

OTHER DAYS

Psychosocial Romantic Drama

Aditya Sengupta

2020

Times & Images, LLC Copyright!

## 20. INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Samuel is standing and reciting the same poem, he takes up from where Sara left off -

SAMUEL

*Oh what damage, can those eyes essay.  
It binds me. It builds on my burdens.  
I embrace them, just like I have done,  
Yesterday, the day before and all the other days.*

There is a pause. Sara looks up at him. Her eyes are desolate, and there's a small frown on her face.

SAMUEL

You hate it.  
(slams the book on the  
table)

SARA

No! No, no. It's not that. I love  
it. It's just...

SAMUEL

It's derivative. It's boring, and  
prosaic. And its just so bloody  
cheesy. "I embrace them"? WHO  
WRITES SUCH UTTER CRAP!

SARA

Sam! Thaash kore ekta thappor  
marbo!  
(warningly)

SAMUEL

(calms down a bit)  
I'm... I'm sorry.

SARA

I love it. I do.

Sara walks over to Samuel and puts her arms around him. Samuel continues looking down in shame.

SARA

Look at me. Samuel Cross! Look at  
me.  
(Sam looks)  
Are you alright?

SAMUEL

I wish. I spent 3 days writing  
something unprintable. Unreadable.  
Crap.

SARA

You're overthinking, Sam.

Sara leans in to kiss, but Sam moves his face away. He walks over to the fallen book. Takes it out and rips out the pages. He then thinks about what he wants to do with the pages. And then he sits back down. Sara notices this.

SARA

Sam. You've written beautifully. As you always do... I'm... I'm just worried about you.

SAMUEL

Why?

SARA

It's just... It's because of what you've written, Sam.

SAMUEL

(turns to her)

What do you mean?

SARA

Pain in her eyes? The damage? The burden? Is this what you think of me?

SAMUEL

(incredulously)

Absolutely not! Sara. Dear God, you're asking me not to overthink?

SARA

I'm serious, Sam.

SAMUEL

(thinks for a second)

You're not the first woman to hurt me. I sure hope you're the last. The poem. Or whatever it is. What I wrote. It's not about you. It's...

(begins to cry softly)

My mum wasn't the easiest person to be around growing up. She and dad never got along. And then mum self-diagnosed herself with acute depression. Started hoarding up pills. Every time she and dad fought, she'd pop a pill. And if I ever... EVER... Asked for food, or wanted anything - she'd make me take a pill too. I... I don't remember my childhood much, Sara.

(breaks down)

It's all a blur... And now... I'm not depressed, Sara. Trust me. But I don't know... I don't know.

SARA  
(holds him in her arms)  
Sam... It's ok. I'm here. There's  
nothing to fear now... Look at me.  
I love you, Samuel Cross.

Samuel holds Sara and cries. Sara pats his back and rubs her  
hand on his head.

CUT TO:

21. INT. SAMUEL'S HOUSE. SUNSET.

The sun is beginning to set. Officer McGrant is looking deep  
into Sara's eyes. Sara's eyes are brimming with tears. Manoj  
is standing a little away, uncomfortable with the topic being  
discussed.

OFFICER MCGRANT  
So, he had a difficult childhood.

SARA  
Hyan...  
(absentmindedly)  
I mean yes.

OFFICER MCGRANT  
What went wrong?

SARA  
Excuse me?  
(wiping her eyes)

OFFICER MCGRANT  
What you've described to me, in  
quite detail, I must say... Is a  
normal adult relationship.

SARA  
Oh... I guess you're looking for  
what went wrong.

OFFICER MCGRANT  
I wouldn't be so indelicate, Ma'am.  
I'm just trying to measure  
everything.

SARA  
You'd rather go ahead and talk to  
his mother. Or the people he used  
to work with. The printing press,  
and the jazz bar. Maybe you can  
talk to his fan club.

OFFICER MCGRANT  
Mrs. Mitra. Could you tell us how  
your relationship ended?