

Jaana

Written by

Mohan Siddharth

Original

A gloomy, cold, cloudy day.

CU of footsteps of a man inching towards the edge of a cliff.

Side profile, a middle aged man, Samar, wearing worn out leather shoes, loose trousers, blazer and muffler is standing at the edge. He is clutching a folded newspaper in his hand. Fierce wind is blowing.

BGM - PHONE RINGS

INT. PUBLISHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Plush office. Big desk with loads of papers, books, family photographs etc. Camera trails through the desk to reach the phone. A hand picks up the receiver. Camera trails with the wire to a CU of Aman, a 50+ polished, suave gentleman.

RECEPTIONIST (FEMALE V.O.)

Sir, there's a call from some...Mr.
Samar

AMAN

(amused)

Samar? Kaun...kahan se?

RECEPTIONIST (FEMALE V.O.)

Sir...wo keh rahe hain, Kanpur se
hain

Pause

RECEPTIONIST (FEMALE V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hello...Sir, should I connect?

AMAN

Aa...hmm...zaroor

Aman is melancholic as he touches the family photograph on his desk. A CU shows him, Ila and Mini happily posing in the photograph. He takes a deep breath.

SAMAR (V.O.)

Haha Ila, ye Faraz Sahab ka hai,
lekin yun samjho hamare liye likha
hai

Yun hi mausam ki adaa dekh ke yaad
aaya hai
Kis kadar jald badal jaate hain
insaan jaanaa

ILA (V.O.)

(serious)

Samar?

SAMAR (V.O.)

Hmm...?

ILA (V.O.)

Tum to badal nahi jaoge na?

Suddenly his eyes widen with terror and he applies breaks and comes to a screeching halt. He was about hit a woman crossing the road. She is visibly pregnant. Has an ethereal look. Doesn't flinch and keeps walking. Once she reaches the edge, turns and look at him.

Her CU. Its Ila. Her face expressionless, she keeps looking at him. Samar is perplexed, terrified. Pale and perspiring. Ila's laughter is heard from the cassette. He looks at it and out of exasperation ejects it. Looks back at Ila. There's no one.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CU of pic of Ila on a wall in Aman's office. Shadow of grill falling on it. Aman opens the curtains and the picture is freed from the cage. He turns around and looks at the pic. Picks up the receiver

AMAN

Mini ke school mein phone lagana

INT. DANCE SCHOOL - DAY

Kathak dance practice of children under way. A few 10-12 year olds are practicing steps while 2-3 are sitting and tying ghungharoos. Mini, a 10 year old is finding it difficult to

tie the knots. She is helped by a senior student.

An assistant comes to the door and gestures to the teacher. Teacher comes to Mini, bends and lovingly puts her hand on her head

TEACHER

Mini...tumahre Papa aaye hain.

Mini looks up. She is pretty but has a sad longing on her face.

MINI

Papa?

TEACHER

Yes. You quickly go and come back fast, ok

She nods, gets up and rushes towards the door.

Aman and Samar are standing near the end of a corridor. Far across Mini's little blurry figure is approaching them. Samar is trembling and finds it hard to breathe. His heart is pounding.

CU of Mini, puzzled, thoughtful but walking ahead.

Samar is clutching a nearby door for support. The newspaper is tucked in his blazer pocket.

Aman looks at Samar and pats him reassuringly on the shoulder. Samar looks grateful.

As Mini reaches close to them, she rushes into Aman's arms

MINI

Papaaa...!!

Aman picks her up. She has a sad smile. Samar looks at her in astonishment.

AMAN

Mini, say "hello" to....

He hesitates a bit. Samar stutters with a faint smile

BGM

Hosh aaya to sabhi khwaab the reza
reza
Jasise udte hue auraaq-e-pareshaan
jaana

It is very bright outside. Samar' silhouette casts a long shadow on the floor. The shadow keeps thinning and is completely gone once he is gone.

FADE OUT.

STUDIO
GULMOHAR
- END -