SC. 1

EXT. /NIGHT/POLICE VAN

On the vaporized surface of a glass, a finger makes a horoscope, while on the soundtrack we hear the laughter of a cop (Inspector Purohit) and a gangster (Saadiq Chikna), the sound of heavy rains, and urgent summons on the radio of the police van.

INSP. PUROHIT
(holding the laughter)

Sonuvabitch screwed up my whole night… everytime I’d cock the gun, he’d start screaming… shooting him in the back was out of the question… asked him to run but the bugger fell on my knees grovelling… it’s damn tough to shoot a guy who’s shitting fear like that… mostly I like the ones who ‘easy come, easy go’…
SAADIQ
लेकिन था कौन साब?
But who was it?

INSP. PUROHIT
जाने दो ना... बारह बज गये क्या?
Forget it... Is it twelve yet?

*Saadiq checks his watch.*

SAADIQ
नहीं... टाइम हैं... बलाओ ना साब... था कौन?
No... there's time... tell me... who was it?

INSP. PANDIT
नाटा... Nata...

*Pandit has finished drawing the horoscope on the glass. Saadiq's face suddenly drops. Purohit and Saadiq are in the back of the van drinking. Purohit turns to Pandit.*

INSP. PUROHIT
किसके भविष्य में उंगली कर रहे हो पंडित जी...?
Whose fate are you fingering, Panditji?

INSP. PANDIT
मुंबई... Mumbai’s...

SAADIQ
साब नाटा...
What happened to Nata?
Purohit ignores him.

INSP. PUROHIT
(to Pandit)

अच्छा ये... मुंबई की पत्ती है ये... (laughs) क्या लिखा है मुंबई के
भविष्य में...

This is Mumbai’s horoscope… (laughs) What does it say?

SAADIQ
साब नाटा...
Sir… Nata… ?

Purohit suddenly stops laughing and turns to Saadiq.

INSP. PUROHIT
नाटा गया... गया...
Nata’s history…

Fear creeps into Saadiq’s eyes.

SAADIQ
कब...?
When?

INSP. PUROHIT
कल... आज कोई और जाईगा... ओए बारह बजे क्या?
Last night… and today somebody else’s going to get
lucky… Is it twelve yet?

SAADIQ
आप लोग अब्बा जी के आदमी हो...
You guys work for Abba ji?
Just like you are Mughal’s bitch, Princess…

They both laugh… Tears emerge in Saadiq’s eyes.

SAADIQ

Saw mukhe marana mat sawa...
Don’t kill me, please…

INSPI. PUROHIT

Ae... ro mat...
Don’t you dare cry!

Saadiq holds Purohit’s feet, and starts crying.

INSPI. PUROHIT

Paur ko hawat mat lagaa... saale bhanga karna jaantaa nahi hai... chup...
Stop that… Bastard, don’t you know how to play by the rules…

INSPI. PANDIT

Bhanga ka phala asool yaad hai? ki bhool gaya...
What’s the first rule of this business?

SAADIQ

(crying)

Femeeli membar ko target nahi karate... saaw...
Family members are not to be targeted…

Purohit grabs him by the hair.

INSPI. PUROHIT

To fir irrig dekh... upar dekh... kahe ko udhaya avrha ji ke hae koi?
Tere ko kya lagaa? miyaa kampini ki thier jaane?
Then... why the fuck did your gang kill Abba ji’s brother? What did you guys think? Miyan’s gang will take this lying down.

**INSP. PANDIT**
बारह बजे चालीसमा खातम हो रहा है... सुबह तक तुम्हारी फ़ेमली finished... ‘The End’...

The mourning period ends at midnight... By morning, all of you will be dead... ‘The End’...

**INSP. PUROHIT**
कहाँ छुपा है मुगल बता दे... बता दे बच जाएगा... मिर्यां ने ज़बान दी है...

Just tell us where Mughal is hiding... we’ll let you go... Miyan’s given his word.

*Saadiq keeps on howling as Pandit continues.*

**INSP. PUROHIT**
सुन... सुन... रो मत रो मत (Purohit lifts Saadiq’s face)...

Now stop crying and listen (Purohit lifts Saadiq’s face)... This learned man has never made a false prediction in his life... Ask him... who the next king of the city is... Abba ji or Mughal?

**INSP. PANDIT**
मक़बूल... मियां मक़बूल...

Maqbool... Mian Maqbool.

**SC. 2**

*Introduction of Maqbool. An extended opening credit sequence. One by one Maqbool, Kaka and Surti finish off important*
underworld figureheads. After the last killing Maqbool dials his mobile.

SC. 2A

Purohit picks up the phone in van. Saadiq is now sitting on the bench having his drink. He now looks a little relaxed.

INSP. PUROHIT
हाँ मियाँ... आदाव...
Ya Miyan... Greetings...

SC. 2B

Cut to Maqbool, now in a van followed by two more vans behind. Conversation is intercut between Purohit and Maqbool. Kaka is sitting by Maqbool’s side while Guddu is on the driving seat.

MAQBOOL
मुगल कहँ है...?
Where’s Mughal?

SC. 2C

INSP. PUROHIT
वो कहता है वो आप ही को बताएगा... लें बात कर
He wants to tell you himself...

He passes the phone to Saadiq.

SAADIQ
हाँ मियाँ सालां वालेकुम...
(He keeps quiet for a while)...
Greetings Miyan... ya...
MAQBOOL
कहाँ है मुगल?
Where’s Mughal?

SAADIQ
मोरे में, बंगले पे...
Mughal’s in the bungalow in Gorai…

MAQBOOL
और बोटी...?
And Boti…?

SAADIQ
ये बोरिवली में अपने ससुराल पे मिलाये...
Borivali… at his in-laws.

SC. 3

INT. /NIGHT/VAN

Maqbool puts a hand on Guddu’s shoulder. Guddu stops the vehicle.

MAQBOOL
बाप मोरे बेटा बोरिवली... (Maqbool looks at Kaka) में मुगल
kो लेता हूं तुम लोग बोटी के कहां जाओ...
The father is in Gorai and the son’s in Borivali…
(Maqbool looks at Kaka) I’ll go look up the old guy…
you guys sniff out the son.

Guddu interrupts.

GUDDU
मैं जाऊँगा मुगल के कहाँ...
Why can’t I go get Mughal…?
Maqbool gives Kaka and Surti an annoyed look.

KAKA
(to Guddu)
अवे जो कहा जाय वस यो किया कर समझा...
Just do what you’re told.

Maqbool gets out of the car.

GUDDU
ठीक है तो तू भी जा उसके साथ...
Thanks a lot, Dad… I can manage on my own… why
don’t you also go with him?

Kaka hits him on his neck.

KAKA
चूँकि वे मेरे सामने शर्म आएगी उसे गोली मारने मे...
Why? You’ll feel shy pulling the trigger in front of me?

GUDDU
ठीक है मे जाता हं मियाँ के साथ...
Fine… I’ll go with Miyan then.

Guddu tries to get up but Kaka stops him and gets out of the
car. Guddu zips off.

KAKA
(shouts)
ध्यान रखियो वे...
Be safe…

MAQBOOL
(smiles)
Come on… he’s not a child anymore…

Cut back to van.

SC. 4

EXT. /INT. /NIGHT/POLICE VAN ON A HIGHWAY DHABA

Purohit is pouring a drink in Saadiq’s glass who looks quite drunk by now.

SAADIQ
अंगे बस बस पुरोहित साब... बस...
Not any more, Purohit sir.

INSP. PUROHIT
अंगे पी चिकने पी... मोज कर आज तेरी 15 अगस्त है...
Drink up Princess. Let it flow tonight... tonight you’ve got freedom...

SAADIQ
नवम्बर में 15 अगस्त कैसे होंगी साब... क्या साब...
Freedom from what, sir?

INSP. PANDIT
अंगे मुगल के बिस्तर से आजाद हुआ है ना तू....
From Mughal’s bedroom, that’s what, sweetheart.

Pandit chuckles. Saadiq is embarrassed.

INSP. PUROHIT
और वैसे... लौंडवाजी का श्रौत ना अब्बा जी को हे ना मिराज को...
You’ll be safe here. Neither Abba ji nor Miyan is into boys…

INSP. PUROHIT

और ना हमें…

and neither are we…

Purohit and Pandit laugh and Saadiq joins them. Suddenly Purohit takes out his gun and shoots Saadiq from point blank range. The blood splashes on the horoscope made on the glass van. Pandit reacts with a jerk.

INSP. PANDIT

dेख के मारा कर यार, सारी मुंबई खून से भर दी...

What the hell!… you’ve spilt blood all over my city.

Cut on the blood streaming on the horoscope.

SC. 5

INT. /NIGHT/MUGHAL’S BUNGALOW

Maqbool and Kaka tower over a cowering Mughal. Maqbool asks him one last time.

MAQBOOL

बोल मुगल, हमारे लोगों में से किसने गद्दरी की थी, नाम बोल...

Who was your man in our gang?

Mughal is unfazed.

MUGHAL

बूते...

You… you were the traitor.

SC. 5A

INT. /NIGHT/ABBA JI’S ROOM

Abba ji picks up the phone in the middle of the night. We see the glimpse of a young lady sleeping by his side. Cut to Maqbool.

SC. 6

INT. /NIGHT/VAN

Asif, Abba ji’s brother-in-law, picks up the phone.

KAKA
हाँ रे आसिफ हाँ जरा अब्बा जी को दे...
Asif… where’s Abba ji?

ASIF
छोटी के कमरे में है जीजुः...
He’s in Sameera’s room.

KAKA
हाँ तो बुला उन्हें...
Go call him...

ASIF
क्या खबर है?
Got some news?

KAKA
अबे तुझ से बोला ना बुला उन्हें...
Call him…

11
The girl’s not well… He’ll skin me alive if I knock…

KAKA
अच्छा तो बोलना के हम लोग पनवेल मे हैं... बाहर निकलने के साथ ही फांस हाउस फोन करना...

Fine… tell him we’re headed to the farmhouse… to call back when when he has the time…

ASIF
रुक रुक... मुगल गया क्या?

Wait… Mughal’s gone or what?

KAKA
हाँ गया...

Ya…

Asif squeals with delight.

ASIF
और अपना बोटी?

And Boti…?

CUT TO:

SC.7

INT. /NIGHT/BOTI’ S PLACE

Guddu pushes Boti’s wife, who is crying at his feet, away. Boti is sitting on the floor, badly beaten up. One of Guddu’s men is holding Boti’s small kid who is also howling for his father. Guddu pulls the trigger, but stops as Boti’s kid calls:
Guddu can’t take his crying anymore.

GUDDU
बाहर ले जाओ बच्चे को...
Take the blasted kid outside...

Guddu can’t get himself to shoot. He lifts Boti’s face with the pistol.

GUDDU
काम करेगा हमारे साथ...
Will you work for us?

Boti shuts his eyes in affirmation.

CUT TO:

SC.8

INT. /NIGHT/FARMHOUSE

Purohit, Pandit, Maqbool and Kaka are drinking and lolling about, after a hard night’s work. Pandit is making horoscope figures on the tray using chicken bone and chutney. Kaka is rolling about the floor laughing.

KAKA
साला इश्क और मियां को? मियां और लॉडिया??! अच्छा और क्या मिलेगा मियां को?
Miyan... and girls?! Miyan... and love?! Fuck me! So what else is Miyan going to inherit?

_Pandit looks up from the horoscope._

**INSP. PANDIT**

साड़े साती उतरी है तेरी आज से... जो चाहें मिलेगा... जो चाहेगा...  
His bad patch has just cleared... he’ll get whatever he wants... whatever...

**KAKA**

जैसे?

For example…?

**INSP. PANDIT**

बॉलीवुड...

Bollywood...

_Kaka cracks up again. Even Maqbool reacts with amusement._

**KAKA**

बॉलीवुड है अब्बा जी के साते का... यो आसिफ आ जायेगा जीजू-जीजू  
करते हुए अभी... जीजू... जीजू...

That’s Abba ji’s brother-in-law’s turf. That Asif… nobody’s getting that in a hurry… he’ll go whining to Abba ji...

_Pandit walks over to Kaka with his horoscope tray. Kaka sits up attentively._

**INSP. PANDIT**

दशम स्थान में शुक चलवान है... राजयोग कहते हैं इसे... बॉलीवुड छोड़...  
छे महीने मे अब्बा जी की गद्दी मिया की है...

Your comet has entered the seventh house in Venus… this normally signifies the king’s reign... Forget
Bollywood… in six months’ time, Abba ji’s own throne will be Miyan’s to claim.

Everybody goes silent. Maqbool looks passive.

Pandit raises his hand in the air to anoint.

INSP. PANDIT
‘King of Kings’

Purohit shouts at him.

INSP. PUROHIT
अब अब चुप साले...
Shut your trap… you sonuvabitch…

Maqbool is not amused anymore.
MAQBOOL

If I believed in any of your mumbo jumbo, Pandit... I'd have sliced your tongue off today.

INSP. PUROHIT

Slice it off, Miyan... whatever he says always comes out to be true. Six months back, he tells me... your neighbour’s going to die of AIDS... stay away from her... what do I tell you Miyan... this healthy buxom woman... goes out like that... in five months’ flat...

INSP. PANDIT

You should be grateful, wretch. I saved your life.

Purohit throws a chicken bone at Pandit who ducks deftly.

Pandit continues bitching to Miyan.

INSP. PANDIT

He’d forget his weekly commission... but he wouldn’t forget to visit hers truly everyday.

Everybody laughs. The tension defuses.

INSP. PUROHIT

हेंस रहे हो मियाँ... काली जबान है साले की बता रहा हूँ...
You people are laughing now… but this guy’s got one helluva black tongue.

*Pandit sticks his tongue out. Kaka laughs and asks Pandit, pointing to the second horoscope on the table.*

**KAKA**
अच्छा एक काम करो... छोड़ो उस को पड़ितजी... आप कुछ मेरे बारे मे बतलाओ... जरा बढ़िया सा... आराम से टाइम ले के... 
Any forecasts for me, Panditji?

**Pandit studies his chart carefully.**

**INSP. PANDIT**
अरे... कमाल है... तू अभी तक जिंदा कैसे है?
Remarkable! It’s a miracle you’re still alive...

*Everyone laughs again. Kaka is not amused. He gets up to make himself a drink.*

**KAKA**
चुप बे... साली हैंसने की क्या बात है उसमें... साले मियां से कम नही उड़ाये होने गिन लो आज के मिला के...
Shut your mouth... all of you. I mustn’t have killed any less than Miyan… ya... and that includes tonight’s.

**Pandit tries to humour him.**

**INSP. PANDIT**
तेरे बेटे की पत्नी देखी... बहुत दम है साले में...
I’ve seen your son’s chart… that lad has great promise.
Maqbool reacts to this. Suddenly the phone rings. Kaka picks it up, there is no response. The phone rings again, this time Maqbool picks it up.

SC. 8A

INT. /NIGHT/BALCONY OF A BUNGLOW

A female whose face is not visible asks in a very hushed tone.

VOICE

तुम ठीक हो ना...
Are you ok?

Cut to Maqbool

SC. 9

INT. /NIGHT/FARM HOUSE

Maqbool is awkward as everybody is intrigued by the call.

MAQBOOL

हां... ठीक हूँ...

Hmm... I'm fine...

Lady on the other side hangs up. Maqbool turns, Kaka smiles.

KAKA

वाह रे पंडित तू सही कह रहा था यार... तो वाक़ई हे बे... आये निया... कौन हे भाई...
So Miyan’s really in love… who’s this latest squeeze now?

MAQBOOL
उनकी पड़ोसी... बुलाओँ...
Purohit’s neighbour… should I call her? You’ll take hers?

Maqbool and Purohit clap and laugh, while Pandit smiles. Purohit’s mobile rings.

INSP. PUROHIT
Hello… कौन देवसारे... थाने मे फोन करो सुबह...
Hello… Devsare? Devsare who? Call me in the morning.

He disconnects. The phone rings again.

INSP. PANDIT
ले तू बाल कर यार... इंग्लिश बाल करता है साला...
Here... you speak to him... Idiot speaks only in English...

He disconnects.

INSP. PUROHIT
देवसारे... कौन है वे देवसारे?
Who the hell is this Devsare?

Pandit shrugs his shoulders.

MAQBOOL
तुम लोगो का नया ACP...
The new Assistant Commissioner of Police...
Cut to the shocked faces of Purohit and Pandit.

SC. 10

EXT. /DAY/MUGHAL’S HIDEOUT

Devsare gets down from the official car. Insp. Pandit and Purohit salute him. A plain-clothes man whispers something into Devsare’s ear. Devsare enters the bungalow, Pandit and Purohit follow him. Lots of dead bodies, covered in white sheets, are in the premises. Crime and forensic photographers are flashing their camera on the walls and floor covered with dry blood stains.

DEVSARE
काफी सुना है आप लोगों के बारे में...
I’ve heard a lot about you two...

DEVSARE
किस का हाथ है इसमें...?
Who’s behind these killings?

INSPECTION OFFICER Purohit
पुलिस का नहीं है sir...
Not us, sir.

Pandit smiles, Devsare gives a stern look.

DEVSARE
Crime के बारे में आप दोनों कहाँ थे...?
Where were you at the time of the killings?

INSPECTION OFFICER Purohit
झुड़ी पर सर...
On duty sir...
DEVSARE

This wouldn’t have happened if you had been on duty…

INSP. PANDIT

Something worse would have happened, sir… power is a game of exquisite balance…

Devsare turns to Pandit.

INSP. PUROHIT

You need water to balance out the fire… A whole gang got wiped out without raising a finger… sir…
Devsare’s expression changes, Purohit fumbles.

INSPI. PANDIT
मतलब हमारे under है... एक गंग को control करना ज्यादा आसान है सर...
He means, within our control… It’s far easier to control one gang, sir…

DEVARE
क्या नाम है?
Whose gang?

INSPI. PUROHIT
अब्बा जी...
Abba ji’s…

DEVARE
मैंने रिश्ता नहीं नाम पूछा है...
I asked for his name, not his title…

SC. 11

INT. /DAY/OFFICE OF DEVARE

Pandit hands over a file to Devsare. Montage of old newspaper cuttings showing the growth of Abba ji from a small-time gangster to the big don of Mumbai. We hear the V/O in Pandit’s voice.

INSPI. PANDIT
जहांगीर खान... लाला जी भाई का दाहिना हाथ था... Gold smuggling से शुरूआत की और लाल जी भाई की मौत के बाद
contract killing और जमीन के गैर कानूनी कब्जों को खाली करने का धंधा... Minorities के खुदा हैं यो... जिस पार्टी के साथ अब्बा जी हाय मिला लें यो कभी election नहीं हारती...
Jahangir Khan... he was Lalji Bhai’s right hand. Started as a small-time gold smuggler and after Lalji Bhai’s death, flourished through contract killings and forcible land eviction. The minorities worship him... whichever political party Abba ji backs is sure to win the polls...

DEVSARE
कोई FIR...
Any FIR... ?

Purohit shows one in the file.

INSP. PUROHIT
जी है... 12 साल पहले... Arrest करने की कोशिश हुई तो शहर में फसाद हो गया...
One... twelve years back... attempts to arrest him resulted in riots all over the city...

SC. 13

EXT. /DAY/KABRISTAAN

A black Mercedes escorted by a few vans stops. Abba ji gets down and walks in along with Maqbool, Kaka, Guddu, Asif and lots of gunmen. The preparations for the burial are going on in the background. Abba ji hugs Boti.

ABBA JI
अल्लाह तौफीक दे... वालिद के साथे का कोई सानी नहीं है मिर्यां...
May Allah have mercy... it’s an irreparable loss...
Boti looks around at Maqbool, Kaka, Guddu and Asif. He looks quite broken by his father’s death.

BOTI
किये की कीमत तो चुकाना ही पड़ती है... आपका पनाहगीर नहीं अब्बा जी...
One has to pay for one’s deeds... You are all I have left, Abba ji.

He picks up a small boy in his lap.

ABBA JI
जुख्म भरने में वक्त तो लगा गिरा... आपके बालिक और हमारे भाई फर्ज हुए हैं... 
Be strong... these wounds take time to heal... your father and my brother are both lying under the same earth...

Boti reacts strongly to this statement. Fear emerges in his eyes. Abba ji looks straight into his eyes.
ABBA JI
हम तो आज तक बेखबर हैं के भाई का खूनी कौन था...?
Till date, I don’t know the name of the bloody rat who betrayed us...

Abba ji asks again.

ABBA JI
हम में से कौन था?
Who was the traitor?

Boti slowly turns and looks at Asif… just then the grave is filled and the maulavi starts reciting the ‘ziyarat’ for the dead. All of them hold up their hand and close eyes, except Asif, who is sweating profusely. Dissolve from his face to his photograph at Abba ji’s place.

SC. 14

INT. /DAY/ABBA JI'S HAVELI

Abba ji quietly turns over the pages of a photo album as Asif sits nearby on the floor, crying. A gun is kept on the table, its metal shining in the light.

ABBA JI

निकाह पे नी एक साल का था तू... मरते समय अमानत के तीर पे छोड़ गयी थी तुझे रुखसाना... अमानत में खवानत नहीं होती मियाँ...

You were not more than nine at the time of the wedding… Rukhsana left you behind as her only living memory… and memories are not to be trifled with...

Abba ji crumples the page from the album. Asif cries even more.
ASIF
जीजू में दुबई चला जाऊंगा जीजू…
I’ll go away to Dubai, brother-in-law…

ABBA JI
एक ही रास्ता है... और एक ही को जाना है... गोली मार हमें...
There’s only one journey left to make… and only one of us is booked to go… Shoot me…

ASIF
नहीं जीजू...  
No… I can’t…

ABBA JI
आसिफ गोली मार...  
Shoot me, Asif…

ASIF
नहीं जीजू नहीं...  
No… don’t do this, please…

ABBA JI
(hollers)  
आसिफ...  
Asif…

Asif picks up the gun and points it at Abba ji. His hands are shaking.

SC. 14 A

INT. /DAY/ABBA JI’S HAVELI

Downstairs in the porch Maqbool, Kaka and Guddu react to the sound of gunfire. They rush upstairs, to find a dead Asif.
SC. 15

INT./NIGHT/MEETING ROOM

Abba ji sits at the head of the table while Maqbool and the other gang members sit around it. Pandit and Purohit are also there. Maqbool leans over and whispers.

MAQBOOL
मौका मिलते ही फन मारेगा बोटी...
Boti will hit back at the first opportunity…

ABBA JI
पनाह दी... तो दी...
I’ve spared him his life… once and for all…

Chinna, a prominent gang member, tries to protest.
ABBA JI

I can’t go back on my word… Discussion over… No one will touch Boti… Anything else?

Tawde, another business associate, speaks up.

TAWDE

What about the film industry? Who’ll look after that now?

Guddu coughs, trying to attract attention to himself. Abba ji chews his paan quietly.

ABBA JI

Maqbool…

Maqbool is surprised. To say the least.

MAQBOOL

What will I do there, Abba ji?

ABBA JI

Restore our good name, son… Asif’s dragged it through much mud.
Abba ji leaves. Maqbool looks back at Pandit and Purohit with amazement. Who in turn look heavenwards.

INT. /NIGHT/ABBA JI'S HAVELI

The dinner. The ‘handi’ of biryani is kept in the middle of a Dastarkhan, and everybody is sitting around having the meal. Nimmi and Sameera are serving. Bhosle calls out to Nimmi.

BHOSLE

निम्मी भाभी... आप इस बिरयानी की रेसिपी ज्याद़ा लिखकर दीजिए हमें...
पेट भर गया नीयत नहीं भरती...
Sister... you must hand me the recipe of this delicious biryani... I’ll eat up my fingers up at this rate...

NIMMI

नियाज के खाने की लज़ब़त ही अलग होती है...
This food is blessed by Allah himself...
She serves some to Abba ji.

ABBA JI
ससंग बस... मर जायेंगे हम तो...
I’ll burst a gut, dear... no more...

Nimmi goes inside.

NANNY
सेवाओं के लिए जगह रखिएगा आप लोग...
Please keep some space for the sweets...

BHOSLE
नहीं भाई अब और कुछ नहीं...
I can’t eat a thing more...

SAMEERA
अंकल मैंने बनायी हैं...
Uncle... I’ve made it with my own hand.

Abba ji hugs Sameera.

ABBA JI
रखसाना का रस है छोटी के हाथ में...
This little one here cooks just like her mother.

Sameera gets annoyed.

ABBA JI
अच्छा भाई छोटी नहीं... समीरा के हाथ में... सबको खानी पड़ेगी...
I know... I know... You’re not so little anymore...
Bring on the dessert! We’ll all have to eat then...
And then praise it… in that order…

Everybody laughs and Kaka hits Guddu lovingly. Suddenly Abba ji coughs and there is no water in the glass. Maqbool runs inside to get some from the kitchen. Nimmi is inside.

MAQBOOL

पानी...

Water...

Nimmi gives him the glass and suddenly holds Maqbool’s hand.

NIMMI

आजकल तुझे प्यास नहीं लगती मियाँ...

You don’t feel thirsty nowadays, Miyan…
Maqbool looks at her inviting, mischievous eyes, shakes off her hand and runs out.

CUT TO:

SE. 16

EXT. /NIGHT/ABBA JI’S HAVELI

Everybody is in the balcony. The paans are being served. Abba ji makes one of his special ones for Bhosle.

ABBA JI

कोई देवसरे है...  

There is some new cop on the block called Devsare…

BHOSLE

फहली पोस्टिंग है उसकी... अब नया मुसलमान तो पांचों बक्क़ की नमाज़ पढ़ता ही है अब्बा जी...  

Ya… its his first posting… He likes flashing his new toys…

CHINNA

साब तीन लोगों का इनकाउंटर कर दिया है... एक हफ्ते में...  

Sir, he’s shot three of our men in the last week alone…

Abba ji introduces Chinna and Tawde to Bhosle.

ABBA JI

वे चिन्ना है और से ताबड़े... पनवेल और थाने में हमारा काम देखते हैं...  

This is Chinna and this is Tawde… They look after our businesses in Panvel and Thane…

Bhosle changes the topic. He addresses Maqbool.
So Miyan… how’s Bollywood treating you?

Don’t ask. It’s like being caught in a den of thieves…

Everybody laughs as Maqbool vents a little steam.

Slimy people, even slimier films…

You make a film on Abba ji… it’ll be an all-time blockbuster.

Or better still… find yourself a nice wholesome actress.

He’s already been at work on that…
NIMMI
अच्छा... कौन है भाई जिसने पत्थर में पौधा उगा दिया...
Not bad! Who’s caused flowers to bloom in this desert?

Everyone laughs again. Maqbool is embarrassed.

MAQBOOL
अब्बा जी बोटी किसी से मिलाने की बात कर रहा था...
Abba ji, Boti wants to set up a meeting...

Nimmi rags him further.

NIMMI
बात मत पलटो मियाँ... कौन है...?
Don’t evade the topic, Miyan. Who’s the girl?

Maqbool avoids her gaze.

MAQBOOL
तो कल बुलाया लूं?
Should I call him tomorrow?

Abba ji gives the go-ahead. Nimmi protests.

NIMMI
जहाँगीर कल दरगाह जाना है हमें...
Jahangir, I need to go visit the shrine tomorrow.

ABBA JI
बीबा... आप मन्नतें बहुत मांगते हैं...
You pray too much, dear...

She looks at Maqbool.
NIMMI
पूरी तो एक भी नहीं होती...
If only somebody listens to them…

Maqbool lowers his gaze.

KAKA
होगी भाभी सारी पूरी होगी... अब्बा जी अगर इस साल निम्मी भाभी की पिक्चर नहीं बनवायी ना तो सच बोलता हूं ठीक नहीं होगा... बोलो भाभी कौन डायरेक्टर चाहिए... करन जीहर, सुभाष घर या अपना क्या कहते हैं राम गोपाल वर्मा... बोलो...

Don’t you worry, sister... Abba ji, this year you must make a movie with Nimmi... Which director do you want, sister... Just name it... Karan Johar, Subhash Ghai or Ram Gopal Verma...

Nimmi looks upset and walks out of the balcony. Abba ji looks at Kaka, who is speechless. He doesn’t know what just happened.

KAKA

नई वैसे अपना मणि रतन भी ले सकते हैं... Even Mani Ratnam would do... actually.

Cut to Abba ji’s angry face.

SC. 17

INT. /DAY/CAR

Abba ji and Nimmi on their way to ‘urz’. Nimmi asks the driver to stop the car.

NIMMI
रोको जरा...
Stop…
She takes off her slippers.

NIMMI
यहाँ से पेदल जाना है हमें... नगे पाँव...
I’m going to walk from here... barefeet...

ABBA JI
अंधेरे खुदा का... बीवा... छाले पड़ जायेंगे...
God be kind... You’ll burn your feet, dear...

NIMMI
वही दिखाने हैं उसे...
If that’s what the Almighty wants...

ABBA JI
अब हम क्या करें...?
Now what do I do?

NIMMI
आप चलिए ना... गाड़ी में...
You come... in the car.

Nimmi leaves without bothering to listen.

ABBA JI
आपको अकेला छोड़ के...
I can’t leave you by yourself...

Maqbool comes from the car following behind.

MAQBOOL
क्या हुआ अब्बा जी...
What happened... Abba ji?
ABBA JI
मियाँ... ये हस्त बहुत बड़ी बीमारी है... पूरी कायमाल हमारी मुट्टी में है... मगर एक वित्त भर की ओरत नहीं सामनली... नंगे पांव जाएंगे दरगाह तक...

Love is the greatest disease in the world, son... the whole underworld’s in my grasp... but this little runt of a woman I can’t control...

MAQBOOL
आप चलिए में आता हूँ वो के साथ...(To the driver) बतो...
You carry on... I’ll come with her...

Cars leave. Cut.

SE. 18

EXT. /DAY/ROAD

Maqbool joins Nimmi on her walk.

NIMMI
कौन है वो तुम्हारी हिरोइन...
Who’s this heroine of yours?

Maqbool keeps quiet.

NIMMI
बहोत खूबसूरत है...?
Is she pretty?

Maqbool keeps quiet. Nimmi stops him and holds his hand.

NIMMI
हम से भी ज्यादा...
Prettier than me?
Maqbool frees his hand and walks forward. Nimmi joins him.

NIMMI
झूठ बोलता है तुम्हारा ये ज्योतिष इंस्पेक्टर पंडित... अब्बा जी की जगह तुम कभी नहीं ले सकते...
That astrologer Inspector Pandit of yours... he’s a goddamn liar... You’ll never take Abba ji’s place...

Maqbool smiles.

MAQBOOL
क्यूँ...?
Why?

NIMMI
हर्षोक हो तुम...
You’re a wimp... that’s why.

MAQBOOL
अच्छा...
I see...

NIMMI
हमें इश्क में गल जाओगे लेकिन घूने की हिम्मत नहीं है... गुड़ू लेगा उनकी जगह... गुड़ू
Then what... you’d burn in my love but you’d never have the guts to touch me... Guddu is the real successor to Abba ji...

Maqbool smiles.

MAQBOOL
गुड़ू...
Guddu?
If you don’t have a son, the son-in-law becomes the next in line.

Maqbool stops. His expression changes.

MAQBOOL
‘Son in law’… Guddu and Sameera… How do you know all this?

NIMMI
I just do...

MAQBOOL
Liar!

Nimmi smiles and looks straight into his eyes.

NIMMI
You never had the guts to even look at me but I knew what you wanted… There are twelve moles dotting my body… you want to see where all? You can die for me at this very instant… and kill for me as well… Tell me if that’s a lie…
SONG 1 (Tu mere ru baru hai): Sufi song starts at dargah. The singer is singing in the praise of the Almighty, but the impact is implying Maqbool’s feelings for Nimmi, and Guddu’s for Sameera. People tie threads for ‘mannat’. We see Guddu and Sameera do so simultaneously. Maqbool catches this. Nimmi smiles. Song ends as their car leaves back for the town.

SC. 19

EXT. /DAY/ROAD

A police jeep stops Abba ji’s car. Purohit arrives at Abba ji’s car, Maqbool also rushes. Abba ji lowers the window glass.

INSP. PUROHIT

सलाम अब्बा जी... आज आप वापस शहर मौजूदा...  
Don’t go back into the city today... It’s not safe...

MAQBOOL

क्यूं...

But why?

INSP. PUROHIT

मंजी जी ने कहा दो दिन मे कंस सुलता देगें...  
Bhosle’s said he’ll overturn the case in a couple of days...

KAKA

कौन सा कंस...?

What case?

INSP. PANDIT

(whispers)

देवसरे ने अब्बा जी के नाम का वार्ट...  
Devsare’s got a warrant issued in Abba ji’s name.
Abba ji smiles.

**ABBA JI**
अब ये कोई उम्र है हमारी... भागने दौड़ने की...
This is no age for me to run about...

*He asks the driver to proceed.*

**ABBA JI**
चलो...
Drive...

*Car leaves.*

**CUT TO:**

**SC. 20**

**EXT. /INT. /DAY/ABBA JI’S HAVELI**

*Abba ji’s caravan stops. Devsare is waiting outside with a lot of police force. People have gathered around the house. Nimmi and Sameera go inside.*

**MAQBOOL**
किसने लगवायी इधर गाड़ी?
Who’s parked all these cars here?

*Devsare avoids Maqbool and addresses Abba ji directly.*

**DEVSARE**
जहाँगीर खान आपका नाम है?
Is your name Jahnagir Khan?

**MAQBOOL**
ऐ... कल सुबह आना... जमानत तैयार मिलेगी...
Come back in the morning… you’ll have the bail papers in your hands…

Devsare avoids Maqbool and looks at Abba ji…

DEVSARE
जहाँगीर खान आपका नाम है?
Is your name Jahangir Khan?

Maqbool turns Devsare around.

MAQBOOL
अब्बा जी बोल बे... तेरे जैसे 36 वर्दी बाते पलटे हैं हमारे यहाँ...
Call him Abba ji, you dick… we have three dozen cops like you hatching in our backyard…

Devsare avoids him again and turns to Abba ji.

DEVSARE
जहाँगीर खान आपका नाम है?
Is your name Jahangir Khan?

Maqbool turns Devsare around.

MAQBOOL
कितना चाहिए... घर पहुँच जाएगा... चलो...
How much do you need… we’ll have it sent across…
Now scram!

Devsare slaps Maqbool so hard that everyone freezes. Maqbool reaches for his pistol. Kaka keeps a calming hand on his hand. Abba ji goes quietly inside the jeep, while everyone stares in rage…
SC. 21

EXT. /DAY/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS

The public is gathered around the headquarters. A car stops. Maqbool, Kaka and Guddu get off with a lawyer. Cut.

SC. 21A

INT. /DAY/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Inside, the lawyer puts the paper in front of Devsare. Devsare doesn’t bother to read it, he orders one of his subordinates to bring Abba ji. Maqbool pulls a chair and sits in front of him. Devsare looks at him and then asks others to sit.

DEVSARe
बैठिए...
Sit…

Abba ji arrives, looking as if he has hardly slept. He signs the release form. Devsare returns his pistol.

DEVSARe
आप जा सकते हैं...
You are free to go…

ABBA JI
सुबह का बक्का है मियाँ... एक चायली चाय भी नहीं पिलाओगे?
It’s early morning, son… won’t you offer even a cup of tea?

Devsare holds Maqbool’s look and nods to ask for some tea. The mood changes. They all sit quietly watching him. The tea arrives. They sip it in silence. Just then a white Ambassador of the home ministry stops outside the headquarters. A man arrives with an
envelope for Devsare. The four men watch in silence as Devsare reads his transfer orders. He looks at Abba ji.

KAKA
अरे... ट्रांसफर? कहाँ हुआ?
Oh dear! Transfer orders?? Where to?

ABBA JI
(smiles)
आप याद वहींत आयेंगे मिर्च... खुदा हाफिज़...
You’ll always be in our thoughts… take care...

SC. 22

INT. /DAY/ABBA JI’S HAVELI

Kaka is trying to reason out with Maqbool while Abba ji is making his paan.

KAKA
अरे वो गया वहाँ से... अब नहीं आएगा वापस फिर कहुँ उड़ाएगा उसका भेजा...
He’s out of our hair… then why do you want to blow his brains out?

MAQBOOL
ठीक हैं... उसका दिल उड़ाउंगा...
Fine... I’ll shoot him through his heart. Alright?

Maqbool looks at Kaka with fierce eyes. Kaka continues.

KAKA
देख... कोई नया राह नई शुरू करने का अपने को अभी... भोले कभी हामी नई देगा उसे उड़ाने की...
See… we can’t afford a fresh row. Bhosle wants us to lie low.

Maqbool is hurt.

MAQBOOL
to fir mera laka khajgra bich bazar mein khada hoke bhosle… pooth usse…
Tell Bhosle I’ll come there and slap him in public… Ask him if he’ll like that…

Abba ji, who was listening to all this quietly, gets up and holds Maqbool’s hand.

ABBA JI
aa… chal…
Come…

He brings Maqbool out on the street.

ABBA JI
le, mar le muze…
Here… slap me now.

Maqbool looks down.

ABBA JI
mar na… tere aag toh budes mire… warna is aag mein ham sab jal ke raah ho jaayege…
Slap me… give me all the anger you’ve got… else we’ll all burn down in it…

Maqbool keeps looking down. Abba ji comes close to him and holds his hand.
ABBA JI

That slap stung me much more than it did you…

Ramzan starts tomorrow… nothing doing till Eid…

Maqbool hugs Abba ji.

CUT TO:

SC. 23

EXT. /DAY/MOSQUE

Abba ji, Maqbool and the others come out of the mosque. It’s Eid. Everybody greets each other warmly. Suddenly Palekar, the opposition politician, emerges from the crowd. He greets Abba ji as he extends his hand.

PALEKAR

Abba ji… Eid greetings…

Abba ji greets him graciously and then excuses himself. Palekar proves difficult to shrug off.

PALEKAR

There’s no feast at the mansion this year…? Bhosle keeps boasting about the grand meals that you host…

Abba ji’s face screws up into a smile.

CUT TO:
INT./DAY/HAVELI

Abba ji sits on his swing, making paans as everybody else sits around, eating the sweets. Palekar among them.

ABBA JI
मीठी ईंद है पालेकर मियां... बकरीद पे आइयेगा... गोश्त खिलायेगें... सुपारी कैसी लेंगे? सूखी या गीली?
This is the Sweet Eid, Palekar... come join us for Bakr-e-eid next time... we’ll feed you some juicy goat... how would you like your betel... wet or dry?

PALEKAR
जी नहीं में पान नहीं खाता...
No thanks... I don’t eat paan...

Abba ji darts him a look.

PALEKAR
बुरा ना मानें तो एक बात कहें?
If you don’t mind, can I share something with you...?

Abba ji nods.

PALEKAR
आप जेल गये... अच्छा नहीं लगा... भोसले चाहता तो रोक सकता था...
I didn’t like the fact that you had to go to jail... Bhosle could’ve averted it if he wanted to...

Abba ji doesn’t react, keeps making his paan.
I just need your blessings, Abba ji… I can topple this government in six days… I’ll strip Bhosle clean in the assembly…

Abba ji asks him to draw near. Palekar goes up close. Abba ji offers him the paan.

Abba Ji
खाओँ...
Eat this…

Palekar
जी नहीं...
No, thanks…

Abba Ji
खाओँ...
Eat it…

Palekar
मैं पान नहीं खाता...
I don’t eat paan…

At which point, Abba ji takes the paan and stuffs it in his mouth violently. Palekar is too shocked to react. His PA tries to move but Kaka holds him back. Abba ji shoves it all the way in and then wipes his red-stained hand on his kurta.

Abba Ji
गिलौरी खाया करो गुलफाम ज्यान काबू में रहती है...
Get some good taste in your mouth… it helps keep your palate clean…
Palekar storms out in a huff, his PA following him. He turns to look back at Abba ji once. Maqbool, who was standing in the corner, taps him on the shoulder.

MAQBOOOL
लाल रंग फवता है तेरे कुर्ले पे...
Red looks good on you actually...

Usman breaks out into raucous laughter on hearing this. Palekar’s humiliation is complete.

INT. /DAY/FILM SET

A dance director is showing the dance steps of a mujra song to a heroine. Nearby her secretary is fighting with a producer.

SECRETARY
दालिंग गुस्सा नहीं होने का... मैं मैडम से बात करेगा...
Darling, don’t get upset. I’ll speak to Madam...

PRODUCER
दो दिन के लिए दो साल से wait कर रहा हूँ... अब तो Association में Complaint डालना ही पडेगा...
I’ve waited two years... for two days of shooting. Don’t force me to lodge a complaint with the Association...

SECRETARY
दालिंग धमकी नई... No threat, हूँ...
Darling... no threats please...

Suddenly the secretary sees a man entering the studio gate. It’s Thapa, Maqbool’s man. Thapa ambles upto the producer.

THAPA
और क्या हाल है? मुंह लटका हुआ है? यार हमें भी बना दो हीरो...
What’s up brother? Why so serious? Get me a good role somewhere…

*The secretary runs up to Mohini and whispers something into her ear.*

**SC. 23A**

**EXT. /DAY/FILM SET**

*Cut to a car with a black window screen, outside the studio. Mohini comes out walking while the secretary is holding the umbrella for her. She stops in front of the car’s black window screen. The window glass comes down. It’s Maqbool. Mohini smiles.*

**MOHINI**

जहांगीर साब से कहिएगा हम पैसा नहीं देंगे... आप गोली मारना चाहते हैं तो मारिएं...

Tell Jahangir sir, I don’t have the money to pay up… If he wants to shoot me, he’s most welcome…

*She takes off her ‘dupatta’, exposing her cleavage. Maqbool looks away and puts his hand on the driver’s shoulder. The car moves. Mohini smiles.*

**CUT TO:**

**SC. 24**

**EXT. /INT. /DAY/ABBA JI’S HAVELI**

*An official-looking person, who’ll simply be known as the Professor, sits around a table with the members of the gang. Abba ji, Maqbool, Pandit, Purohit, Guddu, Boti are all present.*
Abba ji sits at the head of the table.

PROFESSOR
रियाज ने बताया कि आप उसके बालिद की तरह हैं... 
Riyaz (Boti) regards you dearer than his father.

Boti nods enthusiastically. Professor continues.

PROFESSOR
30 करोड़ में तय हुई थी मुगल से... सामान इंटरनेशनल बाटर्स की हड़ताल तक हर्मं लाना है... फिर हिंदुस्तान के समन्दर से बम्बई तक लाने की जिम्मेदारी आपकी होगी... 
The deal was struck for thirty million with Mughal. 
We’ll carry the consignment till the edge of the international waters… Thereafter, you’ll have to escort it till it lands here in Bombay...

MAQBOOL
इस्तेमाल कहाँ किया जाएगा... दिल्ली, कश्मीर या यहीं पर? 
Where will it be used? Kashmir, Delhi or here?

PROFESSOR
कहाँ भी हो... मुगदर पैसा आपके पर तक पहुंचेगा... पूरा और वो भी काम से पहले... 
Doesn’t matter… But the money will reach you… all of it… And that too, before the job is done...

Guddu cracks up on hearing this.

GUDDU
सारी... आप धन्या करने आये हैं या खुदकुशी... मतलब गड़बड़ हम करेंगे तो भी नुकसान आपका...?
Are you on some suicide mission or what? So, you pay us in full even if the plan doesn’t take off…?
PROFESSOR
वेटा हर इंसान का मकसद फायदा नहीं होता... हमारी अब्बा जी की
दोस्ती दरकार है...
Not everyone works for petty profit... We’re here to
build relations with Abba ji...

*Abba ji gets up from his chair and comes and sits next to the*
*Professor.*

ABBA JI
(clasping Professor’s hand)
शायद हम आपकी दोस्ती के लायक नहीं हैं प्रोफेसर साहब... हमारी
क्रांतिधर हमारा कारोबार... और हमारे पेश जमीन पर है... तैरना भी
नहीं जानते तो दरिया से दूर भालें...
We are not worthy of your friendship, sir... Our
business and our feet are firmly planted on land...
Never learnt to swim... So it's best we stay away from
the waters...

PROFESSOR
आप चाहें तो दुनिया के हर मुक्त मे आपका कारोबार फैल सकता है...
If you choose well today, your businesses could spread
far and wide in the future...

*Abba ji ponders for a moment.*

ABBA JI
मुंबई हमारी महबूबा है मिया... इसे छोड़कर हम कराची या दुबई मे नहीं
बस सकते... चाचय...?
Mumbai is my sweetheart... Can’t jilt her at this age
and settle for Karachi or Dubai... Would you care for
some tea...?

*The meeting is over. Abba ji gets up from his chair. The Professor*
*walks off, slighted. Boti follows him out.*
KAKA
अब्बू तीस करोड़ रुपये... वो भी काम के पहले, अगर हम नहीं करेंगे तो कोई और करेगा...
Thirty million in cash, Abba ji. That too before the deal goes through... If we don’t do it, somebody else will...

ABBA JI
jis insaan ka makadda sifal nukshaan hone se kisi ka fazada nahi hone sake... bad rhana...
He who doesn’t care for profit can never be of use to anybody... Always remember this...

Abba ji walks out. As Guddu is making his way out, Maqbool accosts him.

MAQBOOL
हगना मूतना सीखा नहीं, धंधा सीखाता है? अबकी बीच में बोला... तो ज़बान काट बूंदा साले...
Can’t even piss in a straight line… and you are going to teach us how to run the business…? Next time you speak out of turn, I’ll cut your tongue off...

He pushes Guddu hard who just stares back at him. Now Kaka screams at him.

KAKA
तेरी माँ का... ऑफ फोड़ बूंदा... भाग वहाँ से...
Sonuvabitch… stop glaring… Get lost!

SC. 25

INT. /DAY/ABBA JI’S BEDROOM (HAVELI )

Abba ji takes off his kurta while Nimmi lies in bed waiting. Like some prize catch. Abba ji starts making love to Nimmi.
His repulsively fat body moves over Nimmi. She looks totally uninvolved and keeps looking blankly.

SC. 26

INT. /DAY/LIVING ROOM OF HAVELI

Kaka is showing the model of a resort to everyone.

KAKA

I can’t use an English lavatory… I need my Indian one… nice and easy to squat on…

Maqbool enters the courtyard.

KAKA

Come Miyan… see the model of our Mauritius resort. Neat, isn’t it? Which one is Miyan’s room? Let’s see… we’ll give you the corner one…

MAQBOOL

Where’s Abba ji?

KAKA

He’s resting…

Maqbool looks at his watch.
MAQBOOL
अरे अभी इस टाइम?
This time of the day? I'll go see…

Maqbool goes towards his chamber but Kaka stops him.

KAKA
ठीक है... भाभी के साथ है...
He’s with her…

Maqbool hides his strain.

KAKA
अबे नींद और भूख का कोई टाइम थोड़ी ना होता है मियाँ...
कि होता है?
The kind of hunger that knows no time of the day…
You know which kind?

He chuckles hard. The others join in. We see the strained face of Maqbool. The sound of lovemaking fades in, overlapping the laughter.

CUT TO:

SC. 26 A

INT./DAY/ABBA JI’S BEDROOM (Haveli)

Abba ji’s toad-like body towers over Nimmi’s frame as Maqbool goes into a reverie. He starts hitting his head against the pillar. Suddenly there’s some bustle and his vision is broken.

CUT TO:
SC. 26 B

*Abba ji enters adjusting his pyjama cord. Everyone gets up to wish him.*

EVERYONE
सलाम अब्बा जी...
Greetings, Abba ji…

ABBA JI
वालेकुम सलाम...
Greetings…

*Abba ji stops and marvels at the model.*

ABBA JI
माशाअल्ला बड़ा खूबसूरत है...  
It’s beautiful…

KAKA
वे थोड़ी गाड़ियाँ ज्यादा खड़ी की हुई हैं...  
He’s placed too many cars in the compound…
rest is great.

*Abba ji has a bite of the paan. He calls out to Nimmi.*

ABBA JI
बीबा सुपरी गीली नहीं है...  
Dear… the betel is not wet enough…

*Nimmi brings the paan box. Her hair is still wet. Her eyes meet Maqbool’s. Abba ji talks to the architect while chewing his paan.*

ABBA JI
साब ये हमारे आका है... इनकी मंजूरी के बगर कोई फैसला  
नहीं हो सकता…
Sir, she is the real decision-maker in this place... she needs to approve of the designs first...

ABBA JI
(to Nimmi)
बोलो बीबा... कैसा लगा ये?
Do you like it, dear?

NIMMI
अच्छा है...
It’s not bad...

ABBA JI
अच्छा है? के बहुत अच्छा है?
It’s good or it’s not bad?

At that moment, Guddu and Sameera come running in, disrupting the conversation. Nimmi looks at them coldly.

NIMMI
माशाअल्ला!
It’s great, actually!

Sameera looks excitedly at the model.

SAMEERA
वाओ! अबूँ मेरा कमरा कौन सा होगा?
Wow, Dad! This is amazing. Which of these is my room?

GUDDU
ये... मेरे पास बाला...
This one, right next to mine...
Yikes! I’ll die of the stench only…

ABBA JI
(to Maqbool)
मियां कुछ सोचा? कौन चलाएगा इसे? किसे भेजना है मॉरिसस?
Miyan! So then, who’s going to run this resort? Who are we sending to Mauritius?

MAQBOOL
गुड़ू...
Guddu…

GUDDU
अरे नहीं-नहीं मुझे नहीं जाना... हुह...
I’m not going anywhere…

MAQBOOL
गुड़ू मॉरिसस जायेगा...
Guddu will go to Mauritius…

KAKA
गुड़ू क्यूं भाई?
But why him?

MAQBOOL
गुड़ू जाएगा...
Guddu it is…

KAKA
अबे गुड़ू क्यूं बे तू क्यूं नहीं जाता...??
Who says so? Why does Guddu need to go? Why don’t you go?

MAQBOOL
गुड़ू जाएगा...
I’ve decided… Guddu is the one.

Kaka turns him around.

KAKA
तेरी माँ का... एक लौंडा है मेरा... कहीं नई जाएगा नो...
Go stuff your decision… I’ve only one son and he’s not going anywhere...

Maqbool is unfazed.

MAQBOOL
अब्बा जी गुड़ू मारिसस जाएगा...
Abba ji, Guddu will go to Mauritius. That’s final.

Abba ji looks perturbed. The mood has changed. The other people get up and leave.

ABBA JI
क्यूं मिया... गुडू को क्यूं भेजना है मारिसस...
What’s up, Miyan? Why this hurry to pack off Guddu?

MAQBOOL
छोटी को गोद में खिलाया है मैंने... मेरी भी कुछ लगती है वो...
I’ve raised Sameera like my own child… she means something to me… doesn’t she?

Everybody goes dead silent. Maqbool’s words have scythed through the air, the words hanging heavy.
KAKA
मतलब क्या है वे तेरा...
What do you mean?

MAQBOOL
पूछ अपने चाँद के टुकड़े से पूछ...
Ask the apple of your eye...

Kaka charges towards Guddu.

KAKA
क्या बोल रहा है वे...
What the hell does he mean?

Guddu hangs his head and keeps quiet. Kaka charges towards him. He bashes the pulp out of Guddu, with whatever he can lay his hands on, abusing him like crazy.

KAKA
साला जिस थाली में खाता है उसी में छेद करता है हरामी... कुत्ता भी दस घर छोड़ के मुंह मारता है...
Bastard… even a street dog doesn’t piss outside his master’s house...

Nimmi is holding Sameera, who is crying and witnessing all this drama silently. Kaka keeps beating Guddu till he rolls and falls at Abba ji’s feet. Sameera also slumps down. Guddu is bleeding profusely. Abba ji holds his face.

ABBA JI
बहोत चाहता है मेरी छोटी को... निकाह करेगा उससे...
You really love her? More than anything? Will you keep her happy?

Guddu lowers his eyes.
Then Maqbool is right. You have to go to Mauritius…
My daughter’s house can’t bloom in this swamp…

*Abba ji gets up after blessing them. A visibly relieved Kaka breaks down. He begs him for forgiveness.*

Kaka comes up to Maqbool and hugs him. He is fairly emotional and cries like a child.

*Maqbool and Nimmi share a look. Nimmi, who is stunned by all that’s happened, finds her voice. She chirps up.*

Nimmi hugs both Guddu and Sameera. Cut on Maqbool’s strained expression.
SC. 27

INST./NIGHT/KAKA’S HOME

At night Kaka is nursing Guddu’s back, which has gone blue after the beating. As he puts a hot towel, Guddu moans in pain.

KAKA
साले अगर अच्छा जी को तेरे इश्क की खबर कहीं और से लगती तो हम दोने गये थे आज...
If Abba ji had got wind of your affair from some other place… we’d both be dead by now…

GUDDU
चाहता तो वो भी वही था...
Exactly what he wanted…

Kaka hurst the food back in the plate. Guddu keeps quiet.

KAKA
साले कुले... साले अहसान नाना मिर्च का... अगर तू आज जिन्दा है ना 
तो सिर्फ उसकी ही बदलत...
You bloody ingrate... you should thank Miyan instead... It’s because of him that you’re 
even alive today…

GUDDU
तू भी कितना भोला है रे बाबा...सांप और सपेंर मे फरक ही नहीं दिखता 
तुले... उस हरामी के हलक से निवाला नहीं उत्तर रहा होगा आज...
Really Dad? You really think so... ? You still can’t 
make out the snake from the snake charmer, can you?
Maqbool must be in mourning today.

KAKA
साले...
You idiot…
Kaka raises his hand to him but stops.

KAKA

Hush! we’ve taken bullets for each other… Sameera’s like his own daughter… anybody else in your place would be buried in cement by now…

Kaka gets angry and goes to the window.

GUDDU

Relax, Dad… Come finish your food…

KAKA

Not hungry any more…

Guddu goes to him with a bite in his hand.

GUDDU

Let me feed you…

KAKA

(turns)

See son… this is all the family we have… Don’t poison its roots… It’ll break up…
Guddu takes the bit to his mouth and eats himself. Kaka smiles and hugs him. Guddu shouts in pain.

CUT TO:

SC. 28

EXT. /DAY/FARM HOUSE

The farmhouse is being given a fresh coat of paint. Labourers are decorating the exterior with flowers. Maqbool oversees the preparations.

MAQBOOL
चाचा अभी पीले वाले रहने दो... लाल लगाओ लाल...
Enough of the yellow flowers now... start on the red ones...

NIMMI
लगता है सारी मुंबई के बाग धोच डालें हैं तुमने...
Looks like you’ve mauled all the gardens of Mumbai...

A man brings some kababs on a plate. Maqbool tastes it.

MAQBOOL
तीखा है... कल कोई गड़बड़ नई चाहिए मुझे...
Too spicy... I don’t want any slip-ups tomorrow...

CATERER
नहीं भरोसा रखिये...
Be assured, sir...

Nimmi’s mobile rings.
NiMmi
Greetings, dear… nothing seems to be ready here…
your Miyan’s been just lazing around…

Maqbool is shocked. Nimmi smiles and continues talking.

NiMMi
No sign of the florists or the caterers…

Maqbool
Hey…

Nimmi
It’s the first wedding in the family, Jahangir. (She listens to Abba ji on the other end.) Don’t worry now. I’ll just stay back and get everything done. Just get my dress from the tailor’s tomorrow.

See you.

She hangs up and looks at Maqbool. Maqbool holds her hand.

Maqbool
I’ll slit your throat…

Nimmi smiles.
NIMMI
अभी नहीं रात को...
Not now... later... At night...

CUT TO:

SC. 29

EXT. /DAY/SUNSET/TERRACE- FARM HOUSE

Maqbool is standing alone looking at the sea and sunset. A hand comes and takes out the pistol tucked in the back of his trousers. He turns instinctively and finds Nimmi holding the gun at him.

MAQBOOL
अरे क्या है यह... वापस दो...
What’s all this? Give it back...

She opens the safety lock and smiles.

NIMMI
बोलो... वापस दो मेरी जाँ...
Say, ‘Give it back, my love.’

Maqbool tries to take it and it fires in the air. Maqbool is startled, steps back. Nimmi mischievously smiles and pulls the trigger.

NIMMI
सच में मार दूंगी... मेरी जाँ बोलो...
I’ll seriously do it... first say, ‘my love’...

Maqbool, seething, whispers.

MAQBOOL
मेरी जाँ...
‘My love’...
You can do better than that… say it with some feeling, please.

Maqbool tries to cool his anger.

MAQBOOL
मेरी जाँ...
‘My love’…

NIMMI
(laughs)
एक और बार...
Once more…

MAQBOOL
मेरी जाँ...
‘My lurve’…

NIMMI
जाँ मेरी...
‘Lurve of my life’…

MAQBOOL
जाँ मेरी...
‘Lurve of my life’…

NIMMI
मेरी जाँ...
‘My lurve’…

MAQBOOL
मेरी जाँ...
‘My lurve’…
NIMMI

Alright… alright… my love…

Nimmi laughs and gives the pistol back. Maqbool slaps her hard but she laughs more.

MAQBOOL

Why don’t you just go back to where you came from? You whore…

Nimmi, still laughing, hugs him.

NIMMI

If you’re coming, I’m ready to go anywhere… even to the great beyond.

She laughs in such a manner that it brings a smile on Maqbool’s lips too. She hides her face in Maqbool’s arms and just laughs and laughs. Maqbool lifts her face, and sees it is full of tears. She hides her face and cries in his arms.

SONG 2 (Rone do): The song starts. Maqbool lifts her in his arms and takes her into the bedroom. They make love, the whole night. The song, depicting Nimmi’s emotions for Maqbool, plays in the background throughout the act.

SC. 30

INT. /DAY/ BEDROOM

Nimmi is praying, doing her namaaz. Maqbool is watching her. She finishes it and looks at Maqbool.
MAQBOOL
क्या माँगा दुआ में...
What did you ask for...?

NIMMI
ये ही कि हर दिन इस रात सा बीते...
Every day should be like the night that passed...

MAQBOOL
अब्बा जी के जीते जी तौ ये नहीं हो सकता...
Not till he’s alive...

NIMMI
और अब्बा जी के बाद...
He won’t live forever...

Maqbool reacts to this line, he looks into her eyes.

CUT TO:

SC. 31

EXT. /DAY/FARM HOUSE

A procession of cars arrives at the farmhouse. Abba ji and Sameera come out of one car, Kaka and Guddu from the other. Nimmi comes out and takes Guddu away.

NIMMI
चलो... चलो... मंगनी की रस्म से पहले तुम समीरा का मुंह भी नहीं देख सकते... समझे...
Go in... you can’t see the bride’s face till all the rituals are over...

She drags him inside, while everyone laughs. Abba ji shouts and asks.
ABBA JI
अरे मकबूल कहाँ है...
Where the hell is Maqbool?

NIMMI
छत पे विरायानी पका रहा है...
He’s cooking biryani for everybody on the terrace.

SC. 32
EXT. /DAY/TERRACE

On the terrace, Maqbool, dressed like a ‘bhatiyara’, is cooking biryani in a very big vessel. Fresh spices are being pounded, a couple of small goats are tied nearby. Maqbool is giving intricate instructions.

MAQBOOL
अच्छे से पीसने का... क्या...इतने से लहसन में क्या होने वाला है मेलया...
.इतना ही ओर काटो...
ऐसे काटते हैं धनिया... बारीक काट बेटा... और योड़ा सा लेके सिर्फ पत्तियाँ अलग करना...

Grind the spices well... this much garlic won’t do... add some more... Goddamnit... is this the way to dice coriander?

He takes the knife and cuts some. He turns to the people working on the main vessel.

MAQBOOL
अरे हटो चाचा प्याज लग गयी...

Oh shit... my onion’s getting singed...

He starts stirring the onion. Abba ji looks at all this with eyes full of love.
ABBA JI
अरे मेरे लखनिगर... इधर आ...
Come here... my best man in the world...

He embraces the reluctant Maqbool, whose clothes are covered with spice stains.

ABBA JI
कितनी मोहब्बत से पका रहा है यार... जी करता है अपना गोश्त पका दूं, तेरी बिरयानी में...

Seeing you cook with so much love... I'd readily cut my heart out and give it you.

Everyone laughs. Dholak beat starts. Cut to sangeet.

SC. 33
INT. /DAY/COURTYARD

Pandit and Purohit arrive for the function. As their taxi draws up, Purohit gives back to the cabbie his license.

INSP. PUROHIT
वे ले तेरा लाइसेंस...
Here, you can keep your license...

INSP. PANDIT
अब तो नहीं लगाएगा ना नो पार्किंग में गाड़ी...
Next time, watch where you park...

SC. 34
INT. /DAY /HALL - FARM HOUSE

Everyone has a beer mug in his hands. Insp. Pandit is opening the gift-wraps, while Purohit is explaining and showing the gift to others. He opens one gold bangle.
A Rolex watch comes out next.

INSP. PUROHIT
और... बोटी... Rolex
Boti... Rolex.

INSP. PANDIT
इस घड़ी के साथ बोटी का वुगा वक्त भी खत्म...
Hopefully he can put his bad times behind him now...

Everyone laughs. The next gift is a pair of keys.
INSP. PUROHIT
प्यारी समीरा को... एक 3 bedroom hall with lots of love...
अंकल भोसले...
‘To my dearest Sameera... a small three-bedroom hall... With lots of love, Uncle Bhosle.’

Everyone is surprised.

KAKA
अंकल भोसले...
The great Uncle Bhosle...

ABBA JI
50 साल नेता बोलते मे बंद रखो फिर भी पूंछ सीधी नही होगी... gift भी सरकारी...

These politicians are cheapness personified... even their gifts are like government donations...

Everyone laughs again.

INSP. PUROHIT
पंडित जी ओर है? वस खतम...
That seems to be all...

MAQBOOL
आप दोनो खाली हाथ आ गए... What about you two? Came emptyhanded again?

Everyone laughs again.

INSP. PANDIT
शुभ समाचार लाए हैं ना... देवसारे को काले पानी की सजा हो गई... कस्टम मे डाल दिया है उसे...

We got news... good news... Devsare’s been banished to the high seas... they’ve put the bugger on customs duty.
Purohit whistles. Everyone laughs.

KAKA
अब्बू आपको याद है... आपकी शादी में रेड हुई थी...
Abu... you remember... when the cops raided your wedding party...

Abba ji laughs.

ABBA JI
सेरे से लेकर जाधविया तक उतरवा लिया था सालों ने... क्या नाम था कमिश्नर का...

The buggers frisked me from head to toe... removed everything from my turban to my underwear. What was the name of that commissioner?

KAKA
देशापाड़ि... देशापाड़ि... और लाल जी भाई ने अपने हाथ से भेजा उड़वा था... उस हरामज़ादे का... अब्बू... अगर आज लाल जी भाई जिंदा होते तो कितना खुश होते... नही...

Lalji Bhai later blew his head off with his own hands...
I'm really missing him today...
ABBA JI
याद मत दिला काका... अना स लगता है हमें उनके बिना...
Don’t go there, Kaka… I still feel orphaned without him…

Pandit smiles and looks at Purohit. Abba ji turns to Purohit.

ABBA JI
तुम लोग सालों.... किसी के संग नहीं हो सालों... वो ACP मौर्या... संग भाई से ज्यादा मानते थे उसे लाल जी भाई... छाती फाड़ डाली हरामी ने गोलियां से...
You guys are not to be trusted... that ACP Maurya…
Lalji Bhai considered him his own brother… what did the bugger do? He riddled his chest with bullets…

KAKA
अब्बा जी नहीं... खुशी का मौका है... आज नहीं... आज नहीं...
Abbu... not today… Not on such a festive day…

Tears fill up in Abba ji’s eyes. Nimmi enters.

NIMMI
आँसू पोछए... मोहिनी जी आई हैं...
Wipe your tears… Mohini’s here…

Everyone is surprised, and looks at Maqbool, who smiles back.

CUT TO:

SC. 35

INT. /NIGHT/DANCE HALL

Nimmi looks from far at Maqbool. In one corner Pandit is chatting with Maqbool.

INSP. PANDIT
वच गया दिलीप कुमार...
Dilip Kumar must be thanking his stars…

Maqbool looks at him.

MAQBOOL
क्यों?
What do you mean?

INSP. PANDIT
अंदरवल्ल में ना होते तो फिल्म स्टार होते... क्या एक्टर हैं अच्छा जी... तीन लोग थे कमरे में... लाल जी भाई, ACP मैथिया और अच्छा जी... जिंदा बचे थे... वेदांत कौन... पुलिस... कृती कौन... पुलिस...
If he hadn’t been in the underworld, Abbaji would have been a great film star… what an actor he is!! There were three people in the room… Abbaji, Lalji bhai and ACP Maurya… the only one who came out alive was Abbaji… So who are the real turncoats? The cops… ? Who are the real bastards? The police… ?

The caterer comes.

CATERER

कुर्बानी के लिए बुलाया है...

They’re ready for the sacrifice…

SC. 36

EXT. /DAY/TERRACE

Nimmi is putting mehndi on the goat’s forehead. She picks up one of the garlands and puts it around the goat’s neck. She picks up another garland and turns to Maqbool and wears it herself. The servants take goats inside the bathroom.

NIMMI

हमारी भी कुर्बानी कर ही दो अब… जहांगीर को उसकी नयी बीवा मिल गयी है…

It’s time you sacrificed me too… Jahangir’s got his new mistress…

Tears fill up her eyes. She turns her face.

NIMMI

(while crying in a choked voice)

किस मूंट से घर वापस जाओं… सबको पता है जहांगीर की खेलौं तूं में…मेरे बाप की उम्र होगा बो कम से कम… नंगा कितना चिंतना लगता है… बू आती है उसके बदन से मुखे…
Can’t even go back home… Everyone knows I’m Jahangir’s concubine. He looks so repulsive naked… must be as old as my father.

*She wipes off her tears and turns to Maqbool and looks at him with firm eyes.*

**NIMMI**

जो होगा आज रात होगा... एक को मरना होगा... तुम्हें... हमें... या जहाँगीर...

You’ll have to kill one of us… it’s either you, me or Jahangir…

*The heads of the goats are cut inside the bathroom, blood flows out of the drain hole.*

CUT TO:

**SC. 38**

**INT. /NIGHT/BAR ROOM**

*Abba ji and Mohini raise their glasses. Everyone is around.*

**ABBA JI**

क्या फर्मा रहीं थी आप...

So what were you saying?

*Mohini looks at Usman, Abba ji’s bodyguard.*

**ABBA JI**

अरे ये मकबूल का घर है... माँ के पेट की तरह महफूज़ है... जा... 25 साल से साथ है... मैं आज जिंदा हूँ तो इसकी बदौलत...

Relax Usman… this is Maqbool’s house. Safe as a womb… now go drink some milk…
MOHINI
I don’t believe it.

ABBA JI
ऐ उस्मान... कमीज उतार अपनी...
Come here... take off your shirt.

Everybody is amused.

MOHINI
Striptease…

Usman smiles and refuses.

ABBA JI
ऐ... शमन का नही... उतार
Go on... take it off.

As Usman takes off his shirt everyone claps. His whole body has innumerable bullet marks.
ABBA JI
कानद्वैले किसे में 6... भयंकर में 3... कोलाहपुर में 4... एक गोली
पूरी भी नहीं सकी हमें... आज तक...
Turn around... those six in Kandla... three in Byculla...
four in Kolahapur. Not a single one of those could
touch me...

Everyone claps. Abba ji goes emotional.

ABBA JI
एक राम का हनुमान थे, एक जहांगीर का उस्मान है...
Ram’s disciple was Hanuman, Jahangir’s Usman...

Everyone laughs.

ABBA JI
हैंसने की बात नहीं है... कुछ भी कर सकता है ये हमारे लिए...
कुछ भी...
He can do anything for me.

NIMMI
(smiles)
अच्छा... कुछ भी...
Anything? Really?

ABBA JI
(looks)
कुछ भी...
Anything...

Nimmi puts a bottle of rum in front of him.

NIMMI
पियो...
Drink this...

Usman refuses. Nimmi looks back at Abba ji and shrugs her
shoulder.
Usman looks down. Abba ji starts to get angry.

Usman looks at Abba ji from the corner of his eyes.

Usman picks up the bottle. Everybody claps as he gulps down the bottle. Abba ji gives a devilish smile to Mohini. Maqbool and Nimmi exchange a look.

CUT

SC. 38

EXT. / NIGHT / LAWNS

Pandit and Purohit are drinking Black Label in the lawns. Pandit has made the horoscope chart on the table with ‘namkeen’.

INSPI. PUROHIT

The Black Label seems to be from Chinchpokli… doesn’t fucking go to the head… For the wedding we will take the liquor contract…
INSP. PANDIT

शादी...?

Wedding...?

Pandit laughs softly, Purohit reacts.

INSP. PUROHIT

क्या हुआ...?

What happened...?

INSP. PANDIT

लड़की मंगली है... बहुत लाशों पे से विदा होके जायेगी...

The girl is cursed... She will leave behind a trail of corpses before she is wed...

Purohit smiles and gulps down his drink.

CUT TO:
SC. 39

EXT. /DAY (MAGIC HOUR)/TERRACE

The ropes that tied the goats are lying on the ground. The blood on the floor is being washed into the drain. The family Nanny is supervising the ferrying of the food vessels. Maqbool is standing in a corner, pensive. A storm is brewing as winds lash the open terrace.

NANNY

कैसी अजीब रात है... ये बारिश ये मौसम... 70 साल में पहली बार... चलो... या अल्लाह क्या मर्जी है तुम्हारी?

Such strange weather... In my seventy years, I’ve never seen it rain in this month... Lord have mercy...

As they leave, Nimmi walks upto Maqbool.

NIMMI

tap kiyaa tumhare?

Have you decided?

MAQBOOL

हम...

Hmm?

Maqbool takes out his gun and puts it on her temple. She doesn’t flinch. He pulls the trigger. It’s a blank. Nimmi eyes open in a smile. Maqbool smiles back. The heavens open up just then.

SC. 39A

EXT. /INT. /NIGHT/FARMHOUSE

Pandit and Purohit staring heavenwards as it pours. Everybody eating and making merry in the central courtyard. Guddu and Sameera feed each other from the same plate. We see Usman in
a corner, still drinking and getting high. Nimmi takes Abbaji inside to sleep. He gives Mohini a good night kiss.

SC. 40

Pandit and Purohit, completely drunk, pissing on the wall.

INSP. PUROHIT
शक्ति का संतुलन बहुत जरूरी है
Power is game of exquisite balance…

INSP. PANDIT
आग के लिए पानी का डर बना रहना चाहिए…
You need water to balance out the fire…

INSP. PUROHIT
Ready…

INSP. PANDIT
Steady…

Both – go!

They start making designs on the wall, seeing who can shoot furthest. Maqbool on the terrace is watching this from a distance.

He turns around to see that the blood in the corner has still not been washed off. He shouts for someone.

MAQBOOL
रामजु... अहमद...
Ramzu... Ahmed...

A help comes running.

MAQBOOL
यह खून साफ क्यों नहीं किया अभी तक...
Why has the blood not been washed off?
AHMED
साफ तो है बाबा...
It’s been washed, sir…

He looks at the floor again and this time, there is no blood.

MAQBOOL
ठीक है जाओ...
Fine… leave…

The help scurries off. Maqbool looks back at the floor and sees fresh blood again. He’s losing his mind.

SC. 41

INT. /NIGHT/CORRIDOR

In the middle of the night, Maqbool comes out dressed in his night clothes.

SC. 41A

INT. /NIGHT/FARMHOUSE VARIOUS

Maqbool slowly walks across the lawn. Flashes of Abbaji’s lovemaking with Nimmi jostle with his own memories of her. The music grows to a fever pitch and suddenly comes to a complete stop. Maqbool is standing outside Abbaji’s room. Usman is drugged out. Maqbool steals Usman’s pistol and sneaks into the room.

SC. 41B

INT. /NIGHT/ABBA JI’S ROOM (FARMHOUSE)

Nimmi is wide awake. Maqbool stands over the bed. They look at Abbaji, who is in deep slumber. A moment of decision as they lock eyes. Maqbool removes the silencer and fixes it over
Usman’s pistol. He tears his eyes away as he pulls the trigger. Blood splashes on Nimmi’s face as the bullet pierces through Abbaji’s heart. A beat. Suddenly, Abbaji’s eyes open and he clamber out of bed. Maqbool and Nimmi are paralysed with fear. Abbaji tries to get up but crumples into a heap on the floor, lifeless.

SC. 41C
Cut outside as Maqbool places the gun in Usman’s hand, back in position.

SC. 41D
Back inside, Nimmi takes out Abbaji’s gun from underneath his pillow. In the still night, we see Nimmi at the window. She points the gun in the air and shoots.

SC. 41G
Outside Abbaji’s room, the drugged Usman wakes up with a start. Blindly, on instinct, he picks up the gun in his lap and blunders into the room.

SC. 41H
Inside the room, Nimmi is waiting calmly with the gun pointed at the door. Usman looks confused. Nimmi shoots him in the chest.

SC. 42
There is a furore in the house as people start rushing towards Abbaji’s room. Maqbool is the third to enter. They stop and stare at the dead Usman with the gun in his hand, and Nimmi, still shivering, holding up Abbaji’s gun. Fade out.

INTERMISSION
SC. 46
EXT. /DAY/FARM HOUSE

A line of cars dots the dusty terrain. Maqbool’s caravan stops outside the farmhouse. A boy shouts from the terrace, announcing their arrival. The gunmen run outside the house and take position. Maqbool’s men get off the cars and do the same. It’s a Mexican stand-off. Maqbool coolly gets down from his sedan and walks towards the gate. He takes out his gun and drops it to the ground. He asks his men to wait outside.

CUT TO:
SC. 47
INT. /DAY/FARM HOUSE

Maqbool tries to put his hand on Kaka’s shoulder. Kaka shrugs him away.


Maqbool
भाईयों के बीच में कोई आएगा नहीं...
I’m going to speak to my brother and nobody’s going to come in our way...

He goes to the roof. Kaka stands in a corner, crying.

Kaka
क्या मिल गया तुम्हें अब्बू की जगह लेके साले?
What did you get by getting rid of Abba ji?

MAQBOOL

वहीं तो मैं भी जानना चाहता हूँ काका क्या मिला मुझे... 25 साल कूदने की तरह साली वफादारी की... गोली खायी गले काटे... यह दिन देखने के लिए... तू भी यही सोचता है कि अब्बा जी को...

You tell me... would I kill somebody I served like a dog for twenty-five long years... I could kill for him... even die for him if he’d asked... and even you think I killed him... ??

Kaka wipes his tears.

KAKA

पता नहीं...

I don’t know anything any more...

Maqbool turns Kaka around and punches him on his face. Kaka falls on the ground. He charges towards Maqbool in anger. Maqbool takes out a small Mauser, tucked in his undershirt, and puts it on Kaka’s forehead.

MAQBOOL

अब बोल... पता है कि नहीं...

Now tell me... do you know or not?

Kaka is fuming out of anger and helplessness. Guddu and Boti enter, cocking their guns. Maqbool is all fury as he threatens to pull the trigger.

MAQBOOL

अब बोल... पता है कि नहीं...

Look here... do you know or not?

89
He suddenly takes Kaka’s palm and puts the gun in it. Kaka is surprised. Maqbool opens his arms.

MAQBOOL
इधर देख... इधर देख काके... इधर देख... या तो गोली मार या गले
आ के मिल...

Look here… do you know or not? Now either shoot me or come hug me…

Kaka staggered ahead and embraced Maqbool. He just cries and cries in his arms. Guddu is not happy with this turn of affairs.

CUT TO:

SC. 48

EXT. /NIGHT /

Sameera is sitting next to the balcony in her room, looking sadly at the faded colour of mehndi on her palms. Tears rolls off her eyes. Maqbool comes from the back.

MAQBOOL
बहुत हो गया ये रोना-धोना... सामान बींध और जाने की तैयारी कर...
That’s enough mourning for a lifetime… pack your bags… You’re leaving...

Sameera is surprised.

MAQBOOL
गुड्डू आ रहा है... कल नियाज पें...

Guddu’s coming for the memorial service tomorrow…

A ray of hope shimmers in Sameera’s eyes, which are full of tears.
CUT TO:

EXT. /CHINNA’S HOUSE/DAY

Pandit, Purohit and Chinna are sitting around. A religious ceremony is going on in the background.

Purohit closes his fingers and shows him his fist.

**INSP. PUROHIT**

यह क्या है सोचो...

What is this, brother?

Chinna looks askance.

**INSP. PUROHIT**

शक्ति... पावर...

Strength... Power...

He now opens the fist and spreads his palm.

**INSP. PUROHIT**

और यह क्या है...

And this...?

**INSP. PANDIT**

भिखारी का कटोरा...

A begging bowl...

*They both chuckle at their own joke.*

**INSP. PUROHIT**

अन्ना... टाइम मे साथ मिल के रहने का है...

This is the time to stay united... brother...
SHETTY
चालीस दिन हो गयें... अब तक नहीं पता चला कौन था...
It’s been forty days… we still don’t know who did it…

CUT TO:

SC. 45

INT. /DAY/SALOON

Pandit and Purohit chat up Tawde inside a salon.

INSP. PANDIT
भई कमरे में तीन लोग थे... अभ्य जी... उसमान और...
There were three people in the room... Usman, Abba ji and...

Purohit hides a smirk as Pandit stops mid-sentence.

INSP. PANDIT
खीर का नियाज है... जो मकबूल को मकबूल नहीं करेगा वो कातिल...
Anyway, tomorrow’s the service. Whoever doesn’t turn up for it, is the murderer...

Tawde, who’s getting a face massage, pipes up.

TAWDE
सुना है निम्मी और मियाँ साथ सोते हैं...
Is it true Nimmi and Maqbool are sleeping together?

INSP. PUROHIT
भाज़... वो साथ सोते है साथ जागते है उसका धंधे से क्या लेना देना...
That has nothing to do with the business, brother…
INSP. PANDIT
धंधे के उखूल से तो... अब वह हर चीज अब मियाँ की है... चाहे बेटी हो चाहे रखेल...
And the rules of business dictate that whatever was
Abba ji’s once, is now Maqbool’s to keep… be it
daughter or whore…

CUT TO:

SC. 49

INT. /DAY/MAQBOOL’S ROOM

Maqbool is praying, doing the namaaz. Nimmi enters, looks
furious.

NIMMI
मियाँ...
Miyan…

Maqbool does not respond and keeps on praying.

NIMMI
सपोले को दूध मत पिला मियाँ... दौंत निकलते ही तुझे
इसेगा सबसे पहले...
Miyan… don’t usher the snake in… he’ll be the first to
bite you…

Maqbool completes his prayers and opens his eyes.

MAQBOOL
नियाज़ की तैयारी हुई?
Is everything ready downstairs?
NIMMI
Guddu will have to walk over my corpse to enter this house…

Maqbool looks up at Nimmi.

MAQBOOL
We’ll see who walks over whose corpse…

Nimmi looks into his eyes. Maqbool’s eyes have the smile of a ruthless animal.

NIMMI
You know all the prayers by heart?

MAQBOOL
Ya… why?

NIMMI
Never seen you in prayer before… you look like a baby…

She hugs him tightly.

CUT TO:

INT. /Haveli/MORNING

Maqbool, Shetty, Boti, Tawde and others sit in a pensive mood at the dining table before the peace prayers for Abba ji begin.
MAQBOOL

I have not taken this authority by any force... If anyone has anything to say, speak now...

TAWDE

Kaka and Guddu have not arrived yet...

MAQBOOL

Speak for yourself...

SHETTY

And look at this... You said... Everyone... This day... Everyone... This day... Everyone... Everyone... Each step... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... Everyone... 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Miyan, we all have faith in you... All of us...
Palekar is looking for an opportunity, one crack and he will topple our government... If we are united then Maharashtra stays united, Hail Maharashtra...!

CUT TO:

EXT. /INT. /CAR/HIGHWAY

Kaka and Guddu travel to the haveli with their henchmen. Guddu looks upset and turns up the music. Kaka kicks the system shut. Guddu lashes out at his father.

GUDDU

ठंड रख बाबा... तेही कवज से चल रहा हूँ मैं समझा... जा माथा टेक मंदिर में...

Calm down, old man. It’s only because of you that I’m going there. Now, go and pay your respects...

The car stops outside an old temple by the road. As Kaka leaves, Guddu calls out.

GUDDU

और सुन... कुछ बुझी माँग ले अपने लिए...

And ask God to knock some sense into your senile head...

As they wait around, one of the men comments that Kaka’s been gone too long. Suddenly, there’s an attack on their cavalcade. Kaka dies in the ambush. Guddu retaliates but he is outnumbered. He somehow manages to give the attackers the slip and escapes.

SC. 50

INT. /DAY (LATE EVENING)/HALL

The prayers for Abba ji start at Abba ji’s haveli. At home we see everyone including Minister Bhosle, Chinna, Tawde, Boti,
Nimmi and Sameera and all other gang members. Sameera is looking at her watch impatiently. Maqbool prays for Abba ji’s soul.

MAQBOOL
अल्लाह अब्बाजी की रुह को सुकून पहुँचाये उन्हें जन्म नसीब करे...
Wherever he is... he should accept our prayers.

The maulvi puts a hand on Maqbool’s head to bless him. The fumes from the incense sticks float towards Nimmi, making her uncomfortable. The maulana continues with his prayers when suddenly Nimmi shrieks. Maqbool’s eyes open.

NIMMI
मियाँ...!!
Miyan...!!

Maqbool and the others turn around. Pandit and Purohit walk in, carrying the bloodied body of Kaka into the courtyard. There is a collective hush as everybody is shocked.
Found him at the temple...

Right in front of the mother goddess...

He was still alive but didn’t make it to the hospital...

Kept blabbering all the way… ‘Take me to the mansion…’

Who did it?

Who the hell do you think it was? That bastard son of his… who else??

Guddu… that dog won’t even get a place in hell…

Everybody’s shocked at Maqbool’s accusation but nobody says a word. Sameera runs inside, crying. Maqbool bends down to have one last look at Kaka. Suddenly Kaka’s dead eyes open. He turns his face and looks straight at Maqbool. Maqbool is shocked to the core. He stumbles back, his eyes pale with fear.
MAQBOOL

Take him away... he’s alive. Why did you get him here?
Take him away.

Nimmi tries to calm him down. Everybody is looking at Maqbool now as he shivers with fear.

NIMMI

He’s dead, Miyan... See, he’s not moving. Kaka’s dead.

Maqbool looks again. Kaka’s lifeless body lies on the ground. Maqbool gets conscious of the surroundings and composes himself.

CUT TO:

SC. 51

INT. /NIGHT/POLICE VAN

Purohit and Boti are drinking inside the van parked in front of a temple.

BOTI

He thinks we are all dunces... Who in his right mind would kill his own father?

INSPI. PUROHIT

इतना ज्यादा याद मत किया कर वाप को... वक्त से पहले वरना उसके पास पहुँच जाएगा...
Don’t miss your dad so much… you might just meet him before your time.

Pandit has a thali in his hand and puts tika on Purohit’s forehead and turns to Boti. He slowly whispers while putting the tika.

Fear emerges in Boti’s eyes. Purohit asks in a firm tone.

**INSP. PANDIT**

गुडू कहाँ है...

Where is Guddu?

Boti is quiet. Purohit takes out Boti’s gun. Boti is shocked. Purohit asks the driver to leave.

*The gate of the van is also closed.*

**INSP. Purohit**

बोल बता दें... बता दे कहां है गुडू...?

Don’t be such a diva… tell us where Guddu is.
Don’t know… I swear.

Purohit puts the barrel inside his nose.

INSP. PANDIT

Really… ?

Boti is scared but quiet. Pandit smiles.

INSP. PANDIT

At Abdul Chacha’s … in that old Muslim neighbourhood… No?

Boti turns with a jerk. Driver stops the van.

INSP. PUROHIT

Get off…

Boti is trembling out of fear. He gets down from the van.

INSP. PUROHIT

Now scam…

INSP. PANDIT

Move it… run.
Boti runs for his life. We stay on Boti’s back, which is wet with sweat. Suddenly Boti falls but he quickly gets up and starts running harder than ever. We can hear Pandit shouting ‘भाग...भाग’ (run… run) at a distance. Boti gets out of sight but no shots are fired.

INSP. PUROHIT
छोड़ कौं दिया उसे...
Why the hell did you let him go?

INSP. PANDIT
(smiles)
शक्ति का संतुलन बनाने ही संसार में... आग के लिए पानी का डर बना रहना चाहिए...
Power is game of exquisite balance… You need water to balance out the fire...

CUT TO:

SC. 52

INT. /NIGHT/BED

Nimmi is lying calmly inside the quilt and Maqbool is brushing her hair. He stops and asks:

MAQBOOL
इस बार महीना हुआ तुम्हारा...
Have you had your period this month?

She opens her eyes with a jerk and looks at him.

CUT TO:
INT. /DAY/ABBA JI’S HAVELI

Maqbool is sitting on Abba ji’s place and making a paan for himself. Pandit is showing him the horoscope chart.

INSP. PANDIT

Your stars have entered the House of Jupiter... nobody can dare touch you now...

MAQBOOL

What happened about Guddu? Hunt him down... I want that bugger...

Nimmi enters running with an envelope in her hand, calling Maqbool’s name

NIMMI

She looks cheerful. Nimmi lovingly slaps Maqbool with the envelope, forgetting Pandit and Purohit’s presence.

NIMMI

You are going to become a father...

Pandit and Purohit get up and congratulate Maqbool.
Congratulations, Miyan…!

As they leave she puts his hand on her stomach.

NIMMI
tīn māhīne kā ḍaṁ...It’s already three months old…

Maqbool’s expression changes. He pulls his hand back.

MAQBOOL
tūm ākhīrī bār jānāṁīr kē sāya kūb sōī ḍīṁ...When was the last time you slept with Abba ji?

Nimmi’s smile vanishes. She tries to hide the rage in her eyes. Maqbool is numb, he frees his hand and tries to move. Nimmi holds him again.

NIMMI
tūmhaṁ ḍaṁ mīṁ...It’s yours, Miyan…

Maqbool frees himself and walks out. Nimmi runs and holds Maqbool.

NIMMI
tūm kāṁ ṭō ḍīṁā ḍaṁtē ḍaṁ ḍīṁ...We’ll get rid of it if you want…

She cries and hides her face in his arms. Maqbool gently pats her down.
CUT TO:

SC. 54

INT. /NIGHT/SAMEERA’S ROOM

Sameera opens the door and finds Maqbool standing in front of her. Sameera’s eyes are red as she has been crying for hours. Maqbool gently embraces her. She does not respond.

MAQBOOL

बहुत याद आ रही है गुड़ू की? अब्बा जी को मारा है उसने… हमारे अब्बा को… मैं ज्ञान देता हूँ, छोड़ूँगा नहीं उसे…

Still thinking about Guddu? He’s killed your father… our father… I promise you I won’t leave that bastard…

There is hate in Sameera’s eyes for Maqbool. She does not believe him. She has a smile on her lips ridiculing his concern.

MAQBOOL

मैं तेरे लिए उससे भी अच्छा लड़का ढूंगा…

I’ll find a better match for you…

Maqbool leaves. She closes the door, her eyes full of tears, runs towards her bed, puts her face in the pillow and starts howling. She takes out Guddu’s photograph and looks at it while crying. The music fades in.

SONG 5: The song of separation starts, discovering the relationship of Guddu and Sameera. The complete montage starting from their childhood to falling in love. The time lapse.

Fade out.
SC. 55

EXT. /DAY/OLD MUSLIM NEIGHBOURHOOD

Pandit has spread the kebabs on the bonnet of his van as he predicts the charts. Purohit goes to eat one but Pandit ticks him off.

INSP. PANDIT
अये अये... शुक्र मत खा... मंगल ले...
Hey, hey! ... don’t eat Venus... here... eat Mars...

Purohit smiles and goes to pick another.

INSP. PANDIT
अये क्या कर रहा है यह शनि है...
What the hell... That’s Saturn...

INSP. PUROHIT
अगर यह शनि में खा लेता तो क्या हो जाता...
What if I’d eaten Saturn up?

INSP. PANDIT
आदमी शनि को नहीं... शनि आदमी को खाता है...और इन दिनों बहुत भूखा है यह...
We don’t eat Saturn... Saturn eats us, and these days it’s famished...

INSP. PUROHIT
किसे खाएगा...
Who is it going to eat?

INSP. PANDIT
किसे खिलाना है...
Who do you want eaten?
They both chuckle. Just then a car drives up. The window comes down, we see Palekar inside, dressed in civvies.

PALEKAR
साब... यह नासीर का ढाबा कहें है?

Excuse me... do you know where Nasir’s hotel is?

INSP. PANDIT
मियों कबाब खाना है तो अब्दुल के ढाबे में खाओ... दुआ दोगे हमें...

If it’s kebabs you’re after, try Abdul’s eatery... you won’t be disappointed...

Palekar smiles. The car moves on.

INSP. PANDIT
संतुलन वन रहा है...

The balance of power... it’s shifting.

CUT TO:

SC. 56

INT. /DAY/ABDUL’S EATERY

Palekar sits opposite Guddu and Boti at a ramshackle eatery. He is chomping kebabs as he speaks.

PALEKAR
सीख ना हो... तो कबाब कैसे भूलोगे... हुह... औं तुम तो यह भी जानते हो... उस घर में गोश्त खान से आता है... बकरे खान करते हैं...

Without a proper skewer, you can’t make kebabs as good as this... plus you know everything about that house... where the goats are bled... where the meat comes from...
Palekar turns to address the waiter.

PALEKAR

Good stuff, Man… get me one more plate of this… and less onion and more chutney.

PALEKAR

Maqbool is the only person who can foil this plan… If you guys back me, I’ll topple this government in six days flat… Bhosle will be stripped naked in the assembly a week from now.

BOTI

What will we get in return?

PALEKAR

Listen… I’m the one who’s come here asking… let’s join hands… you cripple Maqbool’s businesses from down to up… I’ll start working from up to down.

INT. /DAY/SALOON

Tawde is in his favourite barber’s chair, getting ready for his shave. Suddenly he feels something sharp at his throat. A smear of red trickles out. Tawde screams out at the attendant.
TAWDE
देख के बना साला...
Watch where you’re going…
His voice trails off as he sees Guddu standing above him with the blade glistening in his hand. Cut to Tawde’s ghostly expression.

INT. /NIGHT /MAQBOOL’S HOUSE
Maqbool picks up the phone in the middle of the night. The scene is intercut between Chinna and Maqbool.

CHINNA
हैलो... हैलो... मिया... धाना पनवेल अमबरनाथ कालवाला... हर जगह पे टैगेट हुआ...
Miyan... Thana, Panvel, Kalba, Ambarnath... each and every stronghold of ours has been ambushed...

CHINNA
अपना तावड़े भी ओप्फ हो गया..
They got Tawde too…

Maqbool gets out of bed with a start. Nimmi’s not next to him.

MAQBOOL
कौन था? किसने किया...
Who was it? Who did all this?

SHETTY
पता नहीं.. भूसले की भी..
No idea… Bhosle’s also in deep shit…

Maqbool hears Nimmi crying somewhere. He follows the sound. He can’t hear what Chinna is saying anymore.
MAQBOOL

निम्मी... निम्मी... ( back to Chinna) क्या?
Nimmi... Nimmi... ( back to Chinna) What were you saying?

SHETTY

भोसले की भी चोरी हुई है... 15 MLA गायब है उसके... बुलाया है आपको अभी...
Fifteen of his MLAs have gone missing... Bhosle’s called for you right now.

Maqbool reaches the balcony and finds Nimmi sitting in a corner, sobbing.

MAQBOOL

निम्मी!... सुन तू समझाल... मै नही आ सकता...
Nimmi!... you guys handle it... I can’t come right now.

He shuts the phone. Chinna turns to his henchman and cries out in despair.

CHINNA

मियां... उस रोंड के चक्कर में सबको मरवाएगा साला...
That whore will be the death of us all...

The henchman shoots Chinna in mid-sentence and walks out.

SC. 55A

EXT. /NIGHT/BALCONY

Nimmi sobs quietly as Maqbool lifts her face.

MAQBOOL

क्या हुआ?
What happened, dear?
Nimmi looks totally stressed, her eyes have a manic air about them.

NIMMI

नहीं सोने देता हमें...

Won’t let me sleep…

MAQBOOL

कौन

Who?

Nimmi slaps her stomach.

NIMMI

ये...

Him…

Maqbool smiles and lovingly pats her stomach.

MAQBOOL

अच्छे… अच्छे… खबरदार… हैरान करता है तू हमारी जान को... हुंके चलो... सो जाओ अच्छे बच्चे की तरह... एकदम...

Shush… Don’t harass my sweetheart… go to sleep like a good baby… sleep now…

Nimmi cries louder.

NIRNMI

नई नई नई सोएगा यह… हमेशा रोते रहता है... रोते रहता है...

No… he won’t sleep… keeps wailing all the time.

Maqbool brushes her hair.

MAQBOOL

तुझे सुनाई देता है फागली...

Dodo… you can hear him cry or what?
NIMMI
हाँ... दिन रात हमें इसका रोना सुनायी देता है... इसके बाप को मारा है ना हमने...
Ya... I can hear him cry all day... we killed his father, after all...

Maqbool's eyes go cold. He slaps Nimmi hard.

MAQBOOL
इसका बाप जिंदा है भी... यह क्या मेरा है... समझी...
His father is alive... this is my child... get that inside your bloody head...

Nimmi curls up in fear.

CUT TO:

EXT./ DAY/GUEST HOUSE

A news report announces that the government is in trouble. The ruling party has accused Palekar of hijacking fifteen of their MLAs and taking them to an undisclosed location.

A posse of journalists has converged upon the entrance as Palekar’s PA fends off their questions.

PALEKAR’S P.A.
शांत हो जाये... शांत हो जाये... अरे नहीं भाई नहीं... देखिये देश कि सेवा करते करते धक जाते हैं... यह भी तो इन्सान ही है ना... कोई जोर जवरदस्ती नहीं लाया गया है... आराम करने आए हैं... होलीडे... वे देखिए... वे देखिए कि ना उल्लासित हैं...
Calm down please... see... even they get tired of working day in and day out. After all, everybody’s human. Nobody was forced... they’ve just come for a little R & R... See... how happy they all look.
The cameras train themselves on the politicians, basking in the sun, on the terrace. They all wave at the cameras.

This is being viewed on TV by Bhosle and Maqbool. Camera travels inside the house and catches them sitting quietly. Maqbool shakes his head.

MAQBOOL
30 करोड़?!!
30 crores?!!

Bhosle puts some ice cubes in his drink.

BHOSLE
हॉ... 30 खोखा... अगर सरकार बचानी है... तो पालेकर का डबल देना पड़ेगा...
Ya... 30 crores... if we are to save the government, we have to pay double of what Palekar’s offering...

MAQBOOL
चिन्ना तावड़े ऑफ हो गए हैं... फैमली को दुबारा बनाने में थोड़ा वक़्त लंभा ना भाऊ...
Chinna, Tawde have been snuffed out... I’ll need time to rebuild the gang.

Bhosle changes his tone.

BHOSLE
और अगर पालेकर पावर में आए न... तो सबसे पहले तू अन्दर जाएगा तू... समझा...
If Palekar comes to power, you’ll be the first to be hauled behind bars...

Maqbool is at his wit’s end.
MAQBOOL
अभी तीन दिन में कहाँ से आएगा 30 करोड़?
Now, where do I get 30 crores in three days’ time?

Bhosle finishes taking a sip of whisky.

BHOSLE
अपनी निम्मा से जा के पूछ...
Why don’t you go ask your Dear Nimma?

Maqbool loses it and charges towards Bhosle. Bhosle smiles and grabs his hand.

BHOSLE
ये तेवर वहाँ दिखा जहाँ जहरत है... समझा...
Go show this anger where it’s really needed...

Cut to Maqbool’s face. The worry lines are loud and clear.

CUT

SC. 60

INT. /DAY/POLICE STATION

Purohit is torturing a criminal who is hanged upside down in the lock-up. Maqbool enters the police station with his men. Some havaldars try to stop him. He slaps one so hard that he bangs into the wall, others leave the way. Maqbool enters inside the lock-up and holds Purohit’s stick. Purohit is zapped.

INSP. PUROHIT
मियाँ आप यहाँ... मुझे बुला लिया होता...
Miyan... you here! You should have just called for us.
MAQBOOL
मकबुल की बाँवी में किसने हाथ डाला है...?
Who has dared to mess with Maqbool's domain?

Purohit falls on his feet.

INSP. PUROHIT
मियां में वही पूछ रहा था इस साले से... ये कुछ उगलता ही नहीं
मियां में क्या करूँ...
I don’t know Miyan... honestly... I was asking him the
same thing... but he doesn’t squeal...

MAQBOOL
कौन था?
Who was it?

INSP. PUROHIT
मियां में इतनी देर से पूछ रहा हूं साला कुछ बोलता ही नहीं है... तुम्हारे
सामने पूछा हूं मैं... मियां तुम्हारे सामने पूछा हूं...
I swear Miyan... I have no idea... I’ve been asking this
sonuvabitch for the last three hours... bugger just won’t
spill...

Suddenly Purohit gets up, takes the gun from the havaldar and
starts beating the criminal brutally with its butt.

He reverses the gun and shoots the criminal. He turns to
Maqbool with folded hands.

Maqbool puts the gun on his forehead again.

MAQBOOL
कौन था?
Who was it?
We will find out very soon, Miyan... very soon...

Pandit’s voice comes from the corner.

INSP. PANDIT
Guddu and Boti are not kids any longer...

Maqbool walks towards Pandit who has made the horoscope on the floor with the blood of the shot criminal. Maqbool sits against the horoscope.

INSP. PANDIT
It’s all the moon’s fault...

INSP. PUROHIT
No... it’s Abba ji’s fault... He let off Boti to prepare Miyan’s last rites...

INSP. PANDIT
The moon has been really fickle these last two months... there’s an eclipse in three days’ time... we should bide our time till that passes.

MAQBOOL
I need thirty crores before your eclipse appears...
Everyone is stunned. Purohit whispers to Maqbool.

INSP. PUROHIT
कितना?
How much...?

CUT TO:

SC. 61

EXT. /NIGHT/BEACHFRONT

Pandit has made a giant horoscope on the sand. Purohit chomps away at a cob.

Maqbool sits at the head of the chart. Pandit smiles and looks into the horoscope.

INSP. PANDIT
80 साल पहले पड़ा था ऐसा ग्रहण... बड़े बड़े दूर गये थे...
80 years back, an eclipse of this proportion appeared...
   it swept away the best of the best...

MAQBOOL
मैं दूरूँगा की बचौंगा...
Will I sink or swim?

INSP. PUROHIT
बचोंगे मियां बचोंगे... दूर कैसे सकते हो... पुलिस तुम्हारे साथ है...
भोसले तुम्हारे पीछे है... रहा गुद्दू और बोटी... सुध तक दोनों की लाश
   तुम्हारे कदमों में पड़ी होगी... नहीं तो बोटी कठवा दूरूँगा साली...

Who has the gall to sink you Miyan? Bhosle’s behind you... the cops are with you... That leaves Guddu and Boti... If I don’t grab them by tomorrow, I’ll shave my head off...
Maqbool turns to Pandit.

MAQBOOL

आंके… मैं छूँगा की बचूँगा...

Will I sink or swim?

INSPECTOR PANDIT

(smiles)

अब दरिया खुद चल के तेरे घर आएगा मिर्यां तो तू छूँगा...

If the sea comes into your house, obviously you’ll sink…

INSPECTOR PUROHIT

दरिया चल के आएगा? पैदल आएगा कि गाड़ी में…

The sea will come… how… by car or on foot?

INSPECTOR PANDIT

क्यों हवाई जहाज से भी आ सकता है…

Why? It can even take a private jet?

INSPECTOR PUROHIT

दरिया घर पे आएगा…दरबाजे पे घंटी बजाएगा…

The sea will come… press the door bell and announce itself…

INSPECTOR PANDIT

‘Ding Dong… Who’s there?’

INSPECTOR PUROHIT

‘Hello everybody… is Miyanji at home?’
INSP. PUROHIT
कौन?
‘Who is it?’

_Suddenly Purohit gets serious._

INSP. PUROHIT
मैं हूँ जी दरिया...डूबाने आई हूँ... बड़ी दूर से आई हूँ... दरिया आए... 
डूबाने आए... 
‘I’m the big blue choppy sea… I have come from far to 
sink the whole lot of you…’

इससे पहले के दरिया तेरे घर में गुस जाए... तू दरिया 
के घर में गुस जा...

The sea is coming to get you, Miyan… before the sea 
enters your house, you enter his...

SC. 62

EXT. /DAY/OUTSIDE MAQBOOL’S HOUSE

_A procession of cars descends on Maqbool’s house. There is a 
surprise attack led by Guddu and his men. There is a stand-off 
between them and Maqbool’s men. The Nanny meets Guddu 
at the door._

NANNY
गुड़... तू कहाँ चला गया था? हमारी याद भी नहीं आई तुझे... विटिया 
आधी हो गई... चल बेटा...चल अंदर चल...चल अंदर चल ना...

Where were you all this while? You didn’t think of us 
one? The girl is at the end of her tether… come… now 
what are you waiting for?
A bullet catches her in mid sentence. She slumps to the floor. All hell breaks loose as bullets start to fly from both directions. Finally, Maqbool’s men are silenced. Guddu and his men enter the courtyard. Sameera runs out and embraces Guddu. She cries in relief. Just then Nimmi opens the door, Guddu is shocked to see her state. She seems completely senile. She comes forward and smiles at Sameera.

NIMMI
ए छोटी ले आ गया ना तेरा राखड़ा... कितना रोती थी पगली...
There he is, sweetheart... now stop that mad howling and screaming...

Sameera pushes her hand away.

SAMEERA
छू मत मुझे डायन...
Don’t touch me, witch...

NIMMI
क्या हुआ... ऐसे क्यूं बात कर रही है हमसे...
Why are you behaving like this?

Sameera pushes her hand away and cries.

SAMEERA
मेरे अब्बू का खून पिया है तुने, चुड़ैल है तू...
You’ve drunk my father’s blood, that’s why, you witch...

She picks up a spade and tries to kill Nimmi. Guddu holds her hand.

GUDDU
व्ही बेहोत मारा जाएगा पेट मे...
The child will needlessly die in the womb...
Sameera drops the spade and looks at Nimmi with disgust. Guddu looks at Nimmi,

GUDDU

वैसे माँ कहलाने के लायक है नहीं तू... रोड...

You don’t deserve to be a mother though, you whore!

Nimmi rubs her face vigorously as they leave. Guddu and Sameera walk out of the house, through the line of corpses. Nimmi slides to the ground, broken.

CUT.

SC. 64

EXT. / DAY / BEACH

Maqbool stands before the ocean, staring at its silent strength. It’s a pleasant, sunny day. A boat sails up, a plank is dropped and Maqbool gets in, staring at the gently lapping water all the time.

SC. 64A

INT. / EXT. / DAY / CUSTOM BOAT

Purohit, a customs officer, the coke man, Salvekar, and Maqbool on the deck of a custom ship. The customs officer is explaining on a map.

CUSTOM OFFICER

अगले एक हफ्ते तक यहाँ का पैटर्न मेरे कमान्ड में है... कान्दला से 30 नैटिकल माइल नार्थ की तरफ...

This area is under my command for the next one week... right from Kandla till 30 nautical miles north...
Everybody goes tense. Maqbool looks at Pandit and Purohit. Professor senses the mood.

PROFESSOR
अब जरूरत आपकी है... दरिया में कारोबार करने आए हैं... पहले तेरे के दिखाए....
Now the need is yours... First show me that you can swim... then we’ll see about the money.

Pandit assures Maqbool to go with it. Maqbool gets a call on his mobile. The signal is not clear, he goes outside. The weather has changed. The skies have darkened and the waves are building up an angry fury. Maqbool listens to the voice at the other end. His face goes dark.

SC. 65

EXT. /INT. /DAY/HOSPITAL

Maqbool’s car drives into the hospital. The doctor shows Maqbool a small baby kept inside an incubator. Maqbool caresses Nimmi’s hair gently.

DOCTOR
48 घंटे तक खराब हैं...
We can’t say anything for the next 48 hours...
Maqbool looks back at the doctor with blank eyes. Outside the room a doctor is trying to stop Maqbool’s man from entering.

**DOCTOR**

Visitors को आना मना है सर… I’m sorry…

Visitors are not allowed, sir… I’m sorry…

*His man tries to wave at Maqbool, who does not notice. The man shouts loudly.*

**MAQBOOL’S MAN**

मियां...  
Miyan…

*It breaks the silence of the hospital, but the voice does not reach Maqbool as the chamber is soundproof. We cut inside. Maqbool is brushing unconscious Nimmi’s hair.*

**DOCTOR**

It’s a miracle, sir... वरना जिस हालत में इन्हें यहीं लाया गया था...  
It’s a miracle, sir… considering how precarious her condition was…

Maqbool’s man slaps the doctor outside very hard and enters inside.

**MAQBOOL’S MAN**

मियां… बोटी...  
Miyan… Boti!

**CUT TO:**
SC. 66

INT. /NIGHT/ TAXI

Maqbool, Thapa and their men travel in silence. Thapa keeps his gun ready.

INT. /NIGHT/ SEEDY HOTEL

Maqbool and his men attack the hotel. Each and every man of Boti’s gang is killed in the gun fight. Maqbool and his men take position outside Boti’s room. Maqbool smashes the door in.

Boti’s son is playing with a toy gun while the wife is cowering on the bed. There is no sign of Boti. Maqbool reaches out to grab the child. Boti’s wife protests while Thapa and the others comb the room.

BOTI’S WIFE

नहीं... नहीं...

No, please let him be…

Maqbool picks up the child in his arms.

MAQBOOL

अबू कहाँ है?

Where’s daddy? Where did he go?

The child points towards the balcony. Maqbool walks out. He sees a limping Boti escape through the back street. The darkness swallows him up. Maqbool comes back in and looks at the wife, eyes breathing fire.
SC. 69

EXT. /NIGHT/BEACH

A small fishing boat is being laden with huge wooden boxes. Thapa supervises operations as the workers move the goods. Just as the last of the boxes is loaded, the sea is bathed in the glare of a spotlight. It is a coast guard boat. The men freeze. A megaphone blares at them to stop the boat and surrender. The boat comes closer and we see Devsare at its helm.

SC. 70

INT. /NIGHT/HOSPITAL

Maqbool enters the hospital in the middle of the night. He enters the ICU. He disconnects the glucose drip attached to Nimmi’s wrist. The doctor tries to stop him.

DOCTOR
क्या कर रहे हैं ये आप... don’t you know she’s serious...
what are you upto?
What the hell are you doing?

MAQBOOL
मेरे बच्चे को जिंदा रखना... बापस लैंगे आऊँगा...
Keep my child alive... I’ll come back for him.

Maqbool picks up his Nimma in his arms.

DOCTOR
लेकिन यह मर जाएगी... ऐसा क्या हुआ है...?
Why are you risking her life like this? What has happened?
Maqbool turns and whispers.

MAQBOOL
दरिया पुस आया हे मेरे घर में...
The sea has come into my house...

The doctor does not understand. Maqbool leaves.

CUT TO:

SC. 71

INT. /NIGHT/BHOSLE’S HOUSE/

Bhosle is playing a board game with his son. He gets a call from Maqbool who is driving with the semi-unconscious Nimmi on the backseat.

Bhosle
हाँ बोल मिया... Yes, Miyan...

MAQBOOL
नाव डूब गयी बाऊँ... My ship is sinking...

Bhosle
सरकार भी... So is the government...

MAQBOOL
कस्ट भेरे पीछे हे बाऊँ... The customs guys are hunting for me...
Then you better start running…

You were my friend once, brother…

I was… Abba ji’s friend.

Bhosle hangs up.

EXT. /NIGHT/ ROAD

Maqbool sees a police check-post. He rolls the window down. It’s Inspector Purohit. He looks at Maqbool and whispers.

INSP. PUROHIT

We’re still with you… Miyan…

He looks at the sky and takes a deep breath.

INSP. PUROHIT

Just let this eclipse pass tonight.

Maqbool’s car leaves. A jeeps stops, Pandit jumps out of it and runs to Purohit in anger.
INSP. PANDIT
अबे क्यूँ छोड़ दिया उसे...
Why did you let him go?

INSP. PUROHIT
(smiles)
शक्ति का संतुलन... आग के लिए...
The balance of power...

Pandit concurs quietly.

INSP. PANDIT
पानी का डर बना रहना चाहिए...
Fire must fear water at any cost...

SC. 72
EXT. /INT. /NIGHT/FARMHOUSE

Maqbool and Nimmi arrive at the farmhouse; it is deserted except for a few guards standing around in the shadows. Maqbool and Nimmi enter through the door. She winces in pain as Maqbool struggles to carry her. It is dark. Suddenly music can be heard in the main hall. As Maqbool watches transfixed, a light comes on and we see the hall decorated with lights and flowers, filled with happy people, dancing and singing. We see Abbaji, dancing. Kaka, Usman and the Nanny give him company. Kaka cracks a low joke and laughs.

Maqbool shakes himself out of the reverie. Suddenly the hall is dark again.
CUT TO:

SC. 73

INT. /NIGHT/FARMHOUSE ROOM

Maqbool places Nimmi on the bed, and starts putting money, guns and bullets in a leather bag. He takes out two passports, checks them. Nimmi opens her eyes.

NIMMI

कमरा कब से साफ नहीं किया ये...
This room has not been cleaned in ages...

Maqbool looks at her, goes close and kisses her on her forehead. Nimmi gets up with a jerk.

NIMMI

सब... खून जम गया है दीवारों पे मियाँ कैसे छूटेगा अब...
See... the walls are still stained with blood. How will it all come off?
Maqbool turns; the walls are absolutely clean.

MAQBOOL
कहाँ...?
Where?

She turns him to the same site.

NIMMI
वहाँ... दिखता नहीं लुम्हें...
There… can’t you see?

We see the wall full of the patches of black blood, from her point of view. Suddenly she looks at the bedsheat. It also has dry blood on it.

NIMMI
अल्लाह... चादर भी नहीं बदली तब से... हटो अरे हटो...
Oh God… even the sheets have not been changed…

She jumps off the bed and goes to the bathroom shouting aloud, while Maqbool looks at her in complete shock.

NIMMI
मुत्त की रोटी तोड़ते हैं नौकर सारे के सारे कोई खबर नहीं है साफ़ सफाई का... क्या करते हैं पूरा दिन...
The servants are all good for nothing... Who the hell is in charge of keeping all this clean?

She comes out carrying a bucket of water. He tries stopping her but she screams and pushes him away.

NIMMI
हटो मियाँ धोने दो हमें... धोने दो हमें अरे सड़ान आती है खून की मियाँ धोने दो हमें... वरना नीद कैसे आएगी रात को...
The stench of blood is everywhere… I have to clean up.  
I won’t be able to sleep otherwise.

*She starts washing the room. He loses the grip of the passports in his hand. They fall on the floor. He sits down with the support of a wall and watches her in helplessness. After a while she gets irritated, scratching a patch of the wall, and throws the cloth away and cries out. She comes and sits next to Maqbool.*

**NIMMI**

अल्लाह मिर्याँ... हम पागल हो रहे हैं ना...?

I’m going mad, no?

*Maqbool keeps quiet.*

**NIMMI**

पागल हैं ना हम...

Tell me… I’m going mad, no?

*She lies in his lap.*

**NIMMI**

मिर्याँ... क्या सब गुनह था मिर्याँ... सब कुछ... हमारा इश्क तो पाक था ना... इश्क तो पाक था ना... बोलो ना... बोलो ना...

Miyān... was everything a sin? Everything? Our love was pure... no? No?

*Maqbool just cries and holds her tighter.*

**NIMMI**

इश्क पाक था ना हमारा... मिर्याँ... बोलो ना मिर्याँ...

Our love was pure... no? Just tell me once…

*Maqbool cries like a child in her arms.*

VISUALS FADE OUT.
EXT. /INT. /DAY /FARMHOUSE

FADE IN.

It’s morning. Devsare and his men enter the farmhouse. They creep up stealthily, surrounding the whole place. Just then, Pandit and Purohit’s jeep drives up.

DEVSARe

तुम दोनों यहाँ क्या कर रहे हो? चले जाओ यहाँ से...
What are you two doing here? Get out of here...

INSp. PUROHIT

सर यह हमारा एरिया है सर...
This area falls under our purview...

Devsare just pushes them away and pulls his gun on them.

DEVSARe

I said shut up and get lost from here… I said move… come on quick… fast.

Pandit and Purohit hurriedly sit in the jeep and drive away.

Cut to Maqbool’s room. Maqbool wakes up from all the commotion. Nimmi still lies in his lap. He gets up and looks at the men in white, crawling like ants. Maqbool walks back to the bed, takes a sheet and covers Nimmi. We realize she is dead. He hugs her one last time.

SC. 74B

INT. /DAY/FARMHOUSE/VARIOUS

Devsare and his men comb the house thoroughly. The whole place is deserted. From the roof, he catches a glimpse of a police jeep pulling away in the distance.
DEVSARE
Damn it…

SE. 75

EXT /DAY /HOSPITAL

Pandit and Purohit stop the jeep outside the hospital. Pandit whispers, while looking out.

INSP. PANDIT
मियां जरा जल्दी आना... फ्लाइट का टाइम हो रहा है...
Come soon... your flight’s on schedule.

INSP. PUROHIT
सौंभल के मियां...
Take care, Miyan…

CUT TO:

SE. 75A

INT. /DAY HOSPITAL

Maqbool steals into the hospital. He keeps a low profile, milling with the crowd. Just as he comes in, he sees Guddu entering the elevator. He goes for his gun but the doors shut. Maqbool runs up the stairs, gun in hand. Finally, he reaches his floor. Guddu is walking down the corridor. Maqbool follows with his gun.

When he reaches the ward, he looks in through the glass window. The doctor takes the child from the incubator and hands it to Sameera. She takes the child in her arms and looks up at Guddu. Guddu takes the child and kisses his forehead. Maqbool staggers, and we see the fight has gone out of him. His eyes brim over. He sees his son, in the arms of his loving guardians. He drops his gun and walks out in a daze.
CUT TO:

SC. 76

EXT /DAY /HOSPITAL

Maqbool walks out of the hospital. He brushes past Boti at the entrance, who takes a moment to realize who he is. He stops, shocked. He draws his gun, in full view. People stop and stare, transfixed; others run off in horror. Boti keeps shouting for Maqbool to turn and look at him, but Maqbool carries on walking, oblivious to him. Finally, Boti shoots.

Maqbool collapses on to the cold cement. As he lies dying, his eyes close gradually, shutting out the harsh sun. Life’s fitful fever has come to an end.

The End