

SANTHARA

"Dying with Equanimity"

Episode 04

"DISSOLUTION"

The Mind Gives Up Its Dead

written by

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Approx. 60 minutes

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For producer consideration.

EPISODE NOTE

EPISODE 04 – DISSOLUTION

Ritual: Water is the last tether. Body thins toward light. Full Neon
Mantra break: Partition's horror and Radha's loss collide. The
silhouette is named. Self-forgiveness becomes speakable. Sannah helps.
Snehit stops arguing with death and accompanies it. Maya: life insisting
under the same roof. Links from 03: solids gone; letter; watching not
saving. Links to 05: release; blessing; kite/chair/string payoffs.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE GARDEN – PRE-DAWN

Fog. The kite a dark tear in gray. Ram's breath visible – thinner, deliberate.

A glass of water on the low outdoor table. He regards it like a cliff.

RAM (V.O.)

Water.
Last language between body and
world.
I will not perform thirst for
cameras that aren't here.
I will only tell the truth: I am
afraid.
Fear is a passion. I name it so
it cannot drive in secret.

He sips. Small. Places the glass down half full.

INT. HOUSE – MORNING – VIGIL BEGINS

The house has changed density. Curtains half-drawn. Phone on silent. A hospice nurse, LENA (40s), checks vitals without forcing hospital grammar onto a sacred stubbornness.

LENA

He's weak. He's clear. Those can
coexist.
You call me if confusion spikes.
Confusion is when love gets
stupid.

Sannah nods, practical mystic – wet cloths, lip balm, playlist of quiet ragas and one tape of Ram reading poems years ago.

Snehit stands in doorways measuring exits.

INT. DINING ROOM – DAY

Empty chair. Second cup ritual from Ep 02 – now only water in both cups. Ram does not drink the second. Gesture without consumption.

SANNAH

Tell me what you need.

RAM

When it starts – the big looking
– do not pull me back with fear.
Pull me back with names.
Say Snehit. Say Sannah. Say Maya.
Say the child.
Say Radha only if I am thrashing
toward her like a thief.
If I am walking, let me walk.

SNEHIT

I'm not doing spiritual tech
support.

RAM

Then hold my hand without a
thesis.
You already know how. You did it
when you were five and the dark
was large.

Snehit looks away. His jaw works. He stays in the room.
That is the thesis.

INT. MAYA – BATHROOM – DAY

Blood scare – not catastrophic, enough. Panic. Call to OB.
Rest ordered. Life and death under one roof, competing for
oxygen.

MAYA

(on phone, steady)
I'll rest. My family is...
conducting a weather event.

Snehit wants to drive her to ER anyway. She refuses.

MAYA

If you leave him now to prove you
love me, I will be furious.

Love us both by becoming larger.
Not by choosing a favorite
emergency.

He sits on the bathroom floor with her. Two people
terrified in opposite directions, holding the same tile.

EXT. BOMBAY – MEMORY FRAGMENT – NIGHT

Radha ill already, still joking.

RADHA
When I go, don't you dare write
that I was perfect.
Write that I was exact.
Exact is rarer.

INT. RAM'S BEDROOM – AFTERNOON – THE TURN

Ram's breathing changes. Sweat. Eyes tracking things not
in the room.

SANNAH
Baba?

RAM
It is opening.
Not force. Tide.

Snehit at the door. Enters. Takes the hand.

SNEHIT
I'm here. I'm not saving you. I'm
here.

RAM
Good.
That is the only medicine I will
take from you.

The edges of the room liquefy –

INT. KITCHEN – MORNING – BEFORE THE TURN

Sannah blends diluted juice, then stops – remembers: water stage. Sets it aside. Prepares only what Lena approved: mouth swabs, ice chips if he wants, no forcing.

SANNAH
(to herself)
Help is not feeding.
Help is not starving him for the
aesthetic either.
Help is matching his will without
making a fetish of it.

Snehit enters, eyes raw.

SNEHIT
Auntie Sharda texted a long
paragraph with seven crying
emojis and a threat to call the
temple board in Artesia.
I muted her.
If that makes me a bad nephew,
fine. I'm trying to be a good son
in a new language.

SANNAH
Muted isn't unloved.
You're learning dialect.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY – COMMUNITY DROP-IN

Two elderly Jain family friends from the Central Coast – quiet, not performative – sit with Ram for twenty minutes. They chant softly. Leave fruit for the family, not for him. Correct.

FRIEND
(to Snehit, private)
Do not police his peace to soothe
your fear.
Fear is natural. Policing is
violence with good manners.

Snehit takes that like medicine.

INT. RAM'S ROOM – FLASHES BETWEEN BREATHS

Between present breaths, images arrive without full dissolution yet:

- Young Ram and Grandmother at Saturday temple in Leiah; lamp smoke; her hand on his head in blessing not force.
- Father teaching him to write his name in two scripts "because borders change, names must swim."
- Radha washing paint from his hair in a Bombay basin, laughing.
- Snehit at five asleep on Ram's chest during a power outage.
- Sannah's first painting: a blob she called "Mama's sari."

RAM (V.O.)
The Self is not a museum.
It is a river that remembers
every stone.

INT. HALLWAY – SNEHIT AND SANNAH – NIGHT BEFORE THE BREAK

Sibling war finally softens into shared custody of truth.

SNEHIT
You always got the gentle version
of him.

SANNAH
You got the version that made a
person who can run a life.
Don't envy me the poems. Envy is
how we keep competing for a man
who is leaving both of us
equally.

SNEHIT
I'm scared I'll forget his voice
the way I forgot hers.

SANNAH
Then record him. Not for content.
For the baby.
Be practical with your love for
once without turning practicality
into a weapon.

Snehit nods. Goes to get his phone. Records Ram reading one short poem about a kite – voice thin, still exact.

INT. RAM'S BEDROOM – THE POEM

RAM
 (reading, recorded)
 "The string is not the enemy of
 the sky.
 The string is how the sky teaches
 the hand."

He looks at Snehit.

RAM
 Your mother wrote half of that in
 my ear.
 I only typed.

Snehit stops the recording before he sobs on the file.

EXT. COAST – NIGHT – SNEHIT DRIVES ALONE

He parks within sight of the distant temple lights. Does
 not enter. Sits.

SNEHIT
 (to the dark, to Radha,
 to God, to no one)
 I still want to break something.
 If I break the vow I break him.
 If I break myself he dies
 watching.
 Teach me a third object.

No answer. A foghorn far south. He drives home anyway –
 the third object is return.

SMASH INTO:

THE DISSOLUTION – FULL OPENING

(WATER STAGE – the body's DMT gate, earned by thinning)

This is not a drug sequence.
 This is what a body does when food is gone, water is
 nearly gone, and the heart has already begun its last
 negotiations:
 the pineal dark opens; time loses its corridor; the life
 arrives as one weather system.

Ram on the bed.

Sweat like cold oil.
 Pupils blown.
 The room's corners soften first – geometry apologizing.

SOUND: blood-hum rises until it is almost a tanpura.
 Under it, far: the temple tone.
 Under that: a truck engine from 1947, soft as a lullaby
 with teeth.

Sannah's face doubles, triples, becomes Radha, becomes
 Bijji, becomes Sannah again –
 not a cheap morph: as recognition that love reuses faces.

RAM
 (hoarse, to the room
 that is no longer only a
 room)
 It is opening.
 Not force.
 Tide.

SNEHIT
 I'm here. I'm not saving you. I'm
 here.

His voice arrives delayed by half a second – as if sound
 traveled through water.

SMASH INTO:

THE DISSOLUTION – THE GATE

Black so black it has depth.
 Then a single point of teal-white – not a postcard tunnel:
 a pupil from the inside.

Ram falls upward.

The Namokar begins – full, phonetic, bone-deep:

VOICES
 (layered, not
 "performance" – as if
 the body itself were
 remembering)
 Namō Arihantanam
 (NAH-mo
 uh-ri-hun-TAA-num)
 Namō Siddhanam
 (NAH-mo sid-DHAH-num)

Namo Ayariyanam
 (NAH-mo
 ah-yah-ri-YAA-num)
 Namō Uvajjhayanam
 (NAH-mo
 oo-vuhj-jha-YAA-num)
 Namō Loe Savva-sahunam
 (NAH-mo lo-EH suv-vuh
 SAA-hoo-num)

A beat of breath after each line – five bows of sound,
 then silence denser than sound.

Sacred geometry unfolds from the kite string in the garden
 –
 string becomes spine becomes sushumna becomes a road of
 light
 on which memory-vehicles pass in both directions at once.

RAM (V.O.)
 They said fasting thins the
 passions.
 They did not say it would unfile
 the century in my chest.
 I am not remembering.
 I am being remembered by
 everything I tried not to hold.

THE DISSOLUTION – LIFE AS ONE SIMULTANEOUS FIELD

Four image-streams run in split and then in stack and then
 in single frame:

STREAM A – PETROL DUSK PRESENT
 Snehit's hand on his wrist. Sannah's wet cloth. Maya's
 belly. Half glass of water trembling.

STREAM B – MARBLE & GOLD RADHA
 Wedding fire; Bombay paint in hair; hospital; pyre; her
 mouth: exact, not pretty.

STREAM C – SEPIA EXODUS 1947
 Truck; checkpoint; Biji falling behind; kite in border
 tree; Father's order; dust like flour and ash.

STREAM D – BEFORE / LEIAH
 Saturday temple lamp; Biji's thumb on forehead; mustard
 kite; bazaar a mile and a half long; world intact.

The streams do not "cut."

They bleed.
 A wedding marigold falls into truck dust.
 Pyre-heat warps Leiah's laundry into flags of wet light.
 Snehit at fifteen outside the hospital door stands on the
 same dirt as Young Ram at the checkpoint –
 same crossed arms against annihilation, eighty years
 apart, one gesture.

THE DISSOLUTION – THE BODY'S CHEMISTRY MADE VISIBLE

We see – expressionistically, not textbook –
 phosphenes as galaxies;
 heartbeat as a drum under a temple floor;
 breath as a bellows blowing the dust of clinging off the
 lamp of self.

A subtitle is unnecessary.
 If any text appears it is only:

FASTING IS NOT EMPTINESS.
 IT IS THE FULLNESS THAT WAS
 WAITING UNDER FOOD.

THE DISSOLUTION – KALI / TIME / LEDGER

Kali sits in an office with wind for walls.
 Not horror. Thoroughness.
 Pages blow:

CLINGING
 LOOKING
 ROPE
 PRIDE IN UGLY CLOTHES (self-hate)
 LOVE THAT REFUSES TO BE PRACTICAL

She stamps nothing.
 She lets him read.

KALI
 (voice like metal wind,
 almost tender)
 You asked for accounts.
 Pay with looking.

THE DISSOLUTION – PARTITION FULL (CHILD POV – IMPLICATION, NOT GORE)

The truck.
The order.
The look.

Biji's face finally specific: mole, frayed shawl, fierce tenderness.

BIJI

Live.
Do not make a religion of the
moment you could not carry me.
Carry your children instead.
That is how you carry me.

Young Ram sobs.
Present Ram walks beside him on the road's shoulder – old man and boy, same blood.

RAM

(to the boy)
Michchhami dukkadam.
(mich-CHAH-mee
dook-KAH-dum)
You were ten.
We forgive you together or not at
all.

The boy nods – fierce – and the gold dust around the jiva-lamp thins a fraction.

THE DISSOLUTION – RADHA REFUSES FANTASY

A door opens onto the dining table with all four chairs filled – Radha living, steam, laughter.
Ram steps toward it.

RADHA

You can stay in this door.
It is a beautiful lie.
I did not marry you for beautiful
lies.
Choose the room where our
children can touch you.

She closes the door with love.

THE DISSOLUTION DOES NOT PUNISH HIM FOR WANTING THE LIE.

It simply continues – tide, not judge.

THE DISSOLUTION – OBJECTS RELEASE

Orbiting, then leaving:

brass pot from the truck
 Radha's hair oil
 Snehit's childhood report card
 Sannah's first brush
 plastic heart from the cardiologist's desk
 treaty water bottle
 empty chair spinning like a slow planet
 morphine refused
 kite paper
 photograph

Not torn away – released.
 Aparigraha made visible as grace, not as theft.

THE DISSOLUTION – RETURN SLAM

Garden/bed rushes back.
 Oxygen feels sharp as mint and knives.
 Snehit's forehead on Ram's hand.
 Sannah saying names like beads.

RAM

I saw her.
 Bijji.
 I did not invent the guilt.
 I inherited an order and obeyed.
 Michchhami dukkadam –
 to her, to the road, to every
 person who became a lesson I
 refused to study aloud.

The half glass of water on the table reflects the kite –
 broken flight held in water that chose not to be full.

This is the arc's wild center:
 not escape from life –
 life seizing him whole so he can leave without lying.

EXT. THE GARDEN – NIGHT – BUTTON

Sannah helps Ram to the tamarind – slow, ceremonial
 without costume.

Above: the kite.

RAM

If I do not free it before I go –
you free it when the house can
bear the metaphor.

SANNAH

I'll free it when Snehit asks.
It has to be both of us. You're
not the only one who owns the
string now.

Ram smiles – proud, ruined, complete enough for tonight.

On the outdoor table: the glass of water, half full.

Sannah drinks from her own glass beside it – living,
mirroring, not stealing his vow.

Wind. Neon violet faint at the horizon – residual storm.

RAM (V.O.)

The mind gave up its dead.
Not all of them stayed gone.
Some sat down in the living room
and asked for tea.
We will pour what we can.
Then I will go.

**INT. HOUSE – DAY – WATER STAGE RITUALIZED WITHOUT
SPECTACLE**

Lena shows Sannah how to wet the mouth without flooding
the throat. Clinical tenderness.

LENA

People turn this into a
battlefield of teaspoons.
Don't.
Match his consent every hour.
Consent can change. If he asks
for water, that is not failure.
That is data.

RAM

If I ask from panic, remind me of
my own ledger.

If I ask from need, give.
 You will know the difference
 because you love me without
 owning me.

SNEHIT
 I don't know that difference.

RAM
 Then today is school.

INT. DISSOLUTION – LONGER – THE ROOM OF OBJECTS

Neon black. Objects orbit slower, clearer:
 – brass pot from the truck
 – Radha's hair oil
 – Snehit's childhood report card
 – Sannah's first brush
 – the plastic heart from Ellis's desk
 – the treaty water bottle
 – the empty chair, spinning gently like a planet

RAM
 I release what I can.
 I keep what love requires until
 love itself says put it down.

Kali watches without malice. Time is not cruel here. Time is thorough.

INT. PARTITION EXTENDED – CHECKPOINT

Soldiers. Questions. Father's false calm. Young Ram's bladder terror. A man taken aside – we do not see what happens – we see Young Ram's eyes learn the cost of maps.

GRANDMOTHER's silhouette again – closer – her mouth: LIVE.

YOUNG RAM
 I am trying.

The trying becomes eighty years.

INT. PRESENT – RAM SPEAKS THE NAME INTO THE ROOM

Not only to Snehit – to the walls, the fan, the tapestry.

RAM

Biji.
 I looked.
 I lived.
 I am sorry the looking did not
 become a rescue.
 Rescue was not available.
 Meaning was.
 I am making meaning now with my
 children as witnesses.
 If that is arrogance, add it to
 the ledger.
 I am rich in unfinished debts and
 I am paying.

SANNAH

We accept payment in presence.
 Not in self-hate.
 Self-hate is a passion too. Thin
 it.

Ram almost smiles – corrected by his daughter the way
 Radha corrected him.

INT. MAYA RESTING – BABY MONITOR OF THE HOUSE

She listens to footsteps, the nurse, the quiet. Speaks to
 belly:

MAYA

Your family is conducting an
 advanced course in impermanence.
 If you can hear syllabi, kick.

A kick. She breathes. Continues living – the counter-vow
 made flesh.

INT. NIGHT – SNEHIT SLEEPS IN THE CHAIR – DREAM

Brief: he is 15 in the hospital hallway. The door opens.
 Instead of death news, Radha walks out healthy and frowns.

RADHA

Don't outsource your grief to
 anger forever.
 It makes ugly grandfathers.

He wakes. Checks Ram's pulse like a man checking a clock in a burning building – still time.

EXT. GARDEN – PRE-BUTTON – WATER GLASS HALF FULL ON TABLE

Long hold. Reflection of kite in the water's surface – broken image trying to be whole.
Wind disturbs it. It re-forms. Disturbs. Re-forms.

RAM (V.O.)
The mind gave up its dead.
They did not leave the property.
They sat down and asked to be
introduced to my son properly.
Biji – this is Snehit.
Snehit – this is the woman who
taught me Saturday light.
Now you both know.
Now I can go further.

INT. HOUSE – PRE-DAWN – THIRST

Ram awake. Tongue. The glass. He holds it. Sets it down.
Holds it. Sets it down.
Not heroism. Negotiation.

RAM (V.O.)
Panic asks for water like a
child.
Need asks like a body.
I am learning accents.

Sannah appears as if summoned by the glass.

SANNAH
Which accent?

RAM
Panic.
Name it with me so it shrinks.

SANNAH
Panic.
Now breathe. Not as technique. As
remaining.

They breathe. The glass stays.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY – HOSPICE QUIET

Lena teaches the family the sound of changing breath. No sugarcoating.

LENA

You may want to shake him back.
Don't.
You may want to bargain with me.
Don't.
You may cry. Do.

Snehit writes notes like a student. The notes are useless.
The writing is not.

INT. DISSOLUTION – EXTENDED MYTH SEQUENCE

Neon. Ram walks a corridor that is hospital + temple + train + truck bed.

Doors open onto:

- 1) Leiah bazaar in full life – kerosene, spices, Saturday.
- 2) Bombay workshop heat.
- 3) Santa Maria dining table with all four chairs filled – Radha living.
- 4) The cliff temple tone.
- 5) A black room with only the lamp of jiva.

In room 3, Radha serves tea.

RADHA

You can stay in this door if you want. It is a beautiful lie.
I did not marry you for beautiful lies.

RAM

I want the lie.

RADHA

Wanting is fine. Choosing is the VOW.
Choose the room where our children can touch you.

The door to room 3 closes gently – her hand. Love as refusal of fantasy.

INT. PARTITION – THE SILHOUETTE BECOMES PERSON – LONG

Grandmother's face finally clear – dust, age, fierce tenderness.
She is not sainted. She is specific. A mole. A frayed shawl edge.

BIJI

Live.
Do not make a religion of the
moment you could not carry me.
Carry your children instead. That
is how you carry me.

Young Ram sobs. Present Ram sobs. Same tears across time –
Tarkovsky's rhyme of faces.

INT. PRESENT – AFTER THE BIG SPIRAL – LONG RECOVERY SCENE

Hours. Wet cloths. Snehit feeding ice chips when asked.
Maya at door. Lena checking.

RAM

Say the names again.

SANNAH

Snehit. Sannah. Maya. The child.
Radha. Biji.

RAM

Again.

They do until the words become beads.

INT. SNEHIT – BREAKS COMPLETELY – BATHROOM FLOOR

He muffles a sob in a towel so the house does not have to
hold all of it.
Sannah sits outside the bathroom door on the hallway floor
– not entering – guarding his privacy like a sistered
priest.

SANNAH

I'm here.
No speeches.

SNEHIT (O.S.)

Okay.

That okay is a continent.

INT. RAM – NIGHT – ASKS FOR THE RECORDER

RAM

One poem. Not pretty.

He recites raw – about a truck, a string, a woman falling behind, a son who fights as prayer, a daughter who paints doors.

Ends:

RAM

If this is my last making, let it
be useful.
Usefulness is underrated by poets
and overrated by tyrants.
I am aiming between.

Snehit, listening, finally laughs through ruin – correct response.

EXT. GARDEN – NIGHT – FAMILY SLEEPS IN SHIFTS OUTSIDE

Cots. Blanket. The tree as roof.
A long held night shot: breath clouds, dew, distant
freeway, diya flame stubborn in wind.

RAM (V.O.)

The dead are introduced.
The water is honest.
The son is present.
The daughter blesses in
installments.
I am almost ready.
Readiness feels like grief that
has stopped thrashing.

INT. FULL DISSOLUTION – SECOND WAVE – NIGHT

After the first return, a second wave hits harder – longer
– the mind not finished giving up its dead.

Sequence:

- trains of 1947 as sound only over black
- Radha's monitor flatline braided with temple tone
- Kali's ledger pages blowing like kite paper
- Ram as boy and man holding the same cut string ends across a void
- Snehit and Sannah as children asleep in a pile – he almost wakes them in the vision – Radha stops him
- Biji saying LIVE until the word becomes light

RAM

I cannot hold all of this.

RADHA (V.O.)

You were never asked to hold all
of it alone.
That was your error, not the
world's request.

INT. PRESENT – FAMILY PHYSICALLY ANCHORS HIM

Four hands on him during the second wave – Sannah, Snehit,
Maya, Lena.
Bodies as rope.
The vow does not require isolation. That was pride.

RAM

(after)

Thank you for being rope.
I was trying to be a solo
mountain. Mountains are stupid
without ranges.

INT. SNEHIT RECORDS A MESSAGE FOR HIS CHILD – WHISPER

SNEHIT

If you ever watch this – your
grandfather taught me that
staying is a ritual.
I thought ritual meant robes.
It means dishes and pulse checks
and not leaving the room when the
sound is ugly.

INT. WATER GLASS – REPEATED IMAGE AS CHAPTER TITLE

Throughout remaining episode, return to half-full glass four times:

- 1) morning
- 2) after spiral
- 3) Sannah drinks her own glass beside it
- 4) night – surface still – kite reflected

INT. RAM WRITES FINAL PRE-RELEASE NOTES FOR EP05 SETUP

READY IS CLOSER.

NOT EAGER.

HOUSE SWEEPED ENOUGH.

HEART STILL BARGAINS AT 3 A.M. –
HONEST BARGAINING, NOT THRASHING.
IF I GO TOMORROW I HAVE NOT
CHEATED THE SEQUENCE.

Sannah reads over his shoulder. Kisses his hair.

SANNAH

Sleep.
Even vows sleep.

INT. HOUSE AS CHURCH OF WATER – DAYS

Marks on paper: sips, ice, mouth care, pulse, names said.
Not spreadsheet cruelty – love's bureaucracy.

INT. SECOND DISSOLUTION WAVE – DETAIL

The border tree with the kite – Young Ram can almost climb in the vision – Present Ram stops him.

RAM

If you climb you will miss the
truck and die in a beautiful way.
We need the ugly survival.
Come. Sit with me in the ugly. It
has better seats for the long
ride.

Boy sits. Old man sits. Same knees.

INT. BIJI FULL SCENE – TEMPLE SATURDAY IN LEIAH

Extended beauty before horror – the audience must feel what was lost.

Oil lamps. Biji's thumb on Young Ram's forehead.

Chant.

Prasad.

Walk home past the long bazaar – mile and a half of life.

BIJI

Pride is weight.

Also – joy is weight if you carry it alone.

Share it or it becomes pride in disguise.

Young Ram nods without understanding. Present Ram understands too late and on time.

INT. PRESENT – INTRODUCTIONS CONTINUED

RAM

Sannah – Biji loved color. That is why you paint. Not only me. Her. The river has several springs.

SANNAH

Hi, Biji.

I'm doing my best with the color. The century is loud.

She says it to the air. Means it.

INT. MAYA SCARE RESOLVES – CLINIC RETURN

Heartbeat strong. Rest continues.

Snehit cries in the clinic parking lot with relief that feels like betrayal of the death house – Maya holds him.

MAYA

You are allowed to want both lives.

Wanting both is not a crime.

It is the correct math.

INT. NIGHT BEFORE EP05 SETUP – RAM SPEAKS TO SNEHIT ALONE

RAM
Tomorrow or the next day the
pauses will lengthen.
Do not interpret pause as
abandonment.
I abandoned you in silence years
ago.
This pause is not that.
This pause is a body completing a
sentence.

SNEHIT
I'll try to hear the difference.

RAM
You already can.
You stayed through the spiral.
That was hearing.

INT. WATER GLASS – FINAL OF EP04

Half full.
Sannah's full glass beside it – she drinks.
Snehit does not touch Ram's glass.
Ram looks at both glasses as if they were two paths and
chooses neither with his hand – only with his eyes, calm.

RAM (V.O.)
The mind gave up its dead.
The house held.
I am ready enough.
Eager nowhere.
The door is ordinary.
Good.
Ordinary doors are how grace
prefers to travel.

INT. DISSOLUTION – THE TRAIN THAT NEVER STOPS

Sound design scene: train on tracks over black, then visuals of faces in windows – living and dead mixed – Bijji, Radha, strangers from 1947, Snehit as boy, Sannah as girl, Ram as old man looking in from outside the glass.

RAM
 I am not boarding.
 I am walking beside.
 Walking is slower. I have earned
 slow.

INT. PRESENT – LENA AND SNEHIT OUTSIDE

LENA
 You are doing better than you
 think.
 Better is not good. Good isn't
 available.
 Better is the unit we work in.

SNEHIT
 I hate units.

LENA
 Then call it love and wash your
 hands and come back in.

INT. RAM ASKS FOR FORGIVENESS FROM MAYA FULLY

RAM
 For the storm in your pregnancy.
 For the way my ending steals
 oxygen from your beginning.

MAYA
 I forgive you if you stop trying
 to be smaller than your life.
 Be large. Leave large. We will
 grow around the hole without
 pretending there is no hole.

INT. SECOND WAVE COMING DOWN – SILENCE AFTER

Five minutes of almost no dialogue – only care sounds:
 cloth, breath, fan, far freeway.
 Cinema as rest.

INT. SNEHIT CALLS HIS OWN VOICEMAIL AND LEAVES A MESSAGE FOR HIMSELF

SNEHIT
 Future me – do not rewrite today
 into a story where you were only
 strong.
 You were scared and you stayed.
 Keep both true.

INT. PRE-BUTTON – RAM'S LAST WATER LOOK OF EP04

He lifts the glass.
 Wets lips.
 Sets down half.
 Looks at Snehit.

RAM
 Half is not failure.
 Half is the picture of a person
 still in the world and already
 leaving.
 Live in the half with me.

SNEHIT
 Okay.
 Half.

They sit with the half together.

INT. WATER STAGE – MORNING INVENTORY OF THE BODY

Ram reports without drama: dizzy, clear, afraid at 4 a.m.,
 calm at 6, grateful for socks.

LENA
 Good reporting.
 Keep going.

INT. DISSOLUTION – OPENING GATE EXTENDED

The bed becomes road becomes temple becomes black ocean of memory (Solaris not as copy – as cousin: guilt made liquid).

Faces surface in water: Biji, Radha, Father, strangers, self as boy.

RAM
I will not drown in you.
I will float and look.
Looking is my oar.

INT. PARTITION – EXTENDED TRUCK BED SCENE

Bodies. Heat. A woman prays. A man bargains with God. Young Ram bargains with his eyes – open, shut, open.

Father's hand heavier.

FATHER
If we live I will never ask you
to forget.
I will only ask you to live.
Forgetting is a luxury of safe
people.

Present Ram answers across time:

RAM
I lived.
I did not forget.
Now I introduce the memory to my
children so it does not own them
in the dark.

INT. BIJI – CLOSE – HER LAST TEACHING IN VISION

BIJI
When you free your kite at the
end, free the self-hate first.
Self-hate pretends it is
humility.
It is pride in ugly clothes.

RAM
Yes, Biji.

INT. PRESENT — FAMILY REPEATS NAMES AS MALA

Snehit, Sannah, Maya, child, Radha, Biji, Father, Ram.
 Again.
 Again.
 The room becomes a mouth of care.

INT. SECOND WAVE — SANNAH ENTERS THE VISION EDGE

She does not see what he sees — she sees him seeing — and
 holds his shoulders from the real world.

SANNAH

Rope.
 Rope.
 Rope.

RAM

Rope.

He returns wet-eyed, smiling like a man who dropped a
 heavy bag.

INT. NIGHT — SNEHIT SLEEPS AND WAKES AND CHECKS PULSE — REPEATED

Three times through the night.
 Third time Ram catches his hand.

RAM

I am still in the sentence.
 Sleep inside the sentence with
 me.

Snehit sleeps sitting, head against the mattress edge —
 ugly, holy.

INT. PRE-BUTTON — HALF GLASS PHILOSOPHY LIVED

They sit with half glass.
 No speech for a long time.
 Then:

SNEHIT

Half.

RAM

Half.

SANNAH

I'm whole beside your half.
That is how this works.

Maya from door:

MAYA

The baby is whole and kicks for
all parties.

A soft laugh – rare metal in the death house – necessary.

INT. WATER GLASS – DAWN MACRO

Condensation. A microcosm of weather on the outside of the glass. Inside, water still. Ram's lips enter frame, wet themselves, leave. The glass remains half – a picture of a life mid-crossing. The ceiling fan reflects as a soft propeller of time.

RAM (V.O.)

Half is a honest picture.

INT. DISSOLUTION OCEAN – QUIET PHASE

Not violence – slow. Bodies of memory float face-up like people who trust water. Biji among them, eyes open. Ram swims by walking – his feet find invisible floor. Looking is locomotion.

RAM (V.O.)

I walk on water by refusing to
drown in story.

RAM

Looking is my oar.

EXT. BORDER TREE – 1947 – KITE CLOSE

Paper mustard against smoke sky. String thrash. The camera is close enough to see fiber fray. Young Ram's eye in reflection on a brass pot – two round worlds of fear.

RAM (V.O.)
The kite kept better records than
the British.

INT. HANDS ON RAM – PRESENT ROPE

Four hands. Different ages of skin. Lena's clinical; Sannah's stained; Snehit's tight; Maya's careful. The hands do not pray in language. They pray in pressure.

RAM (V.O.)
Rope is a technology of love.

SANNAH
Rope.

INT. NAMES AS BEADS – NIGHT

Mouths moving. The words become sound without losing meaning – mala of the living. Ram's eyes track the ceiling as if counting stars through plaster.

RAM (V.O.)
Say the names until the dark
learns them.

SNEHIT
Biji. Radha. Baba. Again.

INT. BATHROOM FLOOR – SNEHIT

Tile cold. Towel. His sob muted then unmuted – he chooses to be heard by the tile at least. Outside the door Sannah's shoulder against wood – guardian, not intruder.

RAM (V.O.)

My son discovers tile is a
confessor.

EXT. GARDEN COTS – PREDAWN

Breath clouds. Diya almost out. Snehit checks pulse in
sleep without waking fully – animal parenting of a parent.
Ram's mouth shapes thank you without voice.

RAM (V.O.)
Thank you is also a pulse.

INT. HALF GLASS – FINAL FRAME EP4

Two glasses. One half. One whole. Three people looking.
The kite reflected only in the half – broken flight held
in water that chose not to be full.

RAM (V.O.)
Half with me. Whole beside me.
That is the architecture.

MAYA
Half is still a glass. Don't
break it for drama.

INT. HOUSE – DAY TWO OF WATER – DETAILED CARE

Morning light through blinds in bars across Ram's blanket
– prison and temple both.
Sannah changes the pillowcase. Snehit reads aloud from a
library book on birds – neutral text, living world, no
morals attached.

SNEHIT
(reading)
"The swift sleeps on the wing."

RAM
Lucky bird.
I slept on a truck once.
Different technology.

They almost smile. Continue care.

INT. DISSOLUTION – THE LEDGER ROOM

Kali's space more fully seen: not horror set – an office of time with wind for walls.
Pages blow. On one page in letters of light: CLINGING. On another: LOOKING. On another: ROPE.

RAM
I choose looking and rope.
I put clinging in the outbox.

Kali does not applaud. Time does not applaud. It files.

INT. PARTITION – WOMEN ON THE TRUCK SINGING SOFTLY

A lullaby under fear. Young Ram listens. Present Ram hums it once in the bed and Sannah records the hum on her phone without making a ceremony of recording.

INT. PRESENT – AUNTIE SHARDA VIDEO CALL

Face huge on laptop.

AUNTIE SHARDA
Drink water.

RAM
I am in a conversation with
water.

AUNTIE SHARDA
Then let the conversation include
sips.
Do not romance the desert. We are
not that kind of family.

She cries. Closes laptop before anyone can comfort her –
pride and love braided.

INT. SNEHIT AND SANNAH – MIDNIGHT KITCHEN

Eating cereal like teenagers.

SNEHIT

If he dies tomorrow I will be mad
at you for painting him into
forever.

SANNAH

If he dies tomorrow I will be mad
at you for trying to file him
into a system.
Then we will make breakfast and
be less mad.
That is the schedule of siblings.

SNEHIT

Okay.
Schedule that.

INT. RAM — ASKS TO BE TAKEN TO THE TREE AT DUSK

They move him slowly. Chair under tamarind. Sky the color
of a bruise healing.

RAM

If the kite falls tonight do not
read omen.
Read weather.
Omen is how fear monopolizes
meaning.

The kite does not fall. Weather remains weather.

INT. SECOND WAVE — LONGER — FATHER SPEAKS FULL

FATHER

I made you small to keep you
alive.
Alive-small becomes a habit.
Break the habit without breaking
the gratitude.
Can you hold that math?

RAM

I am holding it with my
children's hands because my hands
are tired.

Father nods – rare – dissolves into dust that smells briefly of Leiah dust and then of nothing.

INT. AFTER WAVE – TEA FOR THE LIVING

Sannah forces tea into Snehit and Maya.
Ram watches them drink like a man watching crops take rain.

RAM

Good.
The field continues.

INT. NIGHT – HALF GLASS SCENE EXTENDED

They sit.
Clock.
Fan.
Maya's stomach moves visibly – kick.
All look.
Life makes its argument without language.
Ram's eyes fill.
Not weakness. Evidence.

RAM

I have seen borders and pyres and
oceans of memory.
That kick is the most advanced
spiritual text in the room.

SNEHIT

Then we're keeping the text.
You can go when you need.
The text stays.

Hold on half glass.
Hold on faces.
Hold on kite reflection breaking and re-forming in water.

EXT. GARDEN – FOG MORNING – WATER STAGE

Fog erases the fence – house floats.
Ram's chair is a boat.
Snehit appears and disappears in fog like a partial ghost of duty.
Sannah's voice first, then body.

SANNAH
Rope even in fog.

RAM
Especially in fog.

INT. DISSOLUTION – QUIET FLOAT WITH RADHA

They sit on the surface of memory-water like people who have stopped drowning.

RADHA
You always thought the end would
be a verdict.
It is a weather change.
Come when the weather finishes
with you.
Not when fear finishes you.

RAM
Fear is still here.

RADHA
Then take it with you like a
small bag.
Do not pretend you packed only
virtue.
I did not love a statue.

INT. PRESENT – SNEHIT SHAVES RAM

Careful. Intimate. Almost unbearable.
A nick. Tissue.
Both pretend it is fine.
It is finer than fine – it is close.

INT. END BEAT BEFORE FADE – FOG LIFTS

Fence returns.
World returns.
Half glass.
Names.
Kick.
Half.

THE DISSOLUTION – SECOND WAVE

(night – the fast deepens – the gate opens without asking)

He has returned once.
The body is not finished.

At 2:13 a.m. the blood-hum returns louder than prayer.

This time there is less "scene" and more TOTALITY –

color without object: violet that tastes copper;
sound without source: women singing on a truck under the
bed frame;
smell: paint thinner, marigold, smoke, milk, dust, Radha's
hair oil –
all at once, inseparable, the way a life actually is when
the filing system dies.

TIMELINE JUMPS – HARD CUTS INSIDE ONE BREATH:

- 1) Leiah Saturday – Biji's lamp – Young Ram's clean hands
- 2) Checkpoint – hands dirty – name said clear
- 3) Bombay gate – Radha with tiffin – hands paint-black
- 4) Hospital – Radha's hands cold
- 5) Garden now – Snehit's hand on his pulse – hands of the
living as rope
- 6) Black – only the lamp of jiva – hands gone – pure
looking

RAM (V.O.)

This is what the thin body does.
It stops protecting me from my
own story.
I asked for equanimity.
Equanimity is not numbness.
Equanimity is standing in the
flood without building a false
boat out of denial.

He sees Snehit at five asleep on his chest during a power
cut –
and Snehit at thirty-four awake in a chair refusing to
sleep –
and understands they are the same loyalty wearing
different ages.

He sees Sannah at seven holding his hand at the pyre –
and Sannah now painting gold behind his head –

and understands art is how some people refuse to let love become only silence.

SECOND WAVE PEAK – THE WHOLE LIFE AS ONE ANIMAL

Not a montage.
An animal made of years, breathing.

Head: 1947
Heart: Radha
Hands: work, children, poems
Feet: every border he crossed including the small ones in kitchens
Spine: the kite string – cut, held, taught, stuck in a tree, waiting

The animal looks at him.
He looks back.
Neither eats the other.
That is the vow succeeding in real time.

RETURN – softer than the first slam.
Tears without story.
Names.
Rope.
Half glass.
Dawn beginning like a bruise healing.

SANNAH

You're back.

RAM

I never left.
I only stopped pretending the rooms were separate.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

SANTHARA – Episode 04: "Dissolution"
The Mind Gives Up Its Dead

Water holds. The silhouette is named.
Snehit accompanies. The family matches the leaving.

Next: EPISODE 05 – "RELEASE"
Final meditation. Portrait. Blessing.
The soul lets go. What remains is love.

END OF EPISODE 04

SANTHARA

Episode 04 – "Dissolution"

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