

1.

We see the inside of a small, sparse room.

A woman, Piya walks towards the door and opens it. At first, a little, then a little more. She hesitantly steps aside.

We see Nisha, the ASHA worker step inside.

She observes the room, her hands crossed across her chest. She is holding her register tightly.

Piya clears up some things strewn across the charpai, clears it and gestures for Nisha to sit on it. Nisha smiles and nods her head to say no.

Piya points towards the chair, Nisha puts up her hand and says “Nahi koi baat nahi, main theek hun” She continues to stand.

Nisha opens the register and asks Piya- “Bache ka Naam kya hai?”

Piya says – “Sundar”

Nisha – “Pehle koi teeka laga hai”

Piya – “Nahi”

Nisha – “Kal session hai. Aa jaana. Subah nau baje”

Piya straightens up like she just remembered something. She hurriedly walks to the matka of water in the corner of the room, fills up a glass of water and offers it to Nisha.

Nisha shakes her head and her free hand vigorously – “nahi nahi, main theek hun”

She closes the register and starts to walk towards the door. Before stepping out she turns around and asks Piya “Kal aaogi na?”

Piya – “Ji didi. Aaungi”

It is the next day, we see Nisha at work, looking at women with their kids waiting for the vaccination. Piya is not among them.

Nisha looks at the clock, it reads 9:15AM.



The sun is bearing down on an empty road in the village. Mira walks on it with her son Krishi settled on her hip.

As she walks, we hear her internal monologue – “Pradhan ji ne kaha tha, bache ke liye teeka bahot zaroori hai”

We zoom out to show the length of the road she has walked. And the long way she still has to go.

She finds the room of the ANM worker, and looks in from the door, hesitantly. She steps in. There are four women inside, talking.

They glance at her, and stare at her tattooed arms. She smiles to greet them, but the women look away.

There is an empty bench close to where the women are sitting, but Mira finds an empty corner next to the wall and stands there.

We see women being called with their kids for the vaccination, while she waits. There is a matka of water in the corner, she looks at it longingly but does not dare move.

A clock on the wall behind her shows the passage of time. It has been 30 minutes.

Finally, her name is called out.

The ANM looks at her tattooed arms, stops for a minute and then looks back at her register. She does not lift her head to acknowledge Mira’s presence.

ANM – “Aadhar Card?”

Mira – “Woh toh nahi hai” she says. Mira is a little nervous and tired, carrying her child for so long.

ANM admonishes her, harsh but not loud – “Bina aadhar card ke aa gayi?”

All the other women in the room have turned to look at them now. Mira is embarrassed.

She notices that the ASHA worker Nisha is there too, looking at her. She looks at her, hopefully. But Nisha looks down at her feet instead.

The ANM quickly administers the vaccination. The kid bursts into tears. The ANM looks at him and says “Bahadur Bacha”

She turns to Mira and provides her with the technical information – very fast, not easy to understand.

Thoda bukhaar ho sakta hai. Ghabrana nahi, sabko aata hai. Agar tabiyat zyada kharab lage, toh yahan aajana fir se. Samajh gayi?

All this while, the ANM is busy looking at her register. She does not look up at Mira.

Nisha watches this exchange but says nothing. She shifts in her seat.

The ANM worker has moved on now. Mira is left standing there overwhelmed. She is balancing her crying child, trying to understand the instructions while holding back tears.

She steps out into the heat again, her internal monologue returns “Kya yahan aake maine theek kiya?”

