

**REHNUMA**

(Original Screenplay)

Written by

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**BLACK SCREEN**

Absolute darkness.  
No image.  
A HEARTBEAT begins.  
Slow.  
Deep.  
Unavoidable.  
It does not rush.  
It asks the audience to match it.  
Five... six... seven beats.  
Then —

VOICE (V.O.)

Har insaan ke paas do cheezein hoti hain.

Pause.  
The heartbeat continues alone.

VOICE (V.O.)

Ek — yaad.

A beat.

VOICE (V.O.)

Aur doosra — pyaar.

Silence stretches.  
Let the words sink, not explain.

**BLACK SCREEN (CONTINUES)**

The heartbeat grows closer.  
More human.  
A faint breath joins it.  
Newborn. Fragile.

VOICE (V.O.)

Kuchh log yaadon se logon ko pehchaante hain.

Long pause.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Aur kuchh... sirf pyaar se.

The breath trembles slightly.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Yaadash dimag mein rehti hai.

A missed heartbeat.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Aur dimag thak jaata hai.

Silence.  
This is not explanation.  
This is warning.

#### **EXTREME CLOSE-UP – NEWBORN'S CHEST**

The chest rises.  
Falls.  
Tiny fingers twitch.  
The camera does not cut.  
It stays.  
Breath after breath.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Pyaar dimag mein paida nahi hota.

The baby exhales.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Woh shareer mein rehta hai.

A longer pause.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Reflex mein.  
Saans mein.  
Aur us jagah... jahan soch pahunch nahi paati.

The baby settles.  
Calm.

**EXT. KASHMIR VALLEY — DAWN**

The first light touches snow.  
Mist moves slowly.  
The valley breathes.  
The camera glides — not to impress, but to observe.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Is duniya mein aane se pehle..  
har rooh kuchh lekar aati hai.

Wind brushes the trees.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Kuchh yaadein waqt cheen leta hai.

A river turns.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Par kuchh rishte..  
waqt bhi nahi cheen sakta.

Hold.

**EXT. VILLAGE LANE — DAWN**

The AZAAN rises.  
Not loud.  
Grounded.  
Human.  
Doors open slowly.  
A man pauses mid-step.  
A woman presses her palm to her chest.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Dharam insaan ko raasta dikhata hai.

Footsteps echo.

VOICE (V.O.)

Par kismat...

kismat batati hai kaun kiske saath chalega.

The azaan fades into morning sounds.

**EXT. TWO HOUSES FACING EACH OTHER — MORNING**

Two simple houses.

Facing each other.

A baby cries in one house.

Another baby wakes in the other.

The crying slows.

The waking baby calms.

The lane holds its breath.

VOICE (V.O.)

Kuchh rishte waqt mein nahi bante.

Long pause.

VOICE (V.O.)

Woh saans ke saath paida hote hain.

The camera rises slowly.

Morning light fills the frame.

This is the LAW.

**EXT. VILLAGE ROAD — EARLY MORNING**

A narrow village road.

No people.

No movement.

Mist hangs low.

A BABY GIRL (ROZY) lies wrapped in thin cloth on the cold ground.

She cries.

Not loudly.

A tired cry – as if it has been going on for a long time.  
The sound echoes slightly, then fades into open space.  
Her tiny hand opens... closes... opens again.  
The cry weakens.  
Then returns.  
A dog barks far away – once.  
No one comes.  
The camera does not move for several seconds.  
Her breath stutters between cries.  
The road stays indifferent.  
After a long moment, a door creaks somewhere off-screen.  
Still – no one appears.  
Her cry breaks slightly... then steadies.  
She is not dying.  
She is waiting.

**EXT. SAME ROAD – CONTINUOUS**

A MAN (early 30s) steps out of a nearby house.  
Barefoot. Sleep still in his eyes.  
He stops when he hears the cry.  
Listens.  
Looks around – cautious, unsure.  
The cry comes again.  
He walks slowly toward the sound.  
Each step deliberate.  
He sees the baby.  
Stops.  
Doesn't rush.  
He kneels.  
Studies her face.  
She cries harder now – sensing presence.  
He reaches out, hesitates...  
Then lifts her gently.  
The crying stops almost instantly.  
Her body relaxes against his chest.  
The man freezes.  
As if surprised by the silence.  
He adjusts the cloth.  
Holds her closer.

His breathing slows to match hers.  
He doesn't smile.  
He doesn't question.  
He simply stands there – holding.

**INT. OPPOSITE HOUSE – DOORWAY – SAME TIME**

Across the road, inside another house –  
A BABY BOY (AMIR) lies awake in a cradle.  
Quiet.  
Observing.  
Through the open doorway, he sees the man holding  
the baby girl.  
The crying has stopped.  
Amir's breathing changes.  
Slower.  
Deeper.  
The cradle creaks as he shifts slightly.  
He does not cry.  
Does not call.  
His eyes remain fixed.  
The man outside adjusts his hold again.  
Amir's fingers curl tightly.  
Then relax.  
The space between the two houses feels charged –  
but nothing moves.  
No sound except breath.

**EXT. BETWEEN THE TWO HOUSES – MORNING**

The man holding Rozy instinctively looks up.  
Across the road –  
He notices the baby boy watching.  
The babies lock eyes.  
Everything stops.  
No cry.  
No movement.  
Rozy's body stills completely.  
Amir's lips part slightly.  
The man feels something shift – though he doesn't  
know what.

Wind moves softly through the lane.  
A loose cloth flutters.  
The babies continue looking.  
Too long for coincidence.  
Too quiet for comfort.  
Then –  
Rozy exhales.  
A deep, satisfied breath.  
Amir relaxes in his cradle.  
The moment releases – gently.  
Not broken.  
Just... complete.

#### **INT. MAN'S HOUSE – MORNING**

Rozy is carried inside.  
The house is simple.  
Warm.  
The man's wife approaches slowly.  
Shock first.  
Then confusion.  
Then something softer.  
She touches Rozy's cheek.  
Rozy grips her finger instinctively.  
The wife's eyes fill – but she doesn't cry yet.  
The baby yawns.  
Settles.  
The man watches silently.  
No words exchanged.  
Outside, the opposite house is visible through  
the open door.  
The space between homes feels narrower now.  
Rozy falls asleep.  
The wife covers her gently.  
As if afraid she might disappear again.

#### **INT. AMIR'S HOUSE – MORNING**

Amir lies awake.  
Silent.  
His mother hums softly while folding cloth.

Amir's eyes track the open doorway.  
His breathing changes again.  
The cradle creaks.  
He presses his feet against the mattress.  
The mother notices.  
Pauses.  
Looks down at him.  
He does not look at her.  
His attention is elsewhere.  
She lifts him.  
Turns him toward the doorway.  
Only then does he relax.  
His head settles against her shoulder.  
The mother frowns slightly.  
Unsettled.

**INT./EXT. TWO HOUSES — LATER**

Rozy lies awake on a thin mattress.  
Her eyes wander.  
Then stop — at the doorway.  
She rolls.  
Awkward.  
Slow.  
Determined.  
Across the lane, Amir is placed down near his doorway.  
He doesn't crawl immediately.  
He listens.  
Then moves.  
Both children advance — clumsy, untrained.  
They pause often.  
Then continue.  
No one directs them.  
The adults notice too late.  
They freeze — watching.

**EXT. BETWEEN THE DOORWAYS — MORNING**

The children reach the same patch of ground.  
They sit facing each other.

Still.  
Slowly – instinctively –  
Their fingers touch.  
A tiny contact.  
Both relax instantly.  
Breathing steadies.  
Tension dissolves.  
The adults remain frozen.  
No one speaks.  
No one interrupts.  
The wind passes.  
The lane exhales.

**INT./EXT. TWO HOUSES – MORNING MONTAGE**

Water poured in one house.  
Milk prepared in the other.  
Doors open almost together.  
Rozy stirs.  
Amir stirs.  
Both pause at the same time.  
Both look toward the lane.  
Mothers exchange a brief glance.  
Nothing is said.  
Morning continues.  
Different houses.  
Same rhythm.  
The day begins – quietly bound

**EXT. VILLAGE COURTYARD – WINTER DAY**

Fresh snow blankets the ground.  
The village feels muted.  
AMIR and ROZY, a little older now, are bundled in  
oversized wool clothes.  
An elder gently places them onto the snow.  
Cold surprises Rozy – she gasps, then laughs.  
Amir watches her reaction carefully.  
He touches the snow.  
Pulls his hand back.  
Touches it again.

Rozy imitates him.  
They repeat the action – touch, react, observe.  
Snow falls slowly.  
One flake lands on Rozy's eyelash.  
Amir reaches out instinctively – stops himself –  
then gently brushes it away.  
Rozy looks at him.  
Smiles.  
They sit quietly for a long moment, snow  
collecting on their shoulders.  
No rush.  
Just shared discovery.

**EXT. VILLAGE LANE – AFTERNOON**

Amir sits near his doorway, playing with a small  
stone.  
He rolls it back and forth.  
Stops.  
His breathing changes.  
He looks up – not toward sound, but direction.  
Across the lane, Rozy is still inside her house.  
No voice yet.  
No movement.  
Amir stands slowly.  
Takes a step forward.  
Then another.  
Only then–

ROZY (O.S.)  
Amir–

Before her voice fully reaches the air, Amir  
turns the corner.  
Rozy appears from her doorway.  
They meet.  
No surprise.  
As if this is how it always happens.  
They stand there for a beat – calm, connected.

**EXT. OPEN COURTYARD – CONTINUOUS**

Rozy laughs suddenly.  
Not shocked.  
Not amazed.  
Just amused.

ROZY  
Tum hamesha pehle aa jaate ho.

She runs a few steps away.  
Stops.  
Turns back.  
Amir hasn't moved.  
She laughs again.  
Walks back to him.  
Takes his hand casually.  
They begin walking.  
No ceremony.  
No wonder.  
Just routine closeness.  
The magic is no longer questioned.  
It is lived.

**EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Three village elders sit under a bare tree.  
Tea cups in hand.  
They talk quietly - about nothing important.  
Their eyes follow Amir and Rozy crossing the square.  
The children walk side by side.  
Close.  
Not touching.  
One elder nudges another.  
No smiles.  
No comments yet.  
They simply watch.  
Amir instinctively moves Rozy away from a puddle.  
She hadn't noticed it.  
The elders exchange a look.  
Tea goes untouched.

**EXT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER**

The elders lean closer.  
Voices drop.

ELDER #1 (whisper)  
Roz saath rehte hain.

ELDER #2 (whisper)  
Bina shor ke.

A pause.

ELDER #3 (quiet, certain)  
Yeh ladka... alag hai.

They fall silent.  
The children disappear down the lane.  
The words linger longer than intended.

#### **INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — EVENING**

Rozy's mother stands near the window.  
Watching the lane.  
Rozy laughs outside.  
Amir adjusts her scarf without being asked.  
The mother's smile fades.  
Concern replaces warmth.  
She presses her palm lightly against the window  
frame.  
Her gaze stays on Amir.  
Not accusing.  
Not angry.  
Afraid.  
She exhales slowly.  
Something unnamed tightens in her chest.

#### **EXT. ROZY'S DOORWAY — EVENING**

Rozy's mother steps outside.  
Her voice is gentle, but firm.

MOTHER  
Rozy...

waha mat jao.

Rozy stops.  
Turns.

ROZY  
Kyun?

The mother hesitates.  
Looks at Amir.  
Then back at Rozy.

MOTHER  
Bas...  
aise hi.

She softens slightly.

MOTHER  
Shaam ho rahi hai.  
Andar aa jao.

Rozy nods slowly.  
Confused.  
But obedient.

**EXT. LANE — MOMENTS LATER**

Rozy stands near her doorway.  
Amir stands opposite.  
Distance — finally.  
They look at each other.  
Neither moves.  
Rules hang in the air.  
They listen.  
To adults.  
To silence.  
To something else.  
Rozy takes one step forward.  
Stops.  
Amir mirrors her.  
Stops.  
They wait.  
Breathing synced.

Decision forming quietly.

**EXT. SIDE ALLEY — CONTINUOUS**

Rozy takes another step.  
Amir follows.  
No running.  
No hiding.  
They simply walk — together.  
They disappear behind a wall.  
Soft laughter follows.  
Not rebellion.  
Choice.  
The lane remains empty.

**EXT. OPEN FIELD — SUNSET**

Golden light spreads across the field.  
Rozy and Amir sit side by side.  
Feet dangling.  
Sky changing color slowly.  
No dialogue.  
Rozy leans slightly toward Amir.  
He doesn't move away.  
They watch the sun descend.  
Time stretches.  
Nothing urgent exists.

**EXT. WIDE SHOT — VILLAGE AT DUSK**

The children are small silhouettes against the fading sky.  
The village spreads around them.  
Homes. Paths. Trees.  
Life unaware.  
The camera slowly pulls back.  
The children remain still.  
Close.  
Unprotected.  
The light fades completely.  
Innocence — untouched.

Sealed.

**EXT. VILLAGE LANE — EVENING**

Smoke rises from kitchen fires.  
Metal utensils clink softly.  
A goat passes slowly, bells faint.  
Women sprinkle water outside their doors.  
Children's voices fade one by one as they're called inside.  
The sky begins to dim.  
Nothing feels urgent.  
Nothing feels wrong.  
A man closes his shop shutter halfway — pauses — then closes it fully.  
A radio plays distantly, then switches off.  
The village exhales into night.  
Normal.  
Too normal.

**EXT. OPEN PATCH NEAR HOUSES — CONTINUOUS**

Amir and Rozy lie on the cool ground.  
Side by side.  
Hands near — not touching.  
Clouds drift slowly above.  
Rozy traces shapes in the air with her finger.

ROZY

Woh wala badal dekha?  
Bilkul sher jaisa lagta hai.

Amir watches quietly.

AMIR

Mujhe sirf chalna dikhta hai.

Rozy smiles.  
They fall silent again.  
A bird crosses the sky.  
They follow it until it disappears.  
Breathing synchronizes.  
The sky darkens one shade deeper.

**EXT. SAME – MOMENTS LATER**

The air cools.  
Rozy shivers slightly.  
Without looking, Amir shifts closer.  
Their arms touch.  
Neither reacts.  
They stay like that.  
Still.  
Listening to distant sounds.  
A dog barks far away.  
Rozy closes her eyes.  
Amir watches the sky – unmoving.  
Warmth shared without permission.  
Without declaration.  
Just accepted.

**EXT. SAME – CONTINUOUS**

Amir's body stiffens.  
Breathing changes.  
He sits up slowly.  
Scans the surroundings.  
Nothing visible.  
Rozy notices.

ROZY  
Kya hua?

Amir doesn't answer immediately.  
He listens – not to sound, but space.  
The wind shifts direction.  
Leaves rustle differently.  
Amir stands.

AMIR  
Mujhe ghar jaana hai.

Rozy frowns.

ROZY  
Abhi?

Amir nods once.  
Jaw tight.  
Something unseen has arrived.

**EXT. VILLAGE LANE — WALKING**

They walk back.  
Rozy tries to lighten the mood.

ROZY  
Tum phir se serious ho gaye.  
Aasman se kuch girne wala hai kya?

Amir glances at her.  
Doesn't smile.

AMIR  
Aaj thoda alag lag raha hai.

Rozy nudges him playfully.

ROZY  
Roz tumhe alag hi lagta hai.

She laughs.  
The laugh lingers.  
For a moment, Amir relaxes.  
The lane looks normal again.  
Almost.

**EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS — SAME TIME**

Three unfamiliar figures step onto the village path.  
No hurry.  
No noise.  
Boots touch dust softly.  
One man scans the houses.  
Another adjusts something beneath his shawl.  
The third listens.  
Lights glow warmly inside homes.  
Dinner is being served somewhere.

The men exchange a brief glance.  
Then move forward.  
The village does not notice.  
Yet.

**EXT. ROZY'S HOUSE — EVENING**

Rozy's mother steps out with a steel bowl.  
She pauses.  
Across the lane — unfamiliar silhouettes.  
They are not buying.  
Not talking.  
Just standing.  
One looks up.  
Their eyes meet.  
She looks away immediately.  
The bowl trembles slightly.  
She forces herself to walk.  
Passes them without looking.  
At her doorway, she turns back.  
They are closer now.  
Her breath tightens.  
She goes inside.  
Bolts the door quietly.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — NIGHT**

Rozy sits on the floor.  
Amir nearby.  
The mother watches them.  
But her eyes linger on Amir longer.  
He is not afraid.  
Not restless.  
Alert.  
Too alert.

MOTHER  
Amir, beta...  
ghar jao.

Amir looks up.

AMIR  
Abhi nahi.

The mother studies his face.

MOTHER  
Kuch mehsoos ho raha hai tumhe?

Amir hesitates.

AMIR  
Haan.

The room falls silent.  
The mother nods slowly.  
Uneasy.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — NIGHT**

The door closes.  
Latch slides.  
Curtains drawn.  
Rozy looks up.

ROZY  
Maa?

Her mother doesn't answer immediately.  
She moves deliberately.  
Checks the windows.  
Returns.

MOTHER  
Aaj bahar nahi jaogi.

Rozy approaches her.

ROZY  
Kyun?

The mother kneels.  
Holds Rozy's face.

MOTHER  
Kabhi kabhi...  
bina wajah bhi darr lagta hai.

Rozy nods slowly.  
Trusting.  
The door remains shut.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — LATE NIGHT**

The house is quiet.  
Rozy sleeps fitfully.  
Her mother sits near the window.  
She pulls out an old phone.  
Hesitates.  
Then dials.

MOTHER (whisper)  
Haan... main hoon.

Pause.

MOTHER  
Do log aur dikhe hain.  
Wahi andaaz.

She listens.

MOTHER  
Aaj raat kuch bhi ho sakta hai.

She ends the call.  
Holds the phone to her chest.  
Closes her eyes.

**INT. AMIR'S HOUSE — NIGHT**

Amir lies awake.  
Eyes open.

Ceiling unmoving.  
A distant sound – indistinct.  
He sits up.  
Breathing controlled.  
He moves to the window.  
Looks out.  
Nothing.  
Yet his chest tightens.  
He presses a hand against it.

AMIR (to himself)  
Abhi nahi...

A dog barks – then stops abruptly.  
Amir turns toward the door.  
Stops.  
Waits.  
The night thickens.  
Something is coming.

#### **INT. ROZY'S ROOM – NIGHT**

Rozy lies awake.  
Eyes open.  
The room is dark but familiar.  
A ceiling crack she has seen every night.  
Tonight—it looks different.  
She turns on her side.  
Listens.  
A distant sound.  
Not loud enough to identify.  
She holds her breath.  
The sound disappears.  
Her breathing resumes—slow, cautious.  
She whispers.

ROZY  
Maa?

No response.  
She sits up.  
The silence feels stretched.  
Her fingers grip the blanket.  
She doesn't cry.

She just listens.

**EXT. VILLAGE — NIGHT**

The village sleeps.  
Then—  
Two police jeeps enter without sirens.  
Headlights off.  
Engines low.  
They stop.  
Boots touch the ground.  
Hand signals.  
Officers spread quietly.  
No shouting.  
No urgency.  
Just movement.  
A door creaks somewhere.  
A light flicks off hurriedly.  
The night holds its breath.

**EXT. VILLAGE — CONTINUOUS**

A single gunshot.  
Sharp.  
Close.  
Windows rattle.  
A second shot.  
Then another.  
Rozy jerks upright in bed.

ROZY  
Maa!

Her mother rushes in, pulling her close.

MOTHER  
Chup... chup...

Outside—shouts.

POLICE (O.S.)  
Hathiyar neeche rakho!

Automatic fire answers.  
Amir presses himself against the wall in his house.  
Eyes focused.  
Breathing controlled.  
Gunfire echoes.  
Then—  
Sudden silence.  
The kind that hurts the ears.

**EXT. NARROW ALLEY — MOMENTS LATER**

A militant lies on the ground.  
Still.  
Blood spreads slowly.  
Steam rises faintly in the cold air.  
A police officer kneels.  
Checks pulse.  
Shakes his head.  
Another officer exhales—shaky.  
No victory.  
No relief.  
Just reality.  
A radio crackles softly.  
The body remains.  
The village remains quiet.  
Too quiet.

**EXT. BACK LANES — SAME NIGHT**

Footsteps running.  
Fast.  
A shadow slips between houses.  
Police voices shout—distant.  
Too late.  
The militant pauses at the edge of the village.  
Breathing hard.  
Looks back once.  
Not afraid.  
Promising.  
He disappears into darkness.  
The village does not know yet—  
This night is unfinished.

**EXT. VILLAGE — DAWN**

Morning arrives gently.  
Birds chirp.  
Smoke rises again.  
But—  
No children's voices.  
No chatter.  
Doors open slowly.  
People step out.  
Speak in whispers.  
Blood stains remain on the ground.  
Half-covered.  
A woman notices.  
Looks away.  
The village moves—but cautiously.  
As if afraid to disturb something invisible.

**EXT. ROZY'S HOUSE — MORNING**

Amir stands outside Rozy's door.  
Hesitates.  
Knocks softly.  
No response.  
Knocks again.  
The door opens.  
Rozy stands there.  
Eyes swollen.  
Alive.  
Amir exhales—deep, involuntary.

AMIR  
Tum theek ho?

Rozy nods.  
Behind her, her mother watches.  
Tired.  
Alert.  
Their eyes meet.  
No words needed.  
Amir glances down the lane again.  
Something still feels wrong.

**EXT. ROZY'S HOUSE — CONTINUOUS**

Rozy steps forward suddenly.  
Wraps her arms around Amir.  
Tight.  
Unexpected.  
Amir freezes.  
Then slowly brings his arms up.  
Protective.  
Rozy presses her face into his chest.

ROZY  
Mujhe raat achhi nahi lagi.

Amir rests his chin lightly on her head.  
Scans the lane instinctively.

AMIR  
Abhi subah hai.

ROZY  
Subah hone se darr chala jaata hai?

Amir doesn't answer.  
He holds her.  
Longer than usual.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — MOMENTS LATER**

Rozy's mother watches from the doorway.  
Her hands grip her dupatta tightly.  
She notices Amir's posture.  
Ready.  
Not childlike.  
Her face tightens.  
She steps forward.

MOTHER  
Rozy... andar aa jao.

Rozy hesitates.  
Looks at Amir.

The mother doesn't look at Rozy—  
She looks at Amir.

MOTHER  
Tum bhi ghar jao.

Amir nods.  
But his eyes stay on the lane.  
The mother pulls Rozy inside.  
Shuts the door.  
The latch slides.  
A final sound.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM — LATE NIGHT**

The house sleeps.  
Rozy lies awake.  
Again.  
Different now.  
The silence feels heavier.  
She turns.  
Pulls the blanket tighter.  
A faint sound outside.  
Not loud.  
Not clear.  
She sits up.  
Listens.  
Her breath shortens.

ROZY (whisper)  
Maa?

No answer.  
She hugs her knees.  
Stares at the door.  
The latch creaks slightly.  
Just wood settling.  
Still—  
Her eyes fill.  
She whispers into the dark.

ROZY  
Amir...

Across the lane—  
Amir stiffens.  
The same moment.  
The night closes in.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — NIGHT**

The house is asleep.  
A soft wind passes outside.  
The front door rattles slightly.  
Once.  
Then still.  
Rozy sits up in bed immediately.  
Eyes fixed on the door.  
She listens.  
Nothing.  
She lies back down.  
The door rattles again.  
Longer this time.  
Her breath tightens.  
She slides her feet to the floor.  
Bare feet on cold stone.  
She takes one slow step toward the door.  
The rattling stops.  
Silence stretches.  
Too clean.  
She does not open the door.  
She stands frozen, waiting.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — CONTINUOUS**

Rozy turns her head toward the wall shared with  
the lane.  
Her voice is small.  
Careful not to wake her mother.

ROZY (whisper)  
Amir...

No answer.  
She swallows.  
Tries again—slightly louder.

ROZY  
Amir...

Outside, the wind moves dust across the lane.  
Inside, Rozy's eyes fill.  
She presses her palm against the wall.

ROZY  
Bas aa jao..

Across the lane—  
Amir's eyes snap open.  
Same instant.

**INT. AMIR'S HOUSE / EXT. LANE — NIGHT**

Amir sits upright in bed.  
Heart racing.  
No sound.  
No explanation.  
He stands.  
Doesn't wake anyone.  
Steps outside barefoot.  
Cold hits him.  
He breaks into a run.  
Not fast at first—  
Then faster.  
The lane stretches.  
His breath sharpens.  
He doesn't slow.  
He doesn't think.  
He just runs.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — SAME NIGHT**

The door bursts open.  
The ESCAPED MILITANT enters.  
Gun raised.  
Rozy freezes.  
Her mother moves instantly—without hesitation.  
She steps between the militant and the child.  
Hands raised.

MOTHER  
Bachchi hai—

The shot is sudden.  
Loud.  
Her body jerks.  
She collapses—still facing Rozy.  
Rozy screams.  
The militant turns toward her.  
Footsteps thunder outside—  
Amir's silhouette appears in the doorway.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — CONTINUOUS**

Amir lunges forward.  
Too fast.  
Too late.  
The militant grabs Amir by the head.  
Slams it against the wall.  
Once.  
A dull sound.  
Amir drops.  
Everything goes white.  
No sound.  
No image.  
Just breath—  
Then nothing.

**EXT. ROZY'S HOUSE — NIGHT**

Police jeeps screech to a halt.  
Lights flash harshly.  
Officers pour in.  
Weapons raised.  
They enter cautiously.  
Inside—  
Bodies.  
Stillness.  
An officer lowers his gun slowly.  
Another closes his eyes briefly.  
Outside, villagers gather.  
Nobody speaks.

Sirens cut through the night—  
Too late.

**EXT. VILLAGE LANE — NIGHT**

People stand barefoot.  
Shawls half-worn.  
Eyes wide.  
Someone whispers a prayer.  
Someone else vomits quietly.  
A woman holds her child too tightly.  
The body is carried out.  
Covered.  
Rozy watches.  
Does not cry yet.  
Her face is frozen.  
The village feels smaller.  
Hollowed.

**EXT. ROZY'S HOUSE / LANE — CONTINUOUS**

Rozy breaks free from a policewoman's grip.  
Runs toward the door.

ROZY  
Amir!

She looks around wildly.  
Sees blood.  
Sees shoes.  
No Amir.  
She drops to her knees.  
Crawls.  
Looks under benches.  
Behind walls.

ROZY  
Amir!

Her voice cracks.  
Someone pulls her back.  
She fights.  
Her eyes never stop searching.

**INT. AMBULANCE — NIGHT**

Amir lies on a stretcher.  
Still.  
A paramedic shines a light in his eyes.  
No response.  
Checks pulse.  
Steady—but fragile.  
The siren wails.  
His head is bandaged.  
Blood seeps through slowly.  
His hand twitches once.  
Then goes still.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — LATE NIGHT**

Rozy sits on the floor.  
Alone now.  
Her mother's dupatta lies beside her.  
She picks it up.  
Smells it.  
Breaks.  
Her cry explodes out of her chest.  
Uncontrolled.  
Raw.  
She rocks back and forth.  
Clutching the cloth.

ROZY  
Maa...  
Amir...

Her voice dissolves into sobs.  
The house absorbs the sound.  
Outside—  
The village remains silent.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — MORNING**

Soft hospital light.

Machines hum.  
Amir's eyes flutter open.  
He stares at the ceiling.  
Blank.  
He blinks once.  
Twice.  
Turns his head slowly.  
The room feels unfamiliar.  
He tries to sit up.  
A sharp pain stops him.  
He exhales, confused.  
Looks at his hands.  
Bandaged.  
He flexes his fingers.  
They obey.  
But his face tightens—  
Something is missing.  
Not pain.  
Not fear.  
Recognition.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Rozy steps forward.  
Hope in her eyes.  
Tears still wet on her face.

ROZY  
Amir...

He turns toward her.  
Looks.  
Studies her face carefully.  
Too carefully.  
His eyes search for familiarity.  
Find none.

AMIR  
(soft, unsure)  
Aap... kaun?

The question lands gently.  
But it destroys her.  
Rozy freezes.

A small smile forms—automatic.  
As if correcting a joke.

ROZY  
Kya bol rahe ho tum?

Amir looks away.  
Uncomfortable.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Rozy laughs.  
Too loud.  
Too quick.

ROZY  
Pagal ho gaye ho kya?

She steps closer.  
Touches his arm.  
He flinches.  
She laughs again.  
Harder.

ROZY  
Doctor ne bola tha dard hoga.  
Par itna drama?

Her laugh cracks midway.  
She stops.  
Stares at his face.  
Waiting.  
Nothing comes back.  
Her laughter dies alone in the room.

**INT. HOSPITAL — DAY**

Doctors move efficiently.  
Lights flash in Amir's eyes.  
Questions asked.

DOCTOR  
Naam?

Amir answers.

DOCTOR  
Yeh ladki kaun hai?

Amir hesitates.  
Looks at Rozy.  
Then away.

AMIR  
Pata nahi.

Rozy grips the edge of the table.  
Tests continue.  
Wires.  
Scans.  
Time stretches.  
The room feels colder.  
Rozy watches every movement—  
As if one correct answer might still appear.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE — DAY**

The doctor speaks calmly.  
Too calmly.

DOCTOR  
Head injury severe hai.  
Kuchh yaadein... shayad wapas na aayein.

Rozy shakes her head immediately.

ROZY  
Nahi.

The doctor continues.

DOCTOR  
Emotional memory bhi impact hoti hai.

Rozy doesn't hear the rest.  
Her ears ring.  
The words "shayad na aayein" echo.

She stares at the doctor—  
As if staring harder can undo it.

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR — DAY**

Rozy walks fast.  
Almost running.  
She mutters to herself.

ROZY  
Galat bol rahe hain.  
Galat report hai.

She turns back toward Amir's room.  
Determined.  
Her hands shake slightly.  
But her steps don't slow.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — DAY**

Rozy sits beside Amir.  
Too close.  
Like always.

ROZY  
Tumhe yaad hai na  
hum yahan baithte the?

Amir listens politely.  
Nods without understanding.

ROZY  
Aur tum bolte the  
main zyada bolti hoon.

She smiles.  
Waits.  
Nothing.  
She keeps talking.  
Filling silence with memories—  
As if words can rebuild him.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Rozy slowly reaches for Amir's hand.  
Careful.  
Hopeful.  
Her fingers touch his.  
Amir stiffens immediately.  
Pulls his hand back.  
Not harsh.  
Instinctive.  
Defensive.  
Rozy freezes mid-air.  
Her hand hangs there.  
Unwanted.  
She lowers it slowly.  
The distance between them feels enormous.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Amir shifts toward the edge of the bed.  
Creating space.  
His eyes avoid Rozy.

AMIR

Aap... thoda door baith sakti ho?

Polite.  
Gentle.  
Final.  
Rozy nods quickly.  
Moves back.  
Too fast.  
She sits rigidly.  
Hands folded.  
Like a stranger.  
The silence becomes unbearable.

**INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL — LATER**

Rozy sits alone.  
Steps cold beneath her.  
She stares at nothing.  
Tears roll down—

Silently.  
No sobs.  
No sound.  
Just breath breaking rhythm.  
She presses her fist into her mouth.  
Still no sound.  
Her shoulders shake—  
But she does not allow herself to cry.

**INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY — EVENING**

A man in uniform enters.  
Calm.  
Controlled.  
He scans the room.  
Sees Rozy immediately.  
Approaches slowly.

OFFICER  
Rozy.

She looks up.  
Recognition.  
Safety.  
She stands suddenly—  
Her strength collapses.  
He steadies her.  
Not emotional.  
Firm.  
Reliable.

OFFICER  
Ab aage ka faisla  
asaani se nahi hoga.

Rozy nods.  
Eyes hollow.  
Behind them—  
Amir watches from afar.  
Expression blank.  
Destiny rearranging itself.

**INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE — EVENING**

The DELHI POLICE OFFICER sits opposite the doctor.

Rozy stands near the window, back turned.  
The doctor speaks carefully.

DOCTOR

Bachcha abhi emotional anchor ke bina hai.  
Stable environment zaroori hoga.

The officer nods once.  
Turns to Rozy.

OFFICER

Main Delhi se hoon.  
Agar tum mere saath chalo...

Rozy turns slowly.  
Her face is drained.

ROZY

Aur Amir?

The doctor hesitates.  
The officer answers gently.

OFFICER

Uske liye yahin rehna behtar hoga.

Rozy looks toward the corridor.  
Amir's room.  
Her jaw tightens.  
She nods—once.  
As if signing something inside herself.

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR — NIGHT**

Amir walks slowly with a nurse.  
Rozy stands at the end of the corridor.  
She steps forward instinctively.  
Stops.  
The officer places a hand lightly on her

shoulder.

OFFICER  
Abhi nahi.

Amir passes her.  
So close.  
She watches his face—  
Searching for anything.  
Nothing.  
He doesn't look back.  
Rozy takes one step.  
Then another.  
The officer gently holds her back.  
The corridor feels endless.

**EXT. HOSPITAL EXIT — NIGHT**

Amir is guided into an ambulance.  
The door begins to close.  
Rozy breaks free.  
Runs.

ROZY  
Amir!

Her voice cracks the night.  
The door pauses.  
Amir turns.  
Looks at her.  
Just looks.  
No recognition.  
No response.  
The door shuts.  
The ambulance pulls away.  
Rozy collapses to her knees.  
Her scream echoes—  
Unanswered.

**EXT. HOSPITAL ROAD — NIGHT**

The ambulance disappears.  
The Delhi officer stands beside Rozy.

Offers his hand.  
She doesn't take it.  
She stares down the empty road.  
Long.  
Still.  
Finally—  
She stands.  
Walks in the opposite direction.  
Two paths.  
Two lives.  
The camera holds the space between them.  
Uncrossable now.

**EXT. SMALL TOWN — DAY (YEARS LATER)**

Amir works at a roadside stall.  
Counts change carefully.  
Sleeves rolled.  
Quiet.  
Observant.  
He eats alone.  
Sleeps in a shared room.  
Life moves around him.  
He does not complain.  
He simply exists.  
Something missing—  
But unnamed.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — NIGHT**

Amir sits by a small window.  
Watches people pass.  
Listens.  
He notices patterns—  
Who walks fast.  
Who hesitates.  
He senses moods without knowing why.  
He touches his temple unconsciously.  
A faint ache.  
He ignores it.  
Returns to watching.

**INT. DELHI CLASSROOM — DAY**

Rozy sits among students.  
Focused.  
Sharp.  
She answers questions confidently.  
But during pauses—  
Her eyes drift.  
She stares at nothing.  
A name on her lips—  
Unspoken.  
She shakes herself back.  
Takes notes.  
Moves forward.

**INT. DELHI HOSTEL — NIGHT**

Rozy lies awake.  
Lights off.  
Room quiet.  
She stares at the ceiling.  
Closes her eyes.  
Opens them again.  
She turns to her side.  
Pulls the blanket tighter.  
Her breath slows.  
A whisper escapes.

ROZY  
Amir...

No answer.  
Just memory.

**EXT. STREET — EVENING**

Amir walks home.  
Suddenly stops.  
Hand presses against his chest.  
Breathing uneven.  
He looks around.  
Nothing unusual.  
People pass.

He swallows.  
Keeps walking.  
But his steps are slower now.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — NIGHT**

Amir wakes abruptly.  
Gasping.  
Pain spreads across his chest.  
He sits up.  
Sweat beads on his forehead.  
He breathes through it.  
The pain fades slowly.  
He lies back down—  
Eyes open.  
Afraid.  
Not knowing why.

**EXT. BUS STAND — DAY**

Crowded.  
Noisy.  
Rozy steps down from a bus.  
Scans faces.  
Stops.  
Across the crowd—  
Amir stands.  
Their eyes meet.  
Everything pauses.  
Amir feels something shift.  
Rozy's breath catches.  
She steps forward.  
Whispers.

ROZY  
Amir...

He doesn't answer.  
But his face softens.  
For the first time in years—  
He feels home.

**EXT. BUS STAND – CONTINUOUS**

Amir stands facing Rozy.  
Noise surrounds them—buses, vendors, footsteps—  
But his attention narrows.  
His breathing steadies.  
Shoulders relax without him realizing.  
He tilts his head slightly, as if listening to  
something internal.  
Rozy watches him carefully.  
Hope does not rush her.  
She waits.  
Amir looks around once.  
Then back at her.

AMIR  
(mainly to himself)  
Yahan... theek lag raha hai.

Rozy swallows hard.  
She nods.  
Doesn't speak.  
Just stands beside him.  
For the first time in years—  
Nothing hurts.

**EXT. SMALL TEA STALL – MOMENTS LATER**

They sit opposite each other.  
Two cups of tea.  
Steam rises slowly.  
Amir watches it.  
Then looks at Rozy.  
A smile forms.  
Unplanned.  
Soft.  
Rozy notices instantly.  
Her eyes fill.  
She doesn't smile back immediately—  
Afraid it might break.  
Amir sips tea.  
Smiles again.

Doesn't know why.  
Rozy looks down.  
Hides her face.  
Her fingers tremble slightly.  
This smile is not memory.  
It is instinct.

**EXT. WALKING STREET — EVENING**

They walk side by side.  
No conversation.  
No urgency.  
Their steps fall into rhythm.  
Amir adjusts his pace to match hers.  
Without thinking.  
A child runs past them laughing.  
Amir watches.  
Then looks at Rozy.  
Something like recognition flickers.  
Almost.  
Rozy feels it.  
Her breath catches.  
She waits.  
The moment stretches.  
Then—  
It passes.  
They keep walking.  
Peace remains.  
But fragile.

**EXT. STREET CORNER — EVENING**

They stop.  
This is where Rozy must go.  
She turns toward him.

ROZY  
Main... kal milungi.

Amir nods.  
Smiles.

AMIR

Theek hai.

She takes one step away.  
Stops.  
Turns back.  
Looks at him.  
Long.  
He stands relaxed.  
Unaware.  
She turns again.  
Walks away slowly.  
Each step heavier.  
Amir watches her go.  
For a moment—  
Then turns in the opposite direction.

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET — CONTINUOUS**

Amir walks.  
Stops suddenly.  
Frowns.  
Looks around.  
His brow tightens.  
He presses his fingers to his temple.  
Something feels missing.  
But he can't name it.  
He shrugs it off.  
Keeps walking.  
The feeling dissolves.  
Behind him—  
Rozy stops walking.  
Turns back.  
He is already gone.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — NIGHT**

Amir sits on his bed.  
Stares at the wall.  
Something unsettles him.  
A restlessness without cause.  
He lies down.  
Turns.  
Turns again.

Sits up.  
Presses his chest.

AMIR  
(quiet)  
Kya reh gaya?

No answer.  
The room stays silent.  
He lies back again.  
Eyes open.  
Hollow.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM – NIGHT**

Rozy sits alone.  
Replay in her head.  
His smile.  
His calm.  
His forgetting.  
She stands suddenly.  
Walks to the mirror.  
Looks at herself.

ROZY (soft)  
Tum thak jaogi...

She stops.  
Breath catches.  
She understands.  
Not fully.  
But enough.  
She sits down slowly.  
A pattern forming.  
And it terrifies her.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM – CONTINUOUS**

Rozy opens a notebook.  
Blank pages.  
She hesitates.  
Then writes—  
Carefully.

Dates.  
Details.  
Moments.  
She writes as if preserving oxygen.  
Her handwriting shakes slightly.  
She pauses.  
Looks at the door.  
As if expecting him.  
Then continues.  
Writing faster now.  
Urgent.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — NIGHT**

Amir sits with a pen.  
A scrap notebook.  
He writes something.  
Stops.  
Reads it.  
Frowns.  
Turns the page.  
Writes again.  
We don't see the words.  
Just his face.  
Focused.  
Serious.  
He closes the notebook.  
Places it beside his bed.  
Turns off the light.  
Sleeps.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — MORNING**

Amir wakes.  
Stretches.  
Sees the notebook.  
Picks it up.  
Flips through pages.  
Confused.

AMIR  
Yeh kab likha?

He closes it.  
Shrugs.  
Places it aside.  
Leaves the room.  
The notebook remains—  
Full.  
Unread.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM — LATE NIGHT**

Rozy sits on the floor.  
Diary open.  
She reads silently.  
Tears fall onto the pages.  
She doesn't wipe them away.  
She reaches a page—  
Stops.  
Closes the diary gently.  
Holds it to her chest.  
Her breath shakes.  
But she does not cry loudly.  
She understands now—  
Love is not fading.  
It is being exhausted.  
She whispers to herself.

ROZY  
Main sambhaal lungi.

The room does not answer.

**INT./EXT. VARIOUS — DAY/NIGHT**

Rozy meets Amir again.  
Same bench.  
Same tea stall.  
Same quiet walk.  
Amir smiles again.  
Feels calm again.  
They sit longer this time.  
Talk a little more.  
Rozy watches the clock subtly.

She delays goodbye.  
When she finally leaves—  
She turns back once.  
Amir is already distracted.  
Looking elsewhere.  
She stops.  
Realizes.  
The cycle has completed itself again.

**SCENE 92 — LOVE BECOMES DISCIPLINE (1.3 MIN)**

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM — NIGHT**

Rozy writes in her diary.  
Not emotionally now.  
Precisely.  
Dates.  
Durations.  
What he remembers.  
When he forgets.  
She underlines sentences.  
Makes rules for herself.  
When to speak.  
When to stay silent.  
When to leave first.  
Love is no longer feeling—  
It is practice.  
She closes the diary.  
Exhales.  
Straightens her posture.  
Tomorrow she will do better.

**EXT. AMIR'S STREET — EVENING**

Amir walks alone.  
Stops.  
Turns around suddenly.  
Looks behind him.  
Nothing.  
He feels incomplete.  
Not sad.  
Just off-balance.  
He places his palm on his chest.  
Breathes.

Something is slipping.  
He doesn't know what.  
He keeps walking.  
But slower.

**INT. ROZY'S HOUSE — NIGHT**

Rozy folds clothes carefully.  
Amir's clothes.  
She pauses.  
Holds a shirt close.  
Then places it neatly.  
Her face hardens.  
Acceptance settles.  
Not peace.  
Responsibility.  
She sits down.  
Opens her diary.  
Writes one line.  
Stops.  
Doesn't cry.  
Just nods to herself.

**EXT. BUS STAND — NIGHT**

Rozy waits.  
Amir arrives late.  
Apologetic smile.  
She smiles back.  
But something has shifted.  
The air feels heavier.  
They talk less.  
Pause more.  
The connection strains.  
Still there.  
But thinner.  
Like breath in winter.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — NIGHT**

Amir eats alone.  
Sleeps alone.

Wakes alone.  
He sits in silence.  
Doesn't fight it.  
Silence is familiar now.  
Comforting.  
He stares at the wall.  
A faint ache exists—  
But even that is quiet.

**EXT. SMALL TOWN — DAY**

Rozy arrives for a longer visit.  
A bag in her hand.  
Amir notices immediately.  
Something changes in him.  
He stays closer.  
Walks slower.  
Listens more.  
They spend the whole day together.  
No rush.  
No interruptions.  
Evening comes—  
And he hasn't forgotten yet.  
Rozy notices.  
Hope stirs carefully.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE — EVENING**

They sit by water.  
Amir skips stones.  
Stops.  
Looks at Rozy.  
Really looks.  
His breathing deepens.

AMIR

Tum jab paas hoti ho..  
sab theek lagta hai.

He doesn't understand it.  
But he trusts it.  
Rozy's eyes fill.  
She doesn't respond immediately.

Lets the moment breathe.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE — CONTINUOUS**

Amir squints slightly.  
As if trying to remember something buried.  
His fingers twitch.

AMIR

Hum... pehle bhi yahin aaye hain?

Rozy freezes.  
Heart racing.  
She answers softly.

ROZY

Haan.

He nods slowly.  
Not convinced.  
But affected.  
The flicker fades—  
But it happened.  
She saw it.  
She won't forget this moment.

**EXT. QUIET LANE — NIGHT**

They walk back.  
Streetlights glow.  
Amir stops suddenly.  
Turns to Rozy.  
No drama.  
No preparation.

AMIR

Agar main tumhe yaad na rakh paun...

Beat.

AMIR

Tum mere saath rahogi?

Rozy's breath catches.  
She doesn't answer immediately.  
Emotion overwhelms her.  
But she controls it.  
Steps closer.

ROZY  
Main hoon.

Amir nods.  
Satisfied.  
Not understanding the weight—  
But feeling the truth.  
They stand under the light.  
Still.  
Together.

**EXT. QUIET LANE — NIGHT**

Amir stands under the streetlight.  
Waiting.  
Rozy faces him.  
Calm. Certain.  
Not dramatic.

ROZY  
Athaarah ke baad.

Amir blinks.  
Processes slowly.

AMIR  
Athaarah...?

She nods.

ROZY  
Tab poochna.

Silence.  
Amir looks at the ground.  
Then back at her.  
No disappointment.

No confusion.  
Just acceptance.

AMIR  
Theek hai.

They stand there.  
Light hums overhead.  
The promise settles without words.

**INT./EXT. VARIOUS — TIME MOVES**

Time passes—but gently.  
Amir waits.  
Rozy studies.  
Days repeat.  
He sits at the same place.  
She walks the same path.  
Nothing dramatic changes.  
Except patience deepens.  
A calendar flips once.  
Then again.  
Amir doesn't count days.  
He counts feelings.  
And they stay.

**EXT. SMALL TOWN — DAY**

Rozy hands Amir a letter.  
He holds it carefully.  
Reads slowly.  
Looks up at her.  
Doesn't comment.  
She looks away.  
Later—  
They walk side by side.  
A glance exchanged.  
Held too long.  
Then broken.  
Words are fewer now.  
Meaning is heavier.  
Pauses say everything.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM — MORNING**

Rozy wakes.  
Sunlight on her face.  
She sits up.  
Breathes deeply.  
Looks at herself in the mirror.  
Different.  
Not older—  
Stronger.  
She ties her hair.  
Touches the diary.  
Leaves the room quietly.  
Today matters.

**EXT. SAME LANE — EVENING**

Amir waits.  
Nervous.  
Rozy approaches.  
Stops in front of him.  
Neither speaks.  
A long beat.

AMIR  
Aaj...

She smiles softly.

ROZY  
Haan.

He exhales.  
Relief.  
They sit together.  
Close.  
No rush.  
Time respects them.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE — DUSK**

The sky turns orange.  
Rozy looks at Amir.  
Steps closer.  
Doesn't ask.  
Touches his cheek gently.

He doesn't move.  
She leans in.  
A soft kiss.  
Brief.  
Still.  
They separate slightly.  
Look at each other.  
Breathing uneven.  
No one speaks.  
The world feels quiet.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE – CONTINUOUS**

Amir doesn't move.  
Eyes distant.  
Something unlocks inside him.  
His breath deepens suddenly.  
His hands tremble.  
Not fear.  
Recognition without memory.  
He touches his chest.

AMIR  
(whisper)  
Yeh... pehle bhi hua hai.

Rozy's eyes fill.  
She doesn't interrupt.  
This moment is fragile.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE – CONTINUOUS**

Amir steps back.  
Overwhelmed.  
Then forward again.  
Hugs Rozy tightly.  
Uncontrolled.  
She closes her eyes.  
Lets him hold her.

AMIR  
Mujhe yaad nahi hai...  
par main jaanta hoon tum galat nahi ho.

She cries silently into his shoulder.

This is not memory.  
This is truth.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM — NIGHT**

Rozy opens her diary.  
Hands shaking.  
Places it in front of Amir.

ROZY  
Yeh humari yaadein hain.

He hesitates.  
Then opens it.  
Sees dates.  
Details.  
Moments.  
His name—again and again.  
He swallows hard.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Amir stops on a page.  
Stares.  
His handwriting.  
His words.

AMIR  
(mainly to himself)  
Yeh... maine likha hai?

Rozy nods.  
He reads more.  
His breath becomes uneven.  
He closes the diary.  
Holds it against his chest.  
Overwhelmed.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM — LATE NIGHT**

Amir sits alone.  
Diary open beside him.  
Tears fall unexpectedly.  
He wipes them away.  
More come.

AMIR

Mujhe sab mehsoos hota hai...  
par yaad kyun nahi aata?

Rozy sits near the door.  
Doesn't answer.  
She lets him cry.  
The truth has landed.  
And it hurts.

**EXT. QUIET LANE - NIGHT**

A streetlight hums.  
Rozy and Amir stand facing each other.  
Close-but not touching.  
The diary rests between them in Rozy's hands.  
Amir looks at it, then at her.

AMIR

Agar main phir bhool jaun...

He stops himself.  
Looks down.  
Rozy steps closer.  
Places the diary into his hands.

ROZY

Tum bhool bhi gaye  
toh main yaad rahungi.

Amir looks up.  
Searches her face.

AMIR

Aur agar tum thak gayi?

A beat.  
Rozy doesn't answer immediately.  
Then-

ROZY

Tab bhi saath rahungi.

Amir nods.

He believes her.  
They stand there.  
No hug.  
No kiss.  
The promise settles—quiet, heavy, chosen.

**INT./EXT. VARIOUS — DAYS PASS SLOWLY**

Small moments.  
Amir pours tea.  
Hands Rozy the cup first.  
She smiles.  
They walk together—slowly.  
Sit together—without speaking.  
Amir listens more than he talks.  
Rozy talks less than she wants.  
They share food.  
Share silence.  
At night, Amir lies awake.  
Touches the diary beside him.  
Feels calm.  
Happiness is not loud.  
It breathes.

**EXT. ROOFTOP — EVENING**

The sky darkens gradually.  
Clouds gather—distant.  
Rozy leans on the railing.  
Amir stands beside her.  
Neither speaks.  
Wind moves her hair.  
Amir adjusts it instinctively.  
She notices.  
Smiles faintly.  
Then looks away—uneasy.  
Something is coming.  
Neither names it.  
They stay still.  
As if stillness can delay fate.

**INT. ROZY'S ROOM — DAY**

Suitcase open.  
Books stacked carefully.

Clothes folded slowly.  
Rozy pauses with a book in her hand.  
Looks around the room.  
Touches the diary.  
Leaves it on the bed.  
Decision made.  
Outside, Amir waits.  
She steps out.  
He sees the bag.  
Doesn't ask.  
Just nods.

**INT. FOREIGN HOSTEL ROOM — DAY**

Bare walls.  
New smells.  
Rozy places her bag down.  
Sits on the bed.  
Roommates chatter in the background.  
She smiles politely.  
Nods.  
Unpacks slowly.  
Takes out the diary.  
Hesitates.  
Puts it back in the bag.  
The room feels full.  
She feels alone.

**INT. CLASSROOM — DAY**

A MALE STUDENT sits beside Rozy.  
Friendly.  
Gentle.  
Not intrusive.  
They exchange notes.  
He smiles easily.  
Listens attentively.  
Something familiar in his calm.  
Rozy notices.  
Not attraction.  
Recognition.  
A comfort she didn't expect.

**EXT. CAMPUS WALKWAY — EVENING**

They walk with coffee cups.  
Conversation flows.  
Then slows.  
Rozy stops walking.  
Turns to him.

ROZY  
Main kisi se pyaar karti hoon.

The friend pauses.  
Waits.

ROZY  
Bahut zyada.

He nods.  
No disappointment.  
No curiosity.

FRIEND  
Theek hai.

They continue walking.  
The boundary is clear.  
Rozy exhales.  
Relief.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — NIGHT**

Amir sits with the diary.  
Phone rings.  
Rozy's name.  
He stares at it.  
Lets it ring.  
Not because he doesn't care—  
Because something tightens in his chest.  
Fear without shape.  
He silences the phone.  
Holds the diary tighter.  
Breath uneven.  
He whispers—

AMIR  
Main sambhaal nahi paunga.

**INT. ROZY'S HOSTEL ROOM — NIGHT**

Rozy repacks her bag.  
Reorganizes.  
Pointlessly.  
Takes out Amir's shirt.  
Holds it to her face.  
Inhales.  
Eyes close.  
She folds it carefully.  
Places it at the bottom of the suitcase.  
Like a foundation.  
She zips the bag.  
Sits on it.  
Still.

**INT. AIRPORT — NIGHT**

Crowds move.  
Announcements echo.  
Rozy stands with her bag.  
Amir stands beside her.  
They don't talk.  
No advice.  
No promises.  
Just presence.  
People pass around them.  
Time ticks.  
The boarding call comes.  
They remain still.  
As if refusing to hear it.

**INT. AIRPORT — CONTINUOUS**

Rozy steps forward.  
Hugs Amir.  
Tight.  
Longer than necessary.  
Amir hesitates—  
Then holds her back.  
Equally tight.  
His face tightens.  
Something inside him resists letting go.

AMIR

(soft)  
Jaldi wapas aana.

Rozy nods.  
Doesn't speak.  
She pulls back slowly.  
Looks at him one last time.  
Then turns.  
Walks away.  
Amir stands there.  
Doesn't move.  
Doesn't follow.  
The distance begins.

**INT. AIRPORT GATE — NIGHT**

Rozy stands at the boarding gate.  
Passport in hand.  
She looks back once.  
Searches the crowd.  
Amir is not there anymore.  
Just strangers.  
She inhales.  
Steps forward.  
Hands over the passport.  
Walks through the gate slowly.  
Doesn't rush.  
Every step feels deliberate.  
She crosses the threshold.  
Does not look back again.  
The gate closes behind her.

**INT. AIRPORT VIEWING AREA — NIGHT**

Amir stands behind the glass.  
Hands in pockets.  
Eyes fixed on the runway.  
The plane taxis slowly.  
Pauses.  
Engines grow louder.  
The plane takes off.  
Lifts into the dark sky.  
Amir doesn't move.  
Doesn't blink.  
Only when the plane disappears—

His shoulders drop slightly.  
As if something inside him has gone quiet.

**INT. AMIR' S ROOM — MORNING**

Morning light enters.  
Amir sits up in bed.  
Looks around.  
The room feels unfamiliar.  
Not wrong.  
Just empty.  
He swings his legs down.  
Sits there.  
Longer than usual.  
No thoughts.  
No urgency.  
Just space.  
He stands.  
Moves through routine—  
Automatically.  
Something is missing.  
He doesn't know what.

**INT. AMIR' S ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Amir opens the diary.  
Flips pages.  
Stops.  
A description of Rozy.  
He reads.  
Closes his eyes.  
Tries to imagine her face.  
Fails.  
He tries again.  
Nothing forms.  
He opens his eyes—confused.  
Touches his temple.

AMIR  
(quiet)  
Kaisi dikhti thi?

The question hangs unanswered.  
He closes the diary slowly.  
Places it away.

**INT. FOREIGN HOSTEL ROOM – NIGHT**

Rozy sits on her bed.  
Roommates laugh somewhere outside.  
Music plays faintly.  
She doesn't join.  
She scrolls through her phone.  
Stops on Amir's name.  
Doesn't call.  
She places the phone face down.  
Lies back.  
Stares at the ceiling.  
Tears gather—  
But don't fall yet.  
Loneliness settles like dust.

**BLACK SCREEN**

No image.  
Only breath.  
Then—

VOICE (V.O.)  
Jab pyaar thak jaata hai,  
toh tasveer gir jaati hai.

A pause.  
The sound of a single heartbeat.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Aur kuchh chehre...  
yaadon se pehle  
khud ko chhod dete hain.

Silence.  
The law is spoken.

**INT. HOSTEL CORRIDOR – NIGHT**

Dim lights.  
Long corridor.  
Rozy walks alone.  
Footsteps echo.  
A door closes somewhere.

She reaches her room.  
Pauses.  
Listens.  
Nothing unusual.  
She unlocks the door.  
Steps inside.  
The corridor light flickers once—  
Then steadies.

**INT. ROZY'S HOSTEL ROOM — NIGHT**

Rozy places her bag down.  
Turns toward the window.  
A faint hiss.  
Barely audible.  
She frowns.  
Takes a breath.  
Coughs lightly.  
Another breath.  
Her vision blurs slightly.  
She turns—  
Reaches for the door.  
Misses the handle.  
The room tilts.  
She collapses onto the bed.  
Sound fades.

**INT. HOSTEL ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Darkness.  
Indistinct movement.  
Shadows pass across the wall.  
No faces shown.  
No details.  
Only sound—  
Breathing.  
Fabric shifting.  
Then—  
Silence again.  
The room holds its breath.

**INT. HOSTEL ROOM — MORNING**

Sunlight cuts through the window.  
Rozy wakes slowly.

Disoriented.  
Her clothes are disturbed.  
She sits up.  
Looks around.  
Memory hits—not as images, but weight.  
She rushes to the bathroom.  
Closes the door.  
The sound of running water.  
Long.  
Unbroken.

**INT. POLICE STATION — DAY**

Rozy sits across from an officer.  
Blank expression.  
He slides a paper forward.

OFFICER  
Aap likh sakti ho?

She takes the pen.  
Her hand trembles.  
She begins writing.  
Stops.  
Breathes.  
Continues.  
Each word costs something.  
When she finishes—  
She doesn't cry.  
She hands the paper back.  
Stands.  
Walks out.  
The door closes behind her.

**INT. HOSTEL ROOM — NIGHT**

Rozy sits on the edge of her bed.  
Lights off.  
Streetlight leaking through the window.  
She stares at the wall.  
Not crying.  
Not moving.  
Her phone buzzes once.  
She ignores it.  
Buzzes again.

She picks it up.  
Reads.  
Locks the phone.  
Places it face down.  
She lies back fully clothed.  
Eyes open.  
Breathing shallow.  
The ceiling fan spins.  
Time passes.  
She does not sleep.

**EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET — EVENING**

Amir walks with two coworkers.  
Laughing lightly.  
Mid-step—he stops.  
Hand goes to chest.  
Breath catches.  
He tries to speak.  
Fails.  
His knees buckle.  
He collapses.  
People rush in.  
Someone calls his name.  
Amir's eyes search the air—  
As if someone should be there.  
Darkness closes in.

**INT. UNIVERSITY HALL — DAY**

Rozy sits among graduating students.  
Cap on head.  
Claps politely.  
Name called.  
She walks up.  
Receives certificate.  
No smile.  
Returns to seat.  
Around her—cheers, photos, hugs.  
She looks down at the paper.  
Holds it with both hands.  
As if grounding herself.  
A chapter closes.  
Without relief.

**INT. DELHI AIRPORT — DAY**

Rozy exits customs.  
Bag over shoulder.  
Eyes scanning.  
Noise everywhere.  
She pauses.  
Breathes.  
Steps forward.  
India surrounds her again.  
Familiar.  
Heavy.  
She doesn't smile.  
But she stands straighter.

**EXT. AIRPORT PICKUP ZONE — CONTINUOUS**

A MALE FRIEND (early 20s) walks beside Rozy.  
Talking.  
Trying to lighten mood.  
She nods occasionally.  
Not really listening.  
He carries one of her bags.  
Looks at her—concerned.  
She notices.  
Forces a small smile.  
Keeps walking.

**EXT. AIRPORT GATE — CONTINUOUS**

Amir stands with her FATHER.  
Quiet.

Still.  
Rozy spots them.  
Her breath catches.  
She breaks into a run.  
Rozy collides into Amir.  
Wraps arms around him.  
Kisses his face—forehead, cheek, lips.  
Uncontrolled.  
Relieved.  
Amir freezes for half a second.  
Then holds her back—tight.  
Eyes close.

Something settles in his chest.  
He doesn't question.  
He just holds.

**WIDER ANGLE**

The male friend stands back.  
Watching.  
Smile fades.  
His grip tightens on the suitcase handle.  
He looks away.  
Then back again.  
Something hardens in his expression.  
Unspoken.  
Unresolved.

**EXT. PARKING AREA — DAY**

Amir gently takes Rozy's bag.  
Leads her toward the car.  
Doesn't ask.  
Doesn't wait.  
Just moves.  
Rozy follows.  
Trusting.  
The male friend hesitates.  
Then follows silently.  
Amir opens the car door for Rozy.  
Closes it carefully.  
As if protecting something fragile.

**INT. AMIR'S HOUSE — NIGHT**

Rozy opens her suitcase.  
Takes out photos.  
Books.  
Small objects.  
Places them around the room.  
Frames.  
Shelves.  
Corners.  
Amir watches quietly.  
Confused—but calm.

AMIR

(soft)  
Yeh sab... kyun?

Rozy smiles gently.

ROZY  
Taaki ghar yaad rahe.

Amir nods.  
Accepts it.

**INT. SMALL HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT**

Dim light.  
Curtains drawn.  
Rozy and Amir lie side by side.  
Breathing slow.  
Hands find each other.  
No urgency.  
No dialogue.  
Faces close.  
Eyes searching.  
They make love quietly.  
Tenderly.  
Afterward—  
Amir stares at the ceiling.  
Peaceful.  
Rozy turns toward him.  
Watching his breath.  
Knowing—  
Tomorrow, he may forget.  
Tonight, he didn't.

**INT. AMIR'S HOUSE – MORNING**

Amir wakes up.  
Sits on the bed.  
Looks around—familiar, but wrong.  
He notices Rozy folding clothes nearby.  
He watches her carefully.  
Then—

AMIR  
(polite, confused)  
Aap... yahin rehti ho?

Rozy freezes.  
Doesn't turn immediately.  
Her hands stop mid-fold.  
She turns slowly.  
Forces a smile.

ROZY  
Haan.

Amir nods.  
Accepts it.  
Lies back down.  
Rozy remains standing.  
The folded clothes slip from her hands.

**INT. HOUSE — DAY**

A quiet domestic loop.  
Rozy points at photos on the wall.

ROZY  
Yeh hum hain.

Amir nods.  
Later—  
She shows him the wedding frame.

ROZY  
Shaadi hui thi.

Amir listens politely.  
Later again—  
She corrects him gently when he calls her "aap."  
Each reminder costs her something.  
By evening, she sits alone.  
Head in hands.  
Too tired to cry.

**INT. BATHROOM — NIGHT**

Rozy stands before the mirror.  
Lights harsh.  
Eyes hollow.  
She grips the sink.

Whispers—barely audible.

ROZY  
Main thak jaungi...  
aur tab woh mujhe kho dega.

She straightens.  
Practices a neutral face.  
Turns off the light.  
Steps back into the room.  
Carrying the weight quietly.

**INT. LIVING ROOM — EVENING**

Rozy's phone buzzes.  
Message from the male friend.  
She reads it.  
Invitation.

"Bas thoda bahar chalo."

She looks at Amir.  
He's staring at the TV.  
Detached.  
She types.  
Deletes.  
Types again.  
Finally replies: Okay.  
Locks the phone.  
Sits back.  
Guilt already forming.

**INT. PARTY SPACE — NIGHT**

Music low.  
Lights dim.  
Rozy drinks.  
One glass.  
Then another.  
The male friend listens.  
She talks—too much, too honestly.  
Words tumble out.

ROZY  
Main roz kisi ko yaad dilaati hoon

ki woh mera hai...

Her voice cracks.  
She laughs to cover it.  
Tears mix with alcohol.  
The friend places a hand on her arm.  
She doesn't pull away.

**INT. PARTY — CONTINUOUS**

Music swells.  
Bodies move.  
Rozy dances.  
Eyes closed.  
Trying to disappear.  
Cut to—

A corridor.  
A door opening.

Cut to—  
Curtains moving in air.

Lights off.  
Only silhouettes.  
Breathing.  
Nothing shown.  
Everything understood.

**INT. AMIR'S HOUSE — SAME NIGHT**

Amir sits alone.  
TV on, muted.  
A single tear slips down his cheek.  
He doesn't wipe it.  
Touches his face—confused.

AMIR  
(soft)  
Aaj... kuchh galat hai.

He looks toward the door.  
As if expecting someone.  
Silence answers.

**EXT. STREET — MORNING**

Rozy walks fast.  
Head down.  
Avoiding mirrors.  
Avoiding people.  
She reaches home.  
Sees Amir at the door.  
She turns her face away.  
Steps past him.  
Doesn't speak.  
Amir watches her back.  
Doesn't understand.  
But feels the distance.

**INT. ROOM — NIGHT**

Rozy opens the diary.  
Pages filled with dates.  
Notes.  
Patterns repeat.  
She traces them with her finger.  
Her breathing slows.  
Understanding forming.  
This isn't random.  
This is law.

Rozy closes the diary.  
Sits still.  
The truth lands.  
Not dramatic.  
Final.  
She whispers—  
Not blaming him.  
Not forgiving herself.  
Just knowing.  
Love must be active.  
And she is empty.

**INT. ROOM — DAWN**

Rozy packs quietly.  
Minimal things.  
Leaves the diary behind.  
Looks once at Amir sleeping.

Peaceful.  
Unaware.  
She touches the doorframe.  
As if memorizing the shape of leaving.  
Steps out.  
Doesn't look back.

**INT. AMIR'S HOUSE — EARLY MORNING**

Rozy folds clothes into a small bag.  
Slowly.  
Deliberately.  
Amir stands near the door.  
Watching.  
Not interfering.  
He doesn't understand the action, but senses the weight.  
He picks up a scarf from the bed.  
Hands it to her.  
She pauses.  
Takes it.  
Places it in the bag.  
Zips it halfway.  
Stops.  
Unzips again.  
Adds nothing.  
Zips fully.  
Amir's eyes follow every movement.  
Like a child watching something disappear without knowing why.

**INT. SAME — CONTINUOUS**

Amir finally speaks.  
Quiet.  
Almost afraid.

AMIR  
Tum ja rahi ho?

Rozy doesn't answer immediately.  
She adjusts the strap of the bag.  
Breathes.  
Turns to him.

ROZY  
Haan.

Amir nods.  
Processes slowly.

AMIR  
Kab lautogi?

Rozy opens her mouth.  
Stops.  
Closes it.

ROZY  
Thoda waqt lagega.

Amir nods again.  
Accepts without protest.  
That hurts more than resistance would.

INT. HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Rozy moves toward the door.  
Amir follows one step behind.  
Not touching.

AMIR  
Main kuch galat bol diya?

Rozy turns.  
Walks back.  
Adjusts his collar gently.

ROZY  
Nahi.

A pause.  
She forces a soft smile.

ROZY  
Bas thoda sa...  
saans lene ja rahi hoon.

Amir searches her face.  
Doesn't fully understand.

But trusts the tone.  
He steps aside to let her pass.

**EXT. HOUSE — MORNING**

Rozy steps out.  
Stops.  
Looks back.  
Amir stands in the doorway.  
Watching.  
Still holding the same expression.  
She knows—  
if she waits longer, he may forget why she's  
leaving.  
She takes two steps backward.  
Memorizes his face.  
Turns sharply.  
Walks away fast.  
Amir watches.  
Doesn't wave.  
Doesn't follow.  
Just stands—  
until the doorframe is empty.

**INT. MALE FRIEND'S APARTMENT — DAY**

Sparse room.  
Clean.  
Unromantic.  
Rozy places her bag near the wall.  
The male friend gestures to the couch.  
Keeps distance.

FRIEND  
Yahan safe hai.

Rozy nods.  
Sits.  
Looks at the wall.  
No warmth.  
No comfort.  
Just relief from responsibility.  
She exhales for the first time in days.

MONTAGE WITHIN SCENE — SAME APARTMENT

- They eat at opposite ends of the table.
- Sit in the same room, separate phones.
- He talks. She nods.
- He reaches once. She stiffens. He withdraws.

Nothing abusive.

Nothing loving.

Just emptiness disguised as companionship.

Rozy stares at the ceiling at night.

Alone despite presence.

### **INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Glasses on the table.

Music low.

Rozy drinks.

Too fast.

The friend watches—calculating.

She laughs suddenly.

Too loud.

ROZY

Main thak gayi hoon yaad rakhte rakhte...

Her head drops back against the couch.

Eyes closed.

Tears leak from the sides.

She doesn't notice.

The friend does.

### **INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

The friend steps aside.

Phone to ear.

Voice low.

FRIEND

Haan...

zyada ho gayi hai.

Aa ja.

Rozy hears fragments.

Her eyes open slowly.

The words register.

Her breathing changes.  
Memory stirs.

**INT. APARTMENT — SAME**

The room tilts.  
Sound distorts.  
Gas hiss echoes from memory.  
Hostel walls.  
Hands.  
Darkness.  
Rozy sits upright suddenly.  
Heart racing.  
Sweat beads.  
She looks at the door.  
At the phone.  
At the friend.  
The past crashes into the present.  
She stands abruptly.  
Backs away.  
Fear is sharp now.  
Focused.  
Alive.

**INT. BATHROOM — NIGHT**

Door locked.  
Rozy crouches.  
Phone shaking in her hands.  
She types.  
Deletes.  
Types again.  
Finally sends a short message.  
No explanation.  
Just location.  
"Please."  
She presses the phone to her chest.  
Breathing hard.  
Waiting.

**EXT. APARTMENT — NIGHT**

Police vehicles arrive quietly.  
No drama.  
No sirens.

The male friend opens the door—confused.  
Hands reach.  
Phones seized.  
Another man arrives—too late.  
Cuffed.  
Rozy watches from inside.  
Wrapped in a blanket.  
Not crying.  
Not relieved.  
Just safe.  
For now.

**INT. SMALL HOUSE — NIGHT**

Amir's mother lies on the bed.  
Breathing shallow.  
Amir sits beside her, holding her hand.  
She looks at him—searching.

MOTHER  
(weak)  
Tum... theek ho na?

Amir nods too fast.  
She smiles faintly.  
Her fingers tighten once around his.  
Then loosen.  
A beat.  
Another.  
Amir keeps holding her hand.  
Waiting.  
The room grows unbearably quiet.  
He doesn't cry.  
He just realizes—  
the hand is no longer holding back.

**INT. SAME HOUSE — MORNING**

Sunlight enters.  
Two cups on the table.  
Only one chair pulled out.  
Amir stands in the doorway of his mother's room.  
Doesn't go in.  
He walks to the kitchen.  
Picks up a cup.

Stops.  
Puts it back.  
Moves through the house touching walls.  
Furniture.  
Doorframes.  
Nothing answers.  
He sits on the floor.  
Back against the wall.  
House breathing without her.

**INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT**

Amir pours instant coffee into a mug.  
Too much.  
Adds water.  
Drinks without tasting.  
Ten minutes later—another cup.  
Hands shake.  
Eyes wide.  
Clock ticks loudly.  
He drinks again.  
And again.  
Night stretches.  
He chooses wakefulness—  
as if sleep might erase something forever.

**MONTAGE WITHIN SCENE**

- Phone rings. Amir lets it ring out.
- Door knock. He doesn't answer.
- Neighbors whisper outside.
- Curtains drawn permanently.

Inside, Amir sits alone.  
Lights on.  
Eyes burning.  
The world recedes.  
He doesn't want distraction.  
He wants confrontation.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — LATE NIGHT**

Amir grips the edge of the bed.  
Chest tight.  
Head pounding.

He could sleep.  
He chooses not to.  
He takes another sip of coffee.  
Winces.  
Whispers to himself—

AMIR  
Mat bhoolna.

He presses his palm to his chest.  
Pain spikes.  
He doesn't pull away.  
He leans into it.

**INT. SAME — CONTINUOUS**

The room blurs.  
Sound warps.  
A child's laugh echoes faintly.  
Snow.  
Two small hands touching.  
A girl calling his name.  
Amir gasps.  
Drops the cup.  
Coffee spills across the floor—  
mixing with tears he didn't realize were falling.  
He clutches his head.  
Images surge.  
Uncontrolled.

**INT. AMIR'S ROOM — DAWN**

Light breaks through the curtains.  
Amir sits frozen.  
Eyes open.  
Breathing shallow.  
He whispers—

AMIR  
Rozy...

The name lands fully.  
Memories align.  
Not fragments.  
Not sensations.

Everything.  
Love.  
Loss.  
Waiting.  
Forgetting.  
He breaks.  
Not loudly.  
Silently.  
Like something ancient cracking open.

**EXT. STREETS / STATIONS / OFFICES - DAY**

Amir walks.  
Asks questions.  
Shows photos.  
People shake heads.  
He keeps moving.  
Doesn't eat.  
Doesn't stop.  
Hope fuels him brutally.  
Every "no" sharpens urgency.  
He runs between places.  
As if speed might reverse time.

**EXT. ROZY'S OLD HOUSE - EVENING**

Amir stands outside the familiar house.  
Breath held.  
He steps forward.  
Touches the doorframe.  
Knocks.  
Waits.  
Knocks again.  
The door opens—  
a stranger.  
Amir freezes.

**INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bare walls.  
Different furniture.  
No photos.  
No presence.  
Amir walks slowly through the rooms.  
Touches a wall where memories once lived.

Nothing answers.  
The past has been erased.  
Not paused.  
Gone.

**EXT. HOUSE — CONTINUOUS**

The stranger speaks—softly.  
“Woh... America chali gayi.”

The words don't land immediately.  
Amir nods once.  
As if acknowledging weather.  
Then—  
his breath falters.  
The distance becomes real.  
Unreachable.  
Final.

**EXT. EMPTY STREET — NIGHT**

Amir walks alone.  
Stops under a streetlight.  
The light flickers.  
He looks up.  
Then down.  
His knees give way.  
He sits on the pavement.  
Hands covering his face.  
No sound.  
No tears.  
Just a man holding the full weight of memory—  
with nowhere to place it.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE — MORNING**

Rozy moves through a clean American kitchen.  
Breakfast plates arranged neatly.  
Coffee machine hums.  
She packs a lunchbox.  
Ties her hair.  
Looks composed.  
Efficient.  
No rush.  
No heaviness.

This is practiced life.  
She wipes the counter twice—habit, not anxiety.  
Steps outside to hand lunch to her husband.  
Returns inside.  
House settles into quiet order.

**INT. LIVING ROOM — AFTERNOON**

Rozy sits by the window knitting.  
Sunlight falls evenly.  
No shadows.  
No corners hiding pain.  
Her phone lies nearby.  
Silent.  
She doesn't check it.  
She hums softly.  
A tune with no origin.  
Memory doesn't ache.  
And because it doesn't—  
she doesn't miss anything.

**INT./EXT. HOUSE — EVENING**

A CHILD runs through the house.  
Laughing.  
Trips.  
Rozy lifts him gently.  
Brushes dust from his knees.  
Kisses his forehead.  
The child points outside.  
She follows his gaze.  
Nothing there.  
Just sky.  
She smiles anyway.

**INT. DINING AREA — NIGHT**

Rozy's husband serves dinner.  
Talks about his day.  
She listens.  
Responds.  
Comfortable pauses.  
He reaches across the table.  
Holds her hand.  
No demand.

No expectation.  
She squeezes back—grateful.  
This is safety.  
Not fire.

**INT. SMALL ROOM — KASHMIR — NIGHT**

Amir sits at a desk.  
Lamp on.  
Stacks of handwritten pages.  
Coffee cups everywhere.  
Eyes tired.  
Focused.  
He writes slowly.  
Stops.  
Rereads.  
Crosses out a line.  
Writes again.  
This is not therapy.  
This is survival.  
He doesn't rush the words.  
He lets them hurt.

**INT. SAME — DAWN**

Amir writes the final sentence.  
Hand trembles slightly.  
He reads it once.  
Then again.  
Doesn't smile.  
Doesn't cry.  
He closes the notebook gently.  
Places his palm on it.  
As if sealing something alive.  
The sun rises behind him.  
He doesn't look back.

**INT. USA HOUSE — NIGHT**

Years later.  
Rozy and her husband lie in bed.  
Lights off.  
Quiet.  
The husband speaks softly.

HUSBAND

Tumne kabhi...  
kisi aur ka zikr nahi kiya.

Rozy opens her eyes.  
Breath catches—barely.

HUSBAND  
(continuing)  
Koi tha...  
tumhari zindagi mein?

A long pause.  
Rozy stares at the ceiling.  
Something shifts.  
Not pain.  
Recognition.

**INT. AMIR' S ROOM — SAME TIME**

Amir jerks upright from sleep.  
Heart racing.  
Breath uneven.  
He sits still.  
Listens.  
Nothing.  
Then—  
a quiet certainty.  
He looks toward the window.  
Toward distance.  
Whispers—

AMIR  
Ab yaad aaya.

Not hope.  
Knowing.

**INT. USA LIVING ROOM — DAY**

A package lies on the table.  
Rozy(40) opens it.  
A book.  
Plain cover.  
No photo.  
She flips pages absentmindedly.

Then stops.  
Reads.  
Her fingers tighten.  
She sits down slowly.  
Reads more.  
Her breath changes.  
Tears fall—unexpected, uninvited.  
She presses the book to her chest.  
For the first time in years—  
memory hurts.  
And that means—  
love is awake.

**INT. USA LIVING ROOM — NIGHT**

Rozy sits alone on the couch.  
The book open on her lap.  
She rereads the same paragraph.  
Once.  
Twice.  
Her breathing changes.  
Her hand moves to her chest.  
Slowly—too slowly—her face tightens.  
Tears form, resisted at first.  
Then fall.  
Not quietly.  
Not dramatically.  
They fall because they must.  
Images flood—not scenes, sensations.  
Snow on skin.  
A boy standing before she calls.  
A voice she hasn't spoken in years.  
She presses the book to her forehead.  
Whispers—

ROZY  
Amir...

The name unlocks everything.  
She cries fully now.  
Memory has returned.  
And it hurts exactly where it should.

**INT. DINING ROOM — DAY**

A small birthday gathering.  
Cake.  
Candles.  
Her SON blows them out.  
People clap.  
Rozy watches.  
Smiling.  
Proud.  
Complete.  
Later—  
The room empties.  
Dishes cleared.  
Her son stands near the doorway.  
Tall now.  
Adult.

SON

Aap kuch dino se...  
alag lag rahi ho.

Rozy looks at him.  
Really looks.  
She touches his face.

ROZY

Ab tum itne bade ho gaye ho  
ki mujhe jaane de sakte ho.

He understands more than expected.  
Nods.  
Steps back.  
Gives her space.  
Permission without words.

**INT. BEDROOM — DAWN**

Rozy packs a small bag.  
No rush.  
No panic.  
She leaves everything else behind.  
Clothes folded neatly.  
Photos untouched.  
She pauses at the doorway.  
Looks once at the life she built.  
Safe.

Calm.  
Complete.  
Then leaves the room.  
Closes the door gently.  
Not escaping.  
Returning.

**EXT. KASHMIR — EVENING**

Amir sits outside a small café.  
Snow beginning to fall lightly.  
A cigarette burns between his fingers.  
Unhurried.  
A cup of kehwa steams beside him.  
He takes a sip.  
Exhales smoke slowly.  
Not anxious.  
Not hopeful.  
Certain.  
He looks at the road.  
Then back at the cup.  
Time passes.  
He remains.  
This is not waiting for arrival.  
This is waiting because arrival is inevitable.

**EXT. SAME — CONTINUOUS**

Footsteps approach.  
Amir doesn't turn immediately.  
He finishes the sip of kehwa.  
Places the cup down.  
Then—  
He looks up.  
Rozy stands across the road.  
Still.  
Older.  
The same.  
Their eyes meet.  
Everything aligns.  
No rush.  
No running.  
No tears yet.  
Just recognition.  
The world softens around them.

A voice—ancient, calm—returns.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Jise pyaar dikhta ho,  
usey yaad ki zarurat nahi hoti.

Amir stands.  
Rozy takes one step forward.  
Cut before they touch.  
CUT TO BLACK.