

TENANT

Written by

Sudarshan

1 INT/EXT. LIVING ROOM/CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON**1**

Mohan 57, is walking through the stairs with fast steps. He is wearing formal clothes with black Adidas trainers. Carrying worry on his face he looks at his watch and is mumbling something.

MOHAN

25 saal pehle ki galti...

As he is approaching his door a man of his age walks by him and Mohan's face lights up with a smile and a nod. The man responds with a reciprocal smile and a nod. Mohan turns back to his previous expression and opens the door.

As he enters, Mona 22, turns and stands up from the sofa and both look at each other. Mohan stares at Mona for few seconds while she is looking down. He takes a deep breath and walks up to the couch in front of her separated by a coffee table and nearly falls into a sitting position while taking off his one strap office bag he is wearing on his shoulder. The display shelf behind him is adorned with few medals, a certificate of Best Assessing Officer from Income Tax Department of India and a drawing of mountains with sun rising between them, a river flowing and a small house with a family of three (Mom, Dad and a little girl).

They sit in silence for a while. As Mohan is about to say something, a pigeon enters the room from the open balcony on his right. He stomps his foot angrily towards the pigeon.

MOHAN

Hatt...

The pigeon flies away towards balcony. Mohan again is about to say something when his phone starts buzzing. He takes out the phone from his pocket and sees. It's a call from office. He rejects the call and keeps it on his side. He looks at Mona preparing to say something when the pigeon walks in again.

PIGEON

Grruu...Grruu...

Mohan picks up the steel glass on coffee table and throws it towards the pigeon.

MOHAN

ee...sala...

MONA (SOFTLY)

Nah!

Both look at each other. Mona has little anger in her eyes.

MOHAN

Mujhe akele rehna pasand hai.

MONA

Isiliye aap hume chhod kar chale
gaye the?

Mohan carefully looks at her this time. She is wearing a black kurti with dotted colors, black jeans and black Adidas trainers. She has her hair pulled back in a bun. Her fingers have smudges of colors and a white canvas is peaking out of her bag.

His phone buzzes again, this time he picks up and listens for few seconds.

MOHAN

Theek hai, mai aa raha hu.

He gets up, picks his bag and wears it around his shoulders.

MOHAN

10,000 hai kamre ka kiraya.

Mona looks at him and then nods. As he is about to walk off, a pigeon again comes walking in the room. Mohan looks at it for few seconds then looks at Mona and walks off.