

Episode 1: *The Solution*

OML Entertainment Pvt. Ltd.

FADE IN:

1

EXT. RAILWAY STATION AND TRACKS - (LATE NIGHT)

1

NAKUL (28, formals, bespectacled) is lying down somewhere. We don't know where. He has a deadpan face. We don't know what he is feeling.

It's a tight close up with following VO.

NAKUL (VO)

Ek waqt tha jab mujhe lagta tha ke
is duniya me main sabse
mahatvapoorin insaan hoon.. shayad
aisa sabko lagta hai.

He is staring at the vast night sky which is shown on screen. It seems he is star-gazing at peace.

NAKUL (VO) (CONT'D)

Magar ek baar aasmaan ki taraf
dekho toh ehsaas hota hai ke hum
kuch nahi... Main kuch nahi.

We cut back to Nakul, this time on a wide shot to reveal that he is lying down on a railway track. He is about to kill himself. There is silence.

NAKUL (VO) (CONT'D)

Regards, Nakul.

Some moments pass in silence. As we slowly zoom into Nakul, we see he is slightly struggling with his neck on the rail.

His neck is in an awkward position. He tries to use a hand as a cushion but it's not working.

Abruptly he sits up, irritated. He looks at his wrist-watch. It reads 2 am. His body language suggests he has been waiting for a while now.

He looks towards his left, there is no sign of the train, looks right, No signs of the train here either. He looks around towards platform.

At a distance he sees something and stops for a second as his eyes light up momentarily. It's a fancy looking PILLOW with a Kohinoor embroidery. It's lying on a nondescript empty bench.

CUT TO:

Nakul is back at the track with the pillow and he rests his head on it. His neck is comfortable now. Takes a deep breath as we hear the sound of the approaching train.

He shuts his eyes.

Screen goes blank. Sound of the train increase in volume, the tracks are vibrating. A dog barks. Loudly.

Screen opens up. Nakul frowns as he kicks out at the dog (not shown) with his eyes closed.

The dog barks again.

Nakul opens his eyes, annoyed. A HOMELESS GUY (56, bearded, unpleasant, injured) is sitting on the track beside him in a wicketkeeper position, making barking noises. He has an angry wicked look in his eyes. Nakul is startled.

HOMELESS GUY

Takiya de humara!

Homeless guy lurches at the pillow. Nakul refuses to give it away. Homeless man has the look of a mad man as he says.

HOMELESS GUY (CONT'D)

Humari sampatti churata hai!

Train horn sounds. Nakul looks at him like, 'What world are you from?'

Train horn sounds alarmingly near. We see it speeding towards the station.

Nakul gropes around for..

..a stone and flings it at the guy's face, drawing blood.

The man doesn't flinch!

Nakul flings two more stones at the man's face. No reaction!

NAKUL

(taken aback)

Kaun hai be tu?! Marnea hai kya?

HOMELESS GUY

(declares grandly)

Haan!

Homeless Guy now turns to pick up a STONE and loses his balance.

Holding on to the pillow for dear life, Nakul turns and runs along the track... towards the train.

He panics. As he stops, he is hit in the head by a stone and he falls down on the track and the beggar starts running towards Nakul.

HOMELESS GUY (CONT'D)
Senapati akraman...

The lunatic homeless guy says to an imaginary character as he catches up on Nakul.

The train is right behind them.

Homeless guy catches up and grabs Nakul by the collar as he tries to escape.

Another struggle ensues. Hurling abuses. The beggar overpowers feeble Nakul.

As they tug on the pillow, the train draws nearer, when..

..Nakul let's go and falls to the other side of the track.

A loud shriek which ends abruptly, as..

..the train pummels over the homeless guy and his pillow, flinging cotton balls into the air!

Through the billowing balls, we see Nakul fleeing, scared!

TITLE CREDITS: AFSOS

9 **INT. NAKUL HOUSE (DAY)**

9

Nakul's building is in a non-posh locality.

It's morning. He has just woken up. His face is injured.

He goes to the washroom to take a shower.

But as soon as he enters the shower, he jumps out coz the water is too hot.

CUT TO:

Nakul is freshly-bathed, has combed his hair and worn his clothes. He is sitting on his desk and writing something that also appears on VO like the suicide letter above.

NAKUL (VO)
Main sochta hu kabhi kabhi...

He quickly erases it, and rewrites the line along with the revised VO.

NAKUL (VO) (CONT'D)
Kabhi kabhi main sochta hu...

He again cancels it and writes again.

NAKUL (VO) (CONT'D)
Sochta hu main kabhi kabhi... ugh!

Nakul gives up. He cries his heart out.

He crushes the paper and throws it in the trash and walks out. We see more such crushed papers inside and outside the dustbin.

He shifts to the bed, distraught. He picks up the phone and after much introspection, calls 'Bhaiya'. We see his phonebook has limited entries.

The phone rings as Nakul, desperate to speak to family, keeps waiting. The phone keeps ringing, as he sees a family photo in front of him. The call is disconnected from the the other side.

Nakul looks on, he is in a place of no hope.

4B/4C **EXT. GROUND OUTSIDE SHLOKA'S OFFICE (DAY)**

4B/4C

Nakul with his head down is walking towards his destination with a bag in front of his crotch.

A football comes and strikes him on his injured face.

Kids who are playing at nearby park signal him to return it.

Nakul attempts to kick it after a determined run up but fails. Ball goes elsewhere. Nakul sighs: 'tch'.

The kids are like 'what yaar'.

Nakul keeps walking towards a modern office complex.

His face is injured. A bird shits on him. Nakul's shoulder drops.

Nakul frowns and looks up only for the bird to shit again, this time on his face. He reacts minimally in a way to suggest this happens regularly. He has accepted it and walks on towards the building which houses Shloka's office.

5

INT. SHLOKA'S CABIN (DAY)

5

Shloka is a 30 year old therapist practicing in her own chamber that is part of a clinic. Shloka's cabin has two sofas facing each other with cushions.

There is a name plate with her name Shloka Sachdev. There is an old pic of Shloka and her husband from their wedding. They look much younger. Shloka has her wedding ring on.

There is the book Secret by Rhonda Byrne along with other props for a mental health professional.

Both Nakul and Shloka are seated. Silent glances. Nakul still has the bag placed on his lap. Nakul has wiped off the shit marks messily and he is wet from the clean up.

Shloka breaks the silence and takes control of the situation.

SHLOKA

Nakul, I have some pictures for you.

Shloka hands her iPad to him, full of gory pictures of dismembered bodies after a train accident. She swipes on.

Nakul flinches.

SHLOKA (CONT'D)

I just want to be transparent, okay? Tumhe pata hona chahiye na, ki what happens agar tum train ke saamne aa jaate?

Nakul looks away as Shloka plays the video. Nakul tries to suppress his grimace to the audible shrieks. The video shows a man jumping in front of a train. Shloka speaks up in her signature manner.

SHLOKA (CONT'D)

Chalna, uthna, baithna, letna - ye sab kitna difficult hai tab pata chalta hai jab backbone tooti hain

Nakul straightens his back instinctively.

SHLOKA (CONT'D)

Nakul, I understand your state of mind, it's very common. I also have low phases. But iska matlab yeh nahi ki I will go harm myself. Kyunki woh option... bohot asaan hai.

Nakul looks down.

Shloka's face relaxes just a bit as she looks at his bent head.

SHLOKA (CONT'D)
Yeh chot kaise lagi?

Close in on Nakul's face.

CUT TO

5A **EXT. LAKE / LAKESIDE SHORE - (DAY)**

5A

Nakul's face looking down, determined.

WIDE: A man jumps into the water. Loud splash.

In the foreground of the same frame, two fishermen playing cards hear the splash. They turn in time to see a large ripple settle.

They look at each other.

FISHERMAN 1
(in Konkani)
Kon padlo re?
(Kaun gira?)

FISHERMAN 2 shrugs. They resume playing as--

The man in the lake flails about his arms, waving for help.

It is Nakul.

NAKUL
Help! Bachao!

He splashes about desperately, screaming.

Alerted, both fisherman dive in to save Nakul.

The fishermen reach Nakul and one grasps his arm, propping his head above the water.

Nakul gasps,

..and struggles, as--

Some more men reach Nakul and drag him back to the shore, where a crowd has gathered from the nearby slums.

Fisherman 1 looks around for.. Fisherman 2. Who is missing!

FISHERMAN 1
Mahadip khuein asaa?
(Where is Mahadip?)

The men call out, 'Mahadip!' 'Mahadip!' And then--

MEN
Paani mein dekh!

Some men jump in. A loud murmur goes up.

MEN (CONT'D)
(in Konkani)
Mahadip budlo!

MORE MEN
Arre, doob gaya!

Nakul gets punched on the eye bruising it.

Cut back to Shloka's cabin.

5 **INT. SHLOKA'S CABIN (DAY)**

5

Shloka processes the information and shakes her head in disbelief.

She begins to take notes.

SHLOKA
So this was your... 11th attempt?

Nakul silently bobbles his head in between yes and no.

CUT TO:

5B **EXT. SHADY SHOP (DAY)**

5B

Nakul is at a shady paan shop in a dark dingy alley.

NAKUL
Yeh asli hai na?

SHOP KEEPER
Haan bhaisaab nishchint raho. Wapas
nahi aoge.

Shopkeeper winks at Nakul.

Nakul leaves with his purchase.

The HELPER looks at his boss.

HELPER

Bhaiyya aapko yeh theek lagta hai kya? Aap logon ko zeher bech rahe ho?

SHOPKEEPER

Abbe ghanta zeher, viagra hai. ab sharm ke maare wapas nahi ayega.

CUT TO:

5

INT. SHLOKA'S CABIN (DAY)

5

Nakul randomly switches one leg over the other to hide a visible boner. Shloka notices but doesn't address it. He looks defeated.

SHLOKA

Okay Nakul. Here is what we need to do. You have to visualise your future. You have to fight back. quitting is not an option. It is never an option.

Nakul speaks up firmly for the first time.

NAKUL

But why not? Why not?
Writing ke liye maine job chhoda phir pata chala writing mein bhi mein kuch khaas hu nahi.
Phirse naukri li. Jo chali gayi.
Aaj tak char naukri se nikala gaya hoon, aur har baar woh sahi the.
teen baar pyaar hua, aur teeno ne mujhe chhoda, aur har baar woh sahi the.
Mujhse baat karne wala sirf ek insaan. Aap! Jisko main baat karne ke paise deta hoon. paise Jo mujhe gaadi bech ke mile, gaadi joh mera maa-baap ke hai jo meri wajah se paralysed pade hue hai. Mera apna bhai mujhe ghar aane nahi deta.

Shloka is listening intently.

NAKUL (CONT'D)

Then why not? Shloka ji, Main jab chhota tha tab din kharab jaaye, toh main jaldi so jaata tha. Taaki din khatam ho jaaye.

(MORE)

NAKUL (CONT'D)

Ab mujhe apni zindagi ke saath bhi wahi karna hai. This is my gut feeling. And gut feeling is never wrong. Main samajhta hoon ke har kisi ka accha - bura waqt hota hai, jaise aap kehte rehte ho, par mera kabhi accha aaya hi nahi? Meri manhoosiyat ka bas yehi ilaaj hai. Mujhe marna hai. Lekin har baar jab bhi marne jaata hoon, toh koi na koi bhala insaan bacha leta hai, arre log apne kaam se matlab kyu nahi rakhte.

(gets angry)

Woh mujhe bacha toh lete hai, phir akela chor ke apni apni zindagi mein wapas chale jaate hai. Toh phir kya fayda? Shloka ji, Aap ko bhi meri koi fikar nahi hai, aapko bas apne baare mein accha feel karna hai. Mujhe toh lagta mere saath sabko marr jaana chahiye.

Shloka who has heard enough of this poetic rendition of suicide, is agitated.

SHLOKA

Toh marrne ke baad sab sahi ho jayega?

NAKUL

Shayad?

SHLOKA

Acha... theek hai.. tumhe marna hai na?

Shloka opens her drawer and pulls out a sharp knife.

SHLOKA (CONT'D)

Take this.

Nakul is taken aback.

SHLOKA (CONT'D)

Kya hua? Yeh lo. Nass kaat lo. 30 second main khatam.

NAKUL

Shlokaji, aap...

SHLOKA

No really. Main sirf help kar rahi hoon tumhe. Itni baar try kiya hai.

(MORE)

SHLOKA (CONT'D)

Abhi tak tumne nass kaatne ka nahi
socha, woh toh sabse pehle sochna
chaiye. Sabse common hai. Ab karlo.
main nahi rokungi.
tum carpet ka mat socho, main saaf
karwa lungi.

Nakul doesn't reply and is stunned by Shloka's sudden rant.
Shloka continues with a changed tone.

SHLOKA (CONT'D)

Agar tumhe marna hota Nakul toh tum
railway line mein takiya nahi
dhundte, talaab mein doobte waqt
maddad nahi maangte aur ab tak mar
jaate. Tumhe yeh lagta hai ke tum
marna chahte ho, but every time
your survival instinct somehow
kicks in and you don't die because
you dont want to die. Accept it.

Nakul doesn't have an answer. Shloka smirks slightly.
Scribbles a note - "no imminent danger". Underlines
"imminent". Nakul twiddles his thumbs.

N1 **EXT. MANIKARAN, HIMACHAL (DAY)**

N1

A small sleepy town with a sparse population, in the middle
of snow-covered mountains. The scenic beauty is breathtaking.
A rundown milestone reads Manikaran.

We see a group of kids, looking up shouting at a tree and
giving directions.

KIDS

Idhar idhar, Uncle idhar.

Inspector Bir Singh (32), the head of Manikaran police, is on
the tree, bending forward to retrieve a stuck kite/ball. He
is doing a petty job as there is no work.

He gets a call from his deputy.

BIR SINGH

Haan Dwivedi.

He listens to the other voice and says.

BIR SINGH (CONT'D)

Ashram mein?

Bir Singh asks worriedly.

CUT TO:

Bir Singh travelling in a cycle across Manikaran to reach somewhere urgently.

He reaches the ashram.

15

EXT. ASHRAM (DAY)

15

A small open ashram in the hills of Manikaran, a sleepy town.

Inside we see, the ashram completely turned upside down.

One by one, we reveal dead bodies in the contrasting snow covered grounds.

All the sadhus, including the Head Sadhu, lie dead. The head sadhu is dead in sitting position.

Blood flows freely all over the floor. A section of the ashram is burning. The place has been ransacked.

Surveying all this in dismay is Inspector Bir Singh. He crouches beside the head sadhu's body to pull out a magazine, drenched in blood completely. We cant read anything.

As he collects the magazine as evidence, Hawaldar Dwivedi (35) approaches and speaks in an excited tone which seems rather inappropriate considering the situation. This is the first time ever a crime has happened in this sleepy town.

DWIVEDI

Sirji, 12 saadhu marr chuke hai. Ek missing hai. Itna bada crime aaj tak Manikaran mein nahi hua.

Bir Singh takes a moment to grasp this.

BIR SINGH

Haan yaar aaj lag raha hai hum police mein hain

DWIVEDI

Haan sir, darr bhi lag raha hai aur maza bhi aa raha hai.

They get back to the work from their indulgent conversation with urgency.

BIR SINGH

Acha acha... karte hai. Tera sadhu the....

Both of them start to look around to identify the dead bodies.

DWIVEDI
Mahabuddhi Maharaj.
(then, quickly)
Bhola. Trilochan. Mridu.

BIR SINGH
Pashupati. Jagadguru. Soumya.

DWIVEDI
Gambhir Maharaj. Paramjyoti..

DWIVEDI (CONT'D)
(interrupts)
Fokatiya. Fokatiya nahi hai.

Bir Singh pauses and takes in the information.

BIR SINGH
Hmm.

As he looks around, he spots the turmoil in the ashram. Lockers and cupboards are open and been tampered with.

He states a fact.

BIR SINGH (CONT'D)
Khooni kuch dhoondh raha tha.

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. MUMBAI STREETS (DAY)**

7

Fokatiya baba (65 year old sadhu) is in Bombay crossing a road carefully, holding tightly something precious in his jhola.

We see a glance of the bottle that glows. It's striking. He exits the frame.

In the same frame, we spot Nakul in the background. As we focus towards him, we see he is tying a blindfold on his eyes.

Pan out to see: He is at the side of a busy highway. Cars zoom past him leaving behind trails of dust.

Nakul takes a deep breath.

And starts walking!

- Cars honk!
- Someone yells.
- Someone swerves.
- Someone misses him by a whisker.

But Nakul walks on, undisturbed, as cars miss him completely.

He reaches the divider. Stumbles over it.

Walks on to the other side of the highway.

This time, a cop has halted traffic to allow him to cross.

Oblivious, Nakul walks on to the other side along with two other confused pedestrians.

As soon as his foot hits the curb, he pulls off his blindfold, disappointed.

As he stands there, he misses the furious sounds of a cycle bell nearing..

..and instinctively steps back to avoid being hit!

Swerving away from Nakul, the cycle guy loses his balance!

A distraught Nakul is standing still, after failing to die again.

A small kid distributing leaflets nears him and hands him a flyer. He quickly dissolves in the crowd.

Nakul finding the flyer in his hand, looks at it. It says 'You want to leave?, call 8080XXXX88'

2

EXT. ONE SIDED LOVER'S CLIFF/ MARIA'S VAN - (DAY)

2

An elevated expanse of land with some couples making out. Oddly, there is a board that says 'Lover's point' where some miscreants have written 'one sided' before 'lover's point. There are some random bystanders smoking, passing time. At one end of this open space is the edge of the cliff. It's eerily empty.

There are danger signs all over. Not far from this, there is a food-truck type vendor van. There is space for three to four people to fit in the main truck area. There is a window on one side to display some products. The window is partially open currently.

The van says 'Detergents available here'. The products this van is pretending to sell are detergents, an odd choice given the location. Somewhat suspicious.

There are no customers. It's a front for Maria's actual illegal business. She works out of the van. There is no permanent arrangement in that area, only mobile.

Maria is sitting on a foldable chair in the mobile van on the back side. She is looking through a BINOCULAR. Through the binocular we see can see two guys at the edge of the cliff.

Both are involved in an intense conversation.

We can clearly see that one guy is assuring the other that he has nothing to worry about, calming him down. He can trust him. The other guy is calming down.

They both turn towards the valley.

The first guy moves behind the other, and after a pause, gently pushes him. Off the cliff.

He falls off he cliff with a loud shriek.

The sound is biting.

Maria takes her eye off the binocular, and smoothly proceeds to take a note on her register. She has a neutral expression.

Vikram (first guy) walks in and take a seat beside her. Vikram is annoyed.

VIKRAM

Yaar yeh kaam merese nahi hoga

MARIA

Kyu sahi toh kiya?

Vikram shakes his head.

VIKRAM

Dekh Maria, hitman agency tak theek tha. daring kaam tha, lekin jo suicide nahi kar paa rahe, unko maarne mein koi izzat nahi hai.

(he concludes)

Mujhe guilty lagta hai.

MARIA

(finally looks up)

Isme guilt kaisa? log dukhi hai.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

Marrna chah rahe hai, par marr nahi pa rahe, so we provide them with a solution. Yeh ek tarah se euthanasia hi to hai. Agar pakde bhi gaye then zyada se zyada 'we assisted in suicide'. I am telling you, Vikram. This is the perfect loophole.

Vikram isn't convinced.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Dekh, abhi meri beti badi ho rahi hai, aaj nahi toh kal teri bhi family hogi. Kab tak yeh hitman ka kaam karte rahenge? Future ka soch.

VIKRAM

Arre par yeh model sustainable nahi hain. Kitna paise kama lenge hum isse?

MARIA

More than sustainable, dekh har saal lagbhag 8 lakh log suicide attempt karte hai. Agar hum sabse 100 rupaiye bhi le, toh annual turn over 8 crore hai. Aur hum teen log matlab 2.5 crore per person.

Vikram thinks for a moment to form his rebuttal.

VIKRAM

Arre par woh 8 lakh log sab India mein toh nahi hai na ???

Maria ponders her response.

MARIA

Haan magar hum 100 rupaye bhi toh nahi le rahe na.

A knock is heard on the van.

Nakul has come with the flyer.

12 **INT. MARIA'S VAN (DAY)**

12

Maria's painting is shown on the wall of the food truck.

We pan to Nakul and Maria staring at each other for a while. Nakul has made his request. Vikram pours some Mirinda and serves Nakul.

MARIA
Kaise karna hai?

Maria shows options on the laptop/brochure. Options say: Push of the cliff, Shoot, Choke... Nakul thinks for a while and points and says.

NAKUL
Shoot me... in the head.

MARIA
Kidhar karna hai

Again Nakul thinks about it.

NAKUL
Mere ghar pe.

MARIA
Kisiko inform karna hai?

Longest pause of the three.

NAKUL
Haan.

CUT TO:

13 **EXT. CLIFF OUTSIDE VAN (DAY)**

13

Maria and Nakul step out of the van.

MARIA
Thank you so much Nakul. Advance policy, tumko toh pata hi hai. Ek photo lena hai.

Nakul stands straight.

Maria gestures to him to move to his right. Nakul moves.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Thoda baal upar.

Nakul adjusts his hair and looks at the camera awkwardly.

He is stiff. Maria looks at him and shrugs.

Nakul breaks into the slightest of smiles.

Annie, Maria's 6 year old daughter comes running to her while a Kaali peeli taxi proceeds to take an u-turn prepares to exit in the depth. She is in a distinct school uniform.

ANNIE

Mummy. Mummy. Miss Fonseca gave me
a gold star! See.

Maria hugs her warmly.

MARIA

Yayyy!
Nakul, meet my daughter.

Nakul says hi awkwardly.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Isko bhi writer banna hai.

NAKUL

(uninterestedly)
Acha acha.

Seeing Nakul's awkwardness, Maria asks the kid to go play
inside with Vikram.

MARIA

Jao Vikram uncle ke paas.

Nakul resumes the conversation.

NAKUL

Mariaji, Isse pehle bhi maine bohot
kohshish ki hain. Yeh ho jayega na?

MARIA

Ho jayega? Ho gaya! ho gaya! Main
yeh kaam Upadhyay ko de rahi hu. Ab
aapko desh ki fauj bhi nahi bacha
sakti.

NAKUL

Upadhyay?

MARIA

Best in the business. Sirf dost hai
isliye nahi keh rahi hu. Magar Ek
baar usse koi target mil jaye, uske
baad chahe kuch bhi ho, woh nahi
bach sakta

While we still hear Nakul and Maria's last few dialogue, we
see a church exterior.

18

INT. CHURCH (DAY)

18

A funeral ceremony is under way at a church. A board reads 'In memory of Freddie Lawrence'.

Mourners look on from their seats at the casket carrying the erstwhile Freddie Lawrence.

The dead man's friend is delivering the eulogy. He is old.

OLD MAN

Freddie Lawrence was such a good friend. I remember when I was about to get married, I was kadka, broke. So Freddie Broke his provident fund and gave me 20,000 rupees. Too bad the marriage didn't last a week...

(audience laughs)

but my friendship with Freddie sure did... until his sudden heart attack. May he now rest in peace. Amen

CROWD

Amen

OLD MAN

Is there anyone else?

No one seems to have anything to say. Just as the friend is about to turn away, a hand goes up.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Yes, Ma'am. Please.

A tall, broad WOMAN (30) in black and a veil makes her way out of her row while stepping on a few feet.

Those hurt look at her appalled at her insolence!

She ignores them and walks to podium, wiping a tear.

The friend leaves the podium, leaving the area free.

As the woman walks forward, her eyes fall upon a mammoth Victorian Era painting hung at the far end of the church.

She heads to the podium, and--

At the last minute, she turns and reaches the casket.

Her expression changes to a cold, calculated one. That of a violent predator.

She reaches into her purse, takes out a gun.

Collective heave from the assembled audience.

She shoots the body in the head five times, making small 'pop' sounds.

The body jerks from the impact.

The crowd panics.

They begin to scramble and escape.

Unaffected, Upadhyay heads to the podium.

With a backdrop of chaos, Upadhyay states clearly.

WOMAN

I wish I had met him earlier. Amen!

Satisfied, she proceeds to walk out. She takes off her hat, veil and her dress.

She is wearing a different color dress inside.

She heads for the exit, and assumes a mournful face, shedding a few tears with the other escaping mourners.

Upadhyay intro Music plays in the background.

CUT TO:

19 **EXT. CHURCH (DAY)**

19

Upadhyay goes to a corner next to her car.

She rolls up her sleeves to reveal several small cut marks on her arm.

She has kept count of her kills. Both arms are full of marks. She makes another cut.

As she watches her blood flow expressionlessly, she pulls her phone out to a message from Maria.

The message text says NEXT and has Nakul's photo.

CUT TO:

20 **EXT. MUMBAI STREETS (NIGHT)**

20

Nakul exhaling smoke.

He is smoking in front of a magazine shop scanning all the magazines on display.

A man next to him picks up two magazines and gives it to the shopkeeper for purchase. One magazine falls down.

He bends and picks up an unusual looking cover that says - The Immortal. The name of the magazine is Truth Times.

He gets curious.

A bird shits on the person next to him who was waiting for a change.

Nakul sees it.

Nakul looks up in surprise.

FADE OUT

OML Entertainment Pvt. Ltd.

Certificate of Registration

This is to certify that I have registered this Screenplay
titled Afsos

Written by Anirban Dasgupta

Whose SWA Membership No. is 036162

On 12/11/2018

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