

Here's a faithful literary translation that preserves the atmosphere, imagery, and emotional cadence of the original rather than translating it literally.

I've kept the cinematic feeling, poetic tone, and subtle melancholy intact.

Scattered around the room, empty paint jars and a few well-worn color palettes seemed to whisper stories of their own. Some of those little bottles had long since lost their original colors, now cloaked instead in countless accidental shades, as though mourning the loss of the hues they were born with. Neatly arranged brushes rested upon the table, while a stack of blank canvases leaned quietly to one side, all silently bearing witness that this was the room of an artist.

From outside, the faint sound of approaching footsteps slowly grew louder before stopping just beyond the door. A moment later, the click of the lock echoed through the silence.

As the door swung open, the room awakened beneath the enchanting glow of moonlight. A shadow stretched across the wooden floor, cast by the light pouring in from the doorway. In its hands, there seemed to be a bat, which suddenly leapt away in a swift bound.

The shadow stepped inside and gradually took the form of a young woman.

Her black hair was neatly tied back, and she wore a simple white shirt. Rolling up her sleeves, she moved further into the room, absentmindedly straightening the scattered belongings as she spoke,

"Romeo... what do you think will become of Father's pension? And when... how... will Uncle ever recover? Mother prays for his health every single day."

She turned around, picked up a small box from the table, dusted it gently, and continued,

"Mother's own health keeps getting worse with every passing day. The doctor says she worries far too much... that's why she can never seem to stay well."

Her voice softened into a distant thought.

"Will this year, too... pass while waiting for him?"

Romeo replied with a gentle,

"Meow."

"Banooooo..."

A voice called from outside.

Bano startled at once. The heaviness in her posture vanished as she snapped out of her thoughts. A steel tumbler rested in her right hand, a cleaning cloth in her left. With a quick flick of both wrists downward, she lifted her chin slightly and answered,

"Yes, Ammi... I'm coming. Just a little more to tidy up."

The voice came again,

"Hurry."

Bano puffed her cheeks, let out a quiet sigh, and replied,

"I'm coming..."

If you'd like this to read like something from a published novel or an A24-style screenplay—with even richer, more cinematic prose—I can elevate it another level while still remaining faithful to the original.