

🎬 ****Script: An Astrologer’s Day****

(Adapted from R. K. Narayan’s short story)

**Characters:**

****Astrologer**** – A man in his 30s, dressed in saffron clothes, with sacred ash on his forehead.
****Guru Nayak**** – A tough-looking man, rough voice, determined.
****Astrologer’s Wife**** – A kind and simple woman.
****Vendors and Customers**** – Background voices in the marketplace.

**Scene 1 – The Marketplace (Evening)**

(A crowded Indian street. Shops lit by oil lamps. People selling fruits, nuts, and toys. The camera slowly zooms in on the astrologer sitting under a large tamarind tree.)

****Narrator (voice-over):****

Every evening, when the marketplace came alive, the astrologer took his seat under the old tamarind tree.

He looked every inch a wise man — with his sacred ash, turban, and long beard.

But in truth, he knew nothing of astrology. He had run away from his village long ago... carrying a dark secret.

(The astrologer arranges his things: a small lamp, a chart, and cowrie shells.)

****Astrologer (muttering):****

Another day, another few coins... Let’s see who fortune sends today.

(People come and go, asking questions. The astrologer gives vague but clever answers. They nod and leave satisfied.)

**Scene 2 – The Stranger Appears**

(The astrologer is about to pack up. Suddenly, a man’s voice calls out.)

****Guru Nayak:****

Hey, you! Astrologer! Tell me something true — not that usual nonsense!

****Astrologer (startled):****

Sir, it’s getting late. Maybe tomorrow—

****Guru Nayak (firmly):****

No! You’ll tell me now. If you can answer truthfully, I’ll pay you double.

(He throws a handful of coins. The astrologer sits again, uneasy.)

****Astrologer (lighting his lamp brighter):****

Very well, sir. Tell me your name and where you are from.

****Guru Nayak:****

Never mind that. Just tell me what I want to know — will I find the man who tried to kill me years ago?

(The astrologer suddenly freezes. His face turns pale.)

****Astrologer (shaken but hiding fear):****

Hmm... let me see... **[pretends to read his chart]**

You were once attacked... left for dead... by a man with a knife, right?

****Guru Nayak (astonished):****

Yes! How do you know that?

****Astrologer:****

That man was your close friend... in your own village.

But you need not search for him. He is dead.

****Guru Nayak (relieved):****

Dead? Are you sure?

****Astrologer (firmly):****

As sure as the stars above.

And take my advice — never travel south again. Danger awaits you there.

****Guru Nayak:****

You truly are a great astrologer! Here, take your money. You’ve given me peace.

(He walks away, disappearing into the dark street. The astrologer watches silently, breathing heavily.)

**Scene 3 – The Astrologer’s Home (Night)**

(The astrologer returns home. His wife greets him with a smile.)

****Wife:****

You’re late today. Did you earn well?

****Astrologer (softly, with relief):****

Yes... more than ever before.

And something else — remember I once told you I almost killed a man in my youth?

****Wife (concerned):****

Yes... you never spoke of it again.

****Astrologer (smiling faintly):****

He’s alive. I met him today — without him knowing.

After all these years, I can finally sleep in peace.

(He looks out the window at the night sky. The lamp flickers and fades.)

**Narrator (voice-over):**

The astrologer’s lies had saved his life... and given him truth.

Sometimes, fate writes strange stories — even for those who claim to read it.

🌅 **THE END**