

“TAANDAV”

written & directed by
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1 EXT – GANPATI VISARJAN, STREETS, MUMBAI – NIGHT

Seen in TCUs...

People dancing like they're possessed...
Drums being beaten...
Loudspeakers trembling with heavy DJ music...
Kids headbanging...
Explosions of gulaal...
Cars honking...
People screaming...
Faces yelling chants...
Crazed eyes...
Burning bright lights...
Flashing neon...
Policemen shouting...
Policemen's hands gesturing, signaling...
Policemen's eyes, watchful, disturbed...
Chaos...
People's manic limbs...
Snaking arms...
Dancing legs...
Hands thrown up in the air...
Feet moving, walking, hopping, running...
People people people...
shaking...
swinging...
rapturous...
The madness builds...
And builds...
And builds...
Until...

Cut to

2 EXT – GULLY – NIGHT

In the middle of the mayhem we see, at some distance, standing next to a police van, looking disturbed and withdrawn... Head Constable Tambe.

Tambe is lost in some inner turmoil. The overhead rotating siren light throws shadows of doubt across his troubled face.

We start tracking into his face, slowly... as –

Slowly, the deafening sounds around him start to fade... into an incoherent rumble... and then to a murmur... and as we track close in to his eyes – vacant, disturbed, staring at nothing in particular – all sound dies out...

Cut to

3 INT – PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE, SCHOOL – DAY

Tambe’s face looking troubled. He’s looking at –

PRINCIPAL

Voh baaju vaala Sunflower primary school
...dus maangte hain... main toh aap se
milti bhi nahin... sting-ving kar diya to?
(*smiles*) inki vajah se mil rahi hoon

She gestures to Tambe’s side... where we see – Tambe’s wife – looking expectantly at her husband... and between them their little daughter, looking confused.

PRINCIPAL

(*to the wife*)

Aapki ladki bright hai...
I can see aap is ko municipal school
kyon nahin bhejna chahte...

Tambe’s wife beams at the principal. She reaches over and squeezes his hand with an undisguised urgency. But Tambe doesn’t reciprocate. Their little girl notices.

PRINCIPAL

(*getting restless*)

Paanch se kam mein toh nahin hoga.
Let me know.

And she pushes her spectacles down her nose and turns to some papers. Tambe looks. A beat.

Cut to

4 INT – GODOWN – NIGHT

Darkness. Tambe, seen close up in the beam of a flashlight, looks like he might have seen a ghost. A beat.

Tambe looks around him, breaking into a sweat.

We see – some more beams from some more flashlights slicing through the pitch darkness... we make out some more cops dragging some men – and crates – away... it seems to be a raid of some sort.

Tambe turns back to the beam of light... Which now tilts down, away from his face to reveal a dilapidated bag, its zip slightly undone... revealing a stash of currency notes.

The man holding the bag – junior constable Sawant – is looking expectantly at Tambe. Behind Sawant, also looking at Tambe very very hopefully is another constable – Shilwant.

SAWANT

Kisi ko pata hi nahin chalega sir...

The constables look around like thieves to check if they've been noticed. Tambe just looks at the bag... conflicted, troubled.

Cut to

5 INT – TAMBE'S HOUSE – DAY

We see a newspaper held open by someone sitting on a chair... the reader is eclipsed by the newspaper...

From somewhere the irritating noises of a cartoon show...

Cut to

The reader's POV of the newspaper – everything's blurred...

Cut to

The reader – is Tambe... he's staring at the newspaper blankly, not reading it, but lost in some inner turmoil. We hear a soft clatter...

Tambe brings the paper down to see – his wife has placed a cup of tea before him... he looks at the tea, then at her – she's glaring at him, expectantly. Sheepishly, he brings the paper up to eclipse himself again.

A beat.

He brings the paper down... she's still there! Glaring! Waiting.

He brings the paper up again, hides himself!
Behind the paper – Tambe looks very disturbed, helpless.
He sighs, slowly brings the paper down, folding it carefully, unable to meet his wife's gaze... he carefully keeps the paper aside, reaches for his cup of tea, when his wife's hand grabs the cup, picks it up... Tambe reacts. His wife holds it up for him... he tries to take it, but she doesn't let go... until he meets her gaze.

She raises her eyebrows in a 'so?'

Tambe looks away, then looks back at her and – apologetically shakes his head.

She lets go of the cup, storms away, slams the door shut behind herself.

Tambe just looks. Then turns to his left, where –

His little girl has been watching a cartoon on the family computer. She's turned in her seat, looking at her father.
Tambe smiles weakly at her.
The little girl turns back to the cartoon... where some superhero is beating some supervillain up.

Tambe turns back to his tea. Looks at it, unable to drink it.

Cut to

6 INT – THANA – DAY

A bundle of currency notes is being counted very carefully. We tilt up from the hands counting it, to see Tambe's face – brows knit in concentration. He finishes, scribbles something on a sheet of paper, turns it towards someone –

TAMBE

Baarah laakh, biyaallis
hazaar, chhe sau...

Sawant sits before a register, sulking. He glares at Tambe, who ignores him. Shilwant and Sawant exchange a betrayed look.
Then Sawant pushes the register away, gets up and leaves.
Tambe watches, then stands up, zips the bag up, seals it.

TAMBE

Shilwant? Serial numbers sequence mein
nahi hai... kal saare numbers note
karke phir handover karna...

Tambe can't meet his gaze either. Tambe walks away with the bag, hands it to someone near a large almira. Tambe watches the bag disappear into the almira, troubled.

Cut to

7 EXT – GULLY – NIGHT (2.cont'd)

CU, Tambe's eyes... just as we had left them... troubled, lost... they betray a storm raging inside his mind... we hear a confusion of voices inside his head

WIFE

Meri beti sarkaari school nahin jaayegi...

PRINCIPAL

Paanch se kam mein toh nahin hoga...

SHILWANT

Tchaila! Sir ko bolna hi nahi chahiye tha...

SAWANT

Arre kya maalum thha aise phat jaayegi unki...

We start tracking out of his eyes slowly... as the sounds start to flood in...

The ganpati chaos returns... but over the manic noise we hear two voices...

VOICE 1

Abbe kaise nahi jaayega?

VOICE 2

Do ghanta lag jaayega saab...

And we see – stuck in between the ganpati processions is an auto rickshaw. A young marathi man – his temper shot – clearly wants a ride. But the rickshaw driver – frustrated with the traffic – is refusing. They're both screaming to be heard over the deafening noise and music.

ANGRY YOUNG MARATHI

U.P. ka hai na tu ssaala?

The driver just glares, starting to get a little nervous.

ANGRY YOUNG MARATHI

Ruk tu... dikhaata hoon...

The angry young marathi (AYM) looks around... sees a few cops – but they're very busy shouting instructions, directing traffic, talking into walkies... And then he spots – In a corner, near a police van – Tambe.

He darts one last glare at the driver, then starts walking towards Tambe. The driver watches him go, then, nervous, takes the key from the ignition, hurriedly follows...

AYM strides towards Tambe, ranting...

AYM

Sahib... is autovaale ka kuch karo sahib...
refuse kar raha hai ssaala...

NERVOUS MIGRANT RIKSHAW-VALA

Saab, kaise jaayega main saab, jaam dekho...

Tambe – his reverie broken – looks, but can't follow what they're saying.

AYM

Is ka license le lo sahib...
illegal hai refuse karna...

NMR

Aur kya karun saab, ab teshan se
idhar aane ko do ghanta lag gaya...

AYM

'Bhaiyya' hai sahib,
license bhi illegal hoga...

NMR

(to AYM)

Aye, abhi kuch bhi mat bolo... license –

Tambe raises his hand. They go quiet. He looks tired...

TAMBE

(waves them away)

Nipta lo aapas mein ...

AYM

Sahib duty hai aapka...

Tambe just looks at him, weary. He wants to say something, but –

AYM

Aise kaise nipta lo? Complain karun
shaakha mein? Naam kaaye tuzha?

And AYM reaches over to read the name on Tambe's badge.

Tambe watches... as

everything

slows

down...

Now, in SLOW-MOTION –

AYM

(mouths)

Head constable Tambe...

NMR turns to scoot. But AYM grabs his wrist... and they start shouting at one another again... in slow-motion... all sounds merge into a deafening warble...

Their faces ugly... screaming... hateful... mistrusting... impatient...

Tambe looks...

Blinks slowly...

The warble

slowly

rises

into a

screaming

wail...

The blood rises in Tambe's eyes...

Until they flash
Furious! And –

All action becomes normal speed, when suddenly –
AYM and NMR react –
Tambe's grabbed both their collars.
They protest, but –

Tambe drags them, unspeaking, towards the road.

AYM

Aye! Kya kar rahe ho sahib?
Complain kar doonga!

NMR

Saab chhod do saab, galti ho gayi,
le jaata hoon main... sorry saab...

But Tambe – menacingly silent – simply keeps dragging them by their collars... to –

The road, where a ganpati mandali has stopped to dance...
A huge DJ console is belting out a deafeningly loud garish dance number from the back of a van...
About a hundred people are dancing like maniacs...
Clouds of gulaal flood the air...

Tambe drags the duo to their midst... unaffected by people bumping and colliding with him...
Where he stops, turns to them, and growls...

TAMBE

Naach.

The duo looks, confused.
A beat.

NMR

Kya bola saab?

TAMBE

Main bola – Naach!

The duo look at one another, both nervous, confused, suddenly united against a common enemy! NMR reacts to something... AYM notices, turns to Tambe, just as we hear a –
CLICK! And we see -

Tambe's revolver, cocked, pointed at their heads... he snarls –

TAMBE

Naach!

AYM

Ye kya kar rahe ho sahib?

Tambe glares, unflinching...

TAMBE

NAACH B***** KE!

The duo exchange a look – gulp! – realise Tambe means business.
Slowly, awkwardly, they start moving their limbs to the music.
Just then –

The volume of the music starts to drop. Tambe turns to the DJ in the van,
points his revolver at him...

TAMBE

VOLUME BADHA...!

The DJ looks, petrified, then slowly increases the volume...
But Tambe's gun is still pointed at him.
He increases the volume even more... till its on full!
Tambe turns the gun back to the duo.
The DJ ducks out of sight!
The crowd of revellers have started backing away...
Fathers pull their kids away...
Woman squeal... scatter...
Screams and exclamations everywhere...
But one can't make them out, because of –
The loud music!

The duo is dancing by now... or trying to... a tangle of awkward limbs...
They move in very strange ways... one eye stuck to –
Tambe's gun, which follows them everywhere...

Shilwant, trying to control the crowd, spots Tambe... his jaw drops... he grabs
his walkie, and screaming into it, he scurries away...

As the duo dances...
The rhythm –
Slowly –
Starts to –
Take over –
Tambe...!!

And Tambe's head starts to bob to the beat...
His revolver starts to sway to the rhythm...
His shoulders start to twitch...
His torso starts to heave...
His feet start to move...
His hips start to groove...
And gradually –
He loses control...!

Tambe dances...

Like no one's watching.

AYM and NMR watch Tambe dance, and start slowing down themselves.
The gun is swinging around wildly in the air, like a natural extension of
Tambe's twirling, wildly dancing arm.

The gun swings past them – they duck!

A beat.

And AYM and NMR exchange a look...
Grab one another...
And flee!

Past many people who are...
Ducking...
Hiding...
Scrambling...
Lying flat on the ground from fear...

Cut to

AUTO RICKSHAW

NMR leaps into the driver's seat, starts the engine.
AYM tumbles into the backseat.
As he revs up, horns, and swerves the auto, we see in the rear view –
Tambe – dancing.

Match cut to

Tambe dances more and more wildly...
As if possessed by some crazy spirit...
His cap has fallen off his head...
His shirt is coming undone...
But he doesn't care...

He just keeps dancing...!

When we see Shilwant has brought – Sawant, to show him Tambe – dancing...!

A beat. Both constables blink in shock.

And then Sawant fishes out his cellphone...
Turns on the camera...
And starts shooting his boss...!

Tambe though just keeps dancing, like a madman...

As more cellphones appear...
More people start shooting this dance...
We hear chuckling now...
Someone whistles...
A cat call...
A hoot...
More voices...

Many cameras record –
A policeman finally losing his mind.

But Tambe, oblivious to everything... dances...
And dances...
And dances...
The music growing in a cresecendo...
Of loud beats...
And pounding rhythm...
Louder...
And faster...
And more
And more
And more
manic...

Until

Cut to

8 EXT / INT – GULLY / POLICE VAN – NIGHT

The chaotic sounds of visarjan are far away in the distance.
We only hear someone panting for breath...
Deep panting...

In the back of the van...

Tambe – his ganjee soaked in sweat, his shirt unbuttoned – sits, his head hung, panting.
A beat.

SHILWANT'S VOICE

Sir?

Tambe looks up, then looks down again, hugely embarrassed. Sawant stands at the entrance to the back of the van.

SHILWANT

Aapka suspension order aayega abhi to...

TAMBE

(shakes his head)

Pata nahin kya ho gaya mere ko...

SAWANT'S VOICE

Par sir –

Tambe looks up again. Sawant has appeared next to Shilwant. He tumbles into the van, towards the seat next to Tambe...

SAWANT

– kya naache aap...!

And he holds his cellphone up before Tambe's face... on it, the video of Tambe dancing, plays.

Tambe looks, at first horrified...
Then intrigued...
Then hypnotised...
Then sheepish, hides his face...
All laugh.

We stay on the grainy video on the small screen... where Tambe is dancing...

Transition to

9 INT – TAMBE'S HOUSE – DAY

The same video plays on a screen.
We pull out... Tambe's now dancing on YouTube!

We see his wife and daughter sitting before the family computer.
The little girl looks awestruck.
The wife looks stoic. She has an incomplete besan facepack on, some besan paste still in her hand.

Behind them, in the doorway, stands Tambe, looking half embarrassed, half expectant.

At one point in the video, Tambe does a very funny move.
His daughter bursts out laughing.

His wife tries to continue looking stoic, but – unable to control it, she giggles – sort of – and then quickly suppresses it!

Tambe notices... smiles... in relief!

He continues to look toward his wife, lovingly, as if relieved of some invisible burden...

As –

In the video...

He continues to dance.

Cut to

On the screen... The title of the video –

VISARJANAAT PANDUCHA TAANDAV...!

Cut to

Close up of the word –

TAANDAV

Transition to

Title -

“TAANDAV”

Cut to

'man is free at the moment he wishes to be.'
- Voltaire

Cut to

END TITLES