

1 INT. HALL - NIGHT**1**

Party. The camera pans showing two men and a lady, all in their mid-twenties, dancing loosely, drinking.

The camera ends at a man, sitting on a club chair, having alcohol from a plastic cup. He is SAAJAN, 26, in a full blue checkered shirt, close fitting trousers. From his POV, we see a lady who has resided herself into the corner, a bit disgusted with all the drinking that started some time back. She is ILA, 24. We close up on her finding her quite attractive and soothing.

A man, seemingly sober comes and block Saajan's view. He is ASLAM, a colleague. Aslam shows his cigarette to Saajan.

ASLAM

Lighter de na.

Saajan snatches his cigarette, in swift movements places it in front of his phone's torch. With full determination, moving the cigarette around, tries to light the damn cigarette. Aslam snatches his cigarette back, takes out the lighter from his shirt's pocket and resides himself onto the farther side of the couch.

Back to Saajan's POV we see him losing Ila, she has moved somewhere else. We see the whole room, the people dancing are now down, sharing joints, Aslam is busy smoking and Saajan's eyes searches for Ila. He gulps whatever was left in the cup before rising for Ila.

2 INT/EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT**2**

We are now with Ila alone. She has relief, as gusts of fresh air flows through. She leans in and out, swinging, having some time of her own, out of the ruckus inside.

As she turn to the door, we see Saajan with a bottle and a pair of glasses. He pours it down, offers. She sighs, in no mood. He keeps it down, comes a bit closer. Stares her, while her eyes are still into the open. In a moment, ATTACKS her with his lips. He has his lips on her shoulders, hands against her waist, tight. She, terrified, shoves him, pushes him, SCRATCHES his shoulders but too weak. He goes on, lifts her against the wall, unbuckles, head passing on to her breasts. Ila fidgeting, fighting for her free will. As he forces on, she gathers all her STRENGTH, hits him on his head, hurling him onto the railings.

She stares for a while, thinking, moves out of the balcony pushing the bottle down in the process. The camera captures the flowing liquor, possessing the tremendous power of converting men into...

3 INT. OFFICE - MORNING

3

We see Ila and Aslam exchange disturbing glances

ASLAM

Ila, You know he was drunk,
Not the one you meet daily
Can you not forgive him.
In fact I brought those drinks.
beat
Also he does not remember much when
he is drunk a lot. So if you can..

ILA

Ok, ok I'll handle it.

4 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

4

We see Saajan in his last night's dress. He is rushing around; late. We see him washing his face and gets out with his coat.

5 INT. LIFT - MORNING

5

Saajan waits on the lift. He is WISHED by the lift man. He is a bit nervous.

6 INT. OFFICE - MORNING

6

We see a gathering. The boss is announcing promotions and pay offs. We also hear Saajan being promoted; he gets a cabin over his compartment. He is congratulated by people around. We have a look at Ila who is at a distance, she prefers to stay behind.

7 EXT/INT. CABIN - MORNING

7

As Saajan enters the cabin he hits his head on the side panel. As he uses his hand to soothe it, he finds it a bit sticky, a bit mysterious. He looks at the mirror, suspicions growing over his head over what HAPPENED last night. Last thing he remembered searching for Ila. We end up closing on his face, he trying to get his coat off.

8 INT. ILA'S COMPARTMENT - DAY**8**

SAAJAN

Ila, can you come out for a while?

ILA

I'll come in a sec.

9 EXT. OFFICE - DAY**9**

We see Saajan smoking nervously, his hands shaking. Ila is there as well, she has just come. She takes it over and draws in a breath.

ILA

You fell on the railings.
You were so drunk,
you SHOULD not drink.

Ila maintaining her face as far as possible. Saajan is not convinced, he knows much more.

SAAJAN

So what are these?

Saajan shows her the red marks on his shoulders, marks caused by the scratching. His head is down, eyes full. Ila takes in another breath. she tries to console him, places her hands on his shoulders, pacifies him.

ILA

You were drunk, Saajan.
You were not you.
and see, I am FINE.
I am fine.

As she said this, she broke out onto Saajan's shoulders, telling him silently, " Never ever drink again, never."

Saajan is lost, he is not able to speak anything. He walks away.

10 INT. HALL - DAY**10**

Saajan, shirtless sits in front. sees himself, his face, the marks he had. Moments are passing like ages.

As we are fixed on his reflection on the mirror, the mirror shatters, his face breaks into piece just like the humanity inside him has AS HE FELT IT to be.

He picks up a piece of the shattered glass, wanting to cut his skin, not to LIVE as a MONSTER. As he goes for the cut, he sees his face on that piece. Ya, his face, a hope, tears rolling down slowly. He keeps the piece back slowly, softly, hopefully.

11 INT. HALL - EVENING

11

We see Ila and Saajan embracing each other, in their consciousness, in their consent. As they move closer, Ila manages to close the door, we end up at the closed door, staring the door for a few seconds.