

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY

Janak walks out of the temple, her head covered with her *Dupatta*, holding her protruding belly with one hand and a small earthen pot with a lid full of fresh flowers, in the other.

Turning around to ring the bell at the temple gate, she carefully bows down to kiss the floor.

Then sifting her sandals through the pile of footwear in the corner, she settles on the little platform to put them on, before signing/calling the 4-5 homeless KIDS, from across the street.

As they run toward her through the bustling traffic, she's scared for them for a moment before she sighs as they successfully cross over.

KIDS
(shouting indistinctly)

दादी अम्मा, दादी अम्मा । हमे प्रसाद चाहिए । हम सब को ।

KTD 1

Text

KTD 3

मुझे लड्डु ...!!

(CONT'D)

और मुझे पतीसा...!!

JANAK

आ गई मेरी प्यारी खुराफ़ातियों की सेना । सबने होमवर्क किया?

KIDS
(in unision)

हाँजी दादी अम्मा ...!! (गाते हुए) !

Janak lets out a hearty laugh, her eyes watery, before smiling and eyeing them to open their books.

As each of them take turns to show her his/her notebooks, she hands them Prasad one after the other, occasionally tousling their hair.

JANAK

(आँखों से ज़ोर लगाते हुए) शाबाश । राजा बेटे, ये तेरे लिए । चलो तूम् दिखाओ,...ये तेरे लिए ।

A neighbour, BEHEN JI, about the same age, stands by them, with her coterie of friends, noticing her before calling on it.

BEHEN JI

**ओ बहन जी, बुरा ना मनो तो एक गल पुच्छां ? त्वाडा नज़र नाका ठीक है?
एस उमर विच्च बच्यान दा काम क्रिदान वेख लेन्दे हो?**

As she continues handing out the Prasad, Janak calls her near and whispers in her ear.

JANAK

**(सिर हिला कर जनक उनको पास बुलाती है)
सच्ची बोलूँ तो मैं तो कभी स्कूल ही नहीं गई ।**

Surprised, BEHEN JI is tickled into a chuckle as she continues to look at her shuffle through the last few pages of the kid's notebooks.

The neighbour then tells the ladies around her, who together break into a guffaw that's really rocket.

Amused and momentarily distracted, Janak then ignores them as KID 4, a girl, who's followed the others to come to her, stands there scratching her head.

JANAK (CONT'D)

ओए तेरी कापी कित्थे है?

KID 4

मैंने नहीं किया ...।

Seeing Janak continue to hand the last piece of sweet to another kid, with the now empty container in her hand, she hangs her head and begins to move away-

JANAK

अच्छा, रुक फेर । दे तो रही हूँ ।

- hearing which she rushes back, as Janak rustles her Dupatta. Before she can even pull it out, the girl snatches it from her hand -

JANAK (CONT'D)

ओए ! चोरी करती है । रुक जा, ज़रा...(गुस्सैल) बात तो सुन ।

-and runs behind the other kids, dunking the whole orange cricket ball sized laddoo in her mouth.

JANAK (CONT'D)

ये आखिरी बार है, सुनया । अगली बार होमवर्क दिखाए बिना नहीं लेने दूँगी ।

Holding her protruding weight, which the kid hit by accident as she bends down in pain.

JANAK (CONT'D)

सुन रही है...!!

As the neighbour comes over and holds her up-

BEHEN JI

तू ठीक है ना, माता ।

- Janak nods, in exhaustion.

JANAK

(सिर से हाँ बोलते हुए) एह मेरा हर्निया, बेल्ट पाना पुह गई ।

While Behen Ji helps her move from there, a few old LADIES who Behen Ji was sharing the story with, surround them like bees.

LADY 1

ये बच्चे वी ना, एय वी नहीं देखते कि बुजुर्ग है ... ।

Janak smiles sheepishly. The kid, who's now crossed the street looks back at her, concerned, before running away.

BEHEN JI

JANAK

**(हस्ते हुए) लट्ट हैगे ने प्रशाद दे पिच्छे । लैह । तुस्सी ते सारे ही वांड दित्ते ।
मैं ते पोते लई खास रखें ने !**

JANAK

मेरा बेटा बाहर शहर में रहता है ।

EXT. HOME STREET- CONTINUOUS

Walking on the street side, she saves her face and nods surreptitiously as passers by wish her good morning, before pivoting from the huddle as Behen ji trails her to her house.

Here she notices a few men, standing outside the gate, a little away, huddled around a motorbike, one of them, Vishnu- the Doctor who was monitoring Pramod's condition and talking to Sarita, when BEHEN JI calls her from behind-