



Scripts.com

102 Not Out

By Saumya Joshi

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'This is Baabulaal.'
'Baabulaal Dattatrey Vakhariya.'
'He's 75...'
'Both, physically and mentally'.
'One fine day, last year,
Baabulaal decided that...'
'...if he spends more than
15 minutes in the shower...'
'...he catches a cold.'
'Ever since...'
'...he sets an alarm for 14 minutes
before taking a shower.'
'Normally Baabulaal
never forgets anything...'
'...but he always takes precautions.'
'In fact, he believes at his age
one should take double precaution.'
'His blood pressure has to be perfect.'
'120 and 80.'

Hello.

Dr. Mehta's clinic?

Your appointment is fixed,
as usual, uncle.

From Monday to Saturday, 9:45 am.

Thank you.

'In short...Baabu is an old man.'
'You know who an old man is, right?'
'A man who is afraid
of living and scared of dying.'
'Meet Baabu's father now.'
'Yes... his father is alive too.'
'Age; 102.'
'Mental age; 26.'
'A perfect model for health tonics.'
'Dattatrey Jagjeevan Vakhaariyaa.'

Ohhh... Uncle!!

You want to die or what?

The world knows... i never die.

Come on now,

can't say no to a senior citizen like me.

What are you bringing in?

It's a world record, son

World record.

What a man.
Where to?
Where are you from?
- Huh?
Where are you from? Originally?
Originally from Jaunpur.
Then head towards Jaunpur.
What?
I mean... start talking about Jaunpur.
Like some pond
where you learnt how to swim.
Or a famous confectioner...
...or even a favorite dish
you relished.
Keep talking... I'll listen.
That's how I've seen most of India.
Actually, this is how he sees the world,
Totally opposite
to his son's view, full of life.
So much so that they have
seperate refrigerators at home.
Fed up with Babulaal's boring fridge,
he has bought his own.
No, no, no, he doesn't
eat all this stuff.
But he has a philosophy.
You may not eat all
this for health reasons.
But opening the
fridge should be fun, at least.
And the guy he's explaining
his philosophy to is... Dhiru.
Dhiru, bring me a strip of B-Complex.
God has not given him the filter
that exists between thought and speech...
He came to Mumbai
from a small village in Gujarat...
...and got a job as a delivery
boy in Hashmukh Medical Stores.
Hashmukh bhai,
this one's expiring in 10 days.
So should I give this one...
...or the ones you asked me
to keep aside for later?

Bring those

- Which ones?

The ones we kept aside.

100 rupees.

Thank you.

- Mention not.

Dhiru.

Look, son,

do your job in a way...

...so that I am thankful

to you and not the customer.

Okay.

I'll make a quick trip to Shanti Niwas.

Keep that in mind as well.

You work here, not in Shanti Niwas.

'Although he works at the pharmacy...'

'...he derives job satisfaction

at Shanti Niwas.'

'Conversations with Dattatreya...'

'...are like vitamin pills for him.'

'But the pills have a side effect too.'

Where do I keep these medicines?

How long have you been working

for Has Mukh bhai?

2 full months.

Then why do you still ask

Sorry.

Where to keep the medicines

Where to collect the money

And where to keep coins.

It is all meticulously decided by Babulal.

Yet Dhiru being Dhiru.

He has to ask everything each time.

"Experiments of Urine therapy."

Isn't that Gandhiji's autobiography?

That was:

This is:

What?

- Hun.

Did you keep the medicines?

- Yes, I did.

Then what are you waiting for? Lunch?

Dattatrey uncle had called up.
He has asked me to wait here
after delivering medicines.
Why?
He's going to make an announcement.
What announcement?
A... historical... announcement.
You left the tap
open again in the morning.
Forget the tap.
Come here.
Let me introduce somebody to you...
Meet Mr. Ong Chong Tun Pen
from China.
Aged 118 years 3 months and 28 days.
Long life.
Longest in the history of Mankind.
See... His name is on the Record Books.
Page 90.
- Alright I got it.
And one more thing...
What?
Today is 14th February...
Valentine's Day.
And on the occasion of Valentine's Day
I take an oath...
I vow to break
this Chinese man's record.
Yes... I will.
I will replace him in the record book...
Only 16 years to go.
Yo...
- Yo, uncle.
What do you think, Baabu?
Can I break his record?
Can I go now?
The maid isn't coming today.
I've to put clothes out to dry.
Here I am making an
important announcement...
...and you're caught
up with these petty things.

Tell me:

his record, or not?

Yes, and the record that you will set...
...will not be broken till the dooms day.

Happy?

Can I go now?

You see, I can't wear soggy underwear.
Just a second. One second.

- What now?

There's a problem breaking this record.
What?

I saw this Chinese man's interview
on the internet.

And he clearly said that...

"Old, boring,
and unenthusiastic people..."

"...are more injurious
to health than cigarettes."

"In order to have a long life..."

"...one must stay miles away
from such people."

This means...

...I can never break his record.

- Why?

Because I'll be spending
the rest of my life with this guy.
This boring, unenthusiastic, old man.

Because of him we have
two televisions in the house.

Do you know what he watches on his TV?
Yoga...with his feet crossed.

In fact, he inhales so much air...
...that sometimes I fear whether
there will be enough left for me.

You should watch National
Geographic instead.

You'll realize
how wonderful this world is!

Discovery channel...

- I don't want...

...to discover anything
at this age, father.

I am 75.

I am an old man.

And... I've accepted my old age.

Correct.
Which is why I have taken this decision.
See...
Sunset...Old Age Home?
Yeah... Old people's Home.
I am sending you to an Old People's Home.
W...Wha...What did you say?
Say that again.
That is the Historical Announcement.
I am sending Baabu
to an Old people's Home.
Have you gone mad?
Those who dream big,
have to be a little mad.
Please Babu you settle down in Sunset.
And I'll set my eyes on this record.
I'm going there tomorrow
to handover this cheque. See.
You'll love the place.
No need to worry about
open taps over there.
You've gone mad, father.
- Yes, I've gone mad.
But this mad man is
still the owner of this house.
And my decision is final.
Full and Final!
Wait. I said wait!
Hey Dhiru.
- Yes...
I just realized one thing.
I'll be setting another record as well.
I'll be the first
father in the world...
...to send his son to an Old Age home.
I'll not only feature on page number 90,
But also on 91.
That night Baabu couldn't
sleep till 4 am.
Only when he convinced
himself that his father must be joking...
...he got some sleep.
But when he woke up at 7...
...Baabu realized that it was not a joke.

Hello.
Sunset Old People's Home.
Yes, yes, Old age Home,
Same thing.
Old Age Home.
- Look here...
Could you please
allot Baabu the corner room?
Yeah...
You see...he should
get proper air and sunlight.
Otherwise...
he'll irritate all your oldies there.
Huh...
My relationship with Baabu?
Father and son.
No...he's my son.
Yes I am the father
and I'm sending my son there.
Why is it so difficult to understand?
Hello...
They hung up.
What's to be so surprised?
Don't you think it's surprising?!!
Fine...now give me two passport
size photographs of yours.
To fill up your form.
- Form.
Are you really serious about this?
You still don't think I am serious?
Dude.. by this time tomorrow you'll be singing
hymns at the old people's home.
See... See...
It's a daily routine out there.
Hold this.
Why are you doing this?
For the record.
May you live long... am i stopping you?
Tell me, who'll be the happiest person?
Who checks your BP and sugar levels?
I do.
Who gives you your pills on time?
I know you do, Baabu...
...because you're a good son.

But just like many sons send
their good parents to an old people's home.
I am sending
my good son to old people's home.
Enough of this old
age home business already!
I can't sleep a wink if someone
changes the drapes in my room.
And you want me to
go over there?
Remember when you changed
the tiles in my bathroom?
I had constipation for 6 months.
And now you want to change
my entire location.
Look...I'll bring you back home
as soon as I break the record.
After 16 years?
Blame this Chinese guy for that.
If he died earlier...
...you could've come back earlier.
Now stop arguing.
And start packing.
Fine...
I have a solution.
If you want to stay in this house...
...then you must get me one thing.
What?
Baabu.
Baabu?!
- Yes, Baabu.
A new Baabu.
What?
Meet me on the terrace tonight.
I'll explain.
Hum thhe who thi
- R.D Burman, Kishore Kumar.
What do I have to do?
- Listen to this song.
There's a terrific story
behind this song
Kishore Kumar.
When Kishore Kumar was recording this song...
- Leave all that.

Actually, he couldn't sing.
He tried singing it a couple of times.
He yelled at the accompanist,
even the conductor...
Leave that.
I have nothing to do with them.
Tell me what I have to do.
First of all learn to a little
enthusiastic.
I'm trying to tell this terrific
story about Kishore Kumar...
...but, you don't seem excited at all.
In fact, you've stopped living.
The New Baabu will have
a child-like gleam in his eyes.
He'll be eager to hear
stories like this one.
Stop lecturing,
and tell me what I need to do.
Write a love-letter.
With all your emotions,
to your beloved wife.
Love letter? Me !!?
Who else will write
a love letter to your wife?
She's dead.
- But you're still alive.
I am not going to write any letter.
Then the second option is... this.
I will write it.
- Very good.
And with that,
you've accepted my first condition.
First? What do you mean?
Over the next six months,
I'll give many such tasks.
And you will have finish them all.
Okay fine, you can skip any one task
Okay?
I mean...you can skip any one.
Don't worry.
Not all tasks will be
as difficult as writing a love letter.
Some will be as easy as a breeze.

You'll do good.
Like...for example.
This...
For instance this conch.
Blow it.
- Huh?
Blow it.
I said blow it.
It's a condition.
Look at my age.
...I will rupture a lung.
You'll be absolutely fine.
Look, hold it like this.
And imagine that if you fail,
then you'll lose this house.
And your father will
send you to the old age home.
"What's this commotion?"
"What is this disturbance?"
"It's getting hard to breathe..."
"...and my heart's pounding."
"I'm afraid that my heart
might skip a beat."
"I'm falling in a trap,
and I guess that's the plan."
"Are you going to blindfold me..."
"...and practice target on my head."
"Why be so cruel to a kid."
"Why be so cruel to a kid."
"Why be so cruel to a kid."
"Why be so cruel to a kid."
Dhiru.
- Uncle.
I made this contract.
As he completes each task...
...then you, me,
and Baabu will sign on it.
It'll just be more fun
if we make this official.
You're the witness.
- No problem.
Hasmukh.
- Yes.
Keep him free for six months.

I'll pay half his salary.

- No problem.

Come, sir.

Baabu.

Baabu.

I've written down the
details of our conditions.

Nothing serious.

It'll just be more fun
if we make this official.

"I, Baabulal, willingly..."

Not willingly,
definitely not.

Should I write "helplessly" instead?

"I am plain and simple."

"And not too fancy either."

"I am really serious..."

"...and don't have too
many colors in my life."

"Will you give me sleepless night
and sleep soundly yourself."

"Why be so cruel to a kid."

"Why be so cruel to a kid."

"Why be so cruel to a kid."

"Why be so cruel to a kid."

He can't do it.

There's no way he can do it.

Uncle. Uncle.

- Dhiru.

What happened? Did he write it?

Just one minute to go.

I don't think he can do it.

But please forgive
him even if he can't.

Here he comes.

Uncle submit it quickly.

Just 30 more seconds to go.

Stay away.

Could you write it?

Here you go, father.

- Wonderful.

I never imagined you'll write it.

So proud of you.

Now read this out aloud and

fulfill the first condition.
The task was about writing,
not reading.
Then you read it, Dhiru.
- Don't you dare touch it!
Don't touch.
Okay fine, I'll read it.
Didn't he write it in blood?
Why will I write it with my blood?
That was not the condition.
- I never said it was.
Then why does he say so?
Don't utter a word,
Otherwise I'll kill you!
Let us... Let us concentrate on this.
Sit down. Sit down.
Stupid buffoon.
What is all this?
That was just rough work.
You just read ahead.
Wow... rough work in a love letter !
He taught mathematics... that's why.
Really? A teacher?
Why did you laugh?
What was so funny?
Baabu, stop it.
I'll read ahead.
"Dear Chandrika..."
"My entire existence is nestled..."
"...in the sweet memories
of our alluring married life."
Oh, God.
Is this Hindi?
Okay, sorry, sorry...
Your memories are
still fresh in my mind...
...like the Benarasi sari
you used to wear.
The bindi on your forehead.
Your anklet...
Anklet?
But Chandrika never wore an anklet.
Don't lie?
Well, this is inspired from the love letters

I used to confiscate from my students.
I just wrote the way they used to.
But, is there anything
original in this letter?
I'll read ahead.
"I could never say
this when you were alive..."
"...but, now I want to say
from the depths of my heart that..."
"Chandrika Three..."
What does Chandrika (3) mean?
You know... chandrika...
Chandrika... CHANDRIKA!
You know how it is.
- I know...
Is this a love letter,
or a statistics table.
"chandrika... Chandrika... CHANDRIKA!"
"I love you more
than you can imagine."
"But I have one complaint."
"On a Wednesday of 1961..."
"...you had an argument with
my dear mother Saraswati Devi."
Yeah... now that's something original.
Just keep reading.
It's all original from here.
"As a lovely daughter-in-law,
you had the right..."
"...to argue with my mother."
"My only complaint is that
you argued with my loving mother..."
"...but never with my rude,
uncivilized...father."
"He needed to be taught a lesson."
"If only you did that then..."
"...this man wouldn't be trying
to make my life hell."
Read ahead...
I am.
"Do you know that this maniac..."
"...is planning to send
me to an old age home."
"Chandrika..."

- No!

What happened?

- Don't...

Don't read the next line...

...I...I got a little carried away.

- No-no...I'll read the entire thing.

"Tell me Chandrika."

"A father who plans to send
his own son to an old age home..."

"...must be such a Mother F..."

That was a bit too original Babu.

Actually,

I got carried away in Excitement.

Excitement.

Excitement!

Hey Dhiru.

Regardless of my humiliation,
something amazing has happened today.

What?

For the first time in 20 years...

...this man has got excited.

Teacher...full marks to you.

Here... Just sign here.

Here. Take it.

Wow!

Don't try that, you never succeed.

I am learning,

I'll succeed one day.

Here you go, you sign too.

One task completed.

Let's go to the second one.

What?

Why are you so shocked?

Get used to it.

Oh father, let me catch my breath.

Baabu. Baabu. Baabu.

Just one more...

...and then I won't bother
you for a week. Okay?

Dhiru.

The heading of the second task...

'Baabu and Dr. Mehta.'

Dr. Mehta?

Why do we have to observe

silence at a doctor's clinic?
Why, Dhiru?
Maybe because it
disturbs the patients.
But the silence will
make them feel worse.
There's no logic behind it.
What?
This is a clinic.
Stop your yapping.
We are up next after them.
And, I won't go inside
until you tell me what the condition is.
Look, you just go inside
like you do every day.
I'll tell you what is to be done
when you come out.
I won't enter Dr's room until
you tell me the condition.
Okay, sit.
Sit.
You go inside.
Get your checkups done.
Come out and head home.
Okay.
On the way,
call up the doctor's mobile and tell him...
"Doctor, I think I left
my wallet at your clinic."
"There's just 250
rupees in the wallet..."
"...but there are some important
documents."
"Leave it with your nurse,
and I'll collect it in the evening."
Just that.
- What do I have to do?
Leave my wallet inside?
- No-no...
Your wallet stays with you.
You just have to say that
you left it in there.
He'll look around
and say it isn't there.

Obviously, he'll
say that if it isn't there!
Exactly.
That is the condition, Baabu.
When he says it's not there,
then you'll say...
Dr. Mehta,
a respectable doctor like you...
...shouldn't be stealing a wallet
for a couple of hundred bucks!
You should be ashamed of yourself.
Huh!
Which medical college
taught you to pick pockets?
Say that.
You mean...you want me
to call Dr. Mehta a thief.
Yeah...
- What yeah.
You want me to call
a decent man a thief?
How do you come up
with such vile thoughts?
Come on, get up.
What kind of a task is this?
What's the meaning
of such an absurd condition?
Yeah... explain it to me as well.
Because this condition is for him,
and Dr. Mehata is getting screwed.
Right?
- Tell me...
Tell me the motive behind it.
Yes...
- What's the motive?
I'll tell you the motive.
Let me catch my breath first, Dhiru.
Look Dhiru, the motive is
to sever his ties with Dr. Mehta.
He keeps going to Mehta's clinic
even if nothing is wrong with him.
His entire existence reeks
of Dr. Mehta's clinic!
It's very simple...

If he calls Dr. Mehta a thief.

Will he ever check him again?

No...

- No, right.

And the relationship will
automatically be broken.

Is this the way?

Then tell me a better
way if you know one.

You could've just told me
directly not to go to Dr. Mehta.

I see...

Come on.

Hold this.

I'll tell you directly now.

I won't visit Dr. Mehta again.

Here, sign on it.

Sign it.

Sign it, uncle.

You're getting a good deal.

But if I ever fall sick...

- Then come to me .

Me...

I'll check you up, and tell you.

If it's anything serious,
then I'll take you to Mehta's clinic.

But I'll decide, okay.

Sign it. Come on, sign it.

You make all the decisions anyway.

Very good.

Well, Baabu,

that completes the second condition.

Congratulations, Baabu.

It is time to have a party.

No partying.

- Where are we going?

Two great things happened to you today.

Love in...and doctor out.

Wow!

great place.

Really great.

Eat. Eat.

Uncle, what's going to be
the next condition?

Sorry.

Oh... I completely forgot.

Yesterday, some guys came
to the shop to promote eye donation.
They gave us these pamphlets
to distribute to people who are very old.
So I brought one for you.

You too, uncle.

What's all this
when we're having a nice meal?

Uncle, this is very important.

After you die...

- Slow down.

After you die, donating your eyes
is the best thing to do.

Because even after people die,
their pupils stay alive for four hours.
Say for instance this uncle is dead, okay.

I am dead.

- Yes, you're dead.

But you'll make
someone else's life better.
Your burning pyre will bring
light to a blind man's life.
Aren't you going to say something?
You dragged me here for a party.
And he's talking about my death.
No no... it's only when you die.
Right now you just have
to fill the form.

Shut up!

You better remember son...

The day I get my hands on you...

...will be the last time
you ever see the light.

I am just looking for a chance, when...

...your bodyguard isn't around.

How is your food, sir?

Huh?

How is your food, sir?

She wants to know how the food is.

If we ever go to war with China...

...then I'll be on the frontline.

That's how I like it.

Tell her that in English...
He's saying that
if India goes to...war...
'Dr. Mehta's regular customer...'
'...was now spending his time
among pots and plants.'
'Everything was alright for a week.'
'And then the third condition
dropped like a bomb.'
Look. Look. Look.
For the third condition.
What are you guys doing in my room?
My blanket?
Where's my blanket?
Where is it?
Blanket...
Here's your blanket.
This isn't just a blanket anymore...
...it's your next task.
No. 3...
Stop fooling around with it!
Give it back.
- Hold on...
First, let me tell Dhuru
About the history of this blanket.
You can explain all that later.
But first keep it back
In its place, please.
Exactly my plan, Baabu.
I'll put it back where it belongs.
First, listen...
When Baabu was 10...
...Saraswati and I took him
to Kashmir on a holiday.
There were only two things
he liked in Kashmir.
The ducks in Dal Lake...
...and this blanket.
Since then he's been sleeping
with this blanket.
It's been...65 years now.
I...I can't sleep a wink without it.
So what?
So Baabu...

Let's combine both the
things that you liked in Kashmir.
Blanket and ducks...
So the third condition goes like this...
Hold on to this...
You need to...
Pass me the duck.
You need to cut three duck
shaped holes in this blanket.
1.5 foot each.
The measurement is the same.
Keep it over here and cut it.
You want me to shred my blanket?
- Yes.
You've lost your mind.
Yeah...why cut his blanket.
It's the first sign of old age.
Seeking refuge in old stuff.
He's so occupied with
things like this blanket...
..that he doesn't let
anything new enter his mind.
Once the blanket's gone...
...imagine how life will be.
Every night a different night.
New dreams, sweeter dreams.
How would I dream if I don't sleep?
Baabu...
I'm teaching you to
dream with your eyes open.
You do all that.
You already made my life hell
and now you're after my sleep!
And I can skip one condition. Right?
I skip this one.
Why are you skipping such a small task?
It's very big for me.
I won't let you ruin my sleep.
My decision is final.
Can't close the valve,
but wants to teach me how to dream.
Old age.
'No sooner than Babulal refused to take
the blanket test, Dattatrey put forth a new test'.

'For the fourth condition'...

'Babu had to spend an entire day travelling at various places in Mumbai city.'

'Dattatreya had decided the route. He knew where this journey would take Baabu.'

Did you come here to doze off? idiot.

Where are we supposed to get down?

Uncle asked me not to tell you.

Suspense.

Jubilee Gardens, Santacruz.

"Feels like it's melted, but..."

"...Na-Na-Naa-Naa!"

"It's still here where it used to be..."

"...the ice-cream."

"...the ice-cream."

There's a concrete airplane in the middle of the garden.

You'll find Baabu standing there. For sure.

How do you know?

I am his father. Father knows everything.

Now tell me...

How is he looking at it?

Like a child who's just seen an airplane for the first time.

No!

Like an old man who's just seen his childhood once again.

When Babu was a kid, we often came to this garden.

I use tell him the great story of Wright Brothers.

Wright Brothers?

Wright Brothers.

The two brothers who first flew an airplane in 1903.

That age old story must be echoing in Babu's ear again.

Uncle.

Uncle.

We must leave.

- Why?

We must reach there before 12.

- Where?

St. Sebastian Church.
You wait here.
I'll just-
Hello, uncle.
You?
- Yes.
I knew he will want to be alone here.
Why?
I'll tell you why. Come.
He got very emotional.
- Hmm.
What?
I saw tears in his eyes.
- Yes...
He used to go there with Amol.
Amol? Who's Amol?
Baabu's son.
He has a son?
Yes, you can say that.
He's been in America for 30 years.
Did his MBA from
Queens university, Virginia...
...and settled there.
Baabu spent everything
he had for Amol's studies.
And Amol...
Forgot Babu the moment
he got what he wanted.
For 30 years Baabu's been begging...
Come for Diwali son.
And he hasn't even bothered
to send pictures of his children.
He'd call once in a six months.
Like charity.
That's it...
When Amol was a kid...
Baabu and Chandrika used to
take him to this church.
Amol used to love the sound
of the church bell so much...
...that he'd want to
go there every Sunday.
He would run around the
house all day singing "tong.. tong.."

Today for the first
time since Amol grew up...
...Baabu heard those
church bells again.
He had tears in his eyes.
Why did you send him to the church?
Baabu has been pleading
to Amol for so long...
...I wanted to send him
back to when Amol was...
...just a little kid who loved
the sound of church bells.
Just for a moment the church bells must
have reminded Baabu of that little Amol.
If your son grows up to
be a rascal, forget him.
Just remember his childhood.
Just the childhood.
Uncle, now we-
We don't need this anymore.
I know where to go next.
Really?
- Yes.
Then tell me where are we going next?
City Bakery.
Uncle...he knew the next
stop would be at city bakery.
Wow... Yo!
He is buying a cake.
Oh thank god.
I was getting really hungry.
And you didn't make any arrangements
for food in the itinerary.
Arrangements sill haven't
been made I'm afraid.
You won't get to eat that cake.
- Why?!
Baabu's going to pack that cake.
What do you mean,
uncle? Why would he...
What?
Where to next?
- You said you know.
You tell me.

Wow.

Dhiru.

- Yes.

Call him here.

- Who?

The one who's been following
us since morning.

You mean you already knew that...

- Of course I knew.

Where are you going?

Over there.

That's where my journey will end.

Hey carriage driver. Let's go.

Hello, uncle.

- Yes, I heard.

I'm coming.

Now tell me what's going
to happen in Hanging Garden?

Nothing is going to happen
in Hanging Garden.

Whatever happens will happen on the way.

- What?

Remember the cake he bought
from City Bakery. - Yes.

He's going to cut it now,
in the carriage.

Impossible.

What do you know, you buffoon.

This is how Baabu and Chandrika celebrated
their wedding anniversary. Every year.

Buy a cake from City Bakery...

...hire a carriage from Marine Drive,
and cut it on the way.

If those moments come alive...

he will cut the cake in the carriage.

Get it?

See this.

"I set out down the old road again."

"And with the old coins I bought..."

"The ice-cream..."

"The ice-cream..."

Dhiru.

- Yeah.

Why is it so dark here?

- Oh yes.
Uncle's shoes are right here.
Then why is it...
Baabu!
Uncle.
Where is he?
Uncle! His cellphone's right here.
But...why didn't he
turn on the lights then?
Uncle
Baabu.
I hope everything is okay.
One minute father.
And that's the 3rd condition.
He cut it. He cut it.
He cut out the ducks.
Hello, Mr. Ong Chong Tun Pen.
Look at me. Take that off.
My life is getting less
and less boring, buddy.
See the blanket's torn.
Now soon your name on
the record book will be struck off too.
Only 16 years to go.
Yo!
Yo!
Something's ringing.
It's never going to blossom.
That flower will never blossom.
Oh good, you brought the fertilizers.
You mean excrement...
...and it's not going to do much good.
Why?
You know what, uncle?
Your father deserves to
be hung upside down and whacked.
Watch your language...
...Won't you wish me on my birthday?
Happy birthday, But you need
a change of father.
This condition is completely unfair.
Grow a flower in 15 days.
Who does he think he is?
This is Nature.

We have no control over it.
Trust me, I am a farmer's son, I'd know.
I don't see a single bud growing...
...how are you going to
produce a flower in 4 days?
This is a Chinese Crompton, Dhiru.
It doesn't need buds.
The flower just shoots
up directly from the plant.
Only one plant grows like that.
And that's a bamboo.
It's the only plant
in the entire world...
...which shoots up straight
from the ground without notice.
And that's why, back in our village...
we never sit down on the ground.
You don't want to be in the line of fire.
Let me at least try, Dhiru.
I am even going to sing to it.
This flower listens to music?
I guess it uses the loo as well.
Only in Mumbai have I
heard this kind of nonsense.
Where are its ears?
How does it listen to music? Show me.
What nonsense...
Dhiru, if it doesn't blossom...
...then we'll skip this condition.
But what if it does?
Wouldn't that be wonderful?
I'll go freshen up, come inside.
You're wasting your time.
It'll never happen...
Dhiru.
Hold this.
Just hold this.
I'll get rid of this first.
And, you take that one inside.
Oh my, God, uncle.
Did you grow this flower?
- Yeah...
So this was your plan?
I always knew that I myself was

going to complete this condition.
On his Birthday.
I wanted to reward him for the blanket
Isn't it an amazing gift?
Just watch his confidence after this.
It's going to come in handy.
Uncle. Uncle. Uncle. Uncle.
It's blossomed.
It's blossomed.
It's blossomed.
Why are you making a racket, Dhiru?
It's blossomed.
Come down.
- It's blossomed.
What are you saying, Dhiru?
This is a miracle.
Let me wear my glasses first.
Wow...keep it down.
Dhiru, did you see the flower blossoming?
- Yes.
It shot out like a bamboo,
it's a Chinese bamboo.
What is that you and father always do?
Yo!
- Yo...
What's all the 'Yo' about?
- It's blossomed.
Baabu, my boy. It's blossomed.
You did it!
You did it!
I made it blossom!
Yo!
- Yo...
I'll go change.
You don't have anything on.
Right.
Yo!
- Yo...
I'll answer the door.
Someone sent flowers.
Who sent it?
- Amol.
Amol! I'll go tell...
- Hey...

I'll go tell uncle.
Not yet...don't tell him anything.
You're not going to tell him?
Not today, I won't.
Let him celebrate his birthday today.
Tomorrow I'll give him these flowers,
and put my last condition.
Main Zindagi Ka Saath - Mohd. Rafi
Baabu, what's wrong?
Can't sleep without your blanket?
You sleep.
"O Life..."
Listening music at this hour?
There is no time
to listen to songs.
It's a great one.
Come on...let's dance...
"O Life..."
"Do visit my home too."
"O Life..."
Come on Ong Chong Tun...
Let's dance.
"Do visit my home too."
"O Life..."
Do you have to sing along?
Okay...quiet, quiet.
You stay here,
I am going over there.
No more singing,
I'll just lip sync.
"O Life..."
"O Life..."
"The direction to my home
is pretty simple."
"My home has no confining walls."
"No need to knock,
or call out my name."
"My home has no doors."
"There are no walls or a roof
over my head."
"If the sun's ever too harsh..."
"If the sun's ever too harsh..."
"I seek refuge under
your shade..."

"...and continue living..."
"O Life..."
"O Life..."
"Do visit my home too."
Now you're going to
sing the female part too?
Let her sing.
She's singing so well.
Yeah...
That means you're enjoying it.
You sleep here tonight.
I'll go sleep in your bedroom.
- No, no...
I...
- That's condition no. 5.
Come on...you'll have a great time.
"O Life..."
"O Life..."
"Do visit my home too."
"O Life..."
"O Life..."
"Do visit my home too."
You're loving it, don't you?
Easy easy.
"If you ever pay a visit,
you better be careful."
"Because a princess is resting here."
"She's lost in the land of fairies."
Baabu, my boy.
Yo!
- Yo...
What are these?
- Flowers!
Someone sent it to you.
Amol sent these.
When did these arrive?
Yesterday.
And you're telling me now.
Only good things
should be told on birthdays.
Hello.
- It's me, dad.
Papa... Happy birthday, papa...belated.
- Thank you, thank you.

I just got the flowers...
...they're beautiful.
- Yeah...
Actually,
father forgot to give them to me...
...otherwise I would've
called you yesterday.
Are you guys alright?
- Yeah, we're fine.
I called on your cell phone yesterday.
Also tried the landline.
I see...
- Yeah...
Hello.
I guess something
was wrong with the phone.
Why do you sound so serious, father?
Are you sick?
Are you okay?
Hello.
Yes, yes, I am okay.
Really? When?
That's wonderful news.
Oh, we'll be right here.
Where are we going to go?
Great. Great.
Alright, give everyone my love.
I'll talk to you later.
You hung up on Amol twice yesterday?
What are you trying to do?
Think about what he's trying to do.
What did he say?
He's coming, isn't he?
- Yes, he's coming.
In July.
And my final condition is...
...when your useless, ungrateful
son puts his foot on our doorstep...
...you'll ask him to get out.
Get out!
Try to understand.
These flowers are not for you,
it's for this property.
Suddenly one day he realized

that these oldies could die any moment...
...that's why he sent you
those flowers after so many years.
Baabu...
...you know how to grow flowers.
Don't get entrapped
by these bogus flowers.
My last condition.
Kick him out!
He's my son.
...and a son cannot be a condition.
And yes, you're right about one thing.
I know how to grow flowers now...
I can do a lot of things.
Don't try to come between Amol and me.
I'll do anything to stop you.
Good!
Powerful Gesture baabu,
But remember one thing.
I won't let your son defeat my son.
Amol's room is preserved with
great care and precision.
The Great Amol's belongings
are still intact.
His cycle,
his toys, college books, everything.
In fact, he knows how many
coins are there in his piggy bank.
He's preserved everything except...
...The letters he wrote from America.
But I've kept them safe.
Here...
I made a file.
I even gave this file a title.
"I hope you understand."
"I hope you understand."
Because every letter ends
with this sentence.
"I hope you understand."
Now, this is his first letter.
Amol wrote to Babu six months
after he moved to America.
"I know you've been
saving up for your retirement."

"But, right now
I am in desperate need."
"As soon as my career is on track..."
"...I will return the money,
I hope you understand."
Now this one he sent when
he got married and didn't tell us.
Listen... I got married.
"We had to move
to Chicago immediately..."
"...and so we didn't get
the time to tell you."
"I hope you understand."
"And papa, please make an offering
of 501 rupees at...Siddhivinayak temple..."
Once Baabu expressed a desire to
go to America at his own expense.
And he got this answer.
"Our house is very small..."
"...and we're very busy."
"You'll be all alone out here."
"I hope you understand."
What do you think?
Is he listening?
I think so.
Well if he isn't, he will now.
Turn it off!
After many years...
...I felt like playing this record.
I know...
I know why you're doing this.
Turn it off!
I said turn it off!
- Why turn it off?
It's your favorite song.
Not yours... this is Chandrika's
favorite song,
"Time has been so unfair."
Baabu and Chandrika...
...would listen to old Hindi movie songs
on this record every night.
After Baabu's retirement
when Amol left for America...
...they would listen to it for hours.

Then one night...
Chandrika lifted
the pin of the record...
...and kept it on this side.
Not here...
...but here.
On the other side.
Once...twice...
Baabu kept asking
her 'what are you doing?'
But she couldn't understand anything.
Her hands were shivering...
...and her mind was blank.
Doctor came and said...
...that she has Alzheimer's.
Fast growing Alzheimer.
A sickness where people start
to forget everything...
...and they die.
The doctor gave her one month.
Baabu and I kept calling Amol.
And Chandrika started
forgetting everything.
After 10 days she forgot me.
On the 18th day,
she forgot Baabu.
On the 28th day as
she breathed her last...
...she just remembered one face.
This...
Till the last moment whenever
she saw this picture.
She would whisper "Amol".
Amol.
I kept calling Amol.
From Day 1 to Day 28.
I kept calling him.
But all he said was...
"It's a new job, and I can't leave
without giving a proper notice."
Proper notice!
I wanted to scream
in Chandrika's ears.
Chandrika,

you don't remember a thing...
...forget about him too.
Because your son,
who is not suffering from Alzheimer's...
...has long forgotten you.
Stop crying, Baabu.
This story isn't over yet.
Hi, this is Amol.
Please leave a message.
Amol.
Dattatrey speaking.
You told Baabu that
you're coming in July right?
Look, son,
Who knows what'll happen to us tomorrow.
If you can come
a few weeks earlier...
...then we can discuss the property...
- Yes, grandpa. Speaking.
Hello.
Hello.
Hello. Amol.
No, I am fine.
Can you come sooner?
Yeah...
Fine. Fine.
Thank you.
He's coming on the 19th.
Of this month.
The 19th.
28 days notice for death, not enough.
2-minute notice for the property,
accepted in a minute.
I hope you understand, Baabu.
I hope you understand.
Why did you have to do that?
You just made him relive
the horror of his wife's death.
Uncle, what's the worst
that can happen.
Amol will come and then leave.
Yes...
He'll come and he'll leave
Baabu helpless and miserable again.

I know that.
But now he has a shred of hope...
...why does it bother you?
I would rather see him disappointed
then give him such false hope.
Do you think you're God?
Are you going to decide how much
hope or despair one is entitled to?
Why don't you focus
on breaking your record?
You asked him to change
and he changed completely.
That's what worries me, Dhiru.
That Amol might change him again.
Baabu...don't leave like this.
I just showed you the truth.
And I just want to see
my son and his children.
Why do you think
I am doing this?
I don't care for this property...
...I am worried that your life
will become his property again.
Do you know what happened
in the last few months?
Your shoulders were stiff.
Now, look at them.
For the first time in 20 years,
I saw you smiling.
Now you see the world
with a twinkle in your eyes.
Baabu, Amol is a cataract.
And if you don't get rid of him,
he'll blind you.
"Don't forget to call son...
Don't forget to write..."
"Don't forget to send me
the pictures of your children."
Begging...
he'll turn you into a begger again.
I am a beggar, father.
And all that matters to me is that...
...I'm finally going to get
the alms I've been begging for.

Baabu, you're not a beggar.
Your happiness is...
- Happiness.
Just a minute.
Come here.
Amol sent me the
pictures of his children.
Seeing the smiles on their
faces is my ultimate happiness.
Please, let him come.
I can't ask him to get out.
I cannot.
Okay, I think I need to be fair also.
Anyway, you have the right
to pass one condition.
Let him come.
Go. Go to your room and sleep.
You're completely drenched.
Go get changed.
Go. Go to your room and sleep.
Thank you.
Very good.
Finally, you showed some maturity.
Let Amol come.
I've got a lot more to show.
I won't let his son defeat my son
Sorry, sorry, sorry.
- Dhiru.
I've been waiting
for almost an hour, son.
Hasmukh sir wouldn't let me
leave the shop.
Actually a condom box went missing.
We were looking for it for two hours.
Later he remembered that he himself took
it home for personal use.
Calm down. Sit down. Sit down.
- Yes I am sitting down.
But it made me so angry...
...I told him,
'thanks to your box of condoms...
...uncle must be getting mad at me.'
Okay, fine.
Did you get the medicines?

Yes...take a look right now.
Or you'll make my life hell after.
Fine. Show me.
But uncle,
tomorrow when Amol comes home...
...you should welcome him
with something sweet.
And don't shove medicines
down his throat.
Show me.
This is Metacin, for viral infection.
This one's Erythromycin,
for a throat infection.
-And this...
Did you get something for Malaria?
I'll have something by 10 tomorrow.
But Amol arrives at 8.
I'm sure he won't get
malaria as soon as he lands.
You need to calm down, uncle.
Now, look here.
I've four strips of Lopamite,
For diarrhea.
Diarrhea.
- But, uncle. Why order four strips?
I mean, if he doesn't get diarrhea...
...it will all be a waste.
It's necessary.
So you're confident
that he'll get diarrhea?
What else have you got?
That covers everything.
Let's go.
- Yeah, let's go to the store.
I had a question, uncle.
Do all foreigners
get diarrhea in India?
Or is it just fashion?
Isn't that too much?
Dhiru, mineral water is a must
for these America-returns.
They can't digest everything.
Do they bathe in this too?
Shall we buy this one?

- Let it be.
Good morning, uncle.
Uncle, I've brought
everything you told me to.
Take a look...
- Move aside.
Here you go.
What is it?
- Read it yourself.
I, Baabulaal Vaakhariyaa,
hereby affirm...
Baabu, what is this?
And what is all this?
You said you won't do
anything like this.
No...
I said you don't have to do anything.
I was always going to do this.
I never imagined
you would stoop so low.
Look, this is my home and...
This home belongs to you
because your father passed it on to you.
And died at a right time.
Please read this affidavit carefully.
You'll know that
this house belongs to me as well.
Because I am in possession
of this house for the last 75 years!
Amol is arriving today.
And I'll give him
my share of this house.
And if you try to interfere...
...then I will drag you to court!
I will drag you to court!
Understand!
But property disputes take years, Baabu.
I'll show you a document.
Sit. Sit down.
Baabu, come here.
Look...this is the document.
See...
What is this?
14th February,

the day I kept My first condition.
The size of a tumor
in my brain was only 2 mm.
This size...
Today it must be about this big.
See, I won't be around even
for the first hearing of your case.
You want to know how I found out?
You know Ladakh?
There's a unique
post office in Ladakh.
There is no other post office which
has been built at that altitude.
None.
So, when I heard about it.
I thought of going there and writing a
postcard to you and all my favorite people.
Dattatrey Vakhaariyaa from
the highest post office in the world.
"In the world."
The level of oxygen in the
atmosphere of Ladakh is slightly lower.
So I went to see a doctor,
to seek his permission.
I said to him, 'let
me go...it's a great place.
I'll send a postcard to you as well.'
The doctor said.
You're 102...
...you should get a complete
checkup done first.
Complete checkup.
So they sent me into that tunnel...
...that's when they detected that tumor.
I always thought, Dhiru...
When I die...
...it should be like
one of those Fairytale stories.
But only after you've done
everything that you're supposed to do...
...only then you get
that fairytale ending.
I knew, Dhiru...
If I wanted to go to fairyland...

...then I'll have to
make Baabu the way he was.
Full of life. Full of confidence.
Strong enough to drag me to court.
And that's why I cooked up
that story of the old people's home.
And you also performed brilliantly Baabu.
I wish you had completed
this last condition as well.
But...doesn't matter.
You still deserve 90 out of 100.
Don't get so emotional.
Imagine how absurd it would look if
people saw you crying over a 102 year old.
Dhiru...throw all these posters out.
And let him come.
Let Amol come, okay?
I'm going out for a stroll.
It's been a while since I last
took a tour of India in a rickshaw.
Come, Mr.Peng, I'll show you India.
Papa.
Hello.
How are you, Papa?
You haven't changed at all.
No, I have changed.
Well...Sujata couldn't get a leave.
So I thought I'll go this time.
And bring her and the kids later.
I hope you understand.
I understand.
Can you watch the
luggage while I get a cab?
No...wait.
Come this way.
- What's the matter, papa?
I want to show you something.
These are some old photographs.
Wow...
Papa...let's go home
and see them. Please.
No, let's do it right here.
It might save you some time.
Remember this?

I know this place,
we've been here a lot.
This is...
This is Sebastian Church, right?
- Yes.
So sweet.
It was sweet.
Look here...here I am
teaching you mathematics.
I taught you mathematics
and you learnt calculations.
Papa, let's go home and see it.
- Wait.
I said let's see it right here.
What are you doing?
Everyone's watching us.
People have been watching me
for 21 years.
Look, there goes the father
who keeps begging for love.
For 21 years I've been
the butt of all jokes.
21 years.
Now it's my chance
to cause some embarrassment...
...and, I hope you understand.
Your mother.
She waited.
Even her ashes waited for your return.
For a year.
But you never showed up.
And you show up now...
...because you want the property.
Father says that you
don't deserve anything.
But I believe even a scoundrel
like you should get his share.
This is your piggy bank.
There's 42 rupees in it.
This is your property.
This is all you deserve.
Once I hand over this to you,
the property matter is sealed.
Take it and leave.

I said get lost.
Out!
Get out!
Out!
What are you looking for?
Trying to pick
a nice spot in the sky...
...for me.
They say we turn into a star after we die.
Didn't I complete all your conditions?
Now I'll put one.
What?
Don't die. Please.
I'm strictly against dying.
I've never died in my life.
Remember, never die when you are alive.
Now, one last condition for you.
More conditions?
Just for fun... just one more.
Why change anything?
Look Baabu, when I am dead.
I mean...when you feel that
my heart's stopped beating...
...then hold your fingers
here and whistle. Loudly.
Look Baabu,
your father has played an amazing inning.
102 Not Out.
Applaud my great
innings with a loud whistle.
Well played.
Now play a song.
- Huh!
Play a song.
I know you know how to whistle
How do you know?
I'm your father
Father's know everything
Remember one thing Babu.
If there Amol in this world
There's also Dhiru.
Uncle, look...
Surprise.
- What is this?

Two days before he died,
uncle recorded this message.
And said I should play it for you once he's gone.
At some nice location.
Play it.
Baabu, my boy!
This is Dattatreya Vakhaariyaa from
the highest post office in the world.
Look...
This Ong Chong Tung Pe
is sitting next to me.
I told him that your
record will surely be broken,
...my son will break it.
Only 43 years to go.
Yo.
Yo
- Yo...!