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Rang De Basanti

By Renzil D'Silva

If yet your blood does not rage, then it is water that flows in your veins.
For what is the flush of youth, if it is not of service to the motherland.
Just a minute Mr. McKinley, one revolutionary is meeting another.
Thank you. Shall we go?
I'm sorry it had to end this way.
This isn't the end Mr. McKinley. This is just the beginning.
There will be others after we have gone. Many others.
Shove it.
Get out of the way! Scoot!
You come India first time madam? Yes!
Sorry about the short notice.
Gosh! Your Hindi has really improved.
Don't worry, all the preparations are done.
Hey Sue, no need to worry...
...everything has been taken care of posters have been put up everywhere.
It's also been announced on radio.
...just see, they'll be lining up for the auditions.
What's wrong?
I didn't tell you. The truth is that I've come alone.
...no money, no producer is going to arrive.
You knew it!
After Alice, there was a call from a certain Beth Williams...
...she informed me of the cancellation of the show and also my services.
...did you abuse her in Hindi?
She wanted to know what it meant. I explained to her in graphic detail.
You are amazing... Sonia.
This is Delhi University. Let me help you with your luggage.
How much? - Ma'am I've already told you.
Ravi, please get all the luggage to our room.
Get some rest now. I'll see you tomorrow...
...if you need anything you have my number.
Let's go Ravi.
I can't do this.
I can't do this.
I deserve a role because I have dimples just like Priety Zinta.
Don't sing. Just recite "Vande Matram". - Vande Matram?
Raise your hand and say VANDE MATRAM! VANDE Matram!
Speak loudly, VANDE MATRAM! Vande MATRAM.
Loudly and proudly, VANDE MATRAM! Vande MATRAM
VANDE MATRAM! Vande Matram...
I have dedicated my life to the freedom of this nation.
I have dedicated my life to the freedom of this nation.
I know you want me to get married.
...but FREEDOM is my bride.

I know... I know... that...
I know... that you want me to get married...
...but my bride is FREEDOM
...but my bride is FREEDOM. | Your obedient son, BHAGAT SINGH.
BHAGAT SINGH.
Bhagat Singh.
Bhagat Singh.
My name is Bhagat Singh.
Tea! | Thanks.
Depressed huh?
One ortwo of them can|be used for minor roles...
...but no one's even close for|Azad or Bhagat Singh.
I guess it's all my fault.
No Sonia. You're my rock.
Sue, don't get so dejected.
Let's go and have some fun. | I'm in no mood Sonia.
Hey Aslam.
Aslam... Sue McKinley.
You too study at the University?
Wow! Her Hindi is great.
We live there, eat there but no one|has ever accused us of studying there.
What are those maniacs upto?
That's DJ...
DJ I love you!!!
That's Sukhi.
DJ I love you!!!
I love you too baby!
Damn exhibitionists.
The idiots will never change.
Come on dude, let's rock it!
Sukhi I love you!
Is he OK?
That's his natural state.
Sukhi, all parts working?
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!
Sue this is DJ. | DJ this is Sue.
Hi!
Sue? She's so pink her name|should be Gulabo (Rose).
She's quite hot...
Perfect forthis cold.
Karan you saved my life. | I love you!
Aslam...
...you too saved my life,
I love you too!

It's ok.
She must have saved my life too...
No! Sukhi!|She didn't save your life.
No problem. One day|she'll save my life.
Relax Dude!|She is your sister-in-law.

LOOSE CONTROL:

I'm a REBEL.
There's aren't any students here,|no teachers to suffer.
It's a school without rules out here|Hey Genius, go figure.
Sukhi you just sit and|watch like a dumb-ass...
DJ doesn't waste a second.
He's a stud.
Hi! How's everybody?|Hi Rahul! What's up?
Got a few gigs lined up.
How's your radio thing going?
Did anything work out?
All India Radio has|given me a night slot.
Cool...
Not really. When the whole world's|sleeping I'm on air.
But people stay up late...
Criminals, insomniacs,|watchmen and idiots!
Have yourfun at my expense.
Speaking of expenses...|Can I...
See you guys.|Got a cigarette?
Fabulous!
It's my Dad's money.|He's got lots of it...
Stop this Western music,|this obscenity!
How many times do|I have to make you understand this!
Polluting the culture of this country...
Leave this place right now.|LEAVE!
Can't you understand, idiot!
This is your last warning...
...from now on, nobody plays|any Western music out here.
No lewd dancing!
Or I'll break your legs.
Who are you to warn us?|If you don't like it, don't come here.
You bloody Pakistani!
Let's finish it.
Last warning! Got it?
Long live India!
You touch Aslam and|see what I do to you...
...even your mother won't recognize you.
Ever seen a baboons arse? Yours will|be as red after I've finished with

you.
Sir, I'm sure we can work it out.
Keep this...
Anyone hungry? I'm famished.
How're you?
Hey honey! Come here you...
If something happened to you, I'd have killed you.
Is this any way to greet your boyfriend?
How're you?
Hurry guys, I'm famished.
You won't get any food here.
Stay away!
...I carried you in my stomach for nine months...
...and washed your bum for years.
Get lost!
Does anyone bother to check if Mitro is alive or dead?
What's up?
You're drunk again.
No. No. No.
First give us food ma, and then yell at us all night.
None of you have eaten?
Sonia you've lost even more weight.
Really... Mitro
The girls of today have more bones and less flesh...
How will you bear children?
Aslam, how are you my son?
He is my true son who bothers to check on me.
And you...
Look ma, what I brought for you.
Your daughter-in-law. Her name is Sue.
What? A foreigner?
Brought her especially from London. That's why I was away for so long.
Give me your blessings Ma.
Your son's such a brat.
God! She understands Hindi!
You really understand everything? Yes.
I'm going off to sleep. Your beds are all ready. No need to drive so late
at night.
Sue, where are you?
Will you guys act in my film?
What?
Hey, why are you guys laughing? I'm the hero of her film.
Yeah we guys are champions when it comes to acting...
...clowning around is all they do.

The four of you will be perfect for the roles...
And Sonia will be my Durga Bhabhi.
She really knows Hindi!
All this talk of patriotism is boring.
Boring? These guys gave their lives for the freedom of your country.
What freedom? Have you seen the state of this country?
Excuse me! I believe in this country, Karan.
Otherwise, why would I be fighting for it?
Maybe because it's cool! Being a pilot... flying an expensive plane.
You get to wear sexy jackets...
And the women... women love men in uniforms.
Sure I love being a pilot. Sure it's cool.
But I also feel proud of my country, and I can give my life for it.
Proud of what?
...this country's exploding population?
...or unemployment... or corruption?
Which of these are you really proud of?
No country's perfect Karan. We've got to make it better.
Right.
Ok, Ajay you make this country perfect.
The minute I get my degree I'm out of this dump...
You won't be able to leave us and go.
She speaks Hindi so well!
Why didn't you tell me you idiot. I was making a fool of myself.
At least ask them once.
So you won't give up.
Ok. But nobody will turn up.
I'll get them. That's a promise.
Karan put your cigarette out.
Grandpa!
God bless you. When did you come?
Just last night.
Good morning Karan. Back so early?
I didn't know you were in town.
Just arrived an hour ago.
It was a long flight... Everything Ok at college?
Everything's fine Dad.
Have you decided which American university you want to go to next year?
Michigan, Carnegie, Mellon, Wharton...
I know the list.
Hello...
Karan wait!
I can't hear you clearly call me later.
I know that you know about the lists.

But life doesn't just happen to you.
You've got to plan it...
Every second someone|is born in this country.
Nobody cares about them.|Neither the government nor God.
Do something.|Or else you will be one of them.
Please, don't start with your lectures.
SMS generation.|Any conversation that goes beyond...
...four lines becomes a lecture.
Signal's weak here. Give me a second.|Excuse me Karan.
The deal is off then,|we are not interested...
You know Russian quality is doubtful,|they can't afford to be arrogant.
Anyway in the open market they'd not get|anything close to the price we're
offering.
And you know how many fathers|there are to every deal in India. Nothing.
Tell them we won't bargain,|they should wire the money to us.
I did try to warn you...|they won't turn up.
DJ promised me.
Oh! DJ promised you!
So you really are a filmmaker?
Karan... Why are you so late?
And where are the others?
The Young Guns Of India.|Very dramatic.
Where are you going?
Well that's one part cast.
I am sure Karan can tell us|where his friends are.
She's an eight. Yeah!
Wow! Nine.
What a girl!|Oye Chotu...
...get me a cup of tea...
Two, looks like she's got the flu...
Six...
Ten!|What?
Dude... Looks at those legs!
Shake it baby, shake it...
Oh shit!
Don't be silly,|that's at least an eight.
Thought I'd find you|stuffing your faces.
You lazy good-for-nothings.
We were about to come... but...
...we are waiting for Karan actually.
Oh! So you were waiting for Karan.|Yeah!
Karan was there on time.
We are waiting for him here|and he was waiting for us there.
What confusion...

You're Ashfaqulla Khan.
You're Rajguru. |The hero right!
And you know who you are?
The Master of Disguise |and Deception.
Chandrashekhar Azad.
What lips...
Learn the lines properly, |we meet tomorrow.
Nine. |Sharp at eight.
That's fine. |We've already wasted a day...
Aslam, your sister-in-law looks |even better when she's angry.
What are you doing Laxman?
Greetings Mishraji.
Party High Command is really |happy with your work.
These demonstrations that you have |started against Western culture...
...they've helped us |overshadow other parties.
This is for you. |And this is for your boys.
It's not necessary, Mishraji.
I'm not doing this for money.
I really believe in the |principles of my party.
That's fine Laxman...
...but every movement |needs fuel... Keep it.
There is nothing |you can do to break me.
"Because I have made pain my friend."
"...As I hold Death's fingers."
DJ idiot, don't spoil my concentration.
Look, Death's finger.
"I've committed my life |to the freedom of this country.
...I know you want me to get married, |but I have made freedom my bride..."
"Your obedient son, Bhagat Singh."
Who talks like this for |God's sake?
My bride is freedom...
I think it's a good line for Sukhi...
Since no girl is ever going to marry him...
Let freedom be his bride.
Laugh bastards, laugh.
This is the sari round |of the Miss Freedom contest.
Just thought it would help |me get into the character.
Look guys this isn't going to work.
You have to work hard to bring |out the characters.
Unless you emote from within...
...you won't understand these characters.
Try... it will come from within you.

BURP:

See, he's got a hold of his character already.
You understood the character pretty fast.
See! Now you look like a revolutionary!
Whatever you say Gulabo, |you need me to create the mood.
DJ watch it.
Now she's upset!
Those are the words of a 23 year old.
That's how old Bhagat Singh |was when he died: 23.
Those were different times Sue.
Today, if you tell people that |you want to give your life for your
country...
...they'll call you nuts.
Exactly.
I don't think I can relate to this...
That's it. Don't think.
Feel. Just read the words, |Feel them.
Why don't we try again?
Let's try again...
I've committed my life to |the freedom of this country.
...a job... a well settled life... |these things don't matter anymore.
...I know you want me to get married, |but I have made freedom my bride...
I swear on Mother India...
This Aslam is a real stud...
Take a look at the packaging. |Poetry, palmistry!
DJ, I'm scared at times that |I'll remain a bachelor all my life.
Trust me I won't let you die a bachelor.
Promise?
It's DJ's promise.
You'll be writing people's destinies...
Your love line is very strong...
The man of your dreams will come |along in a black T-shirt and say:
Do I even have a love line?
You must have washed it off in the loo.
"Defence Minister Shastri has also been |implicated in the MIG-21 kickbacks
scandal,"
This is really depressing.
"This is a blatant lie. |I am ordering an investigation."
UTV
See you guys.
You're my buddy... |I'll drop you home.
I don't need any help, |it's just two lanes away.
We aren't so drunk... |that we've forgotten where you live.
Idiots!
You're very lucky to |have friends like them.

One day this will all end.
We'll all go our separate ways.
But you can always keep in touch.
Doesn't happen.
Life gets busy.
Too many problems. | Getting a job, a house, money.
In college we are the | masters of our destinies...
But after college we have | to dance to fate's tune.
You know Gulabo. | I passed out 5 years ago...
...but I still hang around...
I don't understand.
...I don't ever want to leave college.
Why?
At least in the campus | I'm someone... people know me.
DJ's somebody...
People expect me to do | something big in life.
But when I'm out on the streets...
I'll just be like the rest of | the slobs in this country.
Nameless. Faceless. Scared. | Just walking the streets...
It's the beer... | Everything came out.
You know what else | I'm scared of?
Acting in your film.
Don't worry... you're in safe hands.
Where have you been?
Hello Uncle... How are you?
We'll catch up tomorrow Aslam...
You've been drinking?
Dad, you know I don't drink.
Good-for-nothings... | Whatever, they're my friends.
Friends! They feel no | shame standing in front of...
...your father with alcohol on their breath.
Why can't you get friends | in your own community?
Why do you make friends with people | who corrupt you, disgrace your
religion...
This has nothing to | do with religion, Father.
Shut up! Don't raise your voice | in the presence of your father.
He's right.
This country has never accepted | Muslims and it never will...
How can you be so passive!
Do you ever see me | mixing with a Hindu?
I'm not you and I don't want | to be like you brother.
I can't fill myself with so much hate...
Coward that's what you are.
Stop it!

I feel suffocated in this house. |It's the same old thing every single day...

Carnivals will be held on our |graves every year,
That's all that will be left of us, |when we die for our country.
Well said Ashfaq Sahab...

If the English could hear you they |would leave this country in a moment.
So what has been decided?

We'll steal the Empire's money |from the train that passes Kakori.
And with that money we will buy arms.
Bismil will explain everything.

Yes Bismil... Where is my Ram?

I just can't find my |Ramprasad Bismil.

Relax. We will find him.

But where? How?

Very soon. Don't you wo...

You won't get Ramprasad |Bismil out here.

You need a true Indian.

How can you find Indian |revolutionaries amongst...

...people who want to be Westerners?

Ignore him. Let's go.

Ramprasad Bismil wished to |be reborn a hundred times...

...so that he could give his life for his |country a hundred times over.

Let's go Sue.

So where do you think |I can find my Bismil?

I don't believe this.

This day, we walk along with death, |and laugh at its pale spectre.

We will not fear those cruel swords, |our courage is far sharper.

Mistake not our silence for submission. |For beneath lies lava, molten.

O Martyre, O men of valour. |One day the enemy will sing your praises.

We will show our mettle |when the moment of truth arrives...

...for courage lives in deeds, |not boastful lies.

We've gathered in the enemy's lair, |my friend...

In the hope of dying for our motherland.

We will not fear those cruel swords, |our courage is far sharper.

This day, we walk along with death, |and laugh at its pale spectre.

We will not fear those cruel swords, |our courage is far sharper.

Sue, this isn't London. |You don't know what kind...

...of scum, men like Laxman Pandey are.

Look Sue if he is a part of this, |then I can't do the film.

If you have any problems |with me say it on my face.

Don't stab me in the back like a coward.

Pandey leave! |We don't want trouble...

Speak you coward. |What were you saying?

Aslam, where are you going?

Coward, what were you saying?
Hey you! How dare you hit Aslam?

SUKHI:

Thrash him.

I'm sorry, |I took you guys in my film.

God knows what made me come here...

You know we've got a problem |with Pandey. There's a lot of bad blood.

And if I stay, it's sure to happen again. |No, Sue.

We've worked it out.

You won't have any problems.

Sue... we all know how much |this film means to you.

We want to help you finish |what you came here to do.

Everyone wants you to stay.

I want you to stay.

Say something...

Don't worry, you're in safe hands.

Come on... Get up... Come here.

She's not going anywhere.

Now just chill.

UTv

Take some soil of my land, |the scent of this air...

Add the breath of my being, |the throbbing of my heart...

And the zeal, that |races through my blood...

Take all these, and stir it. |Then watch as it brings out the colour...

Take all these, and stir it. |Then watch as it brings out the colour...

Watch as it brings out |the colour of patriotism, my friend.

Watch as it brings out the colour.

Bismil's sent a message...

...that the Lucknow train...

...carrying the Empire's money... |will be looted by us in Kakori...

...while eating Kakori kababs.

And we will buy bombs with that money.

Leave her alone... |She will stop giving milk.

Give colour to your dreams. |And those of your people.

Give colour to your happiness. |And your sadness too.

Give colour to generations... |Give colour to the field...

Give colour to the beat of your heart. |And that of your music.

Give colour to every cheek. |Give colour to your eyes...

Watch as it brings out the |colour of patriotism my friend.

Watch as it brings out the colour...

Take some soil of my land, |the scent of this air...

Add the breath of my being, |the throbbing of my heart.

And the zeal, that races |through my blood.

Take all these and stir it. |Then watch as it brings out the colour.
Take all these and stir it. |Then watch as it brings out the colour.
Watch as it brings out the |colour of patriotism, my friend.
Watch as it brings out the colour.
Hey Short-stuff!
Did you get Bismil's message?
No. |No! Then Listen...
The train that's Kakori... |will be looted in eight days.
It's loaded with the Empire's money.
Will you loot it? |No.
We will be buying arms from it.
What will we buy? |Arms...
Yes... Very Good... go now.
On a slow fire, won't you, |put this passion to cook.
Then as it simmers, |add a babbling brook.
Add a river, and an ocean. |Maybe a pot of water.
Then sprinkle a bit. Stir it all up. |And watch as it brings out the colour.
Watch as it brings out |the colour of patriotism, my friend.
Bismil has sent a message...
...the Lucknow train...
...which carries the Empire's money...
...will be looted by us in |seven days, in Kakori...
And we will buy bombs with that money.
Now paint the whole town with it. |Paint your very being.
Paint your every vein with it. |Paint it with a smile.
Paint those childhood years, won't you. |Paint the flush of youth.
Don't hesitate, my friend. |Paint your patriotism over everything.
Watch as it brings out the |colour of patriotism, my friend.
Take some soil of my land, |the scent of this air.
Take some soil of my land, |the scent of this air.
Add the breath of my being, |the throbbing of my heart.
And the zeal, |that races through my blood.
Take all these and stir it. |Then watch as it brings out the colour.
Watch as it brings out the |colour of patriotism, my friend.
Watch as it brings out the colour.
Watch as it brings out the |colour of patriotism, my friend.
British Officers... |around 20 to 25 of them.
We have to call it off! We've nearly |reached Kakori. Stop Ashfaq, quick.
Ashfaq, stop!
It's too late to back out now... |Come on... Move!
Get inside!
Keep the windows shut...
Come on!
The keys!

You won't get away with this.
Give me the keys!|- I don't have it.
Banwari get the sledge hammer.
I'll handle them.|You go get the money...
I've committed my life|to the freedom of this country.
Comfort, and other worldly|desires do not attract me.
I know you want me to|get married and settle down...
...like all parents do.
But freedom is my bride.
I hope you'll forgive me.|Your most obedient son, Bhagat.
Let's take a break.
Breakfast?|No...
Put it there.
General Dyer? How can one even think|of doing something like this?
I can't believe that he actually killed more|than 400 people at Jallianwala
Baugh.
Actually nearly 1000|people were butchered...
Last year at the tomb of Peer Sai,|I prayed for Daljeet's well being.
Who's Daljeet?
We were the epitome of tolerance.
Even an ant reacts. But we are conditioned|to take everything lying down.
Rubbish! It's today's generation|which lacks the will to do anything
Have you ever heard of|Shaheed Uddham Singh?
He went all the way to London|and killed that Dyer.
...because he was also a part|of the Jallianwala Baugh massacre.
Eat it Sonia.|The butter will strengthen your bones.
In Punjab every mother sends|at least one son to the army.
Why should we retreat?|Sacrifice runs in our blood.
Only idiots like DJ retreat.
Why does it always come back to me?
Shut up and eat your paratha.
What is the most used word in this country?|ADJUST!
Six people sitting on a seat forfour... someone|will squeeze in and say -
'Please adjust! '
Hey! Why are you adjusting?
Strange. Isn't it?
We are being hunted like|animals in our own country...
...Ashfaq you should cross the border|and get to Afghanistan...
...We have many Muslim friends there.|You will be safe with them.
After all, you're one of their own.
One of their own?|Hmm...
Why don't you think of me|as one of your own?
Ashfaq... I never meant...
...Ashfaq...

I didn't mean to hurt you.
This is your country as much as it is mine.
You have a right to fight and die for it too...
...Forgive me.
Ram, let us not talk of dying...
I pray, that we all live to see|our grandchildren grow up in a free
country.
Ram run!
Where are your otherfriends?
Where's Azad?
Banwari!
I loved those songs and dances.|Do they happen in yourfilms?
That's the reason we grow trees|in this country... to dance around them.
So where are we going?
Special day, special place!|Special DAY?
Ever since I was a kid|I used to come here...
...to watch planes take off... and watch them|till they don't disappear in
the sky.
What the hell are they doing?
I don't believe them.
Men!
Come on, face it,|you'd love to do that really.
What? Take my shirt off|and howl at planes.
I won't mind if you do.
Dream on buddy...
Boys and girls|and Sukhi...
Why me all the time?
I want to make a special announcement...
I was wondering if you'd like|to spend the rest of your life with me...
...that's in case you aren't|doing anything important...
Will you please marry me?
Without saying a word,|you steal my heart.
I'll find happiness by your side|I can't stay apart
My life tastes sweet now,|since you walked through that door.
When your arms wrap around me,|I know I've found my shore.
Without saying a word,|you steal my heart.
Sweep through the streets of my mind|like a gentle spring.
Walk through the corridors of my heart,|fill the caravan of my dreams.
I sway to the song|of your soul.
Without saying a word,|you steal my heart.
I'll find happiness by your side,|I can't stay apart.
I'll come back later.
My prayers won't stop till|my country gets its freedom.
I don't think you can wait till then.

My name is James McKinley. I'm here|to find out from you...
...where Azad and|the otherterrorists are hiding.
Not terrorists.|Revolutionaries.
On this day, we walk with death|and laugh at its pale spectre.
Death cannot take you Ashfaq,|when you live in people's hearts and minds.
This is the Holy Quran.
Hindus like Bismil will create|a country forthemselves.
What will a Muslim like you get|out of it? They're just using you.
He's not fighting for Hindu freedom,|he's fighting for Hindustan's freedom.
But you won't be|able to understand this.
You've been a slave so|long you've begun to like it.
Tell us where Azad|and the otherterrorists are...
...You can still|save yourself.
It's not yourfault...
...you're only doing your duty.
Whats wrong?|Did someone die?
Sue... I haven't seen|these guys so serious.
What are you doing|to my friends?
It's not me... it's them.|They've really begun to get into this.
Hey Laxman, aren't|you coming along?
No. Some othertime.
Come on. It's my|last night in town.
I'm not really hungry.
Watch us eat then.|Come on.
Come on...
To two lovebirds with the most insanely|romantic engagement in the whole
wide world...
I'm insane only about|two things in my life.
Sonia and flying.
You're lucky to feel so|passionately about something.
You have your|poetry Aslam.
Just like DJ has his singing.
Everyone has passion for something inside|them, they just have to find this
'thing'.
Just like our|revolutionaries...
...their passion forfreedom was greater|than their love fortheir own lives.
There's nothing in this world|worth giving your life for. Nothing!
Repeat.
Easy DJ...
Yes mama.
There are things worth|giving your life for Karan.
Please.
Like what? Look at Bhagat Singh and|Azad and the rest of those guys.
They gave their lives|forthis country.

Look what happened. | All for nothing.
It's a shit-hole today.
I give a shit.
People like Ajay who fight for | their country give a shit.
So that people like you | can sleep peacefully.
Sonia get real.
Sonia's right.
Sue, it's all-fine for a | foreigner like you to say all this...
Out here we're | fighting for basics.
...food, clothing | and shelter.
Out here you try to change things | you'll get even more screwed.
Corruption is in our DNA.
There is no future | for this country.
She's talking about the past, | you're thinking about the future...
One leg in the past and | one leg in the future,
that's why we're pissing | on the present...
For once in | life get serious.
Karan, it's easy to sit on | the outside and be a critic...
...blaming others is | even easier.
Why don't you go out | there and change things?
Take a stand.
Join politics, the police force, | government and clean it up.
But you won't! | I'll tell you why...
Because that takes hard work. | It's easier to crib.
Nothing's going to change.
You can go to your grave trying... | it won't make any difference.
Correct... the only difference | will be how you go to your grave...
I'm not drunk. Am | I drunk Sue?
See, the director's word | is final. Cut it!
Where were we?
On the way to our graves.
We'll all be wrapped in | white shrouds when we die.
Only Ajay will be wrapped | in the national flag.
Karan, you can say | whatever you want,
not even the street dogs | will bark when we die.
But Ajay will get | a 21 gun salute.
Karan, this is for you.
For me? | Thanks dude.
The girls fall for him anyway...
If anyone deserves | the jacket, it's me.
Wow! What a dutiful | daughter-in-law.
Come on, touch your | fiance's feet.
DJ's right. | Touch my feet, madam.
See what women in this | country have to put up with?

I think DJ's right. You should|respect yourtraditions.

See, even Sue agrees...

...a woman's place is at|her husband's feet.

These two can|be such children.

They spend half the|time fighting.|The other half making up.

Sweetie-pie, can't you|stay a while longer?

No, I have to go...

SWEETIE -PIE!

Shut up guys.

Shut up jaar...|Ma will hear everything.

I know how Sonia must|be feeling right now...

...my father was also|in the army.

I used to think that way too...

...when Ajay's father and|I first got married.

But then you realize something about|being an Air-force pilot's wife.

You realize that your husband has|pledged his life forthe country.

The least you can do for him, is control|your emotions. Not be weak.

I'm so happy Ajay's|chosen a girl like you...

...now I can die in peace.

Don't talk nonsense Ma.

You'll have many more years...|...and a dozen grandchildren too.

Grandchildren? First you've got to stay|home long enough to make them, dude.

UTv

The bugle sounds, the enemy wakes.|The battle is upon us.

And in our hearts, we feel the swell,|of pride and steel and valour.

For we will play the game of blood,|if dark clouds shroud our land.

Because this day, we walk with death,|and laugh at its pale spectre.

We will not fear those cruel swords,|our courage is far sharper.

We will not lower, in the face of threats,|a head raised to its mother.

We will not fear those cruel swords,|our courage is far sharper.

We will not lower, in the face of threats,|a head raised to its mother.

For let them know, their cowardly deeds,|just serve to stoke our fires.

Because this day, we walk with death,|and laugh at its pale spectre.

We bade farewell, to this day,|knowing it could be our last.

We swore to play, with our lives,|never waver in our task.

For we are but the last, few guests,|served at fate's great banquet.

We cannot quell, the raging storm,|the spirit of revolution.

For it now courses in our veins,|like lava truly molten.

We will teach them, the twin lessons,|of fear and fortitude.

Our goal cannot now hide for long,|when courage is our beacon.

Because this day, we walk with death,|and laugh at its pale spectre.

We have to take drastic measures.

What drastic measures?

Kill him.
Com'on.
Bhagat run! Quick!
You! Get going.
Bang! Bang! Bang!
Inquilab Zindabad -|"Long live the revolution".
Two words that became the slogan|forthe Indian freedom movement.
Great idea!
But Bhagat, escaping|will be impossible.
Our main mission is|to get caught...
...not escape.
What?
If we get caught there|will be a trial...
...we'll get a chance|to speak.
We'll be heard.
But if they catch us,|they'll hang us for certain.
I know.
But it takes a loud noise|to open deaf ears.
LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!
DOWN WITH IMPERIALISM!
UTv

KHALBALLI :

Feel the unrest sweep|through the land
Feel the unrest.|Feel the unrest.
There is an unrest sweeping|through the land.
The embers, they are burning.
The tide, it's turning.|You can feel the winds of change
Feel the unrest sweep through the land|Feel the unrest
We are political prisoners...
...we should be allowed books...|...writing material...
...and at least one|daily newspaper.
We will not eat till then.|The hunger strike will continue.
Our words won't falter now,|We will speak our mind.
We won't back down now.|Our dreams we won't leave behind.
We won't let the storm die.|Injustice we will defy.
You can feel it possess you now.|Feel it, your soul, claim.
Drink this spirit in one long swallow.|Feel it course through your veins
Let the celebrations begin now.|Feel your body sway.
In every breath feel more alive.|To keep the storm at bay
See the unrest in those eyes.|See it all around.
See it in the air, my friend.|And in those hearts, abound.
Feel the unrest sweep|through the land
Feel the unrest|Feel the unrest

The winds of change are blowing now|The tide it is, a turning.
The moment of truth is upon us now|It's time to do or die.
We are engulfed in the shadows|But we will come out brighter.
Feel the unrest.|Feel the unrest.
Pretty nice huh?|Very pretty.
In breaking news today...
...a MIG-21 fighter plane|has just crashed...
...this is the second such crash|in the past six months...
The Defence Ministry has ordered|an investigation into the crash.
We have just received|news that the pilot...
...Flight Lieutenant Ajay Rathod|has died in the crash.
Flight Lt Rathod apparently did not|eject from the burning plane...
Instead he steered it away from Ambala|city and crashed it in an open
field.

Thus saving many lives

Viewers may recall...

...that until now,|163 MiG-21 of IAF have crashed...

...and 66 pilots have|lost their lives.

UTV

This game of hide and seek has gone on too long,|come home now, won't you.

I've searched high and low,

these old eyes are weary so,|come home now won't you.

Dusk is spreading like the ache in my heart,|my vision blurs, come home now
won't you.

I'm in a place you wouldn't|believe Ma.

Endless skies|I can soar.

Just like your fairy tales,|it's filled with dreams.

A sea of hope with no shore.

My soul flies here, like a kite without fear.|No one to cut my strings, no
more.

Flt. Lt. Ajay Rathod stayed in|the plane until the very end...

...and steered the plane|clear of Ambala city.

Thereby saving|many lives.

In the last 10 years over 100 MIG-21|aircrafts of the IAF have crashed...

...in which over 30 pilots have|lost their lives.

Defence Minister, CAG report says old & defective|Russian spare parts were
procured by the govt.

Isn't this a case of|high-level corruption?

Not at all. I've personally clarified|the issue in parliament.

This is a downright lie.

The youngsters of today are brash and|irresponsible when it comes to flying
planes.

No! I don't agree...

Flt. Lt. Ajay Rathod|was an ace pilot...

...who I trained...
He was a gold medallist. | The youngest to clear night sorties.
With over 1000 flying hours...
This can't be the record | of an irresponsible pilot.
Defence Minister, how many | more pilots will you send to their graves...
...before you stop the | rot in the system?
If only I could show | you this place, Ma.
Here waterfalls are | made of rainbows.
There are no roses | just bouquets of dreams Ma.
Their scent, no flower | can hope for.
Here sunlight and shadow | walk hand in hand.
Everything seems | bright and new.
But what is heaven, | and all its wonders,
when Ma, I don't have you.
From now on, the government | will make sure that...
...only experienced pilots are given | access to these machines...
...and not to rash pilots | like Ajay Rathod.
What the hell is | he talking about!
I welcome any investigation. | I have nothing to hide.
This damn MIG investigation | shouldn't take us down.
Relax Sir. Public memory is short. | Besides, we'll handle things.
Dead pilots, live very | long in the news.
But then, they join the forces to | sacrifice their lives. Don't they?
The situation is tense | at the moment.
There is growing anger | and discontent.
Directed largely towards the government. | Especially the Defence Minister.
We have with us | Ajay Rathod's mother...
The government can't wash its | hands off the issue like this.
They are answerable | to the public.
If the MIG spare parts were of doubtful quality, | why were they bought in
the first place?
For what? Money? | Money won't bring our children back.
The Defence Minister | is morally responsible.
He has to resign.
It looks like the veil has been | pulled off the defence scam.
But how much | will be revealed?
Mishra, | what's happening?
Ajay Rathod was | not a novice...
...he didn't let his plane | crash into the town.
When it developed a snag | he didn't try to save his life.
He steered it clear of Ambala | ...saving thousands of civilians.
Yet the Defence Minister | calls him rash.
I'm not moving... | this is for Ajay.
This could turn ugly, Aunty.

Let it.

UTV

Our blood is ranging. | It's flowing through the streets.

But it won't go in vain

Our eyes are blood shot for a purpose. | A cause we will attain.

It fell from our bodies, | embraced the earth.

Went winding through streets. | A river of courage

...it surged and swept.

It flowed to make a new | beginning

From gaping wounds, | and gashes large,

it oozed, slowly and steadily.

While the pointing fingers, | got fists in reply,

yet, our blood was raging.

It flowed not in vain | but with a reason.

A cause we will attain.

Our eyes are blood shot | for a reason.

A cause we will attain.

Our blood is raging. | It's flowing through the streets.

...it surged and swept.

It flowed to make a new | beginning

Yet, our blood was raging.

Yet, our blood was raging.

Someone get a doctor! Quick! | We'll take it from here.

They were beating up | innocent people...

Why didn't you | stop them?

You protested against | the government, our own party...

That's unacceptable.

The protest was not | against the government...

...it was for the truth.

So many pilots have died...

...young innocent boys who were fighting | for our country... killed...

...so that someone in the | government could make money.

And our party office doesn't | do a thing about it.

Come... Sit down.

Have some tea.

Laxman, in politics there's | no place for emotions.

We have big plans for you.

Big plans.

Only dogs salivate when | you show them bone Mishraji.

How's Aunty?

They're doing an MRI.

She's slipped into a coma.

Severe skull damage, | coupled with the shock of her son's death.

That's an ugly gash. | You need attention.

Aslam... How's he?
What have you come for?|Haven't you done enough damage?
Uncle, it isn't|what you think.
I'm not interested in what you think,|In what you want to do...
I'm just going to say this once.
Aslam doesn't|know what's good for him.
He's an emotional boy, always has been.|He listens to his heart, not his head.
These are bad times,|for people like us.
Don't take him|down with you.
He's inside.
Go on...
All parts working?
Don't make me laugh, idiot.|It hurts
How's Aunty?
She's in a coma.
How can this be|happening to us?
Some dinner?
No, don't worry Aunty.
We just came to see Aslam.|We've got to get back to the hospital.
Take care.
Listen... I...
...I'm sorry.
Please eat.
Everything's falling apart...
...and all I can do is|stand and watch.
People like us don't count|out here.
This system is so messed up, a hundred more|Ajay's can die and nothing will change.
Ajay did everything right,|all his life...
...he was a good pilot,|a good friend, a good son...
...he never harmed a soul.
...he didn't deserve this...
...Sonia didn't deserve this...
Hey Karan... they've|spoilt your jacket.
Long live India!
The scoundrel got|away with it again.
There's nothing can we do...
...when the law of the land protects|people like the Defence Minister.
We have to take|drastic measures.
What do you mean?
Do what?
Kill him.
What?

Kill the Defence Minister!|Are you crazy?
We aren't killers Sonia.
But they are.
Have you lost it Karan!
It's not a blood lust...
...it's a matter of justice.
I'll get the gun.
Don't fuel things, Pandey. We can't|start killing people for any small reason.
You think Ajay's death|is a small reason?
Ajay's mother is|a small reason?
You've got to understand Karan.
Lala Lajpat Rai's death|has to be avenged.
Scott has to be killed.
But...
I always thought we didn't|believe in anything.
So did I. Until now.
Have we all gone crazy?
He takes a morning walk at 8 a.m. Everyday,|We'll kill him then.
Who's we, huh?|Who's going to pull the trigger?
I'll do it!
Even though the morning security is relaxed|there is still a danger of getting caught.
There is no looking back now!
The Defence Minister was on his morning walk|when two unidentified gunmen opened fire.
He was hit by three bullets in his chest, and was|declared dead as he reached the hospital.
No group has yet claimed|responsibility for this incident.
Government spokespersons believe that this is|an attempt to destabilise the government.
The country has lost a great leader|because of the cowardly act of some terrorists.
He was a true soldier, a true patriot.
His contribution to the country|cannot be described in words.
Sukhi!
Meanwhile our sources have|discovered a telephonic conversation...
...involving middle man Rajnath Singhania|in an arms deal.
This conversation took place just a few days|before the Defence Minister's assassination.
The Russians want us|to reduce our commission.
Didn't you tell them,|its not a defence deal, but our deal.
That's why I told them. - "Take it or leave it"
Let's go.

Paaji, where's DJ?
They were just here.
He hasn't come home all night.
Is everything alright?
Yes, ask him to call me.
He said he'd be spending the night at DJ's.
Have you seen DJ?
Is everything alright?
Come with me...
Don't worry... nothing will happen to those boys...
Daljeet has always been a brat...
...he used to disappear on his bike for days...
I'm scared...
Don't be afraid...
God will take care of everything...
God watches over the people we love.
Defence Minister... the martyr...
...one of India's favourite sons... Scoundrel!
They're honouring him with the National Medal of Honour.
All our efforts, wasted.
People need to know the truth.
...and who's going to tell them the truth?
We have to surrender ourselves.
What?
Terrific! You want us to walk right in and give ourselves up!
And who should we surrender to?
The police are mere puppets.
Should we just sit back?
No! Let's kill them all!
Right Pandey?
Someone make him shut up!
You always knew that your father was in it.
You knew everything.
No Sukhi...
You're lying!
You always wanted to take revenge on your father.
Sukhi, shut up!
Who am I to say anything?
DJ he's used you...
...he's used all of us...
Mark my words, his father will bail him out.
But we'll get caught. And I don't want to die DJ...
I don't want to die.
We did all this for Ajay.

What will happen now DJ?

You've decided?

I need to know the truth...|don't worry.

I'm not worried.|Just don't be late.

Nothing will happen|to you Karan.

That's a promise.

Just give me the|names of the others.

I'll get you the best lawyers,|pull all the strings possible.

You were forced into it, do you|understand? You were forced.

Do you get me?

Yourfather's reputation,|his life's work is at stake.

Why did you do it?

Why did you do it, Dad?

What did I do?

Ajay always said,|"I'll give my life forthis country."

"...I'm not afraid of death."

Ajay was burnt alive... and all you can|think of is sending me out of the country...

You killed him!

You made a joke of his death...

I know you're very disturbed...

Relax! Let me|handle things.

I'll find a way out.

Really Dad?|Is there a way out?

Of course.

You don't have|to do this...

Sukhi, this might|end badly.

Without you guys it will|end for me anyway...

Idiot.

Ajay's death, won't go in vain,|Ma. I promise you.

This is Rahul, and you've tuned|in to yourfavourite radio show...

Hey Karan!|What're you doing here?

We need a favour.

Sure!

I need you to|put us on air.

Put you on air?

Yeah, now!

That's impossible man...|I'll lose my job.

...as it is, they|don't pay me.

It's payback time.

Hey! Whateveryou say DJ!|It's your station.

Gun... He's got a gun!

Karan you go in.|I'll handle it.

Keep the show on.|Don't mess with us.

Come on... leave.
Paaji is anyone inside?
Uncleji run. Don't stop.
Gun... Security he's got a gun!
Don't be a wise guy.
Everybody leave!|Out! Move!
Don't panic we won't|harm anyone.
Move! Move! Move!
Hurry up, quick!

The time is 6:

young".
Today I've got a|surprise guest foryou.
An old friend of mine Karan Singhania, who just|dropped in to say something
to all of you...
My name is Karan Singhania... My friends|and I... we killed the Defence
Minister...
I repeat we killed|the Defence Minister...
Ravi take me to the radio|station quickly. Hurry up!
We are not terrorists. We aren't|backed by any foreign organisation.
We don't even belong to|any political group...
We're just five students|from Delhi University.
We killed the|Defense Minister because...
...he murdered ourfriend Flight Lieutenant Ajay|Rathod and many other Air
Force pilots...
We killed him because after he|murdered Ajay, he murdered his name...
Ajay's mother, right now,|is fighting for her life...
A Defence Minister is supposed to|safeguard a nation. Not sell it.
Men like the Defence Minister|aren't just above the law... they control it.
We killed him because someone|had to say, "Enough!".
We might be wrong...
...because its a sin to|kill someone.
But we couldn't tolerate it anymore.
Today we are here to confess to our sin.
Today we are here to tell everybody|that something has to be done
It's got to be done.
We've just received news that Defence Minister's|assassins are hiding in
All India Radio building.
Karan Singhania and his friends are still|with us. Listeners can call in on
3291777.
Until then, here is|"Roobaroo"
It's done.
Hey, dude!
I just realized.

There's a fire|burning within me.
It's a new dawn,
I can feel its light
Burn so bright, I could,|scorch the sun
'Cause I'm face to face|with the light
The dream I once lost,|I've found.
It's blooming,
it's melting,
notes re-arranging,
into a whole new melody.
Will they give us|good food in jail?
Food?|Next he'll want beer.
You guys have become famous. Calls are|pouring in from all overthe country.
Come on!|They want to talk to you...
Police!
This is unreal man. Where|did they come from?
This will ruin my career...
Shut up!
Karan you get on air...|We don't have much time...
Take care.
The Delhi police have reached the spot and are|rescuing civilians trapped
in the building.
...reporting from|Mumbai's Churchgate area...
...reporting from|Cotton College, Guwahati.
...reporting from|S. P. College, Srinagar...
...reporting from|Lucknow University...
Hi, my name is Prakash.|And I want to congratulate you.
You did the right thing by killing him.|All our ministers should be lined
up and shot.
Prakash, who all|will you shoot?
These corrupt ministers are a reflection|of our society. We've chosen them.
We need to change ourselves|to bring about a change.
Hello! This is|Principal Sharma from Indore...
You have set a terrible example by|taking the law into your own hands.
You're right sir.|We're sorry.
But give me the name of one|politician who has gone to jail for his crimes.
Who else is on|your hit-list? I
We have no hit-list.
How do you feel after|killing the Defence Minister?
We did not kill him out|of any blood lust...
If you get caught you'll be hanged.|Aren't you afraid?
No.
The college students who|have claimed responsibility...
...are still inside.

Karan, while we applaud your courage, |do you think you'll escape?
If we wanted to escape, we wouldn't|have been here in the first place.
Shit! They're shooting at us DJ!|They're shooting at us!
Shut up for a second!
They're mistaking us for|terrorists. |They think we're armed.
Wait a minute!|I'll try to handle it.
No Sukhi!|What did you do!
Shit DJ! Just when I was getting|good with the girls...
My name is Indra. What's the difference|between you and a terrorist?
There's a big difference. |Terrorists kill innocent people. We didn't...
Aslam, close|the door. Quick!
We are not terrorists. |Why don't they...
It's not a lust for blood...|it's a matter of justice!
Why are bullets being used when its|clear that these are college students?
No matter what you do, this country|will never change. It has no future.
No country is perfect. |You've got to make it perfect.
Join the police, |military, IAS...
Become a part of|the political system...
This country will change...|We will change it!
If you believed the Defence Minister|deserved to be punished then...
...what about the allegations against|your father? Why such double
standards?
We'll find a way|to fix this.
There's just one way|to fix this Dad.
I'm sorry Dad...
My name is Daljeet Singh.
There are only two|ways to live your life.
Tolerate things the|way they are...
...Or take responsibility|to change them.
Karan Singhania killed his|father before coming here.
Shit DJ!|You're bleeding badly!
Relax! It got tired of flowing in my veins. |It just wanted to be free.
Aslam... Laxman... Sukhi?
All gone.
...Karan, I think I'm in love...
...I never told you dude...
...I can't stop thinking|about her...
I know... she's something else.
You two'll make|a great couple.
There's just one problem though. I don't know|Whether the kids will be black
or white.
Let me go!|They're just boys, damn it!
We'll turn this spark into a raging fire.
This will swell like a wave and|will bring an end to corruption.

If we want to shake the entire population out of|their slumberthen we need an explosion like this.

When we grow out of this, well be a nation|which is beautiful and free of corruption.

Lord, accept the sacrifices of these children.

Come Bhagat...

Dad, what are you doing?

I'm sowing mango seeds.|If I plant one, a thousand will grow.

"The End"