

# “BHONSLE”

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## **2 INT / EXT – GANPATI IDOL SCULPTING WORKSHOP – NIGHT**

We see a Ganpati idol... half-made, in the process of being put together...  
A hand...  
A trunk...  
A trunk-less face...  
Pieces, not yet added up to a whole.  
A TCU of Ganpati's unfinished, clay eye.

*Cut to*

## **1 INT – POLICE THANA – NIGHT**

Seen almost from behind, TCU of a man's eye, staring, vacant, lost.

We pull out bit by bit to almost see Bhonsle (60) sitting behind his desk staring into nothingness.

A clock on the wall. The clock hand makes its way to '6'. Sharp on cue he stirs, looks at the clock, gets up.

*Cut to*

## **1A INT – ROOM, THANA – CONTINUOUS**

Bhonsle stands before an open cupboard, shielded shyly by the doors. He looks at himself, running his gaze over his *khakee* uniform from neck down to waist. He starts to unbutton his shirt.

*Match Inter Cut with*

## **2(ctd) INT / EXT – SOMEWHERE – NIGHT**

Seen in CUs... a hand paints a bare Ganpati idol, imparting a flesh-pink colour to the white clay.

*I/C with*

## **1 B INT – ROOM, THANA – NIGHT**

Bhonsle's hands remove the belt from his pant's waist... the badges and embellishments off his khakee shirt... slips on a plain shirt... buttons it... looks down at his brown police shoes.

He makes a neat pile of...  
his folded uniform...  
baton...  
and on top of the little pile – his cap.  
He puts all this in a thaili. Takes his belt in his hand.

*I/C with*

**2 A INT / EXT – SOMEWHERE – NIGHT**

A hand paints a strip of red around Ganpati's pink waist... then places the jewellery one by one on the idol...

The hands place a crown on Ganpati's head and fix it firmly in place. Ganpati, ready, appears to smile benignly.

*I/C*

**1 C INT – POLICE THANA – CONTINUOUS**

Bhonsle places his belt on a table. A constable (from off screen) turns a ledger towards him, his hand points to a spot on the page.

**CONSTABLE'S VOICE**

Saheb, ithe...

Bhonsle signs his full name – we see it TCU.  
Then he turns away... walks through the *thana*, eyes lowered.

*Cut to*

**1D EXT – POLICE THANA – CONTINUOUS**

Bhonsle almost bumps into a middle-aged Inspector (45) walking in.

**BHONSLE**

*(salutes)*  
Sahib...

A moment of awkward familiarity between them.

**BHONSLE**

Voh –

**INSPECTOR (cont'd)**

Tension naka gheu... jab tak un ka  
koi jawaab nahin aata,  
main headquarters ko har roz  
pareshaan karoonga...

*(smiles, a beat)*

in cheezon mein time toh lagta hai...

**BHONSLE**

Barobar...

**INSPECTOR**

Yeto.

Bhonsle is about to salute again. The inspector holds his hand mid-salute.

**INSPECTOR** (*cont'd*)

Aap khyaal rakkho... main milta hoon...

Bhonsle nods, leaves. The inspector stands there, watching, hypnotically drawn to the sound of Bhonsle's sandals crunching on the gravel. Suddenly –

**VOICE**

Talpade Sahib?

Talpade (the inspector) turns to see a young man (26).

**TALPADE**

Bola?

**YOUNG MAN**

(*salutes*)

Sir mee Constable

Shashikant Sawant. Aap ko  
report karne ko bola Sir...

Talpade stares at him. A beat. Sawant shuffles, feeling awkward. Then –

**TALPADE**

(*In Marathi*)

Vees minitaat...

**SAWANT**

Yes sir.

Sawant turns, enters the *thana*. Talpade turns, looks in the direction Bhonsle just went.

*Cut to*

**3 INT / EXT – MAHARASHTRA LUNCH HOME – NIGHT**

Bhonsle enters the bustling canteen and heads to the cash counter...

**CASHIER'S VOICE**

(*calling out to the kitchen*)

Arre sahebchi ek cutting maar...

**BHONSLE**

Nahin, hisaab bol...

**CASHIER'S VOICE**

Chai toh pee lo saheb...

**BHONSLE**

*(holding his wallet open)*

Kitti?

The cashier's tone changes...

**CASHIER'S VOICE**

Teen sau sattavees... *(pauses)*

Aap teen sau de do –

Bhonsle fishes out 327 rupees down to the last coin. The cashier wants to protest, he just gave Bhonsle a discount. But Bhonsle doesn't look like he wants to discuss this. He fishes out two more ten rupee notes.

**BHONSLE**

Yeh chhotu ko dena...

**CASHIER'S VOICE**

Kal se bandh...?

Bhonsle nods, turns and leaves... pauses outside the door, peers into a small diary in his hand... scrawled there is a list. Bhonsle clicks a pen, runs a cancellation line through –

*'8. dabba bill'*

*Cut to*

**4 INT – DHOBI'S HUT – NIGHT**

An undefined figure irons a police uniform. Near him another figure is sorting out heaps of clothes. Bhonsle enters...

**MAN 1**

Saheb se uniform le lo...

Man 2 holds his hand out. But –

**BHONSLE**

Aaj tak ka kitna hisaab hua?

Man 1 pauses his work, looks at Bhonsle. A beat. He opens a dilapidated notebook, checks.

**MAN**

Uh, ek sau chaaalees.

Bhonsle takes out a a hundred and a fifty, gestures to 'keep it', leaves...  
pauses outside below a streetlight... in his little diary, Bhonsle runs another  
line through –

*'9. istri bill'*

*Cut to*

## **EXT – ROADSIDE BARBER – NIGHT**

By the roadside, Bhonsle waits patiently as a barber finishes shaving a man sitting on a stool, watching himself in a small mirror hung on the pavement railing. The customer looks awkward, watching Bhonsle from the corner of his eye. The barber has barely finished with his razor than the customer greets Bhonsle. Bhonsle nods back, not too keen to have an interaction with another young cop.

The barber gestures for Bhonsle to come sit in the chair, but Bhonsle holds out two hundred rupee notes. The barber counts out some change when Bhonsle stops him, turns and walks away.

He stops by the edge of the pavement under a streetlight, and seems to be scratching something out in the little diary. By now we know what.

*Match Cut to*

## **5 INT – PROVISIONS SHOPS – NIGHT**

*'10. Cooker'*

A line runs through it... Bhonsle looks up from his little diary... at a new pressure cooker sitting on the shop counter.

*Cut to*

## **5A INT – PROVISIONS SHOPS – NIGHT**

A line runs through...

*'12. vim bar + scotch brite'*

Bhonsle looks at a Vim bar and Scotch Brite sitting on a shop counter.

*Cut to*

## **6 INT / EXT – B.E.S.T. BUS – NIGHT**

Bhonsle sits in the front of the bus, almost on the edge of his seat, as if scared to get too comfortable on the journey. Two large thailis sit on his lap. His mind seems to be elsewhere.

*Cut to*

**7 EXT – STREETS – NIGHT**

The Ganpati idol we saw earlier – now ready, in all its finery – covered in a transparent plastic sheet, seems to float through the crowds and traffic.

*Cut to*

**6 A INT / EXT – B.E.S.T. BUS – NIGHT**

Bhonsle is sitting at the window. On the back of his seat are the words ‘Senior Citizen only’.

*Cut to*

**7 A EXT – STREETS – NIGHT**

The Ganpati idol rides through the crowded streets on a cycle-cart, jerking and lurching, snaking through the traffic...

...through it all the Ganpati idol maintains its benign smile.

*Inter Cut with*

**6 B INT / EXT – B.E.S.T. BUS – NIGHT**

Bus stops come and go...

The conductor cuts a ticket for an unseen passenger behind Bhonsle, when Bhonsle slips out his monthly pass, holds it up for the conductor, who doesn't inspect it, smiles at Bhonsle. There is an old familiarity between them.

Bhonsle turns back to the window, lost in his private despair.

*I/C*

**6C EXT – BUS STOP – NIGHT**

The bus stops. Bhonsle alights. The bus leaves, to reveal –  
– the cycle-cart has stopped right behind Bhonsle. Two men carry the Ganpati idol off and place it with many others in an open-air *murti*-shop display. Bhonsle, his back to it, walks away...

*Cut to*

**8 EXT / INT – CHURCHILL CHAWL – NIGHT**

Bhonsle walks silently past several parked taxis...

Next to a Maruti van taxi is a man in taxi-driver's uniform (28) talking to some teenage boys (aged 14-15)... he stops as Bhonsle walks past...

Bhonsle bends to enter through a small opening in a large old iron gate. It almost feels like he might be entering a jail, not a chawl.

Bhonsle walks past a Muffat Vachnalay, and climbs narrow stairs...

...where a plump middle-aged man with a pigtail (50) nods his head in greeting and watches Bhonsle curiously as he walks towards...

## **8A INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI - NIGHT**

Bhonsle stops before his *kholi*, unlocks the doors, pushes them open, and pauses, looking unfamiliarly at the darkness inside his house.

Then he walks in... the doors close behind him... his window rattles open, he stands there, looking out as if from behind the bars of a jail cell. A beat.

He pulls the curtains closed. The house swallows him up.

*Cut to*

## **9 EXT – CHURCHILL CHAWL GATE – NIGHT**

The taxi driver has a brass taxi driver's badge on one pocket, and a red and yellow badge reading 'Marathi Morcha' on the other pocket. He's brought badges for the boys, which he's pinning onto the boys' shirts.

Just then – the plump man with the pigtail walks past, dressed in a taxi-driver's uniform. He smiles at them, but warily, seeing the Morcha badges being put on their shirts.

The boys – Amol and Mahesh – get uncomfortable.

Watching the plump man leave, this man glares at him.

*Cut to*

## **10 INT / EXT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – DAWN**

Bhonsle wears his sandals, folds a cloth *thaili*, puts it in his pocket... steps out, locks his door, walks away.

*Cut to*

## **11 EXT – STREETS – DAWN**

Bhonsle walks very tiredly through the streets, their emptiness mirrored in his eyes. It doesn't seem like a new day has begun, it seems more like another long wakeful night has ended.

Suddenly —his sandal strap breaks ... he leans over to adjust it...

*Cut to*

## **12 EXT – MUFFAT VACHALAY, CHURCHILL CHAWL – MORNING**

Bhonsle limps back towards the chawl, his steps heavy and clumsy because of one torn sandal. His *thaili*, now full, hangs from his hand. A muffled *thump-thump* sound from the tea stall seems to weigh him down... and he stops at the Vachnalay... sits down. Govind (14) is sifting milk packets from a few large plastic crates. In the background we see him go up to Pandey and give him a few packets – they exchange an awkward moment. Pandey's wife watches them while she works.

In the foreground... Bhonsle tilts his head to read the headline on yesterday's scattered newspaper. His POV is a little blurry... it comes into focus –

*'MAHARASHTRA SODA!  
Marathi Morcha chya  
paraprantiyana zaahir hukum'*

Bhonsle, squinting, looks up... when Govind comes up to him. Bhonsle takes a packet of milk from him, gets up to leave... Govind looks at him warily...

*Match cut to*

## **13 DAILY ROUTINE MONTAGE : INT / EXT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI**

The diary... on a fresh page, a line runs through –

*'1. pao, dudh, anda'*

*Cut to*

On the kitchen counter – some pav, a packet of milk and six eggs. From off screen – the sound of running water stops as a tap is screwed closed.

*Cut to*

## **EXT – SANDAAS – EARLY MORNING**

Bhonsle waits outside one of the community toilets, gazing at his feet, unwilling to look up in case someone catches his eye.

An unlatching sound from inside the toilet. The door opens and a woman steps out. She acknowledges Bhonsle, but Bhonsle avoids any eye contact, waits for her to leave, then steps into the toilet, shuts the door on himself.

*Cut back to*

## INT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – EARLY MORNING

Two eggs boil on the stove.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle, just bathed, wrapped in a *gamcha*, is seated before a small Ganpati idol, doing his morning *pooja*. He looks unnaturally peaceful. A shuffling sound. A hand shoves a newspaper in through Bhonsle’s window. We see Amol, many newspapers bundled under one arm. He disappears.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle tunes a large old transistor radio.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle, seated in his armchair, eyes shut, eats eggs and pav. He eats fast.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle, sipping chai from a thermos cap, sits before his new pressure cooker, reading the instruction manual.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle, sitting on a low stool in the bathroom, washes his clothes.

*Cut to*

About to step out to dry his clothes, Bhonsle pauses at the door, peeks out to check if there aren’t too many people about... slips out quickly

*Cut to*

Bhonsle puts his clothes on the line hurriedly, trying to ignore the people around him. The same plump cabbie walks past him, peers at him curiously.

*Cut to*

A line runs through – ‘3. *Kapde dhulai*’

*Cut to*

Bhonsle slips the folded *thaili* into his pocket, picks up his umbrella, opens the main door, steps out. The door shuts.

*Stay on the door*

The door opens. We hear rainfall outside. Bhonsle enters, a full *thaili* hanging from one hand, a wet umbrella in the other. He opens the umbrella, keeps it near to door, to dry.

*Cut to*

A line runs through – ‘5. *bhaaji, aatta*’

*Cut to*

Bhonsle chops a tomato... there is a hypnotic monotony to the act.

*Jump cut to*

Bhonsle stirs the *bhaaji* as it simmers. He looks at it disinterestedly. More hypnotic monotony.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle, seated in the same armchair, eats sabzi and roti. But this time he eats slowly, almost unwilling to eat.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle washes the dishes using the Scotch-brite and Vim-bar.

*Cut to*

Drying his hands on a *gamchha* Bhonsle sits down and re-tunes the radio. A newscaster’s voice comes on –

**NEWSCASTER**

Paani ke supply par Marathi Morcha ke pravakta  
Shri Laxmikant Dange ka kehna hai –

**DANGE’S VOICE**

BMC ka water supply capacity nabbe laakh log ka hai...  
pun Mumbai mein abhi do karod log hain...  
Kidhar se aaye? Kis kis ko dega BMC paani?  
Pehle Bihari ka pyaas bujhaayen ki Marathi ka?  
iyu tell me –

Crackling static interrupts Dange! Replaced by some other news, reduced to a murmur.

*Transition to*

Bhonsle takes the dried clothes off the clothes line, darts back into his house!

*Cut to*

Bhonsle folds a shirt... lifts the *gadda* on his bed, and places the folded shirt neatly next to several others placed just like it. He sits on top of the *gadda*.

*Cut to*

A line runs through – ‘8. *Kapde istri*’

*Cut to*

## **EVENING**

Bhonsle sits looking at a pav and a cup of tea. He drinks his tea, doesn’t touch the pav.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle sweeps his house.

*Cut to*

A line runs through – ‘10. *Jhaadoo katka*’

*Cut to*

## **NIGHT**

Bhonsle, in his armchair, stares at his dinner. A beat.

*Cut to*

Tired Bhonsle stands at the sink, a *kadhai* below the tap filling up with water. Suddenly – the radio goes silent. And the tap dries up! Bhonsle reacts.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle turns the radio over, hits it, switches it off and on. Nothing.

*Cut to*

CU, a pen tip scrawls – ‘11. *radio repairing*’

*Cut to*

Bhonsle puts away the last dish, wipes the kitchen dry... switches off the kitchen light.

*Cut to*

In the living room... Bhonsle flicks a switch... nothing! He flicks it off and on a few times... then climbs onto the bed... and twists the tube in its socket... nothing. The room is dark... except for the dying flicker of the diya before the Ganpati.

Suddenly – Bhonsle hears the squeaking of a mouse. In the semi-darkness, he scans the floor... this way and that... peeks below the bed... nothing.

*Jump cut to*

Bhonsle, lying on his back, eyes open, stares into the darkness. *Over this –*

*Cut to*

## **14 BHONSLE'S NIGHTMARE**

Bhonsle – looking much more tired – wakes up. His house is dark. There is a drip drip sound... a leak from the ceiling – drops drip into an half-full vessel lying on the floor near the door.

He wears his sandals.

Exits his door, door shuts on us.

Two eggs boil.

He bathes.

He lights the diya.

He eats.

He washes clothes.

He chops vegetables.

He pumps the kerosene stove to start it up.

The pressure cooker whistle blows.

He eats.

He washes dishes.

He mops the floor, sitting on his haunches.

He takes the full vessel from the floor near the door, goes and empties it in the washing area, comes and places the empty vessel on the floor again.

He folds clothes.

He eats.

He washes dishes.

The diary... a page with many cancellations flips over....

*Cut to*

A very haggard, drooping Bhonsle wakes up...

The drip-drip continues...

He wears his sandals...

Exits his door, door shuts on us.

Two eggs boil...

He bathes...

Lights the diya...

eats...

washes clothes...

He chops vegetables...

cooks...

the pressure cooker whistle blows...

he eats...

washes dishes...

mops the floor, bending over...

takes the full vessel from the floor near the door – some water has spilt over –

he goes and empties it in the washing area, comes and places the empty

vessel on the floor again...

folds clothes...

eats...

washes dishes...

A page flips over in his diary...

*Cut to*

*An aged, 75 year old bent over Bhonsle wakes up...*

He bathes...

he lights the diya...

he eats something light, unable to chew well...

he washes clothes, but without vigour...

He chops vegetables, slowly...

he cooks, the dishes are very grimy...

He mops the floor, with his foot, unable to bend over...

takes the full vessel from the floor near the door – its grimy, overfilled – goes

and empties it in the washing area, it slips from his hand... clatter... he comes

and places the empty vessel on the floor again.

the old pressure cooker whistle blows...

*Cut to*

The house is empty...

Bhonsle's soap has caked with dirt...

The kerosene stove has cobwebs...

Some dishes lie in the washing area caked with fungus and grime...

cockroaches crawl inside them...

The vessel has overflowed a while back... the floor is covered in green, mossy water... a rat splashes across the floor.

There is no trace of Bhonsle.

The drip drip drip echoes through the empty decaying house...

From far away...

*a SIREN... it rises...*

*Cut to*

### **15B INT – BHONSLE'S ROOM – NIGHT**

Bhonsle's eyes suddenly snap open. He sits up in his bed... his shirt is soaked in sweat. He feels dizzy.

Suddenly – that siren again! He reacts.

The siren stops.

He looks at his hand, tries to make it into a fist. Can't. The fist is loose.

He pushes himself up off the bed.

*Cut to*

### **16 EXT – CHURCHILL CHAWL ENTRANCE – NIGHT**

Three small cups kept on a wet jeep bonnet slowly fill with tea from a thermos flask. Sawant stands at a distance, watching Bhonsle. Talpade takes a cup. The cops are all in raincoat jackets. It's a wet night.

Talpade passes the other cups to the jeep driver, and Sawant. Sawant steps away, Talpade gestures to Sawant – *'this is the Bhonsle!'*

**TALPADE**

Kaisa raha... pehla din?

Bhonsle shakes his head, looks into his tea. An awkward beat. Bhonsle looks up, as if about to say something, but doesn't.

**TALPADE (cont'd)**

Tawde saheb se baat huyi...  
phir chalu ho gaye

Bhonsle looks. Just then, from behind the jeep –

**SAWANT**

Chai khoop kadak banaate ho sir...!

Bhonsle just looks at him. Suddenly something thumps hard inside the jeep.

**TALPADE**

*(smiles, calls out)*

Aye Sawant, light maar...

Sawant shines a blinding bright torch into the back of the jeep – to reveal two drunk, disheveled, drenched men inside, wearing tattered raincoats, pushing and shoving one another! They appear to be father and son! Talpade and Sawant laugh. Bhonsle smiles... collects the cups. Talpade taps the bonnet. The jeep starts up.

**TALPADE (cont'd)**

Saheb, tumhi tension gheu naka...  
voh boley mere ko kal dubaara  
phone karne ko...

Bhonsle just nods understandingly. Talpade sits in the jeep, as Bhonsle salutes... stands there.

*Match cut to*

**16A EXT – STREETS – NIGHT**

In the Rear View Mirror, Talpade watches Bhonsle's figure recede. The jeep swerves... and Bhonsle's image disappears.

**SAWANT**

Sir? Voh Bhonsle saheb ka pension  
ka problem hai kya?

**TALPADE**

Nahin... Extension ka...

**SAWANT**

Extension...?!  
*(a 'thump')*  
AYE!!

Sawant slaps one of the drunkards, getting some of the man's spittle on his hand. Disgusted, he wipes his hand on the man's shirt.

**SAWANT (cont'd)**

Thhakey nahin kya  
Bhonsle saheb is naukri se?

The jeep siren rises... Talpade, lost, looks into the RVM, to see –

*Match cut to*

**17 [F.B.] INT / EXT – JEEP / MUMBAI STREETS – NIGHT**

Bhonsle (15 years younger) glares at a scared young couple seated opposite.

**BHONSLE**  
*(authoritatively)*  
Kaay?

The girl shakes her head fearfully. The boy is looking at his feet.

**BHONSLE** *(cont'd)*  
Mere ko dekh... *(the boy looks up)*  
Parat karsheel...?

The boy shakes his head. From the front seat, a younger Talpade –

**TALPADE**  
Ek raat daalte hain andar...  
*(glaring at them)*

**BHONSLE**  
Nahin sahib, mee bolto...  
phir se nahin karenge...

Bhonsle turns to them, gestures 'what?' They nod obediently.

*Match cut to*

**17A EXT / INT – SOME BUILDING / JEEP – NIGHT**

Bhonsle walks out of a building gate... gets into the waiting jeep.

**TALPADE**  
Kya bole... uske 'father'?

**BHONSLE**  
*(shakes his head)*  
Je nakko hote, tech zhaalan...

**TALPADE**  
Thappad?

Bhonsle nods, making a face. Talpade snickers.

**TALPADE**  
Kaaye saheb... ma-baap se baat  
karke aaye...

**BHONSLE**

Sir, baap ne lagaayi toh sharm aayi  
Aapan laavli asti toh besharm ho jaata...

**TALPADE**

Masterji hona chahiye thha aapko...

**BHONSLE**

Naahi sahib...

Talpade looks, puzzled.

**BHONSLE**

Mee metric paas sir.  
Utna seekhta toh ab tak inspector hota.

Bhonsle looks down at his hands. Talpade smiles, but his eyes betray a sadness for this man. He looks in the RVM, adjusts it. The jeep siren rises...

*Match cut back to*

## **16 B EXT / INT – TALPADE’S JEEP – DAWN**

The jeep siren dies out... Sawant is looking at Talpade expectantly. But Talpade is lost in his own private desolation, wondering perhaps if this is what Bhonsle’s life of duty amounted to, what hope is there for the rest of them.

*Cut to*

## **18 INT – BHONSLE’S ROOM – NIGHT (continuous)**

Bhonsle stands in the darkness, eyes clenched, grimacing in pain... Suddenly – a CRASH! as a cup falls from Bhonsle’s finger! He stumbles to the table, thumps the thermos down, grabs the bridge of his nose, the veins on his forehead swell. He blinks his eyes hard... but his vision blurs...

*Fade to black  
Fade in*

## **19 INT – BHONSLE’S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT**

A mess of wires jutting out... a bare tube-light holder... the entire house is in darkness now... the open diary with no lines scratched across –

*‘4. Tube badli’  
‘5. Light repair’*

*Match cut to*

## INT – BHONSLE’S KITCHEN – NIGHT

A foot appears coming down from the loft. We see Bhonsle coming down with an old contraption covered in dust and cobwebs. He brings it down and starts fiddling with it.

*Jump cut to*

## INT – BHONSLE’S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Bhonsle, in the armchair, sitting in the solitary beam of an old emergency light... struggling to break a piece of burnt *roti*. When he hears – the mouse! Bhonsle scans the floor, but its too dark to see anything there. He looks irritated, when suddenly – on the door, knocking. Bhonsle flinches...

*Cut to*

The door opens on the young Marathi boys we had seen earlier. They see Bhonsle stare at them. Their smiles disappear! A beat. None of them speak up. Bhonsle is about to shut the door, when –

**MAHESH**

Kaka, Ganesh Chaturthi –

Bhonsle nods, is about to close the door again, when –

**AMOL**

Iss saal aap –

**BHONSLE**

*(stops him)*

Vapas nahin aana

And he shuts the door in their faces. The boys turn red, embarrassed.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle puts a piece of burnt *roti* in his mouth, chews grimly, his eyes shut. Suddenly – a flurry of knocks on the door. Bhonsle’s eyes snap open.

*Cut to*

The door rattles open... on the young taxi driver we saw earlier, a *tilak* smeared on his forehead, hands folded, smiling. Mahesh stands behind him.

**MAN**

Namaskaar kaka... Bhonsle kaka na?

Mee Vilas, Vilasrao Dhavle,

Marathi Morcha?

He points at his badge.

**VILAS** (*cont'd*)

Ganesh Chaturthi hai na, tar humko  
chahiye ke aap apne logon ka saath do...

**BHONSLE**

Chanda de diya hai...

Bhonsle is about to close the door, when Vilas stops it! Bhonsle reacts.

**VILAS**

Kaka, voh toh maaloom hai,  
hum bus chaahte ki ya varshi Ganpati bappa  
ki moorti sirf Marathi log bitthaaye...

Bhonsle steps back to close the door –  
when Vilas jams the entrance with his foot –  
Bhonsle looks at Vilas' foot... Vilas notices, steps back.

**VILAS**

Kaaye kaka? Kitna seva kiya aapne Marathi  
manoos ka... ab time aaya hai – !

Bhonsle is about to close the door – just as, Amol comes running, panting –

**AMOL**

Dada! Rajender – !  
(*points towards the courtyard*)

*Cut to*

## **20 EXT – CHAWL COURTYARD – NIGHT**

Next to the area demarcated for the Ganpati Pandal, Rajender (28), Govind and two other boys have planted some bamboos and are demarcating a new area with rope.

Strung between two bamboos is a small banner that reads –

*“Churchill chawl ke Uttar Bharatiyon ko  
Ganesh utsav ki badhaai –  
Uttar-Bharatiya Sangh.”*

From behind them –

**VILAS**

Aye bhaiyye, baat tere dimaag  
mein ghusti nai kya?

**RAJENDER**

Ghus gayi... isi liye toh hum apna  
alag ganpati kar rahe hain...

**VILAS**

*(pushes Rajender)*

Idhar nai, apne muluk mein kar...

**RAJENDER**

Yeh humaara bhi muluk hai...

**VILAS**

Hutt!

Vilas pushes him... Rajender stumbles... then backs off, scared.

**RAJENDER**

*(stuttering)* De-dekh Vilas... Ga-ganpati  
sirf tera bhagwaan na-nahin hai - !

Vilas lunges for Rajender. Rajender ducks, and runs! Vilas picks up a cycle pump lying there and chases Rajender all over the courtyard trying to hit him with it. But its an awkward weapon, the handle sliding out every time he lifts it to club Rajender with.

The boys – from both sides – just stand by and watch, scared and confused! Finally Rajender trips and falls, hurting his leg, when Vilas drops his silly weapon, jumps on him and starts hitting him. Rajender slips out. The chase begins again.

*Cut to*

**20A INT / EXT – BHONSLE’S VERANDAH – NIGHT**

Bhonsle is is at his verandah corner, looking in their direction. When – we hear a police siren...

*Cut to*

**21 EXT – CHAWL COURTYARD – NIGHT**

Bhonsle and Talpade exchange a look, as Sawant and the constables cart away Vilas and Rajender, battered and bruised.

*Cut to*

**22 EXT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI / CHAWL GATE – NIGHT**

The plump pig-tailed man stands at the gate, worriedly watching the police jeep leave. Another man (45) in a taxi-driver’s uniform walks up to him...

**MAN 2**

Mishra? Tum log ko doosra Ganpati  
bithaane ka hai kya...?

A few other men behind this man also look at Mishra questioningly

**MISHRA**

Yeh kaisa sawaal kar rahe ho Mhatre?  
Itne saal mein kabhi aisa hua hai jo ab hoga?

**MHATRE**

Bacche ko samjhao phir...

**MISHRA**

Sar-phira hai...  
main baat karta hoon...

Mhatre turns, grabs Mahesh tight by the scruff of his neck, and drags him away violently. Mishra watches, disturbed, then heads to the place where Rajender had tried to set up his own Ganpati pandal, his footsteps heavy.

Bhonsle watches Mhatre drag Mahesh past a silent Amol.

A drunk man staggers in through the back entrance of the chawl, looking around curiously at the scene... he has a bottle in a plastic bag tucked under one arm. From the way he sways it's evident he's drunk. The man stops before Amol, shakes his head at him, pushes him aside, staggers to the stairs. Amol just stares at him, then catches Bhonsle's gaze, lowers his eyes, follows the drunk man to the stairs.

**22A EXT – CHAWL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Bhonsle turns for the stairs when he sees Mhatre in the adjacent verandah shove Mahesh into their kholi passage, when he catches Bhonsle's gaze.

A beat.

From inside the sound of a loud slap... and someone stumbling and falling, as other objects fall and clatter with him. Mahesh tumbles out of the dark passage. Then gets up and slowly walks back inside.

Bhonsle lowers his gaze, turns into his corridor.

*Cut to*

**22B EXT – CORRIDOR, GOVIND'S KHOLI – NIGHT**

Govind, walking back to his kholi, crosses Bhonsle. He looks scared. His mother stands at the entrance to their home. She starts scolding him. Govind looks towards Bhonsle... but Bhonsle just turns for his door.

*Cut to*

## **23 EXT – STREETS – DAWN**

Bhonsle is on his walk, looking like he hasn't slept at all.  
At one point he sees a pigeon entangled in a wire overhead, dangling in the breeze, dead.  
Bhonsle looks away...  
continues walking...

*Cut to*

## **24 EXT – CHAWL COURTYARD – DAWN**

Bhonsle is about to enter the chawl gate when he sees Rajender, his shirt torn, limping in from the other side. Bhonsle pauses, allows Rajender to cross first. It's an awkward moment.  
Rajender limps in.  
Mishra sits at the vachnalay, dozed off. He's evidently waited right here all night.  
Rajender's bamboos, rope and banner have been tossed to one side near the gate.

Bhonsle waits near Govind, who's segregating the morning milk packets near Pandey's tupperry. Govind, watches Rajender, nervous, who evades his look. Rajender starts to gather his torn banner, causing something to fall... Mishra's eyes open. He comes up to him, awkward, careful, aware of Bhonsle's nearby presence...

### **MISHRA**

Pacchis baras mein pehli baar kal mujhse  
poocha gaya agar main alag ganpati  
chaahta hoon...! (*pauses*)

Just then Bhonsle, milk packet in hand, walks away.

### **MISHRA (*cont'd*)**

Bambayi mein kya chal raha hai  
jaante ho na tum?

### **RAJENDER**

Voh Vilas ek hafte se 'sirif marathi, sirif marathi'  
chill-la raha hai... Un logon ne bola ussey kuch?

### **MISHRA**

Voh gunda hai Rajender... hum aison ke  
moonh nahin lagte... hum ko itni sharm toh ab bhi  
aati hai... tum ko nahin aati toh chale jaao kahin  
aur... lado, maro... humein baksh do...

Mishra starts to walk inside... when Amol walks out with a bundle of newspapers. He freezes when he spots Rajender, tense.

**RAJENDER**

Main kyon jaaun?  
Main bhi yahin ka hoon...

Rajender starts to straighten his crumpled banner. He glares at Amol placing a Marathi newspaper in the Vachnalay. Amol scoots. Rajender glares at the Marathi Morcha banner in the vachnalay with an undisguised fury in his eyes.

*Cut to*

## **25 INT – MARATHI MORCHA OFFICE KITCHEN – MORNING**

Vilas, still in the clothes he was arrested in last night, stands in a kitchen. At the stove, in a baniyan-pajama, is a man in the last stages of making tea. Behind Vilas stands another figure – an Aide. The man strains some tea into a cup, holds it out for Vilas. A beat.

**MAN**

Yeh le...

We recognize this voice from the radio earlier... Dange!

**VILAS**

Nako bhau... thank you.

**DANGE**

Arre pee... yeh bihari aise hi aate rahe  
toh kisi din chai ke bhi vaande ho jaayenge...!

Vilas laughs, but he's nervous in Dange's presence. A beat. Vilas takes the cup of tea. Dange returns to the stove – we see, on the other flame is a kadhai with boiling oil – he is preparing some kothambir vadis to fry.

**DANGE**

Tu phir se jail gaya toh election ka  
ticket kaise doonga main tere ko...?

**VILAS**

Voh - sorry bhau - dimaag ka shot  
kar diya voh bhaiyye ne...

**DANGE**

Maalom hai re... gussa achha hai...  
pun sirif gusse se kaam nayi chalega...  
yeh Churchill chawl ke Marathiyon ka *dil* jeetna  
padega tere ko... unko bhi dikhna chahiye ki gundey  
voh bihari ladke hain... tu nayi.

**VILAS**

Dikhaaunga bhau, dekho aap...

Dange slides the vadi's into the boiling oil, starts frying them with a karchhi.

**DANGE**

Naukri... ration... ghar... jameen...  
Chawl ke Marathiyon ko samjhaa, ki jis par  
*unka* haq banta hai voh *yeh* kha rahe hain...

**VILAS**

Bolega main bhau, yahich sab bolega...

**DANGE**

(*gentle*) Par pyaar se samjhaa...

**VILAS**

Haan bhau, naukri, ration, ghar, jameen.

**DANGE**

Samajh issko... Sirif ratta mat maar.

Vilas nods eagerly, but doesn't seem like he knows why.

**DANGE**

Jaise Maharashtra ko Centre se funds  
milta hai, Bihar la nahi milat ka?

**VILAS**

Barobar bhau.

**DANGE**

Kidhar jaata hai funds? (*pauses*)  
Mumbai-Pune highway dekha hai?

**VILAS**

Jhakaas hai bhau...

**DANGE**

Bihar mein hai kidhar aisa highway?

**VILAS**

Nayi hai na bhau, isi liye toh  
idhar aate hain ssaale...

**DANGE**

Yeh! Yeh samjha unko... Bihari majja lene ko  
aate idhar... paisa idhar kamaate...  
par bhejte apne gaaon ko... vaat konachi laagali?

**VILAS**

Humaari lagi na bhau...

Dange smiles.

**VILAS**

Sab badal daalunga bhau...

**DANGE**

Sab badal gaya hai Vilas...  
Tu pan badal ja... phir dekh.  
Chal aata...

Vilas reaches over for blessings.

**DANGE**

Jai Maharashtra...!

As Vilas leaves...

**AIDE**

Yeda aahe bhau haa... kaaye ko itna  
vishwas karte ho is pe?

**DANGE**

Main bhi aisa hi thha re... baba ka hotel thha  
Elphinstone mein... baba ke baad main  
chalaane vaala thha... ek din saamne foot pe ek  
madrasi ne udipi khol diya...

Dange strains out the first batch of vadi's into a plate, puts in another batch.

*(laughs)* medu vada ne kothimbir vadi ki le li  
...bahut gussa aaya thha mere ko...  
jaise isko aata hai...chance diya hai,  
dekhte hain.

And Dange hands the plate to his aide and gestures to take it outside for everyone. The aide still lingers, unconvinced.

Dange picks his immaculately ironed kurta from a chair nearby and starts to wear it. The aide leaves.

*Cut to*

## **27 INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – LATE MORNING**

Bits and pieces of Bhonsle's large old transistor radio lie neatly laid out on the ground. A screwdriver... an old toothbrush... a rag... and Bhonsle, squatted amidst it all, squinting through his specs, trying to repair the radio in his lap...

His head is hurting. He has a hanky tied tight around it. His face is contorted in a grimace, as he tries to focus. Suddenly, from outside –  
A loud thump! Bhonsle reacts...  
then goes back to the radio...

A beat. Then the sound of a large metal trunk being dragged across the floor outside... stopping right next door... followed by another heavy thump!  
Bhonsle scowls... when –  
Voices, right outside his door...

**MAN'S VOICE**

Bai, zhaala sagla! Paishe...?

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Uh, kya?

**MAN'S VOICE**

Sau hua...

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Hum toh pachaas-aye bole thhe bhaiyya...

**MAN'S VOICE**

Itna saara samaan bai... do maala  
chadhaane ko... bahut maeenat hai...

Bhonsle tries not to pay attention, but he is distracted...

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Chaliye sattar kar dete hain...  
Le lijiye...

Loud muttering... more thumps and grating sounds from the kholi on the other side of Bhonsle's wall. Bhonsle starts to screw the pieces of his radio back together, when –

Knocking! Bhonsle looks up, very irritated now. A beat.

More knocking!

*Cut to*

**28 EXT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – LATE MORNING**

The door rattles open on a young woman (23), smiling warmly.

**WOMAN**

Pranaam... humara naam Sita Prasad hai...  
hum is bagal vaali kholi mein abhi-aye aaye hain...  
soche ki aake aapko namaste keh dein...

**BHONSLE**

Theek hai.

And he shuts the door! Sita is taken aback. A beat. She looks around, embarrassed... hears some chuckling, turns around to see – Mhatre and Shinde, in their ganjee-shorts, draped on the adjacent verandah railing. Shinde gestures to Bhonsle, shakes his head at her...

Sita smiles back weakly. A little boy (10) is peeking out from their door. Sita walks into her house, rattled, taking the little boy inside with her...

*Cut to*

**29 EXT – TAXI, LANE – DAY**

Vilas' taxi. The doors are open. Vilas' feet are sticking out. He seems to be asleep inside. But his feet move, turn to one side... then to the other. Ok, he can't sleep.

We see him, in his *ganjee*, lying on the back seat, staring at the sky outside. Some clothes are drying on the next seat. He starts muttering to himself...

**VILAS**

Sab badal daalunga bhau... *tch, nai...*  
sab change kar daalunga bhau... *chha, chutiya...*  
badlaao laayega main bhau... *hm?*  
badlaao laayega main... badlaao...

And he closes his eyes.

*Cut to*

**30 EXT / INT – SITA'S KHOLI / VERANDAH – AFTERNOON**

The little boy sits at his door playing with a top. The house is dark inside. Just then Mishra appears near the spinning top –

**BOY**

Didi?

Sita comes to the door to welcome him.

**MISHRA**

Khaana banane ke time nahin mila hoga...  
Hum kuch le aaye.

And he unfolds a paper parcel with vada-pau. The little boy, curious, wastes no time in grabbing one from the parcel.

**SITA**

Andar nahin aayiyega?

**MISHRA**

Na beti, bas ye dene aaye thhe...  
Chai chahiye toh Pandey hai neeche.

He starts to leave, when Sita trails after Mishra...

**SITA**

Mishraji... aap in bagalvaale  
Bhonsle-ji ko jaante hain?

**MISHRA**

Chalis baras se dekh rahe hain...  
Par jaante nahin... kyon?

**SITA**

Unka kauno bhi nahin?

**MISHRA**

Na... police-vaala hai... ya thha...  
Akele hi rehta hai...  
Kuch bola kya unhon ne?

**SITA**

Nahin nahin, kuch nahin.

Mishra studies her face to understand why she's asking this. Finding nothing, he smiles, turns to leave. Sita watches him go, then turns to look at Bhonsle's door. At her own door – her little brother, lost to the world, is demolishing his vada-pau.

At the stairs Mishra and Rajender cross one another – an awkward moment.

*Match cut to*

**31 EXT – PANDEY'S TUPPERY, CHAWL GATE – AFTERNOON**

Rajender, carrying a jar of carom-coins in his hand, stops at the Vachnalay, reads a Marathi newspaper headline –

**RAJENDER**

*Paraprantiya kaamgaar  
railway madhye chalnaar nahin!*  
**MARATHI MORCHA AILAN...** maadar-chod!

Rajender, muttering curses, turns to his boys, in soiled school uniforms, their shirts hanging out, standing some distance away with the carom board, apprehensive of Pandey's wife. Rajender takes the board, starts setting it up behind the tupperry –

**PANDEY'S WIFE**

*(to Rajender)*

Yahaan mat lagao na bhaiya,  
dikkat ho jaati hai.

Pandey, panicked, tries to stop her, but

**PANDEY'S WIFE**

*(to Pandey)*

Vachnalay ke pass kaahe nahin lagaate?

Rajender simply glares at her, continues, emptying the dabba of the carom coins.

**RAJENDER**

*Muffat vachnalay*, hmph! Kis ka muffat be?  
*Ek hindi paper tak nahin hai...* sab Marathi...  
voh – Shinde... aaj tak ek paisa nahin kharcha hai  
usne paper pe... aur Mishra har mahine  
ek sau dus rupaye deta hai – kis ko? –  
Shinde ke hi pilley ko, hindi paper ke liye...  
Pandey chai de.

Pandey starts pouring a glass for Rajender. His wife glares at him, unhappy.

**RAJENDER**

*(to the boys, pointing at the Vachnalay)*

Aisi cheezein khadi karke humko  
naak-chidha rahe hain ssaale...!

Just then the little boy quietly walks past, looks at some vadas in a tray.

**LITTLE BOY**

*(points at the vadas)*

Ek dijiyega...

**PANDEY**

Sirf vada?

**LITTLE BOY**

Nahin *(points at pav)* uske andar daalke...

**PANDEY**

*(holding out the vada-pav)*

Paanch rupaye.

The little boy checks his pockets. Finds coins. Starts to count them, when –

**RAJENDER**

Pandey khaate mein daal...

The little boy reacts. Pandey looks unsure. His wife glaring at him on the one hand, and an order from Rajender on the other. He hesitantly hands the vada-pav to the little boy.

**RAJENDER** *(cont'd)*

Tum Lalloo ho na?

**LITTLE BOY**

*(meekly)*

Lalu...

**RAJENDER** *(cont'd)*

Idhar kisi se dosti huyi hai?

*(Lalu shakes his head)*

Yeh – Govind... Akhilesh... Ismail...

*(they shake Lalu's hand)*

aur Pandey... aur main - Rajender.

And he shakes Lalu's hand firmly. Lalu almost smiles.

**RAJENDER** *(cont'd)*

Ab tum bhi Uttar-Bharatiya Sangh

ke Member ho... *(Lalu reacts)*

isi baat pe hamaare Lalloo-bhai ko

ek 'cutting', *(gestures to the boys)*

Sangh ke khaate pe...

*Cut to*

## **32 EXT / INT – VERANDAH / LALU'S KHOLI – NIGHT**

We follow two young awkward feet in chappals one size too big, walking unsurely into the chawl... up the stairs... along the verandah... about to enter a door when Sita rushes out – freezes!

Its Lalu... his hair has been buzzed into a crew cut!

**SITA**

Ee konchi kiye - ?

**RAJENDER**

Voh Uttar-Bharat Sangh mein sab karaate hain...

Hello... mera naam Rajender Mishra hai... hum idhar

Uttar-Bharatiya Sangh chalaate hain...is poore chawl

ke North Indian community ki taraf se...

kisi bhi cheez ki zaroorat padey toh bula lena...

**SITA**

*(disconcerted by this information)*

Ji, thank you.

**RAJENDER**

Yeh Sangh aapki suraksha ke liye bana hai...

Sita, nervous, just nods.

Rajender smiles, pats his new recruit on the head, turns and limps away.

A beat.

Sita hands Lalu the keys.

**SITA**

Hospital mein aaj-aye hi duty pe bula liya hai...

emergency hai... humara mobile

chelega, kuch ho toh Mishra uncle ke

yahaan se phone kar lena...

Lalu looks terrified suddenly.

**SITA**

*(rushes)*

Khichdi bana diye hain... kha lena...

Lalu looks at the kholi, then at his sister rushing away, he wants to say something, doesn't know how to put it in words.

**SITA**

Aur saveerey paanch bajey paani bhar lena...

She waves and dashes off.

He peeks into his shadowy kholi, scared to enter alone. The flickering candle is almost out. He's about to step in when –

**CRASH!** Lalu jumps!

*Match cut to*

**33 INT – BHONSLE'S KITCHEN – NIGHT**

Bhonsle is hunched over, eyes clenched, clutching his head in pain... on the kitchen floor the cooker clatters to a stop, yellow dal has splattered all over.

Bhonsle sinks to his haunches, opens his eyes... the blur slowly comes back into focus... he looks at the mess on the floor tiredly, his head throbbing. His toenail is bloody, where the cooker might have fallen on his foot.

*Transition to*

**34 INT – LALU'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Lalu lies on his *gadda*, back to the wall, staring into the darkness.

*Cut to*

**35 INT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle too lies on his bed, staring into the darkness, grimacing with the pain. There’s a hanky tied around his hurting head again. He turns over... looks at a damp patch growing on his wall like a cancer.

*Jump cut to*

Bhonsle takes a *vada-pav* from a newspaper puts it on the stove to heat.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle sits in his chair, is about to bite the *vada-pav*, when –  
We hear a thief-like knocking on a door.  
Bhonsle reacts, but then ignores it, continues to eat his *vada-pav*.

*Cut to*

**34 A EXT – LALU’S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Lalu opens his door, sees Ismail, gesturing for him to come out. Lulu looks scared, gestures ‘*what is it?*’ Ismail just gestures ‘*come out*’.

*Cut to*

**36 EXT – CHAWL GATE – LATE NIGHT**

Ismail leads Lulu across the courtyard... Shinde passes them. Ismail freezes for a moment. Shinde is swaying, drunk, mistakes Ismail for Amol. Ismail hurries his pace. Shinde watches them leave, confused. Lulu looks a little scared now.

*Cut to*

**36A EXT – PANDEY’S TUPPERY – LATE NIGHT**

In the darkness behind the tuppery, Rajender holds up a bucket to Lulu. Lulu, unsure, peers into it – black paint. He doesn’t take it –

**LALU**

Hum itni raat ko painting kaahe kar rahe hain?

**RAJENDER**

Pakdo... bataate hain...

Lulu takes the bucket. Rajender looks around, walks to the gate. The other boys, buckets in hand, wait.

Govind, not looking too sure of all this, stands near the stairs, watching out for trouble.

**LALU**

Hum yahaan ruke kyon hain?

**RAJENDER**

Sh...!

Rajender gestures. They emerge from the darkness.  
Lalu unwillingly follows.

*Cut to*

**35 A INT – BHONSLE’S LIVING ROOM – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle lies on his bed, feeling uneasy.  
He puts his hand to his chest, sits up...  
...lets out a small belch.

*Cut back to*

**37 EXT – MUFFAT VACHNALAY – LATE NIGHT**

They stand before the Vachnalay.

**LALU**

Rajender bhaiyya?!

**RAJENDER**

Chup...!

Rajender gestures to Ismail... who – scared – steps forward, swings the bucket... a big splash of black paint flies into the Vachnalay! Lalu turns white!

**LALU**

YEH KYA KAR RAHE HO?!

**RAJENDER**

*(grabs Lalu’s collar)*

Chup...! Jo bol rahe hain, kar...!

As Akhilesh swings his bucket, Lalu puts his bucket down, turns to run –  
Rajender grabs him!

**RAJENDER**

Baalti uttha...!

Lalu stands frozen to the spot.

**RAJENDER** (*cont'd*)  
Uttha... nahin toh sab se keh  
doonga ki yeh sab tuney kiya...

*Cut to*

**35B INT – BHONSLE’S LIVING ROOM – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle wears his sandals, carefully, since one foot is now messily bandaged from the pressure cooker falling on his foot earlier.

*Cut to*

**EXT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle steps out of his door and limps slightly, down the corridor.

*Cut back to*

**37A EXT – MUFFAT VACHNALAY – LATE NIGHT**

Rajender glares. Lalu, his eyes filling up with tears, picks up the bucket.

**RAJENDER** (*cont'd*)  
Phenk...

Lalu stands ready, but unable to budge.

**RAJENDER** (*cont'd*)  
(*snarls*) PHENK!

The order jolts Lalu... his bucket swings... paint flies... Suddenly –

**BHONSLE’S VOICE**  
Aye...! Kya kar raha hai... Rukk...!

They see Bhonsle rushing towards them. Rajender and the boys run out the gate. Lalu freezes. Bhonsle is nearly upon him, when Lalu drops his bucket, and runs.

Bhonsle, heaving for breath, stops, squints, but the escaping figures are a blur. Bhonsle turns to the Vachnalay... it’s a blackened mess... the Morcha banner, the wall, everything! He reacts.

*Cut to*

**38 INT – LALU’S KHOLI – MORNING**

Lalu’s hand... the skin is scraped... caked with dried blood.

Lalu is fast asleep, face down, on the floor. Suddenly from far away – the SCREECHING of a megaphone being turned on!

**VILAS' VOICE**  
BAS, AATA BAS!

Lalu's eyes open.

**VILAS' VOICE** (*cont'd*)  
Vachnalay nayi, moonh  
kaala kiya hai humaara!

Lalu jumps up, panicked!  
He sees his t-shirt splattered with black paint, grabs it, rushes to the kitchen, dumps it behind a trunk, scrapes his hand. It starts bleeding.

**VILAS' VOICE** (*cont'd*)  
Naukri... ration... ghar... jameen...  
T'chayla, kya nahin dete apan yeh log ko...?  
aur woh kya dete hain?

Lalu peeks out...

**VILAS' VOICE** (*cont'd*)  
GHANTA!

*Cut to*

### 38A EXT – CHAWL COMPOUND – MORNING

**SHINDE**  
Polis ko boley kya...?

**VILAS**  
(*saps*) Polis? Kya karegi polis?

Just then Sita walks into the chawl, stunned to see the crowd. She looks a little scared.

**VILAS**  
Kaka, haa aapla problem hai... aapka... mera...  
(*pulls a startled Amol in front*) is ka problem hai...

Sita climbs the stairs, sees Mishra look at her helplessly from his door.

**VILAS' VOICE** (*cont'd*)  
Hum sab *ekatra* nahin hai, tabhi toh yeh  
Baaher ke lok apne sar pe nachte hain...  
(*scoffs*) polis!

Just then – Bhonsle walks in, returning from informing the *thana*. He sees the gathering, surprised. A hush falls. He stops there to observe what exactly is going on, confused.

**VILAS** (*cont'd*)

Main Churchill chawl ko vachan deta hai...  
jis haath ne Maharashtra ke gaal pey yeh  
thhappad maara hai (*points at the vachnalay*)  
main voh haath kaatke mere Marathi  
bhaiyon ko prasaad chadhayega...

*Cut to*

### 39 EXT – GOVIND'S KHOLI – MORNING

Govind, Ismail and Akhilesh watch nervously from the window...

**VILAS' VOICE** (*cont'd*)

Tabhich sabko samajh mein aayega –  
Maharashtra sirif Marathi manoos ka hai,  
doosra konaacha naahin...

*Cut back to*

### 38B EXT – CHAWL COMPOUND – MORNING

**VILAS** (*cont'd*)

Aani apan yeh kar sakte  
mala koi doubt nahin...

Bhonsle is walking past the crowd, headed for the stairs.

**VILAS** (*cont'd*)

kaaran hamaare saath hain  
Bhonsle kaka jaise log...

The men react. Bhonsle turns to leave now, expressionless, he's had enough.  
Vilas trots up –

**VILAS** (*cont'd*)

Bhonsle kaka, tumi adarsha Marathi aahat...!  
Zarr aap humaare saath hain humko  
in log ka darr nahin...

He clasps Bhonsle's wrist, holds his hand up like a victor's.  
Bhonsle stops...

**VILAS** (*cont'd*)

Kharaa Marathi gaurav –

**BHONSLE**

Haath sod...

Vilas lets go. Bhonsle starts to walk away.

**VILAS**

Kaaye Kaka? Aap raasta nahin  
bataayenge toh kaun bataayega?

Bhonsle stops, turns. A beat. Vilas senses victory, smiles widely.

**VILAS (cont'd)**

Saheb, bas hukum kara...

**BHONSLE**

Voh – (*points at an uncovered naala*)  
do saal se khula hai... karo kuchh.

And he turns to leave. Vilas is stunned. Bhonsle starts climbing the stairs.

**OLD MAN**

Barobar hai... pichhle mahine Laalya ko  
dengue hua thha... hya gutter mule  
bahut machhar aate chawl mein...

**OLD WOMAN**

Choocha bhi...

**VILAS**

(*his voice faltering*) Aazoba, Churchill chawl se machhar  
tar kaay, har type ka keeda bhaga denge...

Mhatre, Shinde, the old man and the others walk over to the gutter.

**VILAS (cont'd)**

Kharach bol-le Bhonsle kaka...  
(*the megaphone stops working*)  
*Vilas reacts, tries to shout*  
haa baaharcha pura kachra  
Mumbai mein jama ho jaata hai...

But the folk are busy peering into the gutter. Mishra comes and joins them!  
Vilas looks around, confused. People have started to disperse. Amol and  
Mahesh stand far away, looking helpless. He sees Bhonsle pass by Sita.

*Match cut to*

**40 EXT – VERANDAH, BHONSLE'S KHOLI – MORNING**

Bhonsle unlocks his door. Sita beams at him.

Bhonsle just disappears into his house. The door shuts.

**SITA**

Kaun kiya hoga ee behuda harkat?!

Lalu reacts, hides his bleeding hand.

*Cut to*

#### **41 EXT – MISHRA’S KHOLI – EVENING**

The door is open. The curtain is drawn. Ismail tries to peek in. Govind pulls him back when Mishra appears.

**AKHILESH**

Uncle, Rajender bhaiyya?

**MISHRA**

Ghar pe nahin hai...

**ISMAEL**

Kidhar milenge?

**MISHRA**

Tum bataao...

The boys look confused, scared. They hurry away. Mishra watches them go, worried.

*Cut to*

#### **42 EXT – PANDEY’S TUPPERY – EVENING**

Lalu takes a vada-pav from Pandey, who’s on edge. Just then –

**RAJENDER’S VOICE**

Laloo...

Lalu reacts. Sees Rajender crouched in the shadows behind the tuppery.

**RAJENDER**

Ghar se nikla hi nahin saara din?

Lalu looks scared. Pandey’s wife looks very unhappy, she grinds her teeth.

**RAJENDER (cont’d)**

Tere ko aaye ek hi din hua hai aur tuneey  
Vilas jaise gundey ki bolti bandh kara di...  
Tu jaanta hai kitni badi baat hai?

**LALU**

Voh humne thodayi, Mr. Bhonsle-ji ne kiya...

Just then Amol appears near Pandey, to buy a vada-pav. Silence. A beat. Pandey freezes. Amol looks at Rajender, turns and scoots!

**RAJENDER**

Abbe gadhe, Bhonsle un hi ki jaat ka hai...  
ab tak nahin samjha humne yeh  
(*gestures to the Vachnalay*) kyon kiya?

**LALU**

Par humko toh karna hi nahin tha...

**RAJENDER**

Sach mein laloo nikle tum...  
time khoti kiya... gadha ssaala...

And he pushes Lalu, who stumbles. Rajender grabs his vada-pav... looks around thief-like, turns and limps away from the chawl, eating the vada-pav hungrily. Lalu glares, his eyes fill up, but he doesn't cry. Pandey's wife is about to make Lalu another vada-pav, but Pandey stops her.

*Cut to*

#### **43 EXT / INT – LALU'S KHOLI – EVENING**

Lalu, dusts his t-shirt as he enters... Sita is straightening her creased nurse's uniform with her hands, folding it...

**SITA**

Kahaan chala gaya tha?

**LALU**

Kahin nahin...

**SITA**

Vada-pav khaane?

**LALU**

Nahin...

And she places the folded uniform under the gadda and as she sits on it, Lalu passes her, Sita sees scratches on his hand.

**SITA**

Yeh kya kiye?

**LALU**

Voh – hattaate waqt – ghis gaya...

Sita frowns, not entirely convinced.

*Cut to*

Sita dresses the wound.

**SITA**

Arre toh humko bol deta, gadha...

**LALU**

*(mumbles)*

Didi – humko gadha mat kaho...

**SITA**

Toh gadha jaise karte kaahe ho?

Septic ho jaata toh? *(irritated)*

Jaante toh ho, ee sab kharcha ka  
paisa nahin apne paas

Lalu sulks, takes his Top, goes to the door, wrapping the top with rope, when –

**SITA**

Ye, ainne baitho...

She points at the spot under which she's placed her uniform to be 'ironed'.

Lalu comes, sits on the gadda. Sita looks at him. He continues rolling rope around his Top intently, as if taking his mind off other things.

*Cut to*

#### **44 INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle has a disturbed sleep, his *baniyaan* soaked in sweat. Outside, the sound of rain. Suddenly –

His eyes snap open, he sits up, stares at the wall... at a damp patch of seepage. A beat.

He hears a mouse squeaking. Bhonsle doesn't react. He just sits there, tired, as the squeaking sound scurries about... and disappears.

*Cut to*

#### **45 EXT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

The door opens slightly. Bhonsle pokes his head out, looks this way and that, sees no one around... steps out with a wooden stool and a newspaper.

Just then – He hears a creak... Lalu steps out of his door with his marbles!

They spot one another, freeze! Startled, Lalu quickly darts back in, shuts the door, but he dropped a marble. It clatters noisily on the silent ground.

Bhonsle looks at the marble. A beat. Then he walks past Lalu's door, settles his stool down at the turn of the verandah, puts on his spectacles, opens the newspaper... to see the headline –

*'PARAL GHATNA  
BIHARI MULGA CHALTYA  
TRAIN MADHUN DHAKALLA  
prasidh rajnaitik party var saunshay'*

*(Bihari youth pushed from train at parel  
Leading political party suspected)*

Bhonsle looks up at the chawl, washed by the rain.  
In the distance the far-off sounds of drums - some kids practicing a rhythm.  
Suddenly –  
A police siren starts and stops. The drums go silent.  
Bhonsle gets up.

*Cut to*

#### **46 EXT – CHAWL GATE – LATE NIGHT**

A chai cup is picked off the bonnet. Sawant, fixing his raincoat, greets Bhonsle.

**TALPADE**

Saheb... Tawde saab Pune gaye hain...  
bole parson phone karne ko...

Bhonsle's face falls, he nods. Talpade looks away. A beat.

**TALPADE** *(cont'd)*

*(pointing to the vachnalay)*  
Kuch pata chala kisne kiya?

**BHONSLE**

*(shakes his head)*  
Mee bhentoo Tawde sahebana?

**TALPADE**

Kashala saheb? Khaali-phokat mach-mach  
karenge... aap ko accha nahin lagega...  
main baat karta hoon na... *(a beat)*  
Chalo aaj ek round maarte hain...!

**BHONSLE**

Arre, nai sir –

**TALPADE**

Aapka hi unit hai Saheb...  
chala...!

*Cut to*

**47 INT / EXT – TALPADE’S JEEP / MUMBAI ROADS – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle is awkward in the jeep – the only White amidst a family of Khaki’s. His mind starts to wander as the other chit-chat –

**TALPADE**

Saheb aaj ka news padha?

Bhonsle nods.

**SAWANT**

Saheb abhi humko bol rahe hain, kuch karo...  
Kya karenge? Voh Vilasrao ke saath bhi yahi  
hua na... andar daala nahin ki Talpade sir  
ka landline baja... chhodna pada...  
Pun voh bhaiyye ko rakkha raat bhar...  
Kadak chai pilaake chhoda usko...!

Talpade glares at him.

**SAWANT**

Soney ko jagah diya saheb,  
thank you bolna chahiye na?  
Jageh kidhar hai Mumbai mein!

But Bhonsle’s mind has wandered far by now, he watches the unit as a blur. All this doesn’t seem familiar to him anymore. He looks out the window, as the night streams past – a rumbling river of dull lights.

*Cut to*

**48 EXT – JEEP / TRUCK STREET – LATE NIGHT**

It’s a dystopian, dimly lit road. Local trains dart this way and that in the far distance. Trucks line the road on either side.

Sawant disappears in between the parked trucks. He emerges counting some cash. A transgender prostitute emerges behind him, looking unhappy, muttering curses.

From between and behind the other trucks, more such prostitutes appear. And truck-drivers, in different states of undress. They look panicked, but the prostitutes don’t. they all start slipping money out, that Sawant walks around collecting, nonchalantly. This ‘hafta’ collection happens under Talpade’s watchful eye.

A taxi-driver *salaams* Bhonsle from the distance. Bhonsle greets him back, looks away. We see its Shinde! He quickly jumps into his cab, drives away.

The flashing light atop the police jeep is making Bhonsle dizzy. He tries to keep himself from losing balance. His head pangs with pain. He tries not to show it.

Talpade holds out a glass of tea for him. Bhonsle turns it down, trying to keep a façade of normalcy.

**BHONSLE**

Sir, mee yeto...

**TALPADE**

Arre, saheb – ? Mee sodto...

**BHONSLE**

Naahi sir, please...

And he turns and starts walking, clenching his eyes to keep his balance.

In the background Sawant walks towards the jeep, concealing a wad of cash.

Talpade's concerned eyes are fixed on Bhonsle walking away.

*Cut to*

#### **49A EXT – STREETS – LATE NIGHT**

A crow is pecking out the entrails of a dead rat's corpse. Bhonsle passes it. He is sweating, dizzy, his POV going out of focus.

Bhonsle's shadow freezes. The crow, startled, flies off. Bhonsle clutches his head, stumbles, grabs onto a lamppost. He squints, grimaces. Everything blurs completely.

Over this...

**SAWANT'S FAR OFF VOICE**

Yeh Bhonsle saheb samajh mein  
nahin aate mujhe...

**TALPADE'S FAR OFF VOICE**

Ghar pe baithna bilkul nayi jamta unko...  
Ssaala aakhir mein aake  
vahi karna pad raha hai...

Bhonsle collapses near the lamppost. Stillness.

*Cut to*

## 50 INT – DAILY ROUTINE MONTAGE, PUBLIC TOILET – MORN

Vilas brushes his teeth.

*Cut to*

Vilas washes his clothes, whacking them with a wooden *thappi*.

*Cut to*

Vilas sits on his haunches in a cramped cubicle, taking a dump.

*Cut to*

Vilas bathes.

*Cut to*

## EXT – PUBLIC SHAUCHALAY – MORN

Vilas walks out of the public toilet wrapped in a *gamcha*, just bathed. His uniform, washed and wrung, slung over one arm, a *thapi* in his hand. A soapbox, toothbrush, toilet mug etc in the other hand.

He stops at his taxi, parked outside, its doors and windows open. He spreads his washed uniform on the roof and carrier to dry.

He stashes his mug underneath the backseat.

He goes to the glovebox, opens it, puts his soapbox, his toothbrush, tongue cleaner in there next to a shaving brush and razor... and a small bottle of Desi Café cheap alcohol. He takes out a cheap plastic dabba, leftover takeaway from some cheap restaurant.

He sits near the steering wheel, facing out, opens the dabba, sniffs the contents, looks unsure. He puts a small morsel in his mouth. It tastes ok. Then he eats the cold food with his hands. As someone passes him on their way into the toilet.

It's a couple of transgender prostitutes we've seen the previous night.

But Vilas doesn't notice them. He just sits there, disaffected, eating, staring at nothing at all.

*Cut to*

## 51 EXT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI - MORN

Bhonsle's door is slightly ajar. A rare sight, this.

*Cut to*

**INT – BHONSLE’S ROOM – MORN**

Some drops of red on the floor... leading to the kitchen.

*Cut to*

**INT – BHONSLE’S KITCHEN – MORN**

The tap lies unscrewed next to the washing area. Small parts scattered about, alongside a wrench. The washing area is dry. Some dishes lie there, unwashed, caked with dirt.

Standing there is an open bottle of Iodine, and an old packet of cotton, probably past its expiry date. Bhonsle is hunched over, dabbing iodine on a wound on his head, tying a bandage... when suddenly – a **CRASH!** He reacts.

*Cut to*

**INT – BHONSLE’S ROOM – MORN**

Bhonsle rushes out of the kitchen, his bandage dangling incomplete, to see – a stray bitch. She looks at him, wags her tail. A stool has fallen. The Ganpati idol lies smashed on the floor!

*Cut to*

**52 EXT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – MORNING**

Bhonsle drags the bitch out, grabbed by the neck. He sees –

**LALU**

Oh...!

**BHONSLE**

Tu laaya isko?

**LALU**

Sorry –

Bhonsle leaves the bitch, grabs LalU by the neck and drags him in...

*Cut to*

**53 INT – BHONSLE’S LIVING ROOM – MORNING**

Bhonsle points LalU’s head to the ground... at the broken Ganpati. A beat. LalU slowly turns white.

**BHONSLE**

Gadha...!

Lalu reacts. Bhonsle shoves him out, slams the door shut in his face.

*Cut to*

**54 EXT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – MORNING**

Lalu stands there, staring at the ground, about to cry. The bitch licks his toes.

**SITA’S VOICE**

Lalu?!

Lalu looks up... his eyes and ears red! Sita looks very worried.

*Cut to*

**55 EXT / INT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – MORNING**

Knocking on the door.

Bhonsle’s door rattles open angrily... he has a steel tray in his hand... the bandage is complete, but messy.

Sita stands outside. She reacts to the bandage. Lulu skulks behind her.

**SITA**

Pranaam... Hum maafi maangne  
aaye hain... yeh kutta –

**LALU**

*(sullen)*  
Kutti...!

**SITA**

*(irritated, continues)*

- pata nahin kahaan se Lulu ke  
peechhe peechhe chala aaya...  
aur aapke –

**BHONSLE**

Chawl hai yeh, footpath nahin...!

And he shuts the door in her face! Bhonsle turns from the door, goes down on his haunches collecting the Ganpati pieces off the floor into the tray, when –

There’s a knocking again. He scowls.

*Cut to*

**EXT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – MORNING**

The door opens...

**BHONSLE**

*(pissed)*

Phir se nahin bolunga –

**SITA**

Arre aapka problem kya hai? Abh ho  
gaya na galati... maafi maangne aaye hain...  
aur aap mein itni sabhyata nahin  
ki khade ho kar sun lein?

**BHONSLE**

*(taken aback)*

Aye, dekho –

**SITA**

Galti toh insaanon se ho jaata hai...  
aur yahaan toh jaanwar thha...

**LALU**

Thhi...!

**SITA**

Aye chupp-aye baitho... apna ghar toh sambhalta  
nahin... doosron ke gharon ka satyaanaash  
karte phirte ho...! Akele kaafi nahin thhe?  
Jo iss kutte ko bhi saath le liya?  
*(Lalu looks)* Ab phir 'kutti' mat kehna!

Lalu drops his gaze. Bhonsle looks stumped.

**SITA** *(cont'd)*

Kaunchi toda ye?

**BHONSLE**

Ganesh...

**SITA**

Kaun?

Bhonsle leans in, holds up the broken head of his Ganpati idol.

**SITA**

*(apologetic)*

Hum nayi laa denge...

Bhonsle shakes his head, is about to shut his door again, when –

A cacophony of screams inside the chawl... a woman's piercing voice screams  
at someone to bring more water!

Bhonsle pops his head out. He and Sita see –

Pandey – half naked – a bucket of water in his hand – comes tearing down the verandah, around the far corner, and stumbles down the stairs!

*Cut to*

## **56 EXT – CHAWL GATE / PANDEY’S TUPPERY – DAY**

Pandey’s tuppery is half-burnt. Pandey, his wife – still screaming and mourning their losses – and some of the women of the chawl throw water on the smouldering remains. Sita dives in to help, looking white from fear. Too many bad things one after the other.

Lalu, petrified, peeks around the corner.

The bitch barks.

Pandey catches Lalu’s look. He glares at him, then at the blackened vachnalay and then back at Lalu. Lalu can’t take it, he retreats fearfully into the shadows.

From far behind, Bhonsle stands and watches, grim, the broken Ganpati head still in his hand. He spots his blackened thermos lying on the ground. He walks towards it tentatively, picks it up.

*Cut to*

## **58 EXT – STREET OUTSIDE CHAWL – NIGHT**

Walking to his taxi Mhatre passes Mishra wiping the windscreen of his taxi.

**MHATRE**

Ladka ghar aaya?

Mishra shakes his head.

**MHATRE**

Ganpati aayenge, sab theek ho jaayega...

Mishra nods, unconvinced... watches Mhatre go to his taxi and start it. Mishra sits in his driver’s seat. He looks vacantly in the direction of Mhatre’s taxi.

Mhatre’s headlights wash over Mishra, as he leaves for work.

Mishra keeps sitting there, unmoving, not starting his taxi. He can’t seem to find a reason to go to work tonight.

*Cut to*

## **57 EXT – VILAS’ TAXI, STREET – NIGHT**

Vilas sits behind the wheel, in his taxi uniform. We see him from behind, his eyes - revealed in the rear view mirror - are reddened.

He's muttering something... a speech... as if rehearsing it... his expressions changing... becoming more and more venomous. When – someone appears near his window... Vilas doesn't notice.

**VOICE**  
Bhaiyya?

Vilas reacts to that word! Turns to see a young couple, snazzily dressed for a night of clubbing.

**BOY**  
Phoenix mills?

Vilas nods, leans across to turn the metre as the couple get in.

As he starts the taxi, drives, he reacts, adjusts the rear view mirror to see the couple making out. He stares, still driving... suddenly, the girl's eyes open, she looks back at Vilas. Vilas keeps staring. She looks very uncomfortable, mutters something to the boy, who also looks at Vilas in the mirror.

The boy's hand taps Vilas' shoulder. Vilas pulls over. The hand drops a fifty on the seat next to Vilas... the couple rush out of the taxi. Vilas just watches, silent... as they walk away, glaring back at him over their shoulders.

A beat. Then Vilas reaches over to the glove box, takes out the small bottle of alcohol... takes a swig... then another... puts the bottle back.

A long moment passes. Vilas stares at the night.

He watches a woman walk past with her dog, she's carrying the dog in her arms like a little baby. Vilas just watches.

Someone appears at the window again, seems to ask if he'll go. Vilas doesn't even look at them, shakes his head, continues staring at nothing at all... in the background the person tries to hail another taxi... Vilas just sits there. As it starts to drizzle on his windscreen, distorting his face.

*Cut to*

## **59 INT / EXT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – NIGHT**

Bhonsle stands before some tea, watching it boil, the steam rising from it distorting his face. He holds his specs over the steam, wipes it with his shirt, wears it, and squints into his little diary. His pen-tip runs down the list, all undone... stops at –

*'6. Ganpati murti'*

He frowns. Just then – a knock on the door.

*Cut to*

The door opens... nobody. Bhonsle looks around, steps out, confused. He doesn't see anyone. As he turns to go back inside, he sees – outside his door – a small Ganesha!

Puzzled, he looks at the Prasad's door. The door is shut. Darkness inside. He looks around, unsure...

He looks at this new Ganpati, studying it, when – a sizzling sound from inside –

**BHONSLE**

Aayi ga!

And he rushes inside...

The tea boils over, as Bhonsle turns off the gas, scowls. His diary is getting soaked! He wipes it quickly on his shirt... leaving tea-stains on his white shirt.

We see the empty space where the old Ganpati used to be, and the new one waiting outside. In his hurry, Bhonsle has left his door open, again.

*Cut to*

## **62 INT – LALU'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Lalu is in bed, tossing and turning... a disturbed sleep. His eyeballs in REM.

**LALU**

*(mumbles)*

AYE! KYA KAR RAHA HAI! RUKKI!

His eyes snap open –

*Cut to*

## **64 EXT – LALU'S KHOLI – MORNING**

Returned from work, Sita walks into her corridor, to her door, goes in... a beat... then she comes out, puzzled. She looks this way and that, walks down the corridor as if looking for something, then turns back to see –

Lalu is curled up, asleep on the ground behind a large drum in the corner. Sita shakes him up...

**SITA**

Kya kar raha yahaan pe?

**LALU**

Andar darr lag raha thha...

**SITA**  
Chalo...

**LALU**  
(stops her)  
Didi?

**SITA**  
Kya? Phir kuch kiye kya?

**LALU**  
Humse jor-jabardasti ki didi...  
hum nahin karna chaahte thhe...

**SITA**  
Kya?

Lalu points towards the vachnalay. Sita is shocked.

**LALU**  
Sorry didi... hum rokne ka koshish kiye...  
hum nahin karna chaahte thhe...  
kasam se didi... oo Rajender bhaiyya ne –

Sita shoves him into the house, sits down to get her bearings. She's rattled, angry, scared, helpless all at once.  
She thinks – Rajender was supposed to be the 'suraksha' for all north-indians in the chawl. Could they be thrown out now? Who do they turn to now?

*Cut To*

#### **64A EXT – BHONSLE'S DOOR – MORNING**

Sita, holding Lulu tight, is about to knock. Lulu struggles desperately to free himself –

**LALU**  
Didi?! Voh policevaale hain...  
humko jail mein daal denge...!

Sita stops... thinks... looks at Bhonsle's window-sill...

The Ganesha is not there. She leans over, peeks through the window... to see the new Ganesha where the old one used to be! Sita tightens her grip on Lulu... and knocks!

**LALU**  
DIDI?!!

The door opens slowly... Bhonsle – unshaved, haggard, his ruffled shirt still patched with tea stains – looks out... at Sita, then at Lalu... then down, searching for the bitch. He gestures *'what is it?'*

**SITA**

*(pulling Lalu in front)*

Yeh aap se kuch kehna chaahta hai...

*(to Lalu)* bolo Lalu...!

Lalu tries but can't speak. Bhonsle looks, irritated, is about to shut the door, when – Sita pinches Lalu –

**LALU**

Voh Vachnalay!

Bhonsle freezes. He glares at Lalu. Sita pinches Lalu again –

**LALU** *(cont'd)*

Haan! Hum-us-raat-vahaan-thhe – !

**BHONSLE**

Tuney kiya voh?

**LALU**

N-nahin –

**BHONSLE**

Toh kya kar raha thha?

Lalu hangs his head, helpless. Bhonsle steps back...

**BHONSLE** *(cont'd)*

Phir mat aana...

nahin toh police mein de doonga...

And he shuts the door in their faces. Sita is startled! Lalu is relieved.

**LALU**

Didi? Agar unhon ne police

ko bata diya toh...?

Lalu walks into their house. Sita stands outside, lost in thought. A beat. Lalu pokes his head out, when – Sita grabs his hand again –

*Cut to*

Reluctant, but fighting her own instinct in the matter, Sita takes a deep breath, and knocks on Bhonsle's door, again, gently. Lalu is horrified! The door opens... Bhonsle looks very pissed off.

**SITA**

Dekhiye ise sach mein kharaab lag raha hai...  
is ne jaan-boojh ke nahin kiya...  
is se zabardasti karvaaya gaya...

**BHONSLE**

*(raises his finger)*  
Phir nahin boloonga...

And Lalu scampers off! Bhonsle notices.

**BHONSLE** *(cont'd)*  
Gadha!

And he shuts the door in her face again, but not as sharply.  
Sita stands there, defeated.

*Cut to*

**65 INT / EXT – BHONSLE’S LIVING ROOM – MORNING**

Bhonsle pauses, flustered. He looks at the Ganesha... then looks at the door he just shut. A beat. His face softens...  
And then he opens the door, about to say something –  
...but Sita’s gone. Bhonsle hangs his head... then slowly closes his door.

*Cut to*

**66 EXT – CHAWL GATE – DAY**

A *choolha* on the half-burnt carom board atop a stool, beneath a large umbrella is what’s left of the tupperry. Pandey pours a plastic cup of *chai* for Mahesh just as a very scruffy looking Rajender limps in. Mahesh scoots! Pandey looks, then opens the thermos to pour the tea back in. Pandey’s wife looks upset.

**RAJENDER**

Police mein complaint kiya?

**PANDEY’S WIFE**

Aap yahaan mat aao bhaiyya,  
bahut nuksaan ho raha hai humaara...

Rajender flares, he whacks a glass... it clatters on the ground. He whacks a couple of more vessels in anger.

**RAJENDER**

Saala yahi toh problem hai...  
Sab kuch jal gaya tab bhi darr ke maare  
haath pe haath dhare baithe ho!

Just then – Rajender spots Lalu, returning from the market, a heavy thaili in his hand...

**RAJENDER** (*cont'd*)  
Aye Lalloo...!

Rajender strides behind Lalu shoves him hard – just as Sita appears!

*Match cut to*

**67 INT / EXT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – DAY**

Up at his window a disheveled Bhonsle is scattering some stale rice for the crows, when he spots Lalu tumbling onto the ground down below... a bunch of marbles scattering from his hands...

A beat. And Sita rushes up to Lalu, helps him up onto his feet, and strides back around the corner, out of sight. Bhonsle cranes his neck, but can't see what's happening around the corner.

*Match-cut to*

**67A EXT – CHAWL GATE – DAY**

Sita collects Lalu, dusts him clean, forces him to stand his ground... some *sattu* atta has spilled from the packet onto the ground  
She turns to Rajender, speaks in a very patient, but firm tone...

**SITA**  
Kya dikkat hai?

**RAJENDER**  
Yeh...! Darpok Lalloo...!

**SITA**  
(*to Lalu*)  
Tumhara naam Lalloo hai?

Lalu shakes his head, scared, smarting.

**SITA**  
Toh phir?

Lalu's tongue has tied. Sita nudges him. But he still doesn't say anything.

**SITA**  
Is ka naam Lalu hai...  
Aur yeh darpok nahin hai...  
Aap is ko beech raat mein bulaaye,  
Yeh aaya na?

Rajender is taken aback. He wasn't expecting her to know, and say, this!

**SITA**

Is se jor jabardasti se sab karvaaye,  
(points at the vachnalay)  
yeh kisi se kuch nahin bola...  
ab aap apni ladaai khud-ayi ladiye...

Bhonsle has appeared around the corner, stops in his tracks...

**RAJENDER**

(nervous)  
Dekh, tu – !

**SITA**

Humaara bhai nahin aayega...

She nudges Lalu to go pick up his scattered marbles. A couple of them are lying on the ground near Rajender's feet. Rajender doesn't know what to say or do. Lalu, uncertain, goes, picks them up, rushes back to his sister's side. She is steadfast, lets him leave, then follows after him... lowering her eyes as she passes Bhonsle.

Bhonsle steps aside to let Sita pass...

A beat. Then he steps up to Pandey, gestures for a chai.

Pandey is frozen, stuck, between an unpredictable Rajender, and a potent threat in Bhonsle. An awkward moment.

Pandey's wife takes charge, pours out a glass for Bhonsle.

Rajender, not sure what exactly just happened, limps away as fast as he can.

Bhonsle, tired, watches... then silently thinks... about Sita.

*Cut to*

**69 EXT – VERANDAH – NIGHT**

Some torn bits of *chapati* on the ground. The bitch sits before it, her face turned away from it, unwilling to eat it.

*Cut to*

**70 INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – NIGHT**

Some *misal* curry in a cheap plastic takeaway *dabba*. Bhonsle sits turned away from it, unable to eat. He looks at the wall – the damp patch has grown. He stares tiredly at it. When, from outside – a low yelping sound. Bhonsle reacts.

*Cut to*

**71 EXT – VERANDAH – NIGHT**

Lalu comes out, tearing open a packet of Parle-G, when he freezes – sees – Bhonsle's *misal* curry *dabba* on the ground... the bitch is noisily eating from it! Lalu looks at the bits of roti still lying there on the ground... then he looks at Bhonsle's door... and then at the biscuit packet in his hand. He folds the packet closed and slips it into his pocket. A beat. Just then –

Loud drums and trumpeting! Lalu turns, sees – a festive procession carrying a Ganapati idol into the chawl. Suddenly – a **CRASH!** from Bhonsle's house!

The bitch jumps up and dives into Bhonsle's house.

**LALU**  
(lunges for her) Oye!

...but she's gone. Lalu waits, scared. A beat. Then he steps into the house.

*Cut to*

**72 INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI / KITCHEN – NIGHT**

Lalu looks around the room... it's a mess of broken things...

He enters the kitchen, sees – Bhonsle collapsed on the ground! Lalu is horrified. He feels Bhonsle's breathing... when he hears – a crow's cawing! Lalu shoos it... we hear the crow flapping, flying away... Lalu looks around helplessly... spots the landline... sweating, Lalu dials a number nervously... he gets a *'please check the number you have dialled'* warning... stressed, he cuts the call, dials again – panicked but careful this time, digit by digit... the phone rings...

No reply. Lalu hangs up and looks around. From outside – drums and chants of "*Ganpati Bappa Moriya!*" are building up, louder and faster.

*Cut to*

**73 EXT – CHAWL VERANDAH / COURTYARD – NIGHT**

Lalu runs up and down the corridor, knocking on doors, peeking inside... he runs up to Mishra's door, but it's latched... no one seems to be home... he looks over the railing, down at the courtyard... everybody's down there... an intimidating crowd... screaming, chanting, throwing gulaal, beating drums. He swallows hard, scared... unsure, he walks... then runs to the stairs.

**73A EXT – CHAWL COURTYARD – NIGHT**

Lalu scampers through the crowd, pleading, screaming –

**LALU**  
MISTER – MISTER BHONSLE!

But the drums are deafening... everybody's chanting, screaming, festive... someone throws *gulaal* on Lal. Frightened, desperate, Lal is screaming... Mhatre notices, reads Lal's lips as he screams –

**LALU**  
MISTER BHONSLE!

Mhatre looks up towards Bhonsle's door...

*Cut to*

#### **74 EXT – CHAWL GATE – NIGHT**

Mhatre and Mishra clear the way, as a bamboo ladder made into a stretcher carries Bhonsle out the gate... into a taxi. The Ganpati (*the same idol we've seen before*) seems to silently watch unconscious Bhonsle being taken away.

*Cut to*

#### **INT / EXT – TAXI, STREETS – NIGHT**

CU, Bhonsle in the back seat of the taxi, unconscious, his head bouncing as the taxi speeds through crowded streets.

*Jump Cut to*

#### **75 INT – HOSPITAL WARD – LATE NIGHT**

CU, Bhonsle lies unconscious in a bed.  
He squirms about in his sleep, as if in a nightmare... suddenly – he springs awake, soaked in sweat... to hear – a soft pumping sound... a blood pressure metre is strapped to his arm... He blinks hard... sees blurred shapes... tries to get off the bed. But – A hand firmly but gently pushes him back down.  
It's Sita, dressed in her nurse uniform, checking his blood pressure.

**BHONSLE**  
Mereko idhar kaun laaya?

**SITA**  
Lalu...

She starts to unstrap the pressure apparatus from Bhonsle's arm.

**BHONSLE**  
(*tries to get up*)  
Mere ko jaana hai...

**SITA**

*(firmly)*

Yeh le lijiye... sab tests ho jaayega,  
tab chale jaayiyega...

Bhonsle protests... but Sita shoves a pill into his face. He looks... quietly takes it... empties the water... tries to lie down, but Sita adjusts his pillow...

**SITA**

Thoda upar kar lein...?

**BHONSLE**

Khud kar loonga...

**SITA**

Thoda-upar-kar-lein?

**BHONSLE**

*(sulking)* Haan...! *(a beat)*

Nahin... thoda neeche...

Sita adjusts it, turns to leave, a faint smile on her lips. Bhonsle watches her go... as his vision starts to blur, he sees Lalu, his clothes streaked with *gulaal*, standing in the doorway, eating biscuits from the Parle-G packet...

Watching Lalu, Bhonsle gets drowsy... closes his eyes.

*Jump cut to*

## **76 INT – HOSPITAL WARD – EARLY MORNING**

Lalu is sleeping, on the chair beside Bhonsle's bed... Sita wakes him, gestures '*come*'...

**LALU**

Par mister Bhonsle-ji ke tests?

**SITA**

*(pointing to another nurse)*

Didi karva dengin... chalo...

Both of them pause, look at Bhonsle sleeping, then leave.

*Cut to*

## **78 INT – PATHOLOGY LAB, HOSPITAL – DAY**

A nurse injects a needle into Bhonsle's vein, and draws blood... Bhonsle stares... the red blood filling the syringe...

*Cut to*

**INT – OPHTHALMOLOGY ROOM – DAY**

A light is being shined into Bhonsle's eye as someone checks his vision.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle's chin is placed on a metal frame as a machine scans his eyes.

*Cut to*

**77 INT – XRAY ROOM, HOSPITAL – DAY**

Bhonsle stands shirtless as an X-Ray machine closes in on him. He looks uncomfortable, irritated.

*Cut to*

**79 INT – M.R.I. SCANNER, HOSPITAL – DAY**

Lying on a table, Bhonsle is slid into a MRI scanner...

Inside the scanner... the strange sound of the machine... over it Bhonsle hears his breathing - getting faster, shorter, raspier... he breaks into a sweat.

When he slides out, red-faced, he storms out of the room... ignoring the attendant's protests.

*Cut to*

**80 INT – HOSPITAL WARD – DAY**

Buttoning his shirt, tired, Bhonsle sits on his bed...

Someone wheels in a patient in a wheelchair... Bhonsle stares at this man – frail... the same age as Bhonsle... his hair almost gone... his skin pale... several tubes running into his body... eyes sunken... a cancer patient... the chemotherapy has taken its toll on this man's body and spirit. A beat. Then Bhonsle gets up, rushes out.

*Cut to*

**82 EXT – LALU'S KHOLI – EVENING**

A knock on Lalul's door. It opens...

**BHONSLE**  
Didi?

Lalu runs in... Sita emerges with a dabba of modaks... bumps into Bhonsle's hand, holding money...

**SITA**

Ganesh-ji ka prasad...

Bhonsle awkwardly takes the plate with the other hand, hands the money –

**BHONSLE**

Voh – tumne payment kiya...  
(*Sita nods, takes it*) Gin lena...

**SITA**

(*smiles*)  
Gin lenge...

**BHONSLE**

(*awkward, displays the bill*)  
Voh – chaalees percent discount –  
diya mere ko...?

**SITA**

'Contact in emergency' ke liye koi naam-number  
daalna thha toh humne apna daal diya...  
Unhon ne aapko family samajhke aapko discount  
de diya... kya kar sakte hain?

She smiles mischievously, turns to leave. Bhonsle is left tongue-tied. She pops her head back out –

**SITA** (*cont'd*)

Reports raat ko aayega...

As she leaves, Bhonsle sees Lalu holding up a ring of keys. Bhonsle reacts, turns to look at his own door, it's locked –

Bhonsle takes the keys, tries to unlock his door, but still weak and dizzy, he's unable to coordinate the key into the lock. He struggles, hoping Lalu won't notice this. But Lalu watches him curiously. Bhonsle manages to get the key into the lock. A beat. And goes inside.

The bitch tries to enter the kholi! Lalu grabs her, holds her back. As Bhonsle shuts his door.

*Cut to*

## **INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – EVENING**

Bhonsle stops before an old photograph of a woman who might have been his

mother... then he looks at a small display shelf – where amidst a lot of other really old faded things, sits an old aluminium ‘modak’-maker...

Then Bhonsle looks at the modaks in his hand. Some deep box of emotion seems to have been unexpectedly opened within him.

A beat.

Then he sits down tiredly... takes a modak out and bites it.

As he eats the sweet, his kholi appears more desolate than ever before.

*Cut to*

### **83 EXT – VERANDAH, BHONSLE’S KHOLI – NIGHT**

Sita is leaving for work when she sees Bhonsle, waiting outside on his stool! She stops. Bhonsle gets up.

**SITA**

Ji?

**BHONSLE**

Voh – reports...

**SITA**

Aapko aane ka zaroorat nahin...  
hum savere le aayenge...

**BHONSLE**

Oh...!

And Sita walks away, smiling to herself. Just then –  
Bhonsle sees Lalu struggling to stop the bitch from running to Bhonsle.  
Bhonsle walks up to the bitch, pats her –  
And she sits down, wagging her tail!  
Lalu just looks, betrayed.

Bhonsle opens his door lock, his hands trembling slightly, trying to cover it

**BHONSLE**

Lalu tera asli naam hai?

Lalu shakes his head.

**BHONSLE (cont'd)**

Phir?

**LALU**

Pushpendra...

**BHONSLE**

Chai peeyega?

A beat. Lalu nods. As they enter Bhonsle's house...

**LALU**

Iss ka naam Shalu hai...  
Lalu *(to the bitch)* aynd Shalu...!

She doesn't react.

**BHONSLE**

Us se poochke rakkha?

**LALU**

*(giggles)*  
Kutte bolte thodayi hain...

Bhonsle whistles. The bitch jumps to her feet, wagging her tail. Lalu looks at her, betrayed!

*Cut to*

### **83A INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – NIGHT**

Bhonsle and Lalu sit in silence. Bhonsle is peering into his tea. Lalu pours some in a saucer and keeps it on the floor for Shalu. A beat.

**BHONSLE**

*(abruptly)* Thank you...

Lalu looks up bewildered, and then they both look away, awkward, sip their teas. Just then – A loud motor starts up outside...

*Cut to*

### **84 EXT – VERANDAH / CHAWL COURTYARD – NIGHT**

Bhonsle and Lalu stand at the railing, tea-cups in hand, watching as a thick white cloud of smoke slowly rises... a worker with a large spray gun fumigates the *chawl* gutter... Mishra, a hanky held over his nose, directs him.

Mishra spots Bhonsle, raises a hand in greeting. Lalu waves back! Bhonsle looks bemused by this... then looks down at the large Ganpati idol... as the white cloud slowly obscures it.

*Cut to*

### **85 EXT – STREET, DESI DARU THEKA – NIGHT**

Mahesh peels a large sticker that reads 'Marathi Morcha' and hands it to Vilas who pastes it on the windscreen of his taxi. Vilas steps back, and we see –

The taxi is covered in 'Morcha' symbols and stickers. It looks like a 'Rath'!

Vilas grins, slips out a bottle of Desi Cafe, pours some into a plastic cup and holds it out for the boys. Amol looks unsure, but Mahesh takes it. Vilas raises a silent toast to his Dange – who's photo is stuck on the dashboard, and then takes a long swig.

*Cut to*

## **90 INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle turns his emergency light to a pateela... uncovers it, sees some rice inside... he smells it, its stinking... he sees one pau – covered in a little fungus... and the utensils – still unwashed. He opens the dabba of modaks – there are two left... they're now crawling with ants. He sighs, keeps the dabba.

*Cut to*

He wears his sandals, steadies himself, gets up.

*Cut to*

## **EXT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle steps out. He passes Sita's kholi, sees the window open, and for the first time, he peeks in, as if to check on Lulu. He can't see anything in the darkness inside the kholi. He squints, gives up. He walks down the stairs...

*Cut to*

## **90A EXT – CHAWL / VACHNALAY – LATE NIGHT**

He is passing the gate... when he stops – a scraping sound from near the vachnalay... he looks, suspicious... to see – Lulu, scrunched into a dark corner, on his knees, a small kitchen knife in his hand! Lulu freezes, looks at Bhonsle. Bhonsle comes closer, notices that some of the black paint has been scraped off. Lulu blinks up at Bhonsle. Bhonsle looks, seems to understand... goes down on his haunches next to Lulu...

**BHONSLE**

Kaise karna hai, maalum hai?

**LALU**

Pehle toh yeh kaala utaarna padega...

**BHONSLE**

Hm... phir?

**LALU**  
Painting...

**BHONSLE**  
Hm... karega kaise?

**LALU**  
Brush se...

**BHONSLE**  
Hm... laayega kidhar se?

**LALU**  
Humne kuch paisa jama kiya hai...

**BHONSLE**  
Hm.

And Bhonsle leaves. Lulu looks thoughtful.

*Cut to*

## **91 EXT – MUMBAI STREETS – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle walks tiredly through the same streets we've seen earlier. His gait is slower, his shoulders sagging. A small plastic thaili of food hangs lifelessly from his hand.

He notices something up ahead. A constable stands over a man lying on the road. Bhonsle shuffles towards them.

The constable sees Bhonsle, gestures to him to move on. But Bhonsle's eyes are fixed on the man on the ground... an old man... his eyes are partly open... flies buzz around his eyes and nose and mouth... he's dead.

The constable's walkie crackles... he speaks into his walkie... but all sounds are a blur to Bhonsle.

Some days back Bhonsle would have been that constable.  
Some days from now he might be that dead old man.

Bhonsle feels dizzy, turns, continues walking...

*Cut to*

## **92A INT – LALU'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Coins stand in neat small stacks. A gullak piggy bank lies smashed on the ground nearby. Lulu places the last coin –

**LALU**  
Twent-seven rupaye, fifty paise...

He thinks.

*Cut to*

**95 EXT – CHAWL COURTYARD – LATE NIGHT, ALMOST DAWN**

Sita walks in, is about to pass the Ganpati pandal, when she spots – Bhonsle... sitting alone before his Lord, quiet, his eyes closed...

Preferring not to break the sanctity of this silence, Sita sits down behind him. A beat. She looks at the file in her hands.

Bhonsle senses her, opens his eyes. Awkwardness. He seems like he wants to turn to her and say something...

so many things...

about his life...

about what he used to be...

about what he has been reduced to...

for the first time in his life he feels like talking to someone... to her. But...

the words don't flow. His mouth stays shuttered. His eyes betray his helpless frustration at this inability to articulate his feelings.

He turns to Sita, hoping she will see in his eyes what he is not being able to put in words. But instead –

He sees her fallen face... notices the file in her hand – his name on it – 'G. Bhonsle'. A beat. And Bhonsle's eyes shutter themselves again.

Sita doesn't look up... keeps the file next to him, gets up quickly, walks away. A beat.

Then Bhonsle picks up his file, gets up... and as we follow him, we see Shalu near the stairs, still picking from the same plastic thaili of food we saw earlier in Bhonsle's hand... Bhonsle fed it all to her.

*Cut to*

**95A EXT – VERANDAH – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle steps to his door. Sita opens her door.

We see them both enter their respective doors... they both turn and stop.

But neither can see the other now. We can.

Sita looks like she wants to go talk to Bhonsle.

Bhonsle looks like he wishes Sita would come talk to him.

But..

A beat...

And both doors close... swallowing their residents up.

*Cut to*

**96 INT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle sits, stares at the file in his hand... he looks up... sees the damp patch on the wall... it has spread... turning green with fungus now... the patch goes blurry.

*Match-cut to*

**97 INT – LALU’S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

The same wall on Sita’s side... we see Lalu has fallen asleep facing this wall, next to his stack of coins. Sita has curled up behind Lalu, her arm around him. She stares at the wall too...

Its almost like Bhonsle and Sita are staring at one another *through* this wall.

*Cut to*

**98 INT – BHONSLE’S KITCHEN – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle holds his MRI brain scan against his emergency light... his POV – on top, the name – ‘G. BHONSLE’... the scan starts to blur...

Bhonsle grimaces, presses the bridge of his nose, his eyes clench... he blinks vigorously... goes dizzy... crumples...  
A few heavy thumps.  
The beam of light is vacant now.  
Stillness.

At the window, a crow’s cawing...

*Cut to*

**99 EXT – VERANDAH, BHONSLE’S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Sita knocks on Bhonsle’s door.  
A crow’s cawing stops. We hear wings flap away.

But there’s no other sound.

Sita knocks again.  
Nothing.  
Panicked, she looks around... knocks again, loudly. Silence. She peeks in through the window... its pitch dark inside the kholi... she goes to the door to bang on it, when suddenly –  
the door opens...

We see Bhonsle, swaying on his feet, drained, a hanky tied tight around his arm, his sleeve torn. A small bloom of blood where he might have hurt it. Sita reacts...

*Cut to*

**100 INT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle is slumped in his armchair, one sleeve rolled up, a neat dressing on a wound on his arm, done by Sita. Sita sits on his bed, facing him. Awkward silence. A beat.

**SITA**

Aap... aaj aisa koi bimaari  
nahin jiska ilaaj nahin ho sakta...

Bhonsle looks at his wounded arm, its sleeve rolled up... suddenly its become a very pale hand, a tube runs in to the vein... we follow the tube away from the arm to a medicine bottle hanging from a saline stand... where the armchair was is now – a wheelchair! In it, in a patient’s gown, is Bhonsle, his hair shed, his body has clearly been subject to some severe chemotherapy.

**SITA’S VOICE**

Chemotherapy hai... radiotherapy bhi kar  
sakte hain... par pehle ek second opinion  
lenge... diagnosis galat bhi toh ho sakta hai?

Bhonsle is still looking at his hand. It’s normal now. He tries to make it into a fist. He can’t. He looks up at Sita, hoping she wouldn’t have noticed that...

**SITA**

Aap samajhte kyon nahin...?!  
Aapko turant-aye admit hona padega...

And Sita looks away. A beat. And Sita looks up at him –

**SITA**

Aap itne ziddi kyon hain?!

Bhonsle reacts. Sita pulls back.

**SITA**

Sorry... humara koi haq nahin –

She looks at him... then looks away, gets up. Bhonsle wants to stop her, but doesn’t know how to, watches her leave.

*Cut to*

**102 EXT / INT – MARATHI MORCHA OFFICE – MORNING**

Vilas enters... The office is being painted red and yellow, the Marathi Morcha colours. Someone hammers a nail in the wall. On the other side someone is

drilling something. It's a noisy mess. Dange's aide shouts at the drilling guy to pause, then turns to Vilas –

**DANGE'S AIDE**

Zara thamb... saheb busy aahe...

Vilas frowns, tries to peek, but the aide doesn't budge. Vilas looks.

*Cut to*

**103 INT – POLICE HEADQUARTERS – MORNING**

Bhonsle shows his police ID to someone –

**BHONSLE**

Tawde saheb...

**OFFICER'S VOICE**

Appointment aahe...?

A beat. Bhonsle shakes his head.

**OFFICER'S VOICE (cont'd)**

Kaaye Saheb? Jaante ho na kitne busy rehte  
hain Tawde Saheb... wait kara

Bhonsle looks, reluctantly goes and sits on a bench.

*Cut back to*

**102A INT – MARATHI MORCHA OFFICE – MORNING**

Vilas waits, restless, watching the painting, muttering to himself, rehearsing what he's going to say to Dange... over and over again, trying to get his spiel right. The aide crosses him, goes in... Vilas sees, gets up... but the aide shuts the door!

*Cut back to*

**103A INT – POLICE HEADQUARTERS – MORNING**

Bhonsle waits on the bench. We hear the officer speak to someone over the phone. Then he calls out –

**OFFICER**

Kaay kaam aahe?

Bhonsle slides forward eagerly...

**BHONSLE**

Service extension request...  
Tawde saheb bolle forward karto.

The officer mutters into the phone, puts it down, and goes back to his files. A beat. Bhonsle, disappointed, slides back into his seat.

*Cut back to*

**102B INT – MARATHI MORCHA OFFICE – MORNING**

Vilas paces up and down, still muttering to himself, changing expression... his hands start to move about too... when suddenly – a clean shaven young man emerges from Dange's office, beaming. He too has a tilak on his forehead but he carries a laptop bag. The aide pats the young man on his back. Vilas scowls... tries to rush into the door... is stopped

**DANGE'S AIDE**

Saheb aaj khoop busy hai...  
kal aane ko boley...

**VILAS**

*(tries to peek in)*  
Urgent hai...

The aide pulls the door firmly shut behind him, glares at Vilas. Vilas glares back.

*Cut back to*

**103B INT – POLICE HEADQUARTERS – MORNING**

Bhonsle is staring at his hand. He looks drained... he tries to close his hand into a fist. The fist trembles... When –

**OFFICER'S VOICE**

Bhonsle saheb? Tawde saheb aaj khoop  
busy hain... kal phone karo aap...

**BHONSLE**

Mee wait karto

**OFFICER'S VOICE**

Pun saheb –

Bhonsle just nods, sits back down. A beat. We hear the officer walk back to his desk reluctantly... he picks up the phone, mutters into it... darts Bhonsle a look.

*Transition to*

**104 INT / EXT – TAXI / SHAUCHALAY – AFTERNOON**

Vilas is in the front passenger seat of his taxi, a bottle of alcohol, open, standing on the dashboard... next to it is a small glass with white froth! Vilas dips a razor into it. He's shaving, looking in the rear view mirror... when Amol, in the driver's seat –

**AMOL**

Kaat diya dada...

**VILAS**

Waapis laga...

Amol presses 'redial' on Vilas' phone, puts it to his ear.  
Mahesh watches eagerly from the back.  
Vilas leans over, presses a button, to 'speaker' mode...

**VILAS**

*(mutters to himself)*

Colour maareng... colour kar daalenge...  
Paint kareng... paint kareng bhau...

Suddenly, the ringing stops, and –

**DANGE'S VOICE**

Vilas... bol.

Vilas grabs the phone, still on 'speaker' –

**VILAS**

Bhau voh aag lagaake to  
kuch hua hi nahin bhau...

**DANGE**

Vilas maine tere ko aag *bhadkaane* ko  
bola tha, *lagaane* ko nayi...!  
Mee tuzha kaay karoon Vilas...?

A beat. Vilas looks at the boys dumbly.

**VILAS**

Bhau azun ek idea hai... apan Vachnalay  
ko paint kar daalte hain... voh aapka office  
jaisa... uppar mein aapka naam likhenge...  
photo bhi chipkaayenge... bada-bada

He looks at a photo of Dange on his dashboard, then at Mahesh, excited.  
A long beat.

**DANGE'S VOICE**  
Kaay idea aahe Vilas...

Vilas grins, brings his bottle up to his mouth –

**DANGE'S VOICE** (*cont'd*)  
Ek dum chutiya!

Vilas' grin disappears. He turns 'speaker' off, slaps the phone to his ear –

**VILAS**  
Main – samjha nayi bhau...!

**DANGE'S VOICE**  
Tuney paint kiya toh kisi ko yaad rahega  
ki woh kabhi kaala hua thha?

**VILAS**  
Haan... er, nayi...

**DANGE**  
Voh bhool jaayenge Vilas, pehle Vachanalay  
ko, phir tere ko... kitna samjhaaya main...  
badla nayi tu... dil jeetne ke liye dimaag lagaana  
padta hai... (*a beat*) aani hey bottle-vittle sod...  
chai pee, chai...  
Jai Maharashtra...

And the line gets cut. Vilas keeps the phone back on the dashboard... looks at his bottle... a beat...  
he puts it to his mouth... and drains it.

*Cut to*

### **103C INT – POLICE HEADQUARTERS – AFTERNOON**

Bhonsle is still on the bench, staring at his feet... when –

**VOICE**  
Ganpat Bhonsle?

Bhonsle looks up, his eyes light up, he tries to spring to his feet, but staggers, fights his dizziness, steadies himself, and slowly steps forward, his unstable body unable to keep pace with his eager mind.

**BHONSLE**  
Saheb?

**TAWDE'S VOICE**  
Tumcha extension... (*pauses*)

ho jaayega...

Bhonsle clasps Tawde's hand in his...

**TAWDE'S VOICE** (*cont'd*)

Theek hai, Theek hai... te tumche Inspector  
Talpade? Bahut peeche pade mere...  
congratulations...

**BHONSLE**

Thank you – thank you saheb...!

**TAWDE'S VOICE**

Aata patapat paper work kara...  
(*Bhonsle nods eagerly*)  
Apne complete medical report jama kar do...

A cloud thunders across Bhonsle's face. Time slows down.  
We start leaving Bhonsle and drifting towards the exit, as –

**TAWDE'S VOICE** (*cont'd*)

Saatth varsha ke ho...  
Duty pe kuch ho gaya toh?! (*laughs*)  
Bas report de do, vardi le lo...

Tawde's voice fades as he must have turned to his aide, instructing him.  
Bhonsle slowly enters frame, we follow him, as he walks away from us, his  
steps heavy, until he goes out of focus.

*Fade out*

**105 EXT – LOCAL TRAIN – AFTERNOON**

Bhonsle stands by the door of a local, staring vacantly at the world going past.  
His POV – the railtrack sleepers swipe past with a hypnotic rhythm... he looks  
like he might jump off any moment.

Far off sounds of Ganpati madness... traffic... everything starts to fade,  
drowning into just the sound of the hypnotic rhythmic sleepers swiping past.

The train reaches a station... Bhonsle alights, leaves us in an empty doorway.

*Cut to*

**105B EXT – STREETS – AFTERNOON**

Bhonsle walks through a crowd, oblivious to the sounds...  
As we pull out we see the crowd is hundreds... thousands of people... a  
Ganpati procession... mammoth chaos... but Bhonsle walks through it, not  
registering any of it... as gulaal, and glitter fall on him from all quarters... his  
mind and heart elsewhere.

He still hears the hypnotic swiping of the railtrack sleepers.

*Cut to*

### **105C EXT – STREETS – AFTERNOON**

Bhonsle walks... he has left the crowds behind... the road is desolate...  
He's still lost in his private despair... suddenly – a BEST bus brakes to a halt  
an inch from his face!

Bhonsle reacts.

All the sounds flood into his silence. The bus horn blares... someone  
screams... Bhonsle looks at the driver, very apologetic, steps aside, onto the  
divider... as the bus leaves, crosses him... the conductor we've seen earlier  
looks at Bhonsle, concerned.

Traffic noises snarl past, this way and that... the Ganpati manic sounds from  
one lane away floods in full force.

We slowly close in on Bhonsle...

As something shifts within him...

*Cut to*

### **107 EXT – STREETS – NIGHT**

Drunk, red-eyed Vilasrao drives like a madman... frustrated... confused...  
can't understand what to do...

He slows down when he spots a line of people walking barefoot. His eyes  
search the crowd... he spots the Marathi Morcha flag in some hands... quickly  
parks his taxi, jumps out.

*Cut to*

We follow Vilas, as he trots past several cadre struggling to keep up with  
someone. Vilas reaches Dange, who's walking with his family, his grandson in  
his arms. Vilas reaches down to touch his feet!

**DANGE**

*Arre? Tu? (keeps walking)*

Vilas stumbles awkwardly trying to keep up with Dange.

**DANGE**

**GANPATI BAPPA...!**

**CROWD**

**MORYA!**

**VILAS**

*Aap jo-jo boley main vahich kiya...*

**DANGE**  
GANPATI BAPPA...!

**CROWD**  
MORYA!

Dange looks very uneasy. Vilas jogs, trying to keep up, going out of breath.

**VILAS**  
Mee ab kaaye karu bhau?

Dange suddenly stops... the men behind him crash into one another! Vilas stops too. A beat.

Dange hands the kid to his aide, then reaches over to Vilas' chest, removes the 'Marathi Morcha' badge...

Vilas is dumbstruck. Dange takes the kid from his aide, walks away from Vilas, deep disappointment in his eyes. The chanting begins again. The crowd follows. Dange's aide is the last to leave, looking at Vilas with disdain.

More and more people stream past Vilas, shouting chants.

As the chants fade into the distance...

We slowly leave Vilas... simmering... alone... a speck in the night.

*Cut to*

## **108 EXT – LALU'S KHOLI – NIGHT**

A knock on the door. Lalu pokes his head out of the curtain to see – Bhonsle... his white clothes streaked with gulaal, glitter... a strange ironic sight... but, a plastic thaili with different sizes of paintbrushes and two paint cans in his hands!

*Cut to*

## **109 EXT – CHAWL GATE – LATE NIGHT**

Outside the gate Vilas takes the 'Marathi Morcha' badges off Amol and Mahesh's shirts. They look worried.

**MAHESH**  
Dange saheb ko maalum hua toh – ?

**VILAS**  
Main paint leke aata hoon...  
tere ko phone maarunga...

**AMOL**  
Pun dada aajach kaa?  
Kal karte hain na?

**VILAS**

Marathi gaurav ka sawaal hai...  
aata za, thodi der so le... mee yeto...

**MAHESH**

Pun pehle kabhi paint nahin kiya...

**VILAS**

Daant brush kiya hai?

**MAHESH**

(*puzzled*) Haan...

**VILAS**

Jaasta fark nai hai... chal –  
Jai Maharashtra.

The taxi leaves...

*Cut to*

#### **110 EXT – CORRIDOR, VERANDAH – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle sits on his stool at his reading spot, pretending to read the newspaper. He watches Amol and Mahesh climb the stairs and head home...

*Cut to*

#### **EXT – LALU'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle passes Lalu's kholi, knocks on the door, and heads inside his own kholi. Lalu pokes his head out, goes back in, emerges with his lamp and heads into Bhonsle's kholi.

*Cut to*

#### **INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle is preparing the paint cans by the emergency light. Lalu enters with the kerosene lamp, in *the* t-shirt stained with black paint. Bhonsle looks, scratches some paint off his t-shirt, checks it on his finger –

**LALU**

Voh – paint gira toh didi chillaaayegi...

**BHONSLE**

Hm... chal...

And they pick up the cans.

*Cut to*

**111 INT – ROOM, HOSPITAL – LATE NIGHT**

A tiffin-box... with some *khichdi*... Sita looks at it, blankly. A beat. She gets up.

*Cut to*

Sita scrolls through her cellphone... turns to a landline to dial... and stops.

**SITA**

*(to herself)*

Mr. Bhonsle? Sir? Bhonsle-ji?

She dials.

*Cut to*

**112 INT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle’s phone rings out in the empty kholi.

*Cut back to*

**111A INT – ROOM, HOSPITAL – LATE NIGHT**

Sita puts the receiver back, disappointed.

*Cut to*

**113 EXT / INT – VACHNALAY – LATE NIGHT**

The vachnalay is lit by the kerosene lamp. Bhonsle has spread that newspaper on the ground. The stool stands near them.

Bhonsle holds Lalu’s hand and shows him how to scrape the wall. Lalu struggles Bhonsle makes his hand move faster.

Then Bhonsle pours thinner into a can of yellow paint. He starts mixing it. Lalu pauses, his arm aching, looks towards Bhonsle, at the paint he’s mixing –

**LALU**

Yeh colour kyon...?!

Bhonsle just looks, goes back to mixing. Just then we hear footsteps outside the gate.

**BHONSLE**

*(gestures)* Sh.

Lalu freezes. They listen, as the footsteps pass, fade away. A beat. Bhonsle gestures to 'continue' as he gets up and walks casually to the gate, steps outside...

#### **EXT – TUPPERY, CHAWL GATE – LATE NIGHT**

Pandey and his wife seem to be asleep outside their tupperry, on the footpath. Bhonsle watches them for a few moments, then turns and goes back inside.

Pandey's eyes open. He watches Bhonsle go to the vachnalay. A beat. Then he turns, puts his arm around his wife, and pulls their blanket tighter around the both of them.

He might finally sleep well tonight.

*Cut to*

#### **EXT – SHOP1, MARKET STREET – LATE NIGHT**

We watch from a distance... Vilas bangs on the shutter of a hardware shop. No one opens. He looks around, wondering what to do.

*Cut to*

#### **EXT – SHOP2, MARKET STREET – LATE NIGHT**

We watch from a distance... A hardware shop has its shutters half-up. Vilas tries to get them to give him some paint. The man seems to say its too late, come tomorrow. Vilas shoves him. Another man emerges from under the shutter and the two of them push Vilas away. Vilas backs off, muttering curses.

*Cut to*

#### **EXT / INT – VACHNALAY – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle goes back to mixing the paint, his head is hurting now, his eyes blurry, he grimaces, but shuts out the pain.

**LALU**

Aapko yeh sab kaise aata hai?

Bhonsle pauses, peers into the paint, as if searching for some hidden truth inside it. He looks at Lalu

**BHONSLE**

Jaldi haath chala...

Lalu tries to scrape faster, his arm now aching.

Bhonsle looks at his hand, tries to make a fist. Then he starts mixing the paint again. His face shutters itself.

*Cut to*

**117 EXT – DANGE’S OFFICE – LATE NIGHT**

A couple of workers play cards outside the office. The walls are incompletely painted red and yellow... a bamboo scaffolding frames the structure.

From his taxi in the shadows, Vilas watches... sees a police jeep drive past...

*Cut back to*

**113B EXT / INT – VACHNALAY / CHAWL GATE – LATE NIGHT**

Lalu tries to mix paint... struggles. Bhonsle grabs his hand, makes him stir faster. Suddenly – Lalu picks up momentum, starts stirring really fast, as if possessed. Bhonsle watches, amused.

*Cut to*

Lalu is standing on Bhonsle’s stool, so he can reach the top of the wall. Bhonsle holds Lalu’s hand, helps him apply a brush stroke. Lalu concentrates.

*Cut to*

Bhonsle paints the left half, nearly done... Lalu paints the right half, far from done... Just then – a siren goes on... and off.

*Cut to*

**116 EXT / INT – VACHNALAY / CHAWL GATE – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle walks towards Talpade, thermos and cups in his hands. Talpade notices the painting in progress inside the gates...

**TALPADE**

Arre Saheb, hey kaay aahe?

**BHONSLE**

Repairing...!

Sawant enthusiastically takes the thermos and pours out the tea for Bhonsle... Talpade beams!

**TALPADE**

Toh kab se join kar rahe ho Saheb...?

Bhonsle just smiles weakly... a light flash from inside the jeep blinds him... he leans in, sees – a boy and girl in the back seat, sitting squeezed together, the boy looks furious, the girl, frightened.

**BHONSLE**  
Prem prakaran?

**SAWANT**  
*(grins)* Ho...!

Talpade looks like he might have gotten his Bhonsle back. But when no one notices, the façade slowly leaves Bhonsle's eyes, replaced by a vacant desolation.

*Cut to*

**117 EXT – DANGE'S OFFICE – LATE NIGHT**

The workers are still playing cards. One of them goes to piss by the road.

From the shadows, Vilas watches, growing impatient... he reaches into his glove box, grasps his thappi. There is bloodlust in his eyes. He glares at the worker pissing... his fist grows taut around the thappi... the worker zips up, walks back... Vilas' fist relaxes, he drops the thappi... he mutters a curse. He is sweating now.

*Cut back to*

**118 INT – TALPADE'S JEEP – LATE NIGHT**

Inside the jeep – the boy is glaring Sawant down.

**SAWANT**  
*(glaring at the couple)*  
Sir main kya bolta hoon?  
Ek raat daalte hai inko andar...

The girl turns white. Talpade looks at Sawant in the RVM –

**TALPADE**  
Nahin... inke ghar chalo...  
main baat karta hoon iske father se...

Sawant is shocked. Talpade seems almost amused at what he just said.

*Cut to*

**113C EXT / INT – VACHNALAY – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle enters to see – Lalu grinning, pointing with a flourish at – the freshly painted yellow vachnalay. Bhonsle holds up the kerosene lamp to scrutinize every inch of the wall... a beat...

**BHONSLE**  
Good... chalu kar...

**LALU**  
Kya??!

**BHONSLE**  
Doosra coat...

**LALU**  
*(incredulous)* Doosra coat??!!

**BHONSLE**  
Hm.

And Bhonsle picks up his brush too...

*Cut back to*

#### **117A EXT – DANGE’S OFFICE – LATE NIGHT**

The office is shut... the two card players walk down the street... Vilas watches them disappear around the corner... then he quietly gets out of his taxi.

*Cut to*

He looks around... tries the windows... they’re locked... he climbs to the first floor... every entry is locked... he panics. His brain hangs.  
A beat.  
He climbs down, looks around... finds a stone...  
He looks around furtively, wraps the lock tight with a Marathi Morcha flag... so it won’t make a noise, as he raises the stone –  
And smashes the lock...  
Like a thief he slips into the office.

*Cut back to*

#### **113D EXT / INT – VACHNALAY – LATE NIGHT**

Bhonsle’s right half of the wall is done...  
Lalu puts the finishing stroke to the left half...  
then puts the brush in the can, massaging his aching arm. He turns, sees –  
leaning against the pillar, Bhonsle is looking at his hand, trying to close it into a fist.

Bhonsle stirs... Lalu points at the wall – it’s done! Lalu grins.

Bhonsle scrutinizes... nods... then picks up two scrapers, hands one to Lalu, points to the floor – it’s covered in paint splatters...!

**BHONSLE**

Saaf kar...

Lalu's smile disappears. Bhonsle is already down on his knees, scraping. Lalu goes down on his knees too, not looking too happy. Bhonsle is a little dizzy with all the exertion, but he tries to not show it.

*Cut back to*

**117B INT – DANGE'S OFFICE – LATE NIGHT**

Vilas turns the entire place inside out, searching for something. He spots a can... looks inside... it's nearly empty. Then he spots in a far corner – a few more cans.

He looks inside them – red and yellow paint! He picks them up... turns to leave, but stops... goes to the freshly painted red wall... and unzips... and pisses on it.  
Then he darts out thief-like.

*Cut to*

**113E EXT / INT – VACHNALAY – CRACK OF DAWN**

Bhonsle stands, hands on waist, surveying it. Lalu stands next to Bhonsle, observes his posture, puts his hands on his waist too. A beat.

**BHONSLE**

Pushpendra Prashad?

Lalu turns to Bhonsle. Bhonsle holds out something in the palm of his hand... it's Lalu's marble – the one that he dropped some days ago. Lalu takes it, curious, when –

**SITA'S VOICE**

Yeh kya - ?

They turn and –

**LALU**

Humne kiya didi.

Bhonsle looks at her. If we're not wrong, we detect a hint of a shy smile!

*Cut to*

**119 INT – LALU'S HOUSE – DAWN**

A dabba opens... to reveal –

**LALU**  
Sattu!

We see Bhonsle is sitting cross-legged on the floor with them...

**SITA**  
Gaaon mein bahut khaate thhe...  
Bahut-aye protein hai is mein...

**LALU**  
Didi? (*shows his wound, its dried*)  
Ttheek ho gaya...!

Bhonsle drinks the *sattu ghol*, relishing it... Sita watches indulgently, emptying some 'Electral' into a bottle of water –

**SITA**  
Ek baat pooch sakte hain?

Bhonsle looks up, nods.

**SITA**  
Aap kabhi shaadi kyon nahin kiye?

Bhonsle shrugs. Sita is about to say something, when –

**BHONSLE**  
Aur tum?

**SITA**  
Ji?

**BHONSLE**  
Tum ne bhi toh nahin ki?

**LALU**  
(*casually*)  
Kyon ki phir humaara kya hoga...?

**SITA**  
(*whacks Lulu*) Aye, Chup!

Lalu shuts up, drinks up. Sita starts shaking the Electral bottle, watching Bhonsle. Bhonsle goes back to his *sattu*.

*Cut to*

## **120 EXT – BHONSLE'S HOUSE – DAWN**

As Bhonsle is opening his door, the bottle of Electral in one hand, Sita comes.

**SITA**

Hum aap se bina poochhe doosre  
doctor ka appointment le liye hain  
Ek baar chal lijiye... theek hai?

Bhonsle just looks. Sita goes back in.  
As Bhonsle is about to enter his kholi, Sita pops back out...

**SITA (cont'd)**

Kal subah duty se aakar hum  
aap ko le jaayenge...

Bhonsle looks.

**SITA**

Taiyaar rahiyega...

Sita wants to say more, checks herself, goes back in.  
A beat.  
Bhonsle looks, then goes into his kholi.  
Just then Sita pops back out, as if about to say something else, sees Bhonsle  
is gone in, lingers for a second, unsure, then she goes back in.  
Just as she disappears, Bhonsle's head pops out, to check if Sita's still there.  
But she isn't.  
He lingers for a moment, then goes back in.

*Cut to*

**121 EXT – CHAWL GATE / VACHNALAY – DAWN**

Pandey is about to set up his tupperry when suddenly –  
Vilas' taxi screeches to a halt. Vilas jumps out with dabbas of paint and  
brushes, heads to the *vachnalay*, and freezes! The *vachnalay* is sparkling  
new. Vilas looks around. Pandey, scared and confused, ducks out of sight.

*Cut to*

**122 INT / EXT – LALU'S KHOLI / CHAWL GATE – MORNING**

Lalu changes into a clean t-shirt... Just as his head pops out, he hears –

**VILAS' VOICE**

*(shouting)*

Majhe Marathi bhau aani bahininnon!  
Ganesh Utsav ke shubh avsar par aaj Marathi  
gaurav ka jhenda phir se lehraya hai...

Lalu reacts. Sita's not here, she's gone to the *sandaas*. Uncertain, he walks  
out, to see – People gathering in the verandahs... Mhatre... Mishra...

**VILAS' VOICE** (*cont'd*)  
In logon ne apne vachnalay ka  
moonh kaala kiya tha... aaj humne  
yeh kaalik saaf kar diya hai...!

Lalu looks, shocked, he rushes down the stairs...

**VILAS' VOICE** (*cont'd*)  
Kaka, kaki bagha! Vachnalay  
kaisa chaka-chak ho gaya hai...!

Lalu runs across the courtyard... towards the Vachnalay... as –

**VILAS' VOICE** (*cont'd*)  
Aani yeh sab kisne kiya? Humne...!

Lalu stops, panting, to see –

### **123 EXT – VACHNALAY / CHAWL COURTYARD – DAWN**

Vilas, Amol and Mahesh stand in front of the Vachnalay, next to empty *dabbas* of yellow paint, yellow paint splattered on their hands and shirts!

**VILAS** (*cont'd*)  
Aapke Marathi bacchon ne...!  
Kisi baahar-waale ne nahin...!

A crowd has gathered. Amol and Mahesh smile unsurely.  
Lalu is shocked!

**LALU**  
Yeh kya keh rahe ho?!

**VILAS**  
(*charges at him*)  
Kyon be?! (*pushes him*) Moot-ta hai  
humaare ghar mein aake,  
phir poochta hai saaf kaaye ko kiya??!

**LALU**  
Par sorry toh kaha humne...?!

The moment freezes. Vilas gapes... smirks... suddenly grabs Lalu's neck,  
turns him to the crowd.

**VILAS**  
Suna? Is ne phenka kaala paint...  
ssaala ek hafta hua nahin Mumbai  
mein aur Bihari-giri chalu...?!

A hand appears on Vilas' hand. And, a voice –

**BHONSLE**

Sod...!

Vilas sees the hand, lets go of Lalu's neck. Amol and Mahesh gape –  
Bhonsle's sullied shirt is splattered glitter, gulaal and... yellow paint!

**MHATRE**

Pun saheb, yeh kya sach hai?

**BHONSLE**

Haan, Is ne kiya... galti hui...  
mere ko sorry bola...  
phir paint bhi kiya... baat khatam...

Bhonsle takes Lalu's hand, turns to leave.

**VILAS**

Aye ghanta us ne paint kiya...  
hum ne kiya...!

Bhonsle stops, lets go of Lalu's hand, turns, walks to Vilas...

**BHONSLE**

Tuney kiya?

**VILAS**

Haan...!

**BHONSLE**

In ladkon ke saath?

**VILAS**

Haan...

**BHONSLE**

Aye Amol? Tu bhi thha?

Vilas glares at Amol, who's turning white, looking around nervously...

**AMOL**

Uh, ho...

**BHONSLE**

Kal raat ko?

**AMOL**

Ho...

**BHONSLE**

Bahut kaam thha na...  
Do-teen ghanta laga hoga?

Amol swallows hard, nods. Bhonsle turns to the crowd, searching... then strides to the stairs, shouts –

**BHONSLE**

Shinde?! (*a beat*) SHINDE!

Shinde appears outside the first floor toilets, looks down, confused. Amol sweats. Bhonsle walks towards Shinde...

**SHINDE**

Haan Saheb? Bola na...

**BHONSLE**

Aaj kal din mein chalaata hai  
ya raat-paali hai...?

**SHINDE**

Nai, nai, din mein... Ganpati hai na...

**BHONSLE**

Toh kal raat ghar pe the na?

**SHINDE**

Haan... kyon?

**BHONSLE**

Amol baahar kya kar raha tha poori raat?

**SHINDE**

Baahar?! Nai saheb, ghar mein hi thha...  
main jaaga hua tha poori raat... voh night shift  
chala-chala ke soney ka timing ka lafda ho  
gaya hai... abhi so ke uttha... is ko dekha main  
kal raat... so raha thha mast...

Amol is on the verge of tears. Bhonsle turns to him. The crowd is silent.

**SHINDE**

Kya hua saheb?

Bhonsle walks up to Vilas, looks into his eyes. A beat.  
Then he turns, holds Lalu's shoulder, starts walking away. A beat.

**VILAS**

Mistake kar rahe ho kaka... bahut bada mistake...!

Aapke kholi mein ghus ke koi kutta agar moot de,  
aur phir saaf kar de, toh chhod doge kya us ko?

Shalu barks viciously. Lalu staggers, feels Bhonsle's weight on his shoulder...  
looks up to see his eyes clenched, grimacing in pain!

**VILAS**

Arre 'Bhonsle' ho aap kaka... jaise Maharaj  
Shivaji Bhonsle... Marathiyon ke rakshak –  
'Bhonsle'... bolo... koi rakshak aise  
kutte ko chhodega?

Bhonsle stumbles on the first stair. Lalu turns, looks at Vilas –

**VILAS**

Dekh kya raha hai Bihari?!

Lalu keeps glaring.

Vilas charges at Lalu, grabs his collar... when Bhonsle swings around and –  
**THAPPAACKK!** slaps Vilas... who spins and crashes to the ground!

The moment freezes.

Bhonsle staggers, falls... his specs fall... crack.  
Lalu struggles to help him steady himself.

Vilas is sprawled on the ground, turning red... he gets up, glares at Bhonsle...  
Bhonsle, leaning on the railing, unmoving, looks back... Vilas glares at Lalu...  
and at Sita picking Bhonsle's specs off the ground... then he turns, looks at  
each and every face in the chawl, their eyes following him accusingly... as he  
walks away...

*Cut to*

## **125 EXT / INT – BHONSLE'S HOUSE – MORNING**

Bhonsle staggers into his dark house...  
...crashes into his emergency light... which falls and smashes.  
A beat. He stumbles onto his bed, drained, dizzy... gazes at the smashed  
light – it grows blurry.  
Sita gives him his broken specs. He tries to wear it, unsuccessfully.

**SITA**

Dikh raha hai ttheek se?

Bhonsle tries to lie down. She helps him...  
She adjusts the pillow under him.

**BHONSLE**

Thank you...

**SITA**

Kya thank you?! Aap ko voh maar deta toh?  
Kisi ko koi fikr hai ki nahin?  
Aur yahaan main hoon – bevkoof –  
Doctoron ke chakkar kaat rahi hoon.

Ab so jaaiyiye... kal subah dus baje  
ka appointment hai... hum aake  
aspataal le jaayenge aapko ...  
(a beat) second opinion liye bina  
ek-au kadam bhi aage nahin badha sakte...

Bhonsle nods. Sita turns to Lalu...

**SITA**

Lalu, tum aaj saara din yahin rehna...  
dekho yeh koi harkat na karein...  
kuchh bhi ho, toh hum ko bula lena...  
hilna mat yahaan se.

Bhonsle watches Sita look for a jhadoo, then get down on her knees to sweep  
the floor of the shards of the shattered emergency light...  
Bhonsle's eyelids grow heavy...  
And Bhonsle's POV – blurs completely... he passes out.

*Fade to black*

**126 EXT – STREETS – LATE EVENING**

Vilas drinks... and drives... madness in his eyes... speeding... swerving...  
screeching... honking... raging... screaming...  
A long *ladi* of *patakas* exploding violently, endlessly, inside his head and  
heart... building up the madness...  
until, suddenly –  
He slams the brakes – screech!  
A final cracker explodes!  
His horn blares.

*Cut to*

**127 EXT / INT – BHONSLE'S KHOLI – NIGHT**

Sita walks in, dressed for work, a covered plate of food in her hands... and  
the kerosene lamp.

She sees Lalu asleep in the armchair... Bhonsle asleep in bed, looking  
peaceful. She quietly keeps the plate near Lalu... places the lamp near the  
new Ganpati... picks up Bhonsle's broken spectacles... then stands near  
Bhonsle's head, looking at him.

A beat. She leans over, hesitantly touches his head...

Then she hurriedly turns, leaves.

*Cut to*

## **128 EXT – CHAWL LANE – NIGHT**

Seen through the jagged glass of a shattered windshield – Sita walks out of the chawl.

Vilas is at the wheel... his windscreen is smashed... on a wound on his forehead, blood is caked... his eyes are bloodshot... he watches her walk...

A key turns in the ignition.

*Cut to*

## **129 EXT / INT – TAXI / DESOLATE STREET – NIGHT**

The taxi trails Sita like a beast of prey, as she walks down the street. From far away the sounds of Ganpati celebration – drums, DJ beats, screams, chanting... and far off in the sky crackers explode – and garish lights flash. Everyone's celebrating again tonight, perhaps why the street's so bare.

The taxi overtakes her, and stops.

As she passes it, a drunk, barbaric Vilas leaps out, drags Sita into the taxi... pins her face down on the floor, in the cramped space between seats...

And as he starts to brutally rape her, we –

*Cut to*

## **EXT – GANPATI STREETS – NIGHT**

Manic dancing...

Lecherous faces...

Violent drum beats...

Lights flashing...

The men of this world, drunk, crazed, appear to be celebrating the rape of Sita.

The crescendo builds...

*Cut back to*

## **INT / EXT – TAXI / DESOLATE STREET – NIGHT**

Vilas pulls a battered, torn Sita out of his taxi, drops her face down in the dirt... and speeds away...

Sita, lying face down, aching, shocked, crushed, struggles to get up. We stay on her face.

*Cut to*

### **130 INT / EXT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – DAWN**

CU, Bhonsle’s face... his eyes open. The house is not dark. The lamp Sita left still flickers. Bhonsle sees she has left him khichdi. He looks over at Lalu. The boy is asleep in his armchair, his marbles held tight in his fist. Bhonsle then looks at the new, small Ganpati.

Then he takes slow steps to the kitchen, picks up his bucket.

*Cut to*

### **131 EXT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – DAWN**

He heads out into the verandah with the bucket... when – he senses something – from Sita’s kholi. Suspicious, he sees the window is shut... he puts his ear to the window –

A choking sound.

**BHONSLE** (*cont’d*)  
Sita...?

He tries the door... its shut from inside...

**BHONSLE** (*cont’d*)  
Sita...?

No response... a beat... Bhonsle is unsure what he should do... but then he clenches his teeth... holds the door firmly... and breaks it open... sees – Sita crouched in the darkness.

### **132 INT – SITA’S KHOLI – DAWN**

**BHONSLE** (*cont’d*)  
Sita...? Kya hua...?

Sita doesn’t respond. Bhonsle touches her head... reacts... checks his hand – blood! Shocked, Bhonsle sits down before her, reaches to hold her...

She slaps him!

A beat.

Then Sita looks up, into his eyes, destroyed.

Bhonsle understands. His face gets engulfed with grief.

He reaches out for her. Sita, fighting to hold her emotions in, still cannot allow him to touch her...

Bhonsle – for the first time in his life – perseveres – he forcibly holds her... she crumples into his arms.

He cradles her head.

*Cut to*

He shuts the door on Sita, lying crouched like a foetus on her mattress. The darkness engulfs her.

*Cut to*

### **INT – BHONSLE’S KHOLI – MORNING**

Inside... the damp patch on the wall is peeling like burnt skin. We hear a soft rattling... the door’s being shut by Bhonsle from the outside.

*Cut to*

### **133 EXT – CHAWL COURTYARD – MORNING**

Amol is segregating newspapers. Suddenly Bhonsle grabs his arm, takes him away. Amol opens his mouth to protest, sees Bhonsle’s grim face, shuts up...!

They pass the Ganpati idol... Bhonsle doesn’t acknowledge it... they leave the chawl.

*Cut to*

### **EXT – DESI DARU THEKA – MORNING**

Bhonsle waits across the road... the shady bar seems shut. Amol looks at Bhonsle. He gestures to go around. Amol nods, goes around to the back. Bhonsle waits.

He notices crumpled Marathi Morcha stickers etc in the gutter – the ones Vilas and the boys had stuck all over Vilas’ taxi.

Amol returns, crosses the road, back to Bhonsle, shakes his head. Amol also notices the stickers now.

*Cut to*

### **134 EXT – MARATHI MORCHA OFFICE – MORNING**

From a distance Bhonsle watches – Amol talks to Dange’s aide... the aide gesticulates at some *dabbas* of red and yellow paint, screams at Amol.

Bhonsle is about to intervene... but Amol turns and heads towards him... as he passes the wall where we saw the worker piss, Amol reacts to the stench. When he reaches Bhonsle, he shakes his head.

Before Bhonsle can ask, Amol gestures ‘*come with me*’...

*Cut to*

**EXT – SHAUCHALAY STREET – MORNING**

Amol leads Bhonsle down a street, around a bend... to the shauchalay. Right outside it they see –

Vilas' taxi... apparently washed clean... all its doors open... drying in the morning sun.

Amol looks nervous. Bhonsle gestures for him to leave. Amol, uncertain, steps away, watches as Bhonsle approaches the shauchalay, looking around cautiously. Amol leaves.

Bhonsle passes Vilas' taxi... it has been shorn of all the stickers and flags and ornaments it used to display. It looks like a lifeless shell.

Bhonsle notices the rubber matting of the floor has been ripped out, washed and kept on the carrier on the roof to dry.

He looks around, then pokes his head into the back seat space...

A beat.

He seems to sense that something horrific might have happened here.

He grimaces – his head pangs with pain. Things go blurry. He takes a deep breath, almost forcing the pain away.

For now.

*Cut to*

**INT – SHAUCHALAY – MORNING**

Bhonsle enters the public bathroom... someone is pissing in the toilet area. Bhonsle walks cautiously, inspecting. The man pissing gets nervous. Bhonsle watches him intently, until he zips up and hurries away, tottering, drunk.

Bhonsle goes to the bathing cubicles. He gently nudges the first door... it creaks open... its empty.

He now hears a thumping sound from the adjacent cubicle... clothes being hit with a *thapi*.

It's the only closed cubicle. Bhonsle looks around to ensure he's alone. Then he knocks.

The thumping stops.

A beat.

Then it starts again.

A beat.

Bhonsle knocks again.

**VILAS' VOICE**

Kon hai re?

Bhonsle waits silently. Knocks again.

The door rattles open, Vilas' head peeks out. Alarm! Bhonsle jams his foot in the door! Vilas looks at the foot then at Bhonsle's determined face. They've now come full circle. Nervous, he tries to push the door shut. Bhonsle barges in...

*Cut to*

### **INT – SHAUCHALAY CUBICLE – MORNING**

Vilas is in his gamcha, halfway through washing his clothes of any trace of the rape. Bhonsle latches the door behind himself. Vilas, cornered, looks scared, is about to say something, when –  
Bhonsle slaps him! Hard!

**VILAS**

Kya kar raha hai Kaka?!

Bhonsle slaps him again!

**VILAS**

Kaka?! Galti ho gayi kaka...

Bhonsle slaps him once, twice, thrice... Vilas is staggering now, blabbering. The floor is slippery with detergent. Bhonsle can't seem to be able to verbalise his thoughts... whatever he tries to convey, this Vilas will never understand.

**VILAS**

Bihari hai voh!

Tere ko kya fark padta hai kaka?

Bhonsle looks pained by that line. He looks at Vilas, almost grieving that Vilas still doesn't understand why he's being slapped like this. Bhonsle has a pang of pain.

Frustrated, grimacing in pain, Bhonsle slams Vilas' head into the wall.

Vilas bounces back and whacks Bhonsle's head with the *thapi*!

Bhonsle staggers.

Vilas tries to push past Bhonsle to get out the door.

But Bhonsle pushes the weight of his whole body in between.

Things get messy.

Vilas whacks Bhonsle with the *thapi* again and again.

Bhonsle's vision blurs out. His head has split open, bleeding.

He throws the weight of his body against Vilas. The slippery floor – Vilas slips and they both tumble hard.

Vilas struggles to free himself, but Bhonsle – almost blind by now – is desperate, he grabs Vilas' head tight and slams it into the bathroom floor...  
Again...  
And again...  
And again.

A beat.

Then he holds his head, almost cradling it, regretting everything... that has led up to this moment. He looks at Vilas as if silently asking him why he picked on her... on the one solitary hope Bhonsle had found in his entire life.  
Why her?

Vilas doesn't respond.

Unable to see now, grimacing in pain and grief, Bhonsle feels Vilas's face... he feels the weight of Vilas' head... its lifeless. He lets it go. It drops down with a dull thump.

Bhonsle's face crumples in anguish... he slumps back against the door... grieving Vilas' death.  
This is not what he came here for.

Blood streams down Bhonsle's face, as his body crumples...

all sound starts to fade... except for a faint breathing...

slowing down...

Bhonsle's hand fallen to the side... he tries once more to make a fist... his fingers try to curl in... they quiver with the exertion...

From outside, a crow's cawing... the cawing slowly starts to fade as the crow flies away... being replaced by –

The faint chants of...

### **CHORUS**

Ganpati bappa... Moriya...!  
Pudhchya varshee lavkar ya...!

*Cut to*

## **145 EXT – SEA-FRONT – DARKNESS INTO DAWN**

Strange devastation... the half-destroyed remains of the immersion from the previous night...  
Lord Ganpati, shorn of his ornaments, spat back onto the shore by the sea...  
an arm missing...  
a face half-dissolved away...  
a broken trunk...  
a headless body...

a bodyless head...  
an amputated foot...  
a bruised hand...  
the 'Lord' is scattered garbage now... all over the seashore.

*Cut to*

**144 INT – DOCTOR’S CHAMBER, HOSPITAL – MORNING**

We hear heavy rainfall outside. A nurse walks into the waiting area with a clipboard, calling out –

**NURSE’S VOICE**

Ganpat Bhonsle...? (*looks around*)  
Ganpat Bhonsle...?

On a sheet on her clipboard – ‘6. *Ganpat Bhonsle*’...

...her hand clicks a pen, runs a line through the name.

*Cut to black*

***END TITLES BEGIN***