

CameraTod Productions

Presents

SURMAAI

1 EXT. FISH MARKET - MORNING

FADE IN

A haze of humid light. RIYA (14), blank-faced in a crisp white shirt, stands frozen in the chaos. Earphones plugged in. A trickle of sweat on her face.

RIYA

(mumbles)

...aayi hu. Kitna shor hai yaha.
Mai aur Kanta soch rahe hai konsi
machli leni hai. Papa ko zyada
masala pasand hai.

A hand taps her shoulder.

KANTA (O.S.)

Didi? Surmai ka pomfret?

She doesn't answer. Kanta repeats her question.

Riya blinks back to reality. Points vaguely.

Flashes. Fish being cut. A frame of someone being stabbed.

CUT TO

2 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Riya stands by the kitchen, watching Kanta cook. Onions being cut, food being tossed in a pan.

RIYA

Ab jitna zyada sochti hu, utna kam
dar lagta hai. Shayad thoda maza
bhi aane laga hai.

AI

Acchi baat hai. Par aisa bhi ho
sakta hai, ki dar ab ek aadat ban
chuki hai.

She thinks about it. No reply. Kanta interrupts.

KANTA

Didi, khana laga du?

RIYA

(same tone of voice)

Nahi, aaj papa ke saath khaungi.

Kanta doesn't say anything. She smiles with concern.

Riya takes a look at her watch. She heads to her room to freshen up.

CUT TO

3 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The shower turns on. Riya still has her headphones on. She shuts her eyes, maybe for a moment of peace.

Flashes. Knives. Someone stabbed again.

CUT TO

4 INT. RIYA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Riya has changed into new clothes. She puts on earrings, looking at herself in the mirror. A smile on her face.

RIYA

Sundar.

A picture of her mother is stuck on the mirror. Riya is wearing the same outfit as her.

CUT TO

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Keys rattle at the front door. Riya opens the door before the keys unlock. Her FATHER (40s) enters.

He takes a glance at Riya, and shifts his gaze below.

FATHER

Kanta chali gayi?

RIYA

Haa. Aaj aap jaldi aa gaye?

He drops his keys on a side table.

FATHER

Haan... zyada kaam nahi tha. Khana
kha liya?

RIYA

Nahi. Socha aaj mumma ka birthday
tha, to saath me khayenge.

He studies her – a flicker of concern.

CUT TO

6 INT. DINING TABLE – MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen is small, cluttered. Riya, still wearing earphones,
prepares a plate.

RIYA

Mmm. Aaj to Kanta ne kya khana
banaya hai. Ekdam masaledaar.

AI

Tum ab khush lag rahi ho. Itne
acche se jhooth kaise bol leti ho?

RIYA

Kyuki maine dard mehsus kiya hai.
Kya tumhe kabhi dard hua hai?

AI

Mujhe waise to dard samajh nahi
aata. Par tum batao. Kya tumhe
dard ho raha hai?

RIYA

Roz. Par aaj ke baad nahi hoga.

She walks to the table and calmly sets out plates, cutlery. One
plate for her father, one for her.

RIYA

(smiling)

Aaj mumma ka favorite banaya hai
Kanta ne. Surmai.

Riya starts playing with the spoon, father's reflection is
visible in the shot.

FATHER

Tera sab theek chal raha hai na?

RIYA

Chal raha hai...

(PAUSE)

Aaj aapka office kaisa tha?

FATHER

Uhh theek hi tha.. Promotion ki
baat chal rahi hai

He eats with his hands. She eats with a spoon. Quietly. Normal.

FATHER

Uhh pakka sab theek hai na?

RIYA

abhi toh pucha tha aapne!

CUT TO

7 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The father rinses his hands at the sink.

Silence swells.

No reply.

FATHER

Aaj surmai badhiya banaya tha
Kanta ne... Pata hai tumhari ma..
ahh

He gasps. A clean, sudden stab. He turns around to see Riya,
holding a knife.

FATHER

Riya... kyu?

RIYA

Kyu? KYU? Itna jaldi bhool bhi
gaye? KYU MAARA MUMMA KO?

He falls to the ground. Another stab. And another.

FATHER

Riya...

CUT TO BLACK

8 INT. LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Low light. Riya stands against her door, half-hidden.

She's watching her MOTHER laugh softly as a MAN (not her father) leans in close, whispering something. Her mother's hand touches his arm – a moment of intimacy.

Riya's eyes widen. She steps back, breathing faster.

She dials her father.

One ring. Two. Three.

No answer.

Again.

No answer.

She drops the phone. Her face is blank now. Emotionless.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The door creaks open.

The father enters, confused, looking around.

He looks at the ground.

The mother. Motionless.

Riya is crouched beside her, trembling.

She's whispering, again and again:

FATHER

Riya what the fuck?!

RIYA

(softly, trembling, over
and over, as she stabs
the mom)

Mumma bohot buri hai... bohot buri
hai mumma... ye kaise hua... mumma
ne aisa kyu kiya... mumma bohot
buri hai...

He stares in disbelief.

Kneels beside her, panicked.

She doesn't hear him. Still mumbling.

He grabs her shoulders gently. Tries to hold her. Rock her.

FATHER

(soft, urgent)

Riya, Riya, sun beta. Suno, tumne
kuch nahi kiya. Suno... meri baat
suno. It's okay. Ye tumne nahi
kiya. Tumne kuch nahi kiya beta.

She stares through him, almost hypnotized. Blood on her hands.

CUT TO BLACK

9 INT. KITCHEN - PRESENT

The father's lies on the floor. Blood seeping slowly into the
tile. Still. His eyes slightly open.

RIYA

Happy birthday mumma.

She walks away from the body.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END