<u>UNKNOWN</u>

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INT.BATHROOM-EVENING

A sink is shown with water pouring from the tap.AYESHA,29 is wearing glasses with tied hairs. She looks at her face in the clean mirror with disgust. She seems out of breath. Expressions of anxiety are on her face. She opens the door of the bathroom to ease herself (Sounds of TV commercials can be heard). KHURRAM, 32 is waiting for her in her room.

KHURRAM

(Ayesha! get it over with)

Ayesha bus bhe karo!

She takes the glasses off, unties her hairs and throws a splash of water on her face. She washes her face frantically. The result doesn't make her happier. She leaves the bathroom.

INT. AYESHA'S ROOM-EVENING

The gloomy bedroom is only lit by the TV flicker and a table lamp. Khurram leans on Ayesha's bed and is busy watching TV ads. Ayesha sits down next to him.

KHURRAM

(That's why she keeps you locked in this room)

Issi liye woh tumhain bund rakhti hay

AYESHA (DISGUSTED)

(I have even started looking like you) Ab tau meri shakul bhe tum sae

milnay lugi hai

KHURRAM

(Really!)

Kiya waqaee!

Ayesha sits on the bed. Her nervousness is evident.

KHURRAM (CONT'D)

(You seem more beautiful when you are sad)

Usaad ho ker ziada khoobsoorat laghti hoo

CONTINUED:

AYESHA

(Stop it!!)

Bus kro!

Khurram disappears.

INT. AYESHA'S ROOM / DOOR HANDLE

INSERT

A series of random images show a black board where numerous tally marks are chocked out. A string is wound around a door handle, holding a plastic doll on one end and a knife on the other end. - Balanced. -

INT. AYESHA'S ROOM-EVENING

AYESHA

(I don't even remember if its a day or a night) Raat hay ya din hay mujhay tau kuch yaad bhi nai

Monotonous light of the TV flickering . Ayesha's glance drifts from the closed door towards Khurram.

A phone starts ringing outside the room. Dull footsteps from the outside are heard. The knife and the doll are shown again.-Balanced-

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello

AYESHA

(You're even worse than her.)

Tum to uss sae bhe butur ho

KHURRAM

(Do you really think you're so much better than me?)
Tum khud kiya mujh sae baihtar ho?

Khurram leans forward. The light reflection of the TV falls on to his face. He turns towards Ayesha.

KHURRAM (CONT'D)

(Look at you) Apnay aap ko daikho

Ayesha averts his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AYESHA

(Shut up!!)

Chop kero

Ayesha covers her ears. She can't stand him anymore.

KHURRAM

(You'll think of me)

Yaad kero ghe mujhay

She needs to move away from him- and escapes to the door. She frantically tries to open the door.-Locked- She kneels down and in panic breaths fresh air through a hole in the door. -A distant female voice from outside.

She pauses, presses her ear against the door. The distant female voice gets louder.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(I really don't know what to do anymore... She just won't leave her room.)

Mujhay samhuj nhi ati kiya kroun... wo apnay kamray mei he rehti hai

Ayesha doesn't understand what's happening. She tries again to open the door. -Still locked- Ayesha's desperate gaze wanders up to Khurram. He whispers.

KHURRAM

(Now you're beautiful)

Ab Tum khubsoraat ho

Khurram slowly takes out a key from his pocket and holds it towards her. -Ayesha puzzled- She slowly reaches out for the key.

INT. AYESHA'S ROOM / DOOR HANDLE

INSERT

A string is wound around a door handle, holding a plastic doll on one end and a knife on the other end. The doll slides up. -Unbalanced-

INT. AYESHA'S ROOM-EVENING

Ayesha slowly brings the key to his mouth. She swallows the key. -Coughing, choking-.

INT. AYESHA'S ROOM / DOOR HANDLE

INSERT

A string is wound around a door handle, holding a plastic doll on one end and a knife on the other end. The knife glides up and reaches the door handle.

INT. AYESHA'S ROOM-EVENING

The light flickering of the TV is stroboscopic now.

The knife finally glides over the door handle. -The plastic doll lands on the floor.

-A noise from the outside.-

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Ayesha!

Approaching steps can be heard from outside.

FEMALE VOICE (OS) (CONT'D)

Ayesha?!!!

Ayesha's lying on the floor. -Her last breath.-

CUT TO BLACK

THE END