

A Mother
(A Psychological Drama)



By
Punalur Chandrasekharan

Subject: Short-to-Feature Project "A Mother"- Development
Partnership: Award-Winning Director

Dear Sir/Madam,

Season's Greetings!

I am an award-winning Writer-Director (over 50 international awards for my film *Ma Nishada*) seeking a development partner for my latest project, "**A Mother**." This is an SWA-registered, high-concept psychological drama designed as a prestige performer's piece.

LOGLINE (A Mother): A mother taps into her subconscious to bring light to her blind son.

Strategic Opportunity: Short-to-Feature Pipeline I am currently seeking \$19,000 (£15,000) in production funding for a "Proof of Concept" short film (**A Mother**), which is being fast-tracked for the Cannes competition circuit.

My priority is to secure a strategic partner who will fund this short as a gateway into the exclusive development rights for the feature-length version (**THE MOTHER**). By funding the short, you are securing an early stake in a high-potential feature project that explores the aftermath in a deeply compelling way (within a **\$3 Million** budget).

This project leverages a proven award-winning track record and a clear path to major international festivals (Cannes/Sundance/TIFF).

Project Highlights

Production Readiness: The short is in advanced pre-production. The technical framework, including evocative sound design utilizing sacred hymns, is finalized to ensure a high-end cinematic aesthetic.

Artistic Integrity: I have recently turned down a European funding that requested a compromised, diluted ending. I am seeking a partner who values bold, uncompromising narratives that stand out in the prestige festival market.

The Lead: The role of "Alice" is written as a powerhouse character, designed to attract top-tier talent and secure a strong "Short-to-Feature" festival run.

I have the Pitch Deck, Script, and Director's Technical Note ready for your review and look forward to your response.

Respectfully,

Punalur Chandrasekharan

Writer-Director

Title: **A Mother**

I. Introduction

A Mother is a psychological drama (SWA Registered No. 1766683282-849023260 dated 25th December, 2025) where sound and subconscious thought replace geography.

It is a placeless, universal parable of sacrifice and transcendence.

Alice, a mother, questions authority and belief systems that allow suffering, and seeks clarity through subconscious thought.

II. Theme

The film explores existential motherhood- treating motherhood as the embodiment of the universe. It asserts that subconscious thought, not divinity, shapes reality.

This reflects the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad* (4.4.5):
*"kāmamaya evāyaṃ puruṣa iti; sa yathākāmo bhavati
 tatkratur bhavati, yatkratur bhavati tatkarma kurute,
 yat karma kurute tad abhisampadyate || 5 ||"*

"The living being is indeed made of desire. As is his desire, so is his will. As is his will, so is his action. As is his action, so is his destiny."

Alice embodies this truth: her longing for her son's sight becomes her will. That will becomes sacrifice, and her sacrifice materializes into destiny.

III. Logline

Fighting destiny, a mother taps into her subconscious to bring light to her blind son.

IV. Synopsis

A Mother is an emotionally resonant psychological drama that explores Alice's struggle to protect and empower her blind son amidst turmoil. Her husband David, a painter consumed by alcohol and superstition, believes the child is accursed. Their home becomes a crucible of grief and conflict, set against a stormy night where thunder, hymns, and ambient sounds become "living characters".

Alice rejects the authority of God, insisting that dreams and subconscious thoughts shape the world. Her journey is unconventional and nonlinear, moving through silence, memory, and elemental truth. In her final moments, she resolves to give her son vision, even at the cost of her own life.

The film is not about redemption but confrontation. It is visceral, uncompromising, and placeless. It is a universal parable of sacrifice and subconscious clarity.

V. Character Arc

Alice: Evolves from grief and resentment into transcendence, embodying motherhood as cosmic resistance.

David: A painter whose superstition and alcoholism fracture the family; his arc reveals cruelty born of alcohol catalyzed by despair.

The Child: Innocent, blind, yet spiritually luminous; his presence fuels Alice's confrontation with fate.

VI. Setting

(i) Interior crucible: Alice's storm-battered home, oppressive and surreal.

(ii) Exterior finale: A frozen street at daybreak, symbolizing the collision of private grief with public reality.

(iii) Soundscape as geography: Hymns, thunder, rain, and ambient noise replace traditional markers of place and society.

VI. Why This Script is Stand-Alone

A Mother is linear in its emotional arc yet

unconventional in form. It is director-oriented, philosophical, and logical, exploring motherhood with its intricate link to the universe through subconscious thoughts, dreams, and forces that shape human attitudes. Motherhood is treated as the embodiment of the universe. It is a convergence of love, sacrifice, and cosmic truth.

VII. Director's Bio

Punalur Chandrasekharan is an award winning writer and director with over 500 hours of credited works across film and television. He has won over 50 international awards for best story, screenplay, film, and direction for his powerful film against Female Genital Mutilation.

All his narratives are bold, non-linear, and unflinching in their questioning of flaws and inhuman traditions in societies. His approach is universal, transcending cultural boundaries while remaining rooted in deep philosophical inquiry.

He holds a B.A. degree, a Diploma in Telecom Engineering, a Postgraduate in Journalism, and has also completed the LL.B course. He served in government service, which gave him a unique perspective on social structures, authority, and the lived realities of communities and the insights continue to inform his cinematic vision.

His screenwriting journey had no gurus; he learned directly from the screen itself. This self-taught path sharpened his instinct for what resonates and what does not, giving his narratives a raw authenticity and a rhythm that connects deeply with audiences.

His storytelling blends emotionally charged human drama with mythic resonance, synthesizing themes of transformation, communal uplift, and cosmic justice. Guided by the Upanishadic principle that desire shapes will, will shapes action, and action shapes destiny, his films confront audiences with intensity rather than comfort, offering parables that linger long after the screen fades.

With **A Mother** and its feature extension **The Mother**, he continues his lifelong pursuit of cinema that unites emotional intimacy with universal resonance, aiming for festival prestige and global accessibility.

VIII. The Subconscious & Treatment

A Mother is a psychological drama where sound and subconscious thought replace geography. It is a placeless, universal parable of sacrifice and transcendence. The narrative is derived from my dialogues with individuals who have survived profound trauma, a moment when truth alone surfaces.

As a writer-director, I deliver a cinematic language that is visceral and aesthetically potent. **A Mother** is a bold and true to its subconscious foundation.

Atmospheric & Cinematographic Treatment

The Narrative Arc of Light: The film begins in the absolute darkness of a stormy night, where a total power failure caused by frequent thunderstorms forces the narrative into a world of shadows and flickering candlelight. It concludes in the quiet, misty early morning, where the violent noise of the night is replaced by a cold, haunting silence and a high-key blue dawn.

The Interior Crucible: The home is a psychological space that can no longer keep the outside world at bay.

The Intrusions: A single paired window fails to shut tight, allowing rain to slant inside, while water sieves through the gap at the bottom of an unbolted door.

The Visceral Terror: The atmosphere is heightened by the sudden, terrifying hitting of bats against the windows. These sharp, unpredictable impacts break the rhythm of the storm, representing the primal forces of nature pressing against Alice's consciousness.

Visual & Rhythmic Tension:

The Invisible Storm: The exterior area is never shown during the night. It exists only as a terrifying auditory presence, heightening the psychological pressure.

Shadow & Light: High-contrast shadows dominate the "charcoal and ash" palette. Violent flashes of lightning provide the only rhythmic illumination, momentarily freezing the scene in visceral detail.

The Kinetic Soul: The fan rotates with a "currency" of its own, its rhythmic rustling sound acting as a ticking clock. The flickering shadows cast by the blades heighten the tension.

The State of Timelessness: The interplay of whistling wind, intrusive rain, the impact of bats, and distant hymns creates an auditory geography. These disruptions break the sense of normal time, elevating the audience into a state of subconscious timelessness.

The Reveal: The exterior world is only slightly revealed (limited to the interacting space) in the final shots as the storm breaks. This shift to the misty morning on a frozen street signals Alice's final transition from internal grief to cosmic transcendence.

Strategic Insight

To fully grasp the "subconscious layers" of Alice's journey, the following technical devices are integrated into the narrative. These are not merely background elements; they are the primary tools used to drive the psychological tension.

1. Sound Design: The Auditory Subconscious

The Hymns: Used as a recurring anchor. They should feel both comforting and haunting, representing Alice's internal moral compass and the weight of tradition.

The "Bat-Hits": A sharp, jarring rhythmic device. These sudden sounds represent the intrusion of external reality or repressed fears hitting the walls of her sanctuary.

The Societal Echo: The natural elements—the storm, lightning, thunder, and rain—are not just weather. They inadvertently represent the reflection of the society around her; chaotic, relentless, and pressuring.

2. Visual Design: Light & Shadow

Ground Floor, One-Room Apartment Setting: This represents the enclosure of the mind. Conceived as a ground-floor space, it emphasizes Alice's proximity to the external world while maintaining her isolation. The walls will feel like they are closing in or expanding based on the lighting.

Lightning as a Reveal: Lightning strikes are used as "punctuation" for her soliloquies, momentarily illuminating the truth or a specific emotion before returning her to shadow.

Mood Graduation: The color palette and light intensity will shift from a dim, steady glow to a chaotic, high-contrast environment as the climax approaches.

3. Narrative Pacing: Soliloquies vs. Dialogue

Dialogue: Intentional and sparse. And whatever said—each word carries the weight of the sudden twists in the plot.

Soliloquies: These are the "soul" of the film. They are lavishly used to bridge the gap between Alice's proactive nature and her subconscious fulfillment. They require a

high-performance focus to maintain the "hook" and keep the audience captive.

4. The Fulfillment

The ending remains undiluted. The atmospheric chaos culminates in a moment of clarity where Alice's subconscious trust is validated with the sudden descending and following the ambulance that carries her son. This resolution is the bridge to the planned feature-length aftermath.

IX. Why Seek Funding

Funding is sought to evolve the script into a visual treat. **A Mother** is designed to make it a tall film among others and to win festivals, including Cannes. Support will enable the transformation of its psychological depth and soundscape into cinematic language, ensuring global resonance.

X. Budget and ROI (Limited to Short film-A MOTHER)

Budget (Indicative)

- i. Development & Pre-production: \$2,000
 - ii. Production: \$9,500
(This includes location scouting, salaries, preparatory 7-10 days, interiors, storm effects, camera, sound. The shooting may take a minimum of 3 days due to the setting **(Due to the child, the days will extend)**)
 - iii. Post-production (editing, sound design, grading, subtitling): \$5,500
 - iv. Festival & Distribution (submissions, DCP mastering, marketing): \$2000
- Total Estimated Budget: \$19,000**

Budget Justification & Integrity

This £9,000 figure is the absolute threshold for maintaining the film's psychological soul. After the creative conflict with Shore Scripts, I have streamlined every expense toward the "subconscious" atmosphere—specifically the specialized sound design and the storm effects—without which the narrative fails.

The budget reflects a lean, high-efficiency Indian production, yet allows for the logistical patience required to capture a genuine performance from a child artist. This is a "locked" budget designed to ensure a Cannes-standard final print.

ROI & Distribution Strategy

Festival Circuit: International Film circuits, like Cannes, Berlinale, Venice, Clermont, etc.

OTT Distribution: MUBI, Criterion Channel, Netflix Shorts, Amazon Prime Video, Disney+ Hotstar.

TV Acquisition: NDTV Prime, Doordarshan, BBC Shorts, Arte (Europe), regional film channels.

Revenue Streams: Festival laurels (prestige), OTT licensing fees, TV broadcast rights, Educational distribution.

Feature Leverage: A Mother will evolve into a feature-length film, expanding its universal resonance and ensuring funders are linked to future commercial potential.

XI Conclusion

A Mother is a stand-alone, uncompromising work of psychological depth and philosophical clarity. It listens rather than explains, confronts rather than redeems, and treats motherhood as the embodiment of the universe.

The aftermath of the final incident: Alice's sacrifice to bring vision to her son leaves the audience suspended between grief and transcendence. This is a haunting echo, ensuring that the truth she uncovered continues to reverberate. This lingering resonance is what makes A Mother a cinematic parable capable of winning festivals, reaching global audiences.

XII. Feature Film Extension: "The Mother"

While **A Mother** is a complete, stand-alone short, its ending opens the door to a feature film, titled "**The Mother**" that explores the aftermath in a deeply compelling way (within 3 Million). In "**The Mother**", the story unfolds further: police arrest David, wrongly accusing him of Alice's murder. He is imprisoned for

life, while the boy is sent to the care of a social organization by court order. In jail, David longs for his son.

When he is acquitted, he regains custody and nurtures the child keenly. Alice's apparition appears in the boy's dream, imparting profound knowledge about life after death. The boy learns deeply about dark energy and dark matter, researching the afterlife. When the time arrives for his sight to be restored, he rejects it, declaring: "My mother gave her inner eyes to me, and I can see what you cannot."

With the help of a Russian admirer, he accidentally invents a device that offers sight to the blind. He becomes famous, yet remains spiritually bound to his mother's sacrifice. In the final act, David, now old, retreats to his forgotten studio. He paints Alice stretched across the Universe, signs the work "The Mother", and dies at the foot of his masterpiece.



A MOTHER

LOGLINE: A mother taps into her subconscious to bring light to her blind son.

Character Descriptions

Alice: 30. Elegant, beautiful, lean, and fair. A thin gold chain adorns her neck. Wears anklets that chime with her movements. Wears a skirt and top. Possesses an unyielding belief in her subconscious.

David: 56. A painter, sporting a beard. Hair disheveled, tied back with a rubber band. Injured, he leans on a crutch. Wears a loose, half-sleeved shirt over his pajama. A drunkard.

Blind Child: 3-4 years. A small boy, with a wheat complexion, and gentle features. An air of innocence clings to him.

FADE IN

SCENE INT. THE HOUSE OF ALICE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The room is dark.

Rain slams against the windows. The wind howls, rattling the glass in its frames.

From a distance, a low male voice chanting a Sanskrit hymn flows in.

"Asatho Maa Sad Gamaya, Thamaso Maa Jyothir Gamaya, Mrithyor Maa Amritham Gamaya, Om Shanti, Shanti, Shantihi!"

(The meaning of the hymn: From ignorance, lead me to truth; from darkness, lead me to light; from death, lead me to immortality, and bestow peace, Lord.)

The storm intensifies. Rain lashes the windows with renewed fury, the glass trembling.

Heavy thunder and lightning.

Bats hit the glass windows.

In the lighting, the room is partially lit intermittently.

ALICE's eyes snap open. She lies still, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

Her eyes are swollen. Bruises bloom on her forehead and arms.

Streaks of dried white, blue, and yellow paint smear her cheeks, giving her a bizarre look. Sweat glistens on her

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forehead.

She tries to sit, a groan escaping her lips as her body resists.

Her dark eyes dart around the shadowed room.

Her left hand moves swiftly, involuntarily, clutching something hidden beneath the covers. She draws it close.

A sigh escapes her lips. Her gaze drifts to the walls, her eyes rolling upwards, fixed on the ceiling.

Above, the old fan grinds and whirs, each rotation a disturbing pulse in the darkness.

Wind roars. Rain pounds. Windows crash heavily. Heavy thunder, followed by the whirring sound of the fan.

A flash of lightning briefly illuminates the room, followed by an immediate plunge into black.

Alice's hand gropes for the lamp switch.

The sudden light reveals a glistening snail trail on the wall.

Her eyes follow the trail.

Her head begins to roll back, the strain visible in her neck as her eyes follow the trail down the wall.

Her body slowly arches backwards until her head slips off the pillow.

She raises her hand to flick the small creature away, but hesitates, withdrawing her hand and letting it live.

Power dies. The fan halts.

Bats hit the glass windows.

Frantic now, Alice searches for matches, her fingers fumbling in the dark.

She lights the candle and fixes it on the headboard of her wooden cot. But darkness lingers here and there.

The hymn returns, a faint murmur.

A desperate cry cuts through the storm.

Candlelight casts long, dancing shadows on the wall.

The light reveals her son beside her. His face still in sleep, thumb in his mouth.

Alice's gaze becomes a fierce, possessive love, tinted with a raw, inconsolable grief.

ALICE (V.O.)

Why does the bright world shun my
son, oh God?

The boy continues to suckle in his sleep.

Alice watches him, her face setting into bitter resolve.

ALICE (V.O.)

You denied his right to live. I
won't worship YOU anymore. For my
child, YOU are Darkness... Evil!

Her face tightens, and then gives way to sadness. Her eyes
well and they glisten in the flash of light. Her face swells
and reddens.

ALICE (V.O.)

You wreck the poor, making them
helpless, deaf, dumb, and blind!
And blind...! Is blindness a curse?!

A sob escapes and she quickly muffles it. She wipes her nose
roughly on her under cloth.

She sits up straight, her gaze fixed on her son.

Then, her eyes move to the far room, cluttered with withered
paintings and broken tripods.

DAVID is sprawled on the floor in drunken sleep. His legs
hang off the edge of the bed, the rest of him sprawls across
the floor.

An almost empty rum bottle lies beside him.

Paint stains his long shirt.

The storm intensifies outside and it hammers the windows
harder, the panes rattling violently.

Her face tightens. She withdraws her gaze in cold contempt.

The electric lamp flickers, light and shadows chasing each
other across the room.

Rain streaks down the floor. Wind slams the door.

Alice's face tightens with a mix of weariness and anger as
her eyes sweep across David.

The windows slam shut.

The relentless beat of wind and rain, a shudder running through the glass.

Alice's face... her eyes glued to patches of paint stuck to the opposite wall. The paint is fading...

She remembers...

SCENE INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The electric light floods the room.

The fan spins steadily overhead.

Bizarre drawings cover the walls, distorted shapes and unsettling scenes.

An unfinished canvas stands on a tripod, a palette and brushes beside it.

David leans on his crutch, a glass tumbler in his hand. Near him is a stool, an almost full rum bottle. He pours some liquor into the glass tumbler and sips the liquor, then steps back from the canvas.

He moves his head slowly from side to side, studying his drawing from different angles.

He sets the tumbler on the stool involuntarily and attempts to paint, smoothing the brush across the existing lines.

Alice watches him, unmoving. With an expression of annoyance and disgust, she heads to the bedroom.

The CHILD sits on the bed, building a structure with brightly colored plastic blocks.

Seeing her son building the structure, she stops at the door admiring her son without entering.

Her harsh countenance softens instantly, replaced by tenderness, love, and deep admiration as she looks at her son.

The child senses her presence and turns his head towards her.

CHILD

Mamma, see what I've built!

Alice approaches her son and stoops to kiss his forehead with her eyes filled with affection.

ALICE

Oh, my Prince, what a beautiful palace you've built!

The child's small hand reaches out, touching the plastic blocks.

CHILD

I can't see what I've built, Mamma.

Alice's face falls. His words pierce her heart. Tears well up in her eyes. She gently cups his face in her hands and pulls him close to her bosom.

The child is quiet against her chest.

CHILD

You said beautiful... what's beautiful, Mamma?

He moves his small palms along her cheeks, his unseeing eyes searching.

Grief grips Alice.

CHILD

(Smiling)

I know what's beautiful now...! I can feel you. I can see you. I'm no blind, Mamma.

The child's hand wipes the tears that have escaped Alice's eyes.

CHILD

Why cry, Mamma? It's the priest! He said it's God who made me blind. Not you-

Alice presses her son closer to her heaving bosom.

ALICE

(Whispering bitterly)

There's no God, son. And you're not going to remain blind. Mamma will see to it.

Alice's countenance radiates with determination. Her eyes fall on the child's plastic building.

It seems to her that the plastic structure the child has created is glowing, and it reflects on her face.

She smiles-an involuntary flicker of her hidden intent. David is painting.

He drinks again, absorbed in his work.

Alice heads to the kitchen. On her way, she casts a fierce look at David.

David has a brush in one hand and a half-filled glass in the other.

Alice picks an apron from the hook, ties it around her waist, whispering something irritant.

She clips her hair, but it slips loose... and so fixes it again, uttering "Damn it." Then she moves swiftly to the kitchen.

Annoyed, she clangs the vessels together, producing a loud ringing sound.

David tosses a quick glance towards the kitchen and withdraws his eyes. He resorts to his drink and stays cool, his brush moving along the picture on the tripod.

In contrast, an agitated Alice moves towards the mixer and puts something in the jar, violently.

ALICE

It's all my mistakes. I should've
listened to my parents...

She runs the mixer at high speed.

David hears her but ignores it and continues sipping his drink heartily.

His painting is almost finished.

She picks up a wiper and starts scrubbing the table, her anger shifting with each stroke. She talks to her and gestures, without turning.

She finishes the cleaning and leaves for the kitchen. David suppresses his irritation and keeps silent.

Alice brings two plates of food and places them on the table, covering them with lids, all the while speaking to her.

ALICE

My mother warned me, "You're
risking your life with him." Who
hears then? A great painter he is.
Stupid I am. (Pauses)
Falling in love with an old
painter! Love! (laughing in
revulsion)

Unaffected, David continues his task: drinking and painting. Alice turns and stares at him scornfully

Her face tightens, remorse and dejection shadow her features, but then they shift into an expression of intense sarcasm.

She moves towards him, swiftly jerking her head, challenging.

ALICE

I was a fool to marry you. My mother was right. She said, "Mind the age, my love. You'll soon be fed up with him, knowing you. Mark my words."

Unaffected, David continues his drinking and painting, his eyes planted on the painting.

ALICE

Yes, she was right! I'm fed up with you now! Fed up!

David's face tightens as he clenches his teeth, unable to hold it any more.

Alice is just behind him.

ALICE

Enough! Enough! I'm leaving...
Enough! A drunkard! A pseudo like so many others in that pathetic circle...Ugh!

David's face twists with rage at her words. In a violent outburst, he whirls around, the contents of his glass flying straight into Alice's face.

She gasps, momentarily stunned, and then swings towards him. Fury in her eyes, her hands scratching his face.

David recoils from the sting, utters a sharp cry and spits in revulsion.

Alice retaliates-her face twists in disgust and counter spits heavily.

David wipes the spit from his face and attempts to spit again, but hesitates, swallowing it down as he sees the raw fury in Alice's stance, anticipating a stronger retaliation.

The next moment, he jerks forward and grabs her hair, pulling her head back while leaning on the crutch.

With a furious cry, Alice kicks David's groin. He howls in pain, staggering back.

She hurls his crutch, the tripod, the painting, the palette, the stool, and the rum bottle, sending them all flying across the room, as colors and brushes scatter everywhere.

Limping and staggering in fury, David strikes Alice and swirls her across the room.

Both fall to the floor, one on top of the other, yelling, panting, and striking at each other.

ALICE

Damn you!

DAVID

Bitch!

A guttural UGH escapes him as she lands a blow.

ALICE

Brute!

David, unable to get back to his feet, crawls towards her. He sees the palette, grabs it, and like a savage smears paint across her face.

The next moment, he moves frantically towards the staircase and tries to stand, but Alice grabs him by his long hair and pulls him down the steps.

DAVID

Damn bitch!! Get lost, you!

The blind child, startled by the violence, sits up in bed, his body trembling with fear, a hard cry escaping his lips.

CHILD

Mamma...!

The child's cry irritates David and in fury, he turns quickly, his movements jerky and uncontrolled, and stumbles towards his son.

David hits the plastic structure the child has created.

The plastic blocks scatter across the floor.

He snatches the child from the bed, his face twisted with rage - intent on something unspeakable.

But the child, thinking his father is embracing him with love, clings to him.

His sobs fade. He believes he's safe.

CHILD

Mamma! Daddy... Daddy...

DAVID tries to shake the child off, but the boy clings tighter.

Alice, ignited by fear, springs from the floor.

Fury surges through her. She throws herself at David, striking him—desperate to shield her child.

She bites David's arm.

David roars.

CHILD

Mamma, Daddy loves me. He won't hurt me. Please, don't push him.

The child begins to sob, protesting as Alice tries to pull him away.

He clings tighter to David, his small arms wrapped around his father's neck.

Alice rejects the child's protests.

She wrenches her son from David's grasp, clutching him tightly to her chest.

Her body shakes with sobs.

Tears stream down her face as she carries the child to the bedroom.

She gently places him back in bed, kisses his forehead, and walks to the kitchen.

David, his anger now a drunken madness, staggers toward the bedroom, spitting venomous words.

DAVID

No!!! He's not my son... He's not mine... He's blind... He's accursed...!

Alice hurriedly pours milk into a glass and rushes back to the bedroom.

DAVID

Take him away... I don't want this BRAT in my house anymore...! I said, take him away!

He limps violently, crying like a madman.

He beats his chest and head with his fists.

The child tries to search for the plastic building blocks, and in that attempt, he is about to slip towards the floor.

Alice, bringing the glass of milk, sees this. She drops the glass, which shatters, and runs towards the child.

Alice rushes towards the child and, scooping him into her arms, gazes with loathing towards David, who is almost out of the bedroom.

She places her child on the bed gently, kisses him, then moves towards the door and stays there, blocking the way. Her eyes bulge with anger.

David, hitting himself, moves towards the crutch and, grabbing it, picks up the rum bottle. He greedily swallows most of the remaining liquor and stumbles erratically, leaning on the crutch.

He hits his chest with the base of the rum bottle and cries again loudly.

He takes a step towards the bedroom, but falters, caught by the intensity of Alice's stare.

He retreats, shaking his head violently, and taking another desperate sip, moves with a surge of drunken intent towards her, only to be repelled once more by Alice's unwavering, boiling stare.

He turns back abruptly, stumbling towards the door. On his way, he sees the food plates (meant for him) and knocks them fiercely. The food and plates fall on the floor and shatter, creating a chaotic air in the room.

David pulls the disheveled hair forward and removes and throws the rubber band away.

And nearing the door, he turns to the nearby cupboard, picks up a small bundle of notes, pulls out two or three of the bills, puts them in his pocket and throws the remaining in the air using his free hand behind his back, without turning or looking back.

The flying notes get caught in the air under the rotating fan.

He moves fast, limping towards the door.

The door is flung open with a violent crash, and then slammed shut, the sound reverberating through the room.

The sound of the slamming door crashes against Alice's weary face.

SCENE INT. BEDROOM OF ALICE - NIGHT

Heavy and sudden rain lashes the windows fiercely. The windows open and close loudly.

Alice returns to reality from the past.

The storm outside intensifies. The windows open and close

loudly. They rattle violently, mirroring the tremors within Alice.

Sweat glistens on Alice's bruised face. A sudden flash of lightning illuminates the room, followed by thunder.

The power surges back, the electric lamp flickers to life, and the old fan begins its weary spin again.

The flame of the burning candle is abruptly extinguished by the fan's sudden blast, plunging a small part of the room back into shadow.

Alice's face tightens with determination.

The rain continues streaking down the windowpanes. Wind howls against the door, rattling it in its frame.

Water begins to seep in through the widening gap in the hinges.

With a newfound resolve, Alice climbs down from the bed, her steps firm despite a slight limp.

She secures the door latches, then takes the scattered notes and places them in the cupboard.

She then moves to the unlatched windows and tries to force them shut against the wind's relentless push.

Giving up, she retrieves a newspaper from the shelf, wedging it into the gap to create a temporary seal.

As she turns, a sharp piece of broken plate pierces her foot. She stoops, plucks it out, and wipes the blood with a blank, unreadable expression.

Limping, she moves towards David, who lies on the floor unaware of the developments.

Alice stares down at him.

David stirs in his drunken sleep, a vague murmur escaping his lips.

DAVID

God...! It's destiny, I know...

A bitter, sarcastic smile twists Alice's lips.

ALICE (V.O.)

God...! There's no God at all...
THOUGHTS MADE THIS WORLD AND NOT
GOD!'

Her eyes dart around-an assessment of the mess the fight created.

ALICE

(Soliloquy)

When thoughts and dreams cease, the world will perish. I knew it, but you don't, David. You're a wise fool!

Her gaze drifts to the wall, following the dark, glistening trail of the snail against the damp greyness.

Alice turns away, limping towards the kitchen.

She returns with a broom and methodically sweeps the debris from the floor. At the washbasin, she quickly cleanses her hands and face, resolved.

She walks towards her son, her gaze softening as she sees a faint smile playing on his sleeping lips.

A profound calm settles over Alice, her mind and body focused, her determination hardening into a resolute purpose.

ALICE (V.O.)

My son is dreaming... about the light unseen... the very light I see.

(MORE)

ALICE

Tomorrow this light shall belong to him.

Her eyes land on the plastic pieces lying on the floor. She takes them and places them beside her son.

ALICE

(Soliloquy)

He must walk towards life, light, and wisdom. My thoughts, my subconscious, must prevail.

A fleeting blush of anticipation crosses Alice's pale face. She bends down, sitting beside her sleeping son. Her fingers unhook her bra, gently touching her nipples.

A wave of profound love and sorrow washes over her.

ALICE

(A choked whisper)

Hereafter, who else would feed you,

son? No one... not even I...

Tears well up in her eyes and silently stream down her face as she takes the boy into her arms, pressing him tightly to her heaving bosom.

He instinctively clasps her in his sleep. With gentle pressure on his cheek, she guides her nipple into his mouth, a desperate act of final nourishment.

The boy sucks feverishly in his sleep, his small hand resting on her other breast.

Tears continue to flow down Alice's face, tracing paths along her breast towards her son's lips. Unknowingly, he drinks her tears mingled with her milk.

ALICE

Tears, son. Sour, salty with grief!
It's sweet with gratitude! Take it
now, for the last time. I'm your
mother... And a MOTHER'S WORD WILL
NEVER FAIL. God denies. MOTHERS
DON'T!

She holds him close, her thin, long fingers stroking his hair.

ALICE (V.O.)

Live long, my son...

Her palm moves tenderly along his small body. She kisses his chest, then lower, a fond farewell.

A faint smile touches her lips, a knowing smile of bittersweet ecstasy, and a moment of profound connection.

ALICE (V.O.)

It'll be dawn soon. Let me go, my
son...

The boy's sucking slows, and then stops. Gently, Alice returns her breasts to her bra and lays her son softly back on the bed.

She stands up, and closes her eyes for a brief moment, gathering her resolve.

Distinct sounds of thunder. Wind lashing against the house.

Alice's face is set with grim determination. She moves to the cupboard, searching for something.

She retrieves a paper and a pen, glancing sideways at David's still form, and writes.

ALICE (V.O.)

Now's the time.

She moves swiftly to David and places the folded paper under his pillow, then walks towards the wardrobe.

She pauses, a moment of hesitation, then returns to David, retrieves the paper, and places it under the almost empty rum bottle.

ALICE (V.O.)

What else could I do?

Alice turns sharply, returning to the wardrobe. She pulls out a long, ten-foot white silk garment, her marriage gift.

Her eyes briefly fall on a wedding photo on the shelf. A younger Alice, radiant in white silk.

ALICE (V.O.)

You must know I loved you, but why did you hate your own blood? I'm a mother, David...!

She moves towards the staircase, ascending swiftly.

Reaching the open hall upstairs, she switches off the fan, then, after a moment of thought, leaving the garment there, she descends just as quickly.

David remains on the floor, the paper beneath the rum bottle.

Her son sleeps peacefully in their bed.

Alice returns to the child, gently lifts him, and carries him to David, placing him carefully beside his drunken father.

ALICE

Blindness is not a curse, David.
Here's your son. Your flesh and
blood, as well as mine. Let him
walk with you towards life, light,
and wisdom.

She casts a final look at them, kissing her son's forehead. He smiles in his sleep.

Her eyes scan the room one last time.

She stoops to a lower cupboard and searches. Nothing is there. She straightens, breath shallow, and searches again. She finds a bag. She opens it. There is nothing useful in it.

Then, from the bottom of a nearby cupboard, her fingers find a long thread.

She pulls it out slowly and then returns to David.

She ties the thread softly around his ankle, and then unties it.

She stretches the thread to the bedstead and ties it firmly. She then calculates the length and distance of the thread from his ankle to the bedstead, including the tying space, and marks a knot on it with precision.

With the thread tied firmly on the bedstead she runs to upstairs, and under the fan.

She pulls the thread taut, marking the air where her foot will land. She ties a tight knot at this precise point on the thread.

She runs down the staircase and moves towards the kitchen, and comes back with a knife. She unties the thread from the bedstead and cuts away the portion where she marked the knots.

Now she ties one end of the thread around David's ankle.

ALICE (V.O.)

With this, you'll feel the tug...
my warning, David.

She looks at him, closer, and ties the other around her foot.

ALICE (V.O.)

A fragile link, but works on the
spot!

With the thread now linking them, she walks to the shelf and picks up a small bottle of antibiotic ointment.

She anoints her eyes with its contents, a final act of preparation, and leaves the bottle on the shelf.

ALICE (V.O.)

This will leave my eyes pure for my
son. What if David fails?

(She stops abruptly. Her face twists. A beat of silence. A mysterious smile flashes across her face: und the answer.)

(She grabs a chair, the legs SCREECHING against the floor. She speaks aloud, her voice involuntary and certain.)

ALICE

If David fails... **my subconscious will take over. Whatever, my son will have his vision.**

In the next moment, stretching, she lifts the chair towards her, and carrying it abruptly, climbs up the stairs, the scraping sounds echoing in the silent house.

She stops, then, leaving the chair, moves to the wardrobe and takes out a black cloth. She, with the chair, hurries upwards, the thread stretching behind her.

Reaching the landing, she places the chair beneath the ceiling fan.

The thread tied to her foot begins to tighten around David's ankle below.

Alice switches off the fan and takes the broomstick lying in the corner of the room, takes it and with its help, she ties one end of her silk on the fan with a slip-knot down at the bottom end.

Mounting the chair, she binds the black cloth around her eyes, her hands groping for the knot above.

A large slip knot hangs from the ceiling.

Alice's hands find the knot, her fingers closing around it. In the next moment, she kicks the small chair away.

A shrill shriek from David (from downstairs) ... followed by the boy's terrified cry... The thread connecting them stiffens - David's leg is yanked upwards - a drop of blood squirts from the cut in his leg - he roars in agony - the windows bang open and shut violently - wind howls through the room - the rum bottle shatters on the floor - the paper beneath it flutters upwards - the drop of blood falls on the paper - The paper unfurls mid-air, revealing her final words...:

ALICE (V.O)

"David, I want your son to see through me. Walk with him."

(The scene freezes for 1-2 seconds) The long white silk sways gently from the ceiling, straining heavily.

SCENE EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF ALICE - DAYBREAK

The air is thick with mist. The street is busy with heavy traffic and people moving hectically, cars, buses, people... all moving fast to and fro..

The noise is thundering.

A hoarse, violent cry of David suppresses all other noises.

David, barefoot, rushes in from a very narrow pocket road, limping.

He staggers into the "violent" street - his mouth opened, the roar reverberating all over.

He cuts straight into the street - with his son and Alice on either shoulder.

All vehicles and people and trees and everything in the universe are still... frozen - immobilized... for a few seconds.

David, alone, rushing with his wife and son on his either shoulder, staggering, crying, comes running in through the gap formed when both the sides are frozen.

Now the scene defreezes.

The previous heavy traffic, people, and the whole universe return to momentum, instantly.

At the very moment, a vehicle is rushing in. The scene freezes.

A heavy crashing sound mixed with three distinct screams reverberates..

The wife, son and David are swirled away in the air and are suspended.

A sharp stream of light—Alice's soul—ascends rapidly into the vastness of space.

The Sanskrit hymn returns, softer now, but heavy with mourning:

"Asatho Maa Sad Gamaya, Thamaso Maa Jyothir Gamaya, ..."

As the hymn reaches "Mrithyor Maa Amritham Gamaya," **the ascending light abruptly turns, redirecting itself toward a departing ambulance.**

Police vehicles are scattered all over the place, and there are chalk outlines drawn on the street with barricade lines, and people are crowded and police officers moving about.

Then...

Morning mist thickens. It fills the screen, becomes dense... then turns into black, opaque.

A single point of light appears in the center.

The child's head breaks through the blackness, gasping for breath.

His face is filled with profound longing for his mother.

CHILD'S CRY

Mammaaa...!

The cry reverberates on the screen.

FADE OUT.



THE MOTHER

(The Aftermath-Extension to a Feature Film)

The police arrests David for murder and is jailed. The boy is sent to the care of a social organization under the orders of the court.

While In jail, David transforms and longs for his son. Later on, he is acquitted, and gets the possession of his son. He nurtures the child keenly and Alice's apparition appears in

the boy's dream and induces in him great knowledge about the life after death.

The boy learns more about dark energy and dark matter, and what happens in the afterlife. When the time comes for him to get sight, he rejects it, stating he has the innermost eye to distinguish things better than those who have eyes, and prefers to remain blind.

While he is engaged in a research with the help of a Russian girl who has become his fan, he invents a device which can give sight to the blinds. He becomes famous, and when he is honored, David, who is now old, retreats to his already forgotten studio, and draws the picture of Alice, the mother who is stretched throughout the Universe. And completing his painting and writing his signature under the title the Mother, he dies in peace.