cleared up, I can't get any peace of mind.

ANEESHA

(Lightly)

Forget that. Have you had dinner?

ADITYA

Not yet. I need to make something.

ANEESHA

It's so late already. What have you been doing? Order something on Zomato and eat.

ADITYA

okay.

ANEESHA

Alright then, see you tomorrow.
Good night.

She hangs up, leaving Aditya to his thoughts. He opens the Zomato app on his phone, scrolling through restaurant options, but soon closes it. His eyes drift to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT.THE KITCHEN-NIGHT

Aditya stands at the counter, chopping onions with slow, deliberate motions. The sharp aroma stings his eyes, bringing tears that mingle with the stress and fatigue etched on his face.

CUT TO:

INT.ADITYA'S BEDROOM-MORNING

Close-up of Aditya's mobile phone. The screen lights up with an incoming call--ANAMICA.

Another close-up reveals a cluttered ashtray, overflowing with cigarette butts.

The camera pans to the kitchen, where dirty dishes are piled up.

Finally, a close-up of Aditya, still asleep on his bed. The phone rings for a second time, and Aditya stirs. He groggily reaches for the phone and answers the call.

INTERCUT-ADITYA & ANAMICA

INT. ANAMICA'S HOUSE - DAY

Anamica is in the kitchen, preparing mango pickle alongside her mother. She speaks to Aditya on the phone, her hands busy with the task.

ADITYA

(groggy)

Hello...

ANAMICA

Hello, what happened? You didn't pick up last night.

ADITYA

(slightly more awake)

Nothing, my phone was on silent.

ANAMICA

Okay. So, are you still in bed? Aren't you going to the office today?

ADITYA

(sighing)

Yeah, I have to go now. I didn't sleep well last night, so I woke up late.

ANAMICA

(teasingly, in a low voice)

Oh dear, don't worry, I'm coming day after tomorrow.

She lowers her voice so her mother can't hear,

ADITYA

(shocked)

What?

(CONTINUED)

He gets up from the bed and walks to the window, still talking.

ANAMICA

Yes, I'm coming day after tomorrow.

ADITYA

(hesitant)

Is it?

He asks again, not wanting her to come so early.

ANAMICA

Why? Don't you want me to come?

ADITYA

No, it's just that you should come after the Ashada is over.

ANAMICA

Yes, the festival will be over today, so I'll stay one more day and come the day after.

ADITYA

(sighing)

okay..

ANAMICA

What's with the 'okay'? Is everything alright?

She inquires with a strong tone.

ADITYA

(nervously)

yeah,yeah..

ANAMICA

You're always saying "miss you, miss you" on the phone, but now that I'm coming, you don't seem excited. I hate you.

ADITYA

Anamica, it's not like that. Please come quickly, I'm waiting...

He tries to manage the situation.

ANAMICA

(stubbornly)

No, I don't want to come now.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA
(sighs)
What's the matter?

ANAMICA
I feel like you're happier there
without me.

ADITYA
Arre baba, come on. It's not like
that. I miss you...

ANAMICA
(playfully)
What did you say? I didn't hear it.

ADITYA
I miss you. Come quickly, I'm
telling you.

ANAMICA
Okay, I miss you too...

ANAMICA(CONT'D)
By the way, what happened to your
Instagram? It's been quiet.

She inquires about his Instagram account.

ADITYA
Oh, I deleted it. It was
distracting me from work.

He covers it with a lie.

ANAMICA
Alright, so I'll come alone from
the station day after tomorrow.
I'll take a cab.

ADITYA
Why don't I come to pick you up?

ANAMICA
No, you seem busy. It's fine, I'll
manage with a cab.

ADITYA
hello, i will come..

ANAMICA
Okay, then we'll see.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA
Alright, I'll talk to you later. I
need to get ready. Bye.

ANAMICA
Wait, I really need to tell you
something.

ADITYA
What it is..?

Aditya waits for her to speak.

ANAMICA
(teasingly)
i love you..

ADITYA
(distracted)
Okay, I'll talk to you later. I
need to get ready. Bye.

ANAMICA
Wait, seriously, I need to tell you
something.

ADITYA
(slightly impatient)
Say it..

ANAMICA
(teasingly)
i love you..

ADITYA
(angrily)
Anamica, are you a child? I'm
getting late. Bye.

He hangs up the call, irritation evident on his face. He
stares at the wall for a couple of minutes, his mind racing
with thoughts about his wife's arrival.
Then, he throws the phone onto the bed, walks into the
bathroom, and slams the door shut.

INT.KITCHEN-DAY

A cockroach skittering across the kitchen. It moves around
the cluttered utensils and along the kitchen floor.
Suddenly, a slipper comes down hard--
PHTT!

Aditya removes the slipper, checking to see if the cockroach
(CONTINUED)

is dead, but it manages to escape, scurrying up the wall and disappearing into another hole.
He stares at the spot for a moment, then throws the slipper aside with a sigh. Turning back to the kitchen, he begins cleaning up the mess.
Afterward, Aditya dresses up, grabs his bag and helmet, and heads out the door, ready to go to the office.

CUT TO:

INT.OFFICE-DAY

Aditya is working at his desk when Shinde approaches. Aditya notices him but pretends to be engrossed in his computer monitor.
Shinde greets him.

SHINDE
hey aditya..

Aditya remains silent, acknowledging Shinde with just a glance. Shinde steps closer, lowering his voice so no one else can hear.

SHINDE
Let's go to the canteen.

ADITYA
No, man, got some work to finish...

Aditya pretends to be busy, but Shinde leans in even closer, speaking more quietly.

SHINDE
Come on bhai, I need to talk to you.

ADITYA
Talk? About what?

SHINDE
Not here. Let's go to the canteen and chat.

Aditya hesitates, thinking for a moment.

ADITYA
Shinde, boss asked me to get this done first. Let's talk later.

Aditya makes excuses to avoid the conversation, but Shinde is persistent. Finally, Shinde relents and decides to share some information.

(CONTINUED)

SHINDE
I Got a call from my
brother-in-law...

Aditya turns to Shinde, now curious.

SHINDE (cont'd)
He said the same thing you told me
last night. JSW group shares are
really gonna double, huh? You were
talking about the same company,
right?

Aditya, unsure of how to respond, nods and forces a small
smile.

ADITYA
Yeah, yeah...

SHINDE
Good, just be careful, okay? Don't
mess this up, man.

ADITYA
(nervously)
okay..

Shinde finally leaves for the canteen. Aditya lets out a
sigh of relief and grabs his phone to message Aneesha.

Aditya types out a message.
ON SCREEN:
Aditya's text message:

ADITYA(TEXT)
Any update?

He hits send, and the message is delivered. Aditya places
the phone back on the desk and attempts to refocus on his
computer monitor. His eyes flicker over the lines of code or
text, but his concentration wavers. The unease in his mind
makes it hard to focus, and he finds himself staring blankly
at the screen, thoughts drifting away from work.

CUT TO:

EXT.COURT PREMISES-ICE CREAM PARLOR-DAY

The court premises are alive with activity. Lawyers in black
robes walk briskly, their faces focused, some discussing
cases with clients, while others huddle in groups,
exchanging legal strategies.

(CONTINUED)

The sound of distant chatter, car horns, and the occasional burst of laughter fills the air, creating a constant hum that underscores the seriousness of the environment.

Just outside the court's imposing gates, a small ice cream parlor sits nestled between two tall buildings.

The parlor is a popular spot, a temporary escape for those seeking a moment of sweetness amidst the day's stress. The scent of freshly made waffles and a variety of ice cream flavors wafts through the air, enticing passersby.

Aditya and Aneesha sit at a small table in the parlor's outdoor area. Aneesha, relaxed, savors her ice cream, occasionally smiling as she looks around. Aditya, seated opposite her, is more subdued, his eyes following the movement of the crowd, yet often drifting back to Aneesha.

ANEESHA

(cheerfully)

Did you ever think you'd find such
good ice cream on a court's
premises?

Aditya remains silent, waiting for Aneesha to elaborate.

ANEESHA(CONT'D)

(smiling)

No, right? Want to know why...?

Aditya's gaze fixes on her, encouraging her to continue.

ANEESHA(CONT'D) (cont'd)

If this shop didn't sell good ice
cream, I'd file a case against
them... and against the people who
made this product too. Got it?
That's why the ice cream here is so
good!

She boasts about the power of a lawyer, her playful tone evident as she savors her treat.

ADITYA

(smirking)

Oh really? You've studied a bit of
law and now you can do all that,
huh?

ANEESHA

(grinning)

Of course! Never mess with a
lawyer; even the smallest thing can
turn into a case.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA
You're turning into a bit of a
bully working with Kulkarni every
day, you know that?

Aneesha laughs, shaking her head.

ANEESHA
(laughing)
Hey, these are all his lines! When
he first brought us here for ice
cream, this is exactly what he
said... I'm just repeating it to
cool you down, that's all.

Aditya, growing a bit impatient due to Kulkarni's delay,
interrupts.

ADITYA
(irritated)
Okay, but when is he coming?

ANEESHA
(assuringly)
He'll be here soon.

Aditya glances around and then speaks with urgency.

ADITYA
Aneesha, Anamica is coming day
after tomorrow. She called this
morning to tell me.

ANEESHA
(surprised)
Day after tomorrow?

ADITYA
yes..

ADITYA(CONT'D)
I need to wrap this up as soon as
possible, okay?

He grabs a water bottle and takes a sip.

ANEESHA
Aditya, this is a sensitive issue.
It'll take some time. Rushing won't
help... be patient.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA
(serious)

Aneesha, you know Anamica, right?
If she gets even a hint of
suspicion, she'll catch on. If she
finds out I'm involved in something
like this, it's over--everything.
You get that, right?

He lowers his voice, speaking earnestly.
Just then, lawyer Kulkarni arrives from the court. Aditya
and Aneesha stand to greet him.

ADITYA (cont'd)
Hello sir..

KULAKARNI
Hello. Sorry for the delay.

Kulkarni doesn't sit but gestures to Aditya.

KULAKARNI (cont'd)
Let's walk and talk in the
courtyard. We can stretch our legs
a bit too.

ADITYA
okay sir..

He motions for Aditya to follow him.

KULAKARNI
Aneesha, you stay here. I need to
discuss something with Aditya. Have
another ice cream. Pandey, give her
one more ice cream.

PANDEY
Okay sir..

Kulkarni instructs the shopkeeper, PANDEY, and then starts
walking away with Aditya.

Pandey responds and hands Aneesha another ice cream.

EXT.COURT GROUND-EVENING

Kulkarni and Aditya walk towards a nearby badminton court
within the court premises, engaging in conversation.

(CONTINUED)

KULAKARNI

Aditya, how long have you known Aneesha?

ADITYA

Aneesha? About two or three years, sir. We're good friends.

KULAKARNI

Okay. Do you ever go to the gym?

ADITYA

No, sir... work keeps me busy. I don't have time.

KULAKARNI

You found time to meet me today, didn't you? You should make time for your health too.

ADITYA

Yes sir..

Kulkarni pauses for a moment, then continues.

KULAKARNI

How long have you been married?

ADITYA

Two years..

KULAKARNI

Kids?

ADITYA

Not planned yet, sir.

KULAKARNI

Ever seen animals planning for kids? No, right?

He pauses, and Aditya looks puzzled.

KULAKARNI (CONT'D)

Only humans plan everything--kids, careers, everything.

KULAKARNI

how often do you masturbate?

ADITYA

Sir, why are you asking this...?

(CONTINUED)

KULAKARNI

Ever seen animals masturbating, watching porn? No, right? This mind of ours is a strange thing... it always needs something to satisfy it. Some people get their fix from drugs, some from money, some from women. Some even get aroused by things like animal sex...

Aditya looks at Kulkarni, growing frustrated.

ADITYA

sir, what do you mean?

KULAKARNI

Nothing, just talking casually. And by the way, I spoke to the SHO about your case. He said the report won't come anytime soon. It's going to take some time.

ADITYA

Sir, how much longer will it take...?

He asks with desperation, his voice tinged with anxiety.

KULAKARNI

Aditya, this isn't a direct offense. There are procedures involved. Like, you shared an obscene video with a friend, right? Now, let's say that this video circulates on social media platforms like... what's that app... Facebook?

He struggles to remember.

ADITYA

instagram...

KULAKARNI

Yeah, Instagram... so, there are NGOs in our country that work against child sexual abuse. They register complaints, and these complaints take time to filter through the system and reach our local police station. Get it? We'll handle it when the time comes.

Aditya continues to stare, worry etched on his face.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

Sir, whatever it is... if it could
be handled quickly...

KULAKARNI(CONT'D)

Aditya... quickly? What do you
think this is, a fast-track court?
There's a system, there are
rules--we have to follow them,
right?

He pauses, his tone growing stern.

KULAKARNI(CONT'D) (cont'd)

And you, before doing something
like this, you should've thought it
through, understood?

Kulkarni's serious response hits hard, and Aditya struggles
to control his temper, trying to stay calm.

KULAKARNI(CONT'D) (cont'd)

It'll take time. Just arrange the
rest of the money, and leave the
rest to me, okay? see you.

He replies quickly, and Aditya nods slightly, his gaze
dropping to the ground.
Kulkarni finishes the conversation and departs. Aditya,
still reeling from the exchange, heads back to the ice cream
parlor.

INT.ICE CREAM PARLOR - EVENING

Aditya walks back to Aneesha, grabs his bag, and heads to
the counter to pay for the ice cream.

ANEESHA

Aditya, what happened? I'll pay...

She notices his hurried departure.

ADITYA

no problem..

ANEESHA

What did sir say?

ADITYA

Nothing... I've got some work. I
need to go. Bye.

He leaves quickly, mounting his motorcycle. Aneesha watches
him, puzzled.

EXT.ROAD-DAY

Aditya weaves through the congested traffic, the roar of engines and honking horns surrounding him.

Aditya's thoughts spiral as he rides, each one more suffocating than the last. Frustration gnaws at him, his chest tightening with the weight of unspoken worries. His helmet barely muffles the sounds outside, but the real noise is inside--doubts, regrets, fears all crashing into each other like the cars around him.

All he can think about is the conversation with Kulkarni, the mess he's in, and the looming presence of Anamica's arrival. The road stretches out before him, but he feels trapped, like there's no way out of the maze of his own mind.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: ADITYA'S DAILY ROUTINE

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Aditya wakes up, He slowly sits up in bed, rubbing his eyes, still half-asleep.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Water splashes on Aditya's face as he stands over the sink, trying to wake himself up. He brushes his teeth with a tired expression, his movements mechanical.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Aditya pours coffee into a mug, sipping it slowly as he leans against the counter. He stares blankly out of the window, lost in thought.

INT. WARDROBE - MORNING

Aditya flips through his closet, selecting a shirt and tie. He dresses in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie and smoothing out his clothes with a sense of routine.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Aditya steps out of his apartment, He walks to his motorcycle parked outside and puts on his helmet.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

(CONTINUED)

Aditya rides his motorcycle through busy city streets, weaving through traffic with practiced ease. The city hums around him, but his focus is singular as he navigates the road.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Aditya steps into the office, exchanging brief nods with colleagues. He sits at his desk, powering up his computer and diving into work. Papers shuffle, emails are typed, and the hours blur together.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Aditya rides home, the city now bathed in the golden light of sunset. His face is tired, but there's a hint of relief as he nears home.

INT. ADITYA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Aditya enters his house, closing the door behind him. He removes his tie and slumps onto the couch, releasing a long sigh. The day has finally come to an end.

INT. ADITYA'S HOUSE - DAY

Aditya's phone rings, pulling him out of his thoughts. He glances at the screen and sees it's a call from the Zomato delivery boy.

ADITYA
(answering the call)
hello..

ZOMATO BOY
Sir, I'm downstairs.

ADITYA
Yeah, come up. I'm in 305.

ZOMATO BOY
Okay sir..

Aditya hangs up and waits. A few minutes later, the doorbell rings. He gets up from the couch and opens the door, expecting the delivery--but instead, he finds Anamica standing there, smiling brightly.

ADITYA
(surprised)
anamica...

(CONTINUED)

Anamica laughs softly as she steps inside, clearly amused by his reaction.

ADITYA (cont'd)
(confused)
Didn't you say you'd come tomorrow?

ANAMICA
(grinning)
Yeah, but I couldn't wait, and I
thought I'd surprise you too, so
here I am.

She walks further into the house, leaving Aditya still processing the surprise. He quickly grabs her luggage and brings it inside.
As she places her bag down, Anamica suddenly turns and hugs him tightly. Aditya, still in shock, slowly relaxes and hugs her back, the warmth of the moment sinking in.

ANAMICA (cont'd)
miss you..

Aditya remains silent, tapping her back in response.
Just then, the Zomato delivery guy arrives, holding a bag of food. They break apart, composing themselves.

ADITYA
(smiling, taking the food)
thanks...

ZOMATO BOY
Sir, please rate the delivery.

Aditya nods, closing the door behind him.

ANAMICA
Looks like you've got back to
ordering from Zomato.

ADITYA
What else can I do? I got fed up
with having eggs and bhurji every
day.

Anamica glances around the house, nodding approvingly.

ANAMICA
(glancing around)
Well, you've kept the place clean.
Good boy.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA
(softly)
You should've called me; I would've
come to pick you up from the
station.

ANAMICA
No problem, Baba. I came by cab.

Anamica heads to the bedroom to change, emerging shortly
after in more comfortable clothes. Without missing a beat,
she starts tidying up the house.

ADITYA
Anamica, everything's clean
already. Just relax.

ANAMICA
(playfully pushing him aside)
Move aside, Aditya. It's clean, but
I still need to tidy up a bit.
Makes me feel better.

She starts cleaning the house with a vapour stick

ADITYA
(sighing)
Alright, How's your mom and dad?
Everything okay?

ANAMICA
Yeah, they're good. They were
worried about you being alone. They
kept asking how you're managing.

ADITYA
Really..

ANAMICA
(teasingly)
Yeah, but they don't know that
you're like a cockroach...

She quickly smashes a cockroach with her slipper.

ANAMICA(CONT'D)
You can survive anywhere.

She grins at Aditya, who raises his eyebrows in playful
disbelief. The tension between them eases, settling into
their familiar, comfortable rhythm.

INT.THE HALL & KITCHEN -NIGHT

The night has settled in. Aditya and Anamica are seated on the sofa; Aditya is working on his laptop while Anamica watches a movie on Netflix. Vijay Sethupathi's Maharaja plays on the TV, casting flickering light across the room. Aditya's attention is divided between his work and the noise from the TV.

ADITYA

Anamica, I've got a headache. Can you get me a coffee?

ANAMICA

Okay, I'll get it right away.

She gets up from the couch and walks to the kitchen to make coffee. In the background, the movie plays a tense salon scene.

ANAMICA (cont'd)

(loudly, from the kitchen)

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Rohan's getting ready to go to London. Did he called you?

ADITYA

No, did his visa come through?

ANAMICA

Not yet, his interview is next Saturday.

ADITYA

Alright, it'll work out.

ANAMICA

(teasingly)

Hope so... By the way, where did you learn to cook? When I was here, you never took anything from the kitchen.

She pours some milk and searches for sugar in the cupboard.

ADITYA

(smirking)

That's called survival instinct. Try eating outside for a week, and you'll understand.

He gets up and walks to the fridge for water.

(CONTINUED)

ANAMICA
(playfully)
Oh, sorry, Babu, that you had to do
so much after I left.

She adds sugar, glancing at him from the kitchen. He drinks some water and returns to the sofa, listens quietly, not interrupting.

ANAMICA (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Aditya, even though I was there, my
mind was completely here. I used to
think about whether you were eating
on time or not. And when will this
stay end, and when will I be
back... I used to think about it
every day.

The tea boils in the kettle as she continues talking.

ADITYA
So you should have come back
sooner?

ANAMICA
I wanted to, but what can I do?
It's our culture; we have to follow
it.

She pours the coffee into two cups and walks back to the sofa.

ANAMICA (cont'd)
Here, it's hot, so be careful.

She hands a cup to Aditya and settles back on the sofa.
Aditya sips the hot coffee.

ANAMICA (CONT'D)
Aditya, should we go out tomorrow?

ADITYA
(raising an eyebrow)
Why?

ANAMICA
It's Pinky's birthday tomorrow. We
need to buy a gift.

ADITYA
(surprised)
Oh, is it tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

ANAMICA
(smiling)
Yes, she kept calling home, very
excited about her birthday.

ADITYA
Alright, we'll go.

Aditya nods, but his mind drifts elsewhere, his expression
growing distant.

ANAMICA
(concerned)
What's wrong with you? You look off
always. Do you want to talk about
it?

ADITYA
No, it's nothing.

Aditya quickly composes himself, forcing a casual tone as he
tries to brush off her concern. Suddenly, Aditya's phone
buzzes, indicating a call from Aneesha. His body tenses, and
he quickly silences the phone before Anamica can see.

ANAMICA
(raising an eyebrow)
Who was that?

ADITYA
No one, just from the office. I'll
take this call and be right back.

Anamica nods, unaware of his unease. Aditya puts his coffee
on the tray table and hurries outside to the balcony, the
warmth of the moment with Anamica slipping away as he
redials Aneesha.

INTERCUT-ADITYA & ANEESHA

EXT.ANEESHA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Aneesha stands in the garden outside her house, She answers
the call, her face illuminated by the soft glow of the
garden lights.

ADITYA (cont'd)
Hello..

ANEESHA
Aditya, what's going on? Why didn't
you pick up the phone?

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

It's nothing. Just... don't worry about it.

He lowers his voice, trying to keep his tone even.

ANEESHA

Why are you so upset? Did something happen with Kulkarni sir?

ADITYA

It's just your Kulkarni, I'm not sure if he understood me right. He was being a bit vague, so I got frustrated...

ANEESHA

Really? What did he say?

ADITYA

Nothing much, just some rules and regulations, and about money...

ANEESHA

Okay... I've never seen you this serious before. I was worried.

ADITYA

It's nothing. Forget it. Did you call me for anything else?

ANEESHA

No, just to check on you.

ADITYA

Alright, we'll talk tomorrow when we meet. Anamica is at home now. If you get any updates from Kulkarni, let me know.

He catches himself, lowering his voice as he remembers Anamica is in the house.

ANEESHA

Anamica's back?

ADITYA

Yeah..

ANEESHA

You said she'd come tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

She came a day early to surprise me.

Aditya keeps his voice low, glancing towards the hall where Anamica is busy in watching film.

ANEESHA

Okay, just ignore Kulkarni's talk for now. Talk to you tomorrow. Bye.

ADITYA

okay..

ADITYA(CONT'D)

Aneesha, don't call me. If there's anything, just message me.

ANEESHA

Yeah, yeah. Okay, bye.

Aditya ends the call and takes a deep breath, his mind racing with the conflicting demands of his personal life.

and he gets back to hall and sits on the couch, typing away on his laptop, his attention divided between his work and the background noise of the TV. Anamica, lounging beside him, is engrossed in a Netflix movie. On the screen, Vijay Sethupathi's intense expressions dominate as the film "Maharaja" plays out. The room is dimly lit, with the flickering light from the TV casting soft shadows across the walls.

The scene on the TV shifts to a vibrant birthday party, the atmosphere thick with tension despite the celebratory decorations. Anurag Kashyap's character, looking disheveled and nervous, glances around as if sensing the impending doom. The police burst in, disrupting the party, and the camera zooms in on Anurag's face as he's forcefully arrested, his expression a mix of anger and resignation. The scene captivates Aditya, drawing his focus away from the spreadsheet on his screen. His fingers pause mid-typing as he watches Anurag's character being led away, the sounds of the movie blending into the background. The gravity of the arrest, the chaos of the party, and the raw emotions displayed on screen resonate with something deep inside him. Aditya closes his laptop slowly, his mind no longer on his work. His eyes remain fixed on the TV, but his thoughts drift elsewhere.

FADES OUT:

INT.SANJAY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Aditya and Anamica arrive at his brother SANJAY's house, dressed in their finest. The home is lively with the energy of a birthday party. Colorful streamers and balloons hang from the ceiling, and a "Happy Birthday" banner stretches across one wall. The living room is filled with the joyful noise of children playing and laughing, creating a festive atmosphere.

As Aditya and Anamica step inside, they are warmly greeted by the family. Anamica receives heartfelt blessings from her mother-in-law and father-in-law, their faces beaming with joy.

The centerpiece of the room is a beautifully decorated birthday cake, surrounded by plates of snacks and party treats. Children are gathered around the cake, eagerly waiting for the candles to be lit.

Anamica approaches Pinky, who is the star of the evening, and kisses her on the cheek, and wishes her,

ANAMICA

happy birthday pinky...god bless
you..

PINKY

thanku you chachi..

Pinky's eyes sparkle with excitement as she takes in the attention.

Aditya, standing slightly back, watches the scene, taking in the warmth and cheer of the celebration.

The party is in full swing, and Aditya and Anamica hand over their gift to Pinky, who excitedly unwraps it. They gather for a photograph, capturing the joyful moment. Despite the festive atmosphere, Aditya's mind is preoccupied with his ongoing case and the conversation with Aneesha. He forces a smile and tries to blend in, though his discomfort is palpable.

Anamica is actively helping JAMUNA, Sanjay's wife, with serving food and managing the party arrangements. Her warm, cheerful demeanor adds to the overall festive spirit of the gathering.

As Aditya tries to engage with the festivities, his father, VILAS RAO DESHMUKH, makes his way into the room. At 60 years old, Vilas Rao is dressed in a well-tailored safari suit, his appearance both dignified and distinguished. He walks slowly but with a deliberate grace. Aditya catches his

(CONTINUED)

father's eye and greets him with a nod, a silent acknowledgment of his presence.

Vilas Rao approaches Aditya, his expression a mix of curiosity and concern. The family's warmth contrasts with Aditya's internal struggle, but he maintains his composure, determined to be present for the occasion.

VILASRAO DESHMUKH

What's wrong? Everything okay?

ADITYA

Everything's fine, Papa. How are you?

VILASRAO DESHMUKH

I'm good. So, your wife has arrived?

ADITYA

Yeah, she came yesterday. When are you coming over?

VILASRAO DESHMUKH

I'm actually thinking of staying here for a while. This place feels better. What do you think?

ADITYA

Why? Is there a problem at our place? Don't you miss us?

VILASRAO DESHMUKH

It's not that. The place feels a bit cramped, and it's easier to spend time with the kids here. You understand?

ADITYA

(seriously)

Papa, why don't you speak directly? Anamica and I aren't ready for kids yet. We need to settle down first. Do you know how expensive that apartment is? It's not something we can rush. We need more time.

VILASRAO DESHMUKH

(angrily)

When? It's been two years since the wedding. You keep saying you need time and, Are we a monsoon weather?, moving from here to there every few months?

(CONTINUED)

Vilas Rao walks away, leaving Aditya more frustrated.

EXT.BALCONY-NIGHT

Aditya steps out onto the balcony, seeking solace from the overwhelming atmosphere of the party. He leans against the railing, taking deep breaths as he tries to calm his racing thoughts. The distant laughter and chatter from the party drift through the open door, but here, the sounds are muffled, and the night sky stretches out before him, offering a momentary escape. Aditya's mind is a whirlwind of stress and frustration. The weight of the ongoing case and the pressure to maintain a façade of normalcy all weigh heavily on him. He stares into the darkness, trying to collect his thoughts and find some peace.

he pulls out his phone, contemplating calling Aneesha again.

ADITYA

aneesha....

ANEESHA(V.O)

Aditya, I'm out right now. I'll call you back.

ADITYA

aneesha wait..

He takes a deep breath, trying to calm his mounting stress as he waits for Aneesha to respond.

ADITYA(CONT'D)

What's happening with the case? Did you talk to Kulakarni?

ANEESHA(V.O)

No, not yet..

ADITYA

Look, Aneesha, I'm here with my whole family at a party. I don't know what's going on in my head. I'm scared the police might show up.

ANEESHA(V.O)

Aditya, why are you behaving like this? Enjoy the party. I'll call you back.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

Aneesha, are you sure nothing's going to happen?

ANEESHA(V.O)

Aditya, what do you think? This isn't like the movies where the police barge in and arrest you. This is real life. Chill out.

ADITYA

It's not that simple, Aneesha. I'm trying so hard to act normal, but it's just not working.

ANEESHA(V.O)

Take a deep breath. You haven't done anything wrong. Okay?

ADITYA

Okay..

He takes a deep breath, trying to overcome his anxiety.

ANEESHA

Aditya, is Anamica with you?

ADITYA

Yeah, she's here. She's at the party.

ANEESHA

Have you told her anything?

ADITYA

No, I haven't. I can't. She won't forgive me.

ANEESHA

Maybe I should talk to her. She might understand.

ADITYA

(quickly)

No chance. Just do your work.

As Aditya spots Anamica approaching with a drink in her hand, he quickly lowers his voice, trying to keep the conversation discreet.

ADITYA(CONT'D)

Okay, I'll talk to you later. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

He hangs up the phone, his heart still racing, and takes the drink from Anamica, forcing a casual smile to hide his unease.

ANAMICA

Who were you talking to?

ADITYA

(nervously)

Just Aneesha...

ANAMICA

Aneesha? At this hour? What's going on?

ADITYA

nothing...

He tries to brush off her concern, but the tension in his voice is unmistakable. Anamica isn't easily convinced. Her eyes narrow slightly as she studies his face, sensing that something is off.

ANAMICA

What's wrong with you? Since I arrived, you've been acting weird. What are you hiding from me?

ADITYA

Anamica, don't create a scene. There's nothing to worry about. Let's just enjoy the party.

He tries to calm her in a low voice.

ANAMICA

Aditya, why do you need to step away from the party to call her? What's going on?

ADITYA

Have you lost your mind? What nonsense are you talking about?

ANAMICA

Nonsense? Give me the phone. I'll call that devil and find out what's going on.

She tries to snatch the phone from him.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

Anamica....

He raises his hand as if to slap her, but stops and composes himself, then walks back inside to the party. Without a word, she follows, the air thick with unspoken suspicion.

INT. SANJAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The atmosphere inside is lively and festive. The room is filled with colorful decorations and the joyful noise of children. Everyone gathers around as Pinky prepares to cut her birthday cake.

CROWD

Happy birthday to you..., happy
birthday to you...

The excitement is palpable, with everyone cheering and clapping. The room is filled with happiness and celebration, but Aditya and Anamica stand on the periphery, their smiles forced and their eyes distant, struggling to mask their inner turmoil as they watch the joyful scene unfold.

CUT TO:

INT.ADITYA'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The bedroom is dimly lit, casting soft shadows across the room. Aditya sits at his desk, focused on his laptop, the glow from the screen illuminating his face. Beside him, Anamica lies in bed, quietly feigning sleep, her mind troubled by suspicions about Aditya's relationship with Aneesha.

Aditya closes his laptop and moves to the bed, attempting to get closer to Anamica. She subtly pulls away, in silent refusal. Aditya senses her unease and tries to talk to her.

ADITYA

(softly)

Anamica...

She remains silent, her back turned to him.

ADITYA

anamica...

He reaches out, gently trying to pull her toward him.

ANAMICA

(irritated)

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

You're misunderstanding. Aneesha is just a good friend. There's nothing more between us...

ANAMICA

Oh, if there's nothing more, then why are you talking to her secretly? Haan?

ADITYA

Anamica, there's nothing like that...

ANAMICA

Then what's going on? I've been away for just a day or two, and you're acting like this...

She controls her emotions and tries to stay calm, though her frustration is evident.

ADITYA

(sighs)

How do I explain this to you now...

At that moment, Aditya's phone buzzes. He reaches for it and sees Aneesha's name on the screen. Hearing the ringtone, Anamica's frustration boils over.

ANAMICA

Go ahead, it's probably her. Talk to her... Chudail.

Her words are laced with aggression. Aditya sighs deeply and reluctantly steps out onto the balcony to take the call. After a few moments, Aditya returns to the bedroom. The atmosphere is tense, heavy with unspoken words. He knows he can't keep the truth from her any longer.

ADITYA

(nervously)

Anamica... Listen, there's something I've been hiding from you...

Anamica remains silent, her eyes fixed on him, waiting.

ADITYA(CONT'D)

I'm still trying to figure out how to tell you...

He takes a deep breath, gathering his courage.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA(CONT'D) (cont'd)
(nervously)
The thing is, a few days ago, I
watched an explicit video online, a
child sex video..

Anamica's gaze sharpens, urging him to continue.

ADITYA(CONT'D) (cont'd)
I shared that video with a friend
on Instagram. Since then, my
account has been blocked. I've been
scared ever since, worried that the
police might come for me. I've
wanted to tell you so many times,
but I didn't know how...

He trails off, his voice heavy with shame.
Anamica sits up, her expression softening as she approaches
him.

ANAMICA
So, watching videos like that could
actually get you in legal trouble?

ADITYA
Not really, but it was a video of a
minor girl, and I watched it by
mistake--not intentionally. Sharing
or watching such videos can be an
offense, which is why Aneesha is
helping me with this. That's all.

ANAMICA
Okay, but you're not a bad person.

ADITYA
Yeah...

He sees empathy in her eyes, and it gives him a glimmer of
hope.

ANAMICA
I know how good you are with
kids... You're so friendly, and
even Pinky's dad doesn't get along
as well with the kids. You're
always so good with them, and I
know how much you like kids...

ADITYA
Yeah... But I made a mistake
without realizing it, Anamica. I'm
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA (cont'd)
sorry. And you weren't here either.
I didn't have anyone to talk to,
and since then, I've been under so
much stress.

ANAMICA
Don't stress about it. I'm here
now. I'll talk to the police.

Anamica steps closer, her gaze locking onto his, her concern deepening.

ADITYA
(sighs, troubled)
Anamica, it's not that simple.
There are legal proceedings
involved. I'll handle it...

ANAMICA
Legal proceedings? Are they going
to arrest you for something so
minor, just for sharing a video?

ANAMICA (CONT'D)
(sighs)
My mom was married when she was
only 12. Was that wrong? Let the
police come; we'll sort it out.

ADITYA
(shaking his head)
Anamica, what are you saying? I'm
telling you, I'll handle it. If
anything comes up tomorrow, Aneesha
and her senior lawyer are already
on it. I've almost sorted
everything out, including the
costs. Don't worry.

ANAMICA
(softly)
How can I not worry... What if
something happens to you tomorrow?

Her voice quivers, and she struggles to hold back her tears.
She pulls him into a tight hug, offering him the comfort and
solidarity he desperately needs.

ADITYA
Nothing will happen dear... You're
here with me. I've been worried
about you. I'm struggling to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA (cont'd)
explain, but you understand. That's
all I need right now. I'll take
care of everything else.

Aditya hugs her back, feeling a weight lift as he finally finds some relief in her support. He gently kisses her on the head, their embrace tightening as they find solace in each other's arms. The tension between them eases, replaced by a mutual understanding and a quiet resolve to face whatever comes next--together.
Anamica pulls back slightly, concern etched on her face.

ANAMICA
How much money you need?

CUT TO:

INT.ADITYA'S HOUSE-MORNING

The first light of the sunrise filters through the windows as Anamica rises from bed. She gets ready, bathing quickly, then moves to the small temple in the corner to perform her morning pooja. The soft chanting fills the house with a peaceful vibe.

After finishing her prayers, Anamica walks into the bedroom and gently wakes Aditya.

ANAMICA
(SWEETLY)
Wake up, or you'll be late for the
office.

Aditya stirs, slowly opening his eyes. He gets up, goes through his morning routine, and dresses up for work. Meanwhile, Anamica opens her locker, carefully taking out her gold ornaments. She walks to the hall where Aditya is seated at the dining table, finishing his breakfast. She places a pouch containing the ornaments on the table and then sits down opposite him.

ADITYA
(hesitant)
Anamica, what's the need for this?
I can manage the money elsewhere...

He starts to say more, but his words falter as he meets her gaze.

(CONTINUED)

ANAMICA

No, no, what's the use of keeping it here? Take it and think about how to get out of this problem.

ADITYA

No, no, these were given by your mom with love. Let's leave it.

ANAMICA

(calmly)

If Mom asks, I'll manage..take it

ADITYA

It's not like that, Anamica...

ANAMICA

Please, don't say anything.

Aditya looks at her with a quiet understanding, realizing the depth of her commitment. He nods, accepting her support, and then finishes his breakfast in silence. The weight of unspoken words lingers between them, but there is a shared resolve in their silence.

CUT TO:

EXT.ROAD-DAY

Aditya weaves through traffic on his motorcycle, the sounds of the bustling city echoing around him. His face is tense, focused on his destination.

EXT.PAWN SHOP-DAY

After a while, he pulls up in front of a pawn shop, parking his bike on the side of the crowded street.

INT.PAWN SHOP-DAY

Aditya enters the shop, the cool air inside offering brief relief from the oppressive heat outside. The atmosphere is dim, the walls lined with jewelry displays. He walks up to the counter, his movements deliberate. From his bag, he retrieves a pouch and hands it over to the jeweler, who examines the gold ornaments with practiced precision. The jeweler weighs them carefully before counting out a stack of cash, which he slides across the counter to Aditya. Without a word, Aditya stuffs the money into his bag and turns to leave, his face impassive as he exits the shop.

(CONTINUED)

EXT.PAWN SHOP - DAY

As Aditya reaches his motorcycle, he pulls out his phone and dials Aneesha's number. The traffic hums in the background as he waits for her to answer.

ADITYA

Hello..

ANEESHA(V.O)

Yeah, aditya tell me..

ADITYA

Where are you right now..?

ANEESHA(V.O)

me...?, out side...,Shivaji chowk.

ADITYA

Okay, I am coming...

He hangs up the call, puts on his helmet, and starts the motorcycle, revving the engine as he prepares to meet her. With a determined look, he rides off, merging back into the chaotic flow of traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT.A CAFE-SHIVAJI CHOWK-DAY

Aditya and Aneesha are seated at a table in a quaint café at Shivaji chowk, a historical site bustling with early morning visitors. The ambiance is serene, with the sound of birds chirping and the occasional murmur of tourists in the background. Aneesha is having breakfast, savoring each bite, while Aditya sits across from her, his expression serious.

ANEESHA

(looking up from her plate)

What's up? Didn't you go to the office?

ADITYA

(leaning back in his chair)

Told my boss I had some work to take care of, said I'd be in late.

ANEESHA

So, he was okay with that?

ADITYA

Yeah... why wouldn't he be? Anyway, what's your plan for the future?

(CONTINUED)

ANEESHA

What plan? Just going with the flow.

ADITYA

Are you going to do something on your own, or keep running around with files for Kulkarni?

ANEESHA

(playfully)

What can I do? Maybe I should sue this place for bad chutney.

ADITYA

(leaning forward)

Aneesha, I'm talking seriously here, not joking.

ANEESHA

What's there to joke about? I'm still a junior. When I get my own case, I'll start my practice.

ADITYA

Okay... Kulkarni didn't say anything about my case?

ANEESHA

(shaking her head)

No..

Aditya nods, absorbing her response. He looks around cautiously, then reaches into his bag and takes out a bundle of money, placing it on the table in front of her. Aneesha stares at the money, puzzled.

ANEESHA (cont'd)

(raising an eyebrow)

Is this for Kulakarni?

ADITYA

No... keep it. It's an advance. If anything happens to me, I want you to handle my case.

ANEESHA

(eyes widening)

what..?

ADITYA

(nodding)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA (cont'd)
Yeah, I talked to Anamica
yesterday. Told her everything, and
she understands.

ANEESHA
wow, that's great aditya..

ADITYA
Yeah..,Look, Aneesha, no matter
what happens tomorrow, I'm ready to
face the consequences for my
mistake. I don't trust Kulkarni
with this. I trust you. Take the
advance and make this your first
case, okay?

ANEESHA
(stunned)
aditya....?

ADITYA
(holding her gaze)
Don't say anything. I trust
you--you can do it.

Aneesha falls silent, processing his words. They lock eyes,
the gravity of the moment settling between them. Slowly, she
nods, her expression shifting to one of determination. The
two sit there in quiet understanding, the unspoken bond of
trust stronger than ever.

CUT TO:

EXT.ADITYA'S OFFICE-DAY

Aditya rides his motorcycle through the bustling city
streets, his mind racing as he approaches his office
building. He parks his bike and strides into the office, his
expression focused. The usual office buzz surrounds him as
he makes his way to his desk, dropping his belongings onto
the surface without much thought. His eyes scan the room,
searching for Shinde.
Spotting him at his desk, Aditya walks over purposefully.

ADITYA
Shinde..

Shinde looks up from his work, meeting Aditya's gaze.

(CONTINUED)

SHINDE
Yeah aditya..

ADITYA
Let's go to the canteen. Need to
talk.

Shinde nods, pushing his chair back and standing up.

They exchange a brief glance before heading toward the canteen, a sense of unease settling between them as they walk side by side.

EXT.OFFICE CANTEEN-DAY

Aditya and Shinde sit in their usual spot, away from the office bustle. The afternoon sun filters through the trees, casting dappled shadows on the ground. The air between them is thick with unspoken tension. Shinde lights a cigarette, taking a slow drag before offering one to Aditya. Aditya declines with a slight shake of his head, clearly preoccupied.

SHINDE
(exhaling smoke, reflective)
Aditya, it's not your fault. It's
my greed. Who can predict when the
market will rise or fall, right?

Shinde pauses, taking another drag, his voice laced with regret.

SHINDE(CONT'D)
(shaking his head)
I only found out when my
brother-in-law called me, saying
the JSW Group shares had suddenly
dropped. Don't stress about it,
we'll figure something out.

Aditya glances at Shinde, a look of conflicted guilt crossing his face.

ADITYA
Shinde, there's something I need to
tell you...

SHINDE
(cutting him off)
No need, man. What can we do? Just
let it go.

(CONTINUED)

Aditya's hands fidget slightly as he searches for the right words.

ADITYA
Shinde, actually... I didn't invest
your money in the market.

SHINDE
What...?

Shinde freezes mid-drag, eyes wide with surprise.

ADITYA
Yeah..

SHINDE
(happily)
Oh man, that's great! Our money
didn't get lost. I was stressing so
much, thinking we'd lost a lakh.

Aditya hesitates, then continues.

ADITYA
(shamefully)
bhai, listen to me first...

SHINDE
yeah...

ADITYA
When I needed some money urgently,
I couldn't find any other way. So,
I lied to you and took your money.

Shinde's smile fades as he processes this.

ADITYA(CONT'D)
(sincerely)
I'm sorry yaar, Shinde. I didn't
mean to deceive you. I just thought
I'd give it back as soon as I
could.

Shinde stares at him, a mix of emotions in his eyes.

SHINDE
arre, You didn't have to lie, man.
You could've just asked me
directly.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

I didn't have any other choice at that moment.

Shinde takes a deep breath, then shakes his head with a small smile.

SHINDE

It's okay. No problem. Here, have a cigarette.

ADITYA

One minute...

Aditya reaches into his bag and pulls out a wad of cash, handing it to Shinde.

Shinde looks at the money, surprised.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

Here's your money back.

SHINDE

(holding back)

No problem, Aditya, give it to me after you're sorted.

ADITYA

(shaking his head)

No, I don't need it now. Take it.

Shinde finally takes the money, giving Aditya a nod of understanding.

SHINDE

This looks like more than what I gave you.

ADITYA

Yeah, it's double. Like I said..

Shinde shakes his head, quickly pushing the extra cash back to Aditya.

SHINDE

No, no, no. Take this back.

Aditya hesitates but eventually takes the money back, nodding in appreciation.

SHINDE (cont'd)

Next time, if you need anything, just ask me directly.

Aditya nods, his gratitude evident.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA

Thanks man...

Shinde lights a cigarette and hands it to Aditya, who takes a deep drag. The smoke curls into the air, and as it dissipates, so does the tension that had hung heavy between them.

CUT TO:

EXT.OFFICE PARKING-EVENING

Aditya starts his motorcycle and heads out of the office parking lot. The sun is setting, casting a warm golden hue over the city. As he navigates through the traffic, there's a noticeable change in his demeanor--calm and confident, a stark contrast to his earlier anxiety.

EXT.TRAFFIC SIGNAL-EVENING

Aditya stops at a red light, idling patiently on his motorcycle. A police officer on another motorcycle pulls up beside him. Their eyes meet briefly, a casual exchange of glances. The light turns green, and without a word, they both ride off in different directions, the moment passing as quickly as it arrived.

EXT.BUS STAND AREA-EVENING

As Aditya rides through the bustling streets on his way home, he spots his niece, Pinky, standing at a bus stand, waiting. He slows down, pulling up beside her. Pinky's face lights up with a big smile as she recognizes him.

PINKY

chachu...

She exclaims with joy, her excitement palpable as she runs toward him.

ADITYA

Pinky, need a ride home??

Pinky nods eagerly, her smile widening.

ADITYA(CONT'D)

Hop on.

She hops onto the back of the motorcycle, wrapping her small arms securely around his waist. The warmth of her affection

(CONTINUED)

brings a brief but welcome reprieve to Aditya's troubled thoughts.

He glances back to make sure she's settled, then revs the engine, weaving back into the flow of traffic with Pinky safely behind him.

EXT.ROAD-EVENING

Aditya rides steadily with Pinky on the back, the noise of the city fading into the background. As they move through the traffic, a sense of calm washes over him. The weight of the past days' pressure seems to lift as he thinks about how he's set things right. With Pinky's arms around him and the road ahead, Aditya feels a new sense of normalcy returning, a small smile creeping onto his face as he breathes in the evening air.

PINKY
chachu, ice cream..

She eagerly tugs at his arm, pointing to a roadside ice cream stall. Aditya slows down and pulls over, the promise of a simple pleasure brightening his mood.

EXT.ICE CREAM STALL-EVENING

Aditya holds Pinky's hand as they approach the stall, which is set up on a vehicle. He orders a couple of ice creams, Pinky's eyes sparkling with anticipation. As they receive their treats, Pinky digs into her ice cream with delight. Aditya watches her with a soft smile, finding solace in her happiness. The joy in her expression is a welcome distraction from his own worries. The fresh evening wind brushes against his face, and for a brief time, he feels completely relieved from the tensions of his past. The simplicity of the moment--a shared treat with his niece--brings him a sense of peace and contentment.

EXT.SANJAY'S HOUSE-EVENING

Aditya pulls up outside his brother Sanjay's house and parks the motorcycle. Pinky hops off and looks at him with eager eyes.

PINKY
(excitedly)
chachu come na....

Aditya hesitates, glancing up at the house, uncertainty flickering in his eyes. Pinky, sensing his reluctance, grabs his hand and tugs gently.

(CONTINUED)

PINKY (CONT'D)
(pleading)
Come on, chachu, please...

A smile tugs at the corners of Aditya's lips as he lets out a soft chuckle. He holds her hand back, and together they walk up to the house, hand in hand, as the evening sets in around them.

INT.SANJAY'S HOUSE-EVENING

Aditya steps into the house, greeted by the warm, familiar buzz of family chatter. The living room is alive with activity--his brother Sanjay and his wife Jamuna are nearby, while his parents sit on the balcony, sipping chai and chatting quietly. He offers them a warm smile.

SANJAY
Come, have a seat. Done with work?

Sanjay gestures for him to sit, Jamuna heads into the kitchen.

ADITYA
Yeah...

Aditya responds while sitting in a sofa,

SANJAY
Where did you find her?

ADITYA
She was at the bus stand, so I brought her along.

SANJAY
Good, How's everything going?

ADITYA
Everything's fine, brother.

SANJAY
Dad mentioned something about a house loan you're dealing with.

ADITYA
(nods)
Yeah

SANJAY
Okay, if you need anything, just let me know.

(CONTINUED)

ADITYA
(nods)
Okay

Just then, Jamuna walks in with a glass of juice.

JAMUNA
Here, Aditya, have some juice.

ADITYA
(accepting the glass)
thanks bhabi..

JAMUNA
And take these sweets for Anamica
when you leave, okay?

Jamuna then places a small sweet box on the table beside him.

ADITYA
okay bhabi..

He finishes the juice and grabs the sweet box, preparing to leave.

ADITYA (cont'd)
Okay, I'll head out now.

JAMUNA
(urging)
Why don't you stay a little longer?

ADITYA
No, she's probably waiting for me.
I should go.

JAMUNA
Alright, take care.

As Aditya is about to leave, Sanjay speaks up.

SANJAY
One more thing, Mom and Dad will be
staying here for another month or
two, just so you know.

Aditya pauses, taking in the information. He nods in acknowledgment before heading out, carrying the sweet box with him as he steps out of the house.

CUT TO:

INT.KITCHEN-NIGHT

The night envelops the kitchen, the moonlight casting a soft, silvery glow through the window. Inside, the kitchen is warm and dimly lit, creating an intimate and serene atmosphere. Aditya and Anamica move quietly, preparing dinner together. The soft glow of the overhead light creates gentle shadows around the room.

Anamica, wearing something cool and casual, captures Aditya's attention. As he chops onions, he gazes at her with a subtle smile, his expression soft and relaxed.

The camera zooms in on a close-up of the onion as Aditya expertly peels and slices it with a sharp knife. Each cut is precise and fluid, reflecting his ease and confidence.

Despite the usual tears onions bring, his eyes remain dry--shining with happiness and reflecting the deep contentment that has settled over him.

Anamica is busy making rotis, and as some flour splashes on her hands, she glances over at Aditya, noticing his affectionate gaze. They exchange small smiles, their communication conveyed through their eyes.

Aditya, feeling a sense of peacefulness, walks over to Anamica and gently grabs her from behind. She reacts with anticipation and smiles. There is a comfortable silence between them, the quiet of the kitchen amplifying their shared moment.

ADITYA

Anamica, how about we try for a baby tonight?

ANAMICA

What..?

She turns to face him, her eyes meeting his, which are filled with warmth and desire.

ADITYA

Yeah, and now that Ashada is over right...?

He pulls her closer, his smile playful and sincere. She smiles back, her nervousness evident but tempered by her affection. As she places her hands on his shoulders, some flour falls onto his body.

Their eyes lock in a close-up, both nodding slightly, acknowledging the moment with mutual understanding and love.

THE END.