

IT'S ODD

'Some dreams don't let you wake up'

Logline: Haunted by obsessive daydreams, a young psychology student turns to treatment, but the dream world she enters proves far more dangerous than the life she wants to escape.

1. INT. MAANASA'S ROOM – MORNING (REALITY)

Dim light filters through half-drawn curtains. The ALARM CLOCK'S ticking is disturbingly constant.

MAANASA (22 yr, Psychology student, in night dress) paces between the closed door and her study table, clutching her mobile. She sticks over the call button, but her thumb hesitates.

Perspiration beads across her forehead. She presses her right palm against her chest. The beat of her heart alarms her. She exhales sharply, trying to force calm. Finally, she drops into her study chair, pulling a desk CALENDAR closer.

On the bookshelf door handle, her COLLEGE ID dangles — Dept. of Psychology, ID #5432.

The cupboard behind holds psychology TEXTBOOKS. More are stacked in the corner of the desk, topped with a sheet titled EXAM TIMETABLE.

To her left:

- An OPEN LAPTOP displaying a clinic profile_ SPANDANA: PSYCHIATRY AND PSYCHOTHERAPY CLINIC.
- An upside-down textbook — COGNITIVE BEHAVIORAL THERAPY
- A LEAFLET titled Spandana Clinic is tucked inside her DIARY, but the clinic address looks faded, smudged as if photocopied too many times.

Maanasa flips through her desk CALENDAR, back and forth, frantic.

Several dates stand out:

- 6th, 20th, 27th of last month — **red crosses over green ticks.**
- Today's date — marked with a **green tick.**
- In the margin of CALENDAR, TALLY MARKS and a faint doodle of a GIRL.

At the bottom corner of the laptop, the SYSTEM CLOCK confirms: **Today's current time.**

She dials the clinic. Her breath quickens.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

(weary, irritated)

Spandana Clinic. How may I help you?

MAANASA

(voice shaking)

I... I had an appointment with Dr. VATHSALA today, but—

RECEPTIONIST

(sharp)

Is this Maanasa? Again? If you cannot commit, do not waste our time.
We have a waiting list a mile long.

MAANASA

Please. Just one last—

The phone line clicks. Disconnected. The dial tone lingers unusually long, distorted. She stares at the dead phone. Her face is crumpled. She collapses into the chair.

The CLOCK TICK grows LOUDER. Almost mocking.

CUT TO ...

2. INT. DINING HALL/KITCHEN – MORNING (REALITY)

RUKMINI (48, stepmother) peers upstairs toward Maanasa's closed room door.

She presses the CALLING-BELL SWITCH beside the staircase.

A shrill BELL RINGS upstairs.

RUKMINI

(shouting)

Maanasa... hey Maanasa, come for coffee.

She walks into the kitchen, clangs the kettle angrily. 'RAIN PATTERS' outside, the RADIO in the kitchen window hums with an old melody.

Maanasa drags herself down the stairs, clutching a textbook. Her eyes are dull.

MAANASA

(softly)

Aunty... make it strong. My head's bursting.

She drops the book onto the dining table and collapses into a chair. Her head rests on her outstretched arm. A wide yawn and eyes closed.

Moments later, Rukmini places a steaming CUP OF COFFEE and a BOWL OF SUGAR beside her.

RUKMINI

(frustrated)

Drink before it gets cold.

She exits into her room.

Maanasa opens her eyes halfway, stares at the steaming TUMBLER. In its reflection, a CHILD'S FACE flickers —gone instantly.

Maanasa wakes up, inhales deeply, tilting her nostrils toward the rising **coffee aroma**.

A faint smile flickers on her face. A sense of relaxation. Maanasa shifts in her chair, succumbing.

Closes her eyes.

Fade out...

A male voice echoes, soft and familiar:

SUSHANTH (V.O.)

Three cups of coffee... one with extra sugar.

CUT TO

3. INT. COFFEE SHOP (OPPOSITE HER COLLEGE) – EVENING (DAYDREAM)

A bustling COFFEE SHOP glows in a warm golden light. Outside, drizzle streaks the windows. Customers shuffle in and out.

At a four-seater table in the middle row seated: Maanasa with friends SUSHANTH (22), and PRATHIBHA (35).

Their college IDs dangle from their necks. Bags rest on the table.

MANI (20. Waiter), delivers three cups of coffee to the table.

Only one SUGAR SACHET stays in the bowl. Prathibha snatches it quickly.

Sushanth looks annoyed, searching for sugar on the table.

SUSHANTH

(to Mani, waving)

Hello, please get us more sugar, please.

Mani, on his way to serve another table, pauses to refill the bowl with sugar sachets at this table, then moves on.

Sushanth rips one open and pours it into his cup. He looks around—no coffee STIRRER.

He SLAMS the TABLE, frustrated.

Maanasa and Prathibha sip quietly, watching his fuss with amusement.

Sushanth waves again. Mani returns.

This time, Sushanth does not speak. He just makes a stirring gesture with his finger over the cup.

Mani squints, confused.

MANI
(Soft and polite)
What sir.?

Sushanth repeats the gesture, face tightening.

With a smile on face, Mani leans forward, dips his right index finger into Sushanth's coffee, and stirs three quick circles.

Beat.

Maanasa and Prathibha freeze—then BURST into uncontrollable laughter.

Maanasa doubles over, banging the table, laughing louder and louder, unable to stop.

In the middle of her laughter, Maanasa suddenly feels the gaze of a WOMAN (mid-forties), seated at another table across the café.

CUT TO

4. INT. DINING HALL / KITCHEN – MORNING (REALITY)

Maanasa lies slumped at the dining table, still laughing — banging the surface, lost in her own joke.

Rukmini appears from her room, dressed for the day.

She stops, scowling at the sight.

Without a word, she snatches the coffee cup from in front of Maanasa, storms into the kitchen, and dumps it in the SINK —CRASH.

RUKMINI
(angry, bitter)

There is no limit to your madness. Get it treated — or else, get lost.

She grabs the house key, heads to the door.

Maanasa's teary eyes follow her.

The MAIN DOOR SLAMS. The echo lingers.

Maanasa's laughter dies — fear settling in. Silence.

She hunches in the chair, broken.

A long beat.

She rises, crosses to the framed photo of her mom and dad. Lingers, searching for their faces.

A SLIP OF PAPER STICKS OUT. She pulls it free — a torn CHILDHOOD PHOTO.

On the back: SCRIBBLED NUMBERS. 1, 2, 3, 4...12, 13..

SILENCE.

GIRL (O.S.)

(whispering)

...fourteen..., fifteen..., sixteen....

Maanasa stares at the photo, trembling.

CUT TO ...

5. INT. SPANDANA CLINIC –WAITING LOUNGE –DAY (DAYDREAM / METAPHOR)

Muted walls shimmer unnaturally with dim light. The clinic lobby is too quiet, too pristine. Everything feels staged.

Maanasa steps in, pauses at the waiting lounge.

A handful of patients with attendants sit frozen in silence, almost statuesque.

Reluctant, she approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

Behind the desk, a painting looms: PLATO'S ALLEGORY OF THE CAVE.

As the receptionist registers her, Maanasa's eyes drift to the painting.

She takes her token, slips it into her bag, and moves to a side row seat.

She sits —anxious, restless.

A glance back at reception: The desk is empty. The walls faintly shimmer. The PAINTING glows. CLOCK ticks in sync with the hum of fluorescent lights.

A GIRL (12) sits nearby, obsessively tracing cracks in the wall with her finger, whispering numbers under her breath. Her voice echoes strangely.

GIRL

(whispering hypnotic)

...forty- forty-one ... forty-two...

Maanasa stares. Her throat tightens when she notices the bracelet on the girl's wrist — the same one she is wearing.

MAANASA

(anxiously)

Do you always... count?

The Girl looks up. Calm. Eyes mirroring Maanasa's.

GIRL

(Calmly)

I must. If I stop, I disappear.

Maanasa's breath quickens.

GIRL (Continues)

You count too.

(pauses, eyes fixed on her)

Not cracks. Not numbers. But dreams.

Maanasa freezes, trembling.

MAANASA

(fragile, whispering)

Who... who are you?

GIRL

(smiles faintly)

I am what is left of you when the dreams stop.

The receptionist's VOICE distorts, booming:

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Maanasa — Dr. Vathsala will see you now.

Maanasa turns.

When she looks back— the GIRL is gone.

On the wall: hundreds of CHALK TALLY MARKS climb to the ceiling. glowing faintly in the flickering light.

Maanasa grips her bag tight. Her eyes widened. The whispers echo inside her head.

CUT TO ...

6. INT. SPANDANA CLINIC –DR. VATHSALA'S CHAMBER (DAYDREAM)

The room hums faintly with fluorescent lights.

Dr. VATHSALA (50s) sits behind a desk stacked with files and forms.

On top: a TYPED FORM with MAANASA's name.

Maanasa sits across from her, clutching her DIARY like a lifeline.

DR. VATHSALA

(smiling)

*You have been documenting.
Setting alarms, diaries, little ticks on calendars.
Very diligent. That tells me you are trying.*

MAANASA

*But I... I still get pulled into dreams.
I cannot control it.
Sometimes they feel safer than here.*

DR. VATHSALA

(pleasantly)

*"Loss of control." Good.
You recognize the symptoms. That is progress.*

She underlines the phrase in her notes.

Maanasa FLINCHES, realizing her words have been turned into evidence.

DR. VATHSALA (cont'd)

*You say dreams feel safer?
What you call escape... we call avoidance.
And the avoidance escalates.*

Beat.

Protocol is clear: escalation requires stronger intervention.

MAANASA

(confused, pleading)

But you are supposed to help me, stop—

*DR. VATHSALA
(interrupting, warm)*

We are helping.

*By preventing you from harming yourself with fantasy.
But you do not want to stop, Maanasa. You only want relief.
And relief without treatment... is dangerous.*

*Her words sound like empathy, but her pen scratches: “**Delusional tendencies.**”*

She STAMPS the form. The SOUND ECHOES like a GAVEL.

*DR. VATHSALA (cont'd)
(softly, tender)*

*If you keep resisting, we will need to escalate treatment.
Stronger methods. But only because we care.*

Her smile never fades.

But Maanasa's eyes widened, terrified.

*Behind her, SHADOWS RIPPLE on the wall, forming the silhouette of the GIRL STILL
COUNTING. Maanasa grips the chair, trembling.*

The numbers echo softly in the background.

*GIRL (O.S.)
(whispering)*

...forty-six... forty-seven... forty-eight...

CUT TO ...

7. INT. MAANASA'S ROOM_AFTERNOON (REALITY)

The ALARM SCREAMS.

Maanasa JERKS AWAKE at her desk, gasping.

She slams it off.

Silence. Too much silence.

Her DIARY lies open — blank next to ALARM CLOCK.

SPANDANA CLINIC LEAFLET lies on the floor. Creased, smudged. Phone number space empty.

She picks it up with trembling hands.

She GRABS the CALENDAR from the desk.

DRAWS A THICK RED CROSS OVER TODAY'S GREEN TICK.

Her PEN SLIPS — revealing faint TALLY MARKS already etched beneath the paper. In dozens.

HER EYES WIDEN.

A faint WHISPER RISES—

*GIRL (O.S.)
(whispering)
...forty-nine ... fifty... fifty-one...*

Maanasa drops the pen.

She turns toward the sound and around — but her room is empty.

The WHISPERS GROW LOUDER.

She clutches her chest, trembling, whispering back—

MAANASA
(voice breaking)
No... stop... stop...

The whispers DROWN her.

The CLOCK TICKS FASTER.

LOUDER. LOUDER.

Until—

BLACK SCREEN.

Only the TICKING remains.

One final BEAT—

Then, SILENCE.

THE END

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