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Welcome to Sajjanpur

By Ashok Mishra

This is our little village, Sajjanpur.
You like the name Sajjanpur?
Well, there is a story behind the name.
Once upon a time
it was called Durjanpur.
One day Pandit Jawaharlal
Nehru visited us.
He toured the village and said...
...'I don't like the name...'
...'Durjanpur (village of bad people.)'
'Change it to Sajjanpur with immediate effect.'
Since then Durjanpur became Sajjanpur.
Just like Bombay became Mumbai...
...Calcutta became Kolkata.
And Madras became Chennai.
Did anything change?
Yes, things changed.
When it was Durjanpur there
were many good people here.
Ever since it was changed to Sajjanpur...
...you see only bad people everywhere.
Official files say that...
...Sajjanpur is a developed village.
But the truth is
- there is no formal education here...
...no communication or information.
The only business here is
chewing tobacco.
And gossiping endlessly.
Me?
I am Mahadev Kushvaha.
I'm a letter writer.
I would like to be a novelist.
But in this worthless village,
there is no worthwhile subject.
That's why I would like to go to Mumbai...
...which has pretty girls,
tall buildings, and big cars!
But then I hear there is a shortage
of good subjects there.
Writers are pulling their hair out...
Directors are making
the same film again and again.
What's to be done?

I have an idea for a religious novel.
Goddess Sharada's temple is near here.
I have heard brave warriors
Ala and Udal sneak in...
...every morning to offer the first flowers to
Goddess Sharada.
And disappear without being seen.
They have been dead 800 years!
Holy Chitrakoot is right here.
And it's always crowded with pilgrims.
Here Tulsidas put sandalwood...
...paste on Lord Ram's forehead.
Even Ram's sylvan park
can be seen from here.
It has the smallest Ramayan,
and the biggest Hanuman.
During his exile Lord Ram
passed by this place.
That's why this place is full
of people with Rams.
...like Ramsakha, Ramlala, Ramprasad,
Rampyaari, Ramdulari.
Everywhere you hear
- "O Ram! Hail Ram!"...
"Come on Ram! Go Ram!"
Ever since gurus started free
religious discourses on TV...
...who will read my religious novel?
Which is why I'm left with no option
but to charge 2 - 4 rupees...
...to write letters for the village folk.
Yet email, STD, ISD, SMS,
MMS are all available.
The literacy rate too is going up.
Which means that people
can sign their names...
...instead of using their thumbs!
It's not likely that I will go
out of business anytime soon.
You have taken up too much
of my time. I have to get to work.
I shall leave now. We'll talk later.
Greetings, Uncle.
Sita Ram. Sita Ram.

Sita Ram. Sita Ram.
Neither letter, nor postcard,
nor telegram has come.
Ramlala!
Greetings, Sister-in-Law!
Greetings, Sir.
The crow shouts from the tree top.
Your beloved is so nave...
... posted a letter without the address.
And now the forlorn
letter wanders here and there.
Like a mango without its seed.
Like Radha without Shyam.
Sita Ram. Sita Ram.
Sita Ram. Sita Ram.
Neither letter, nor postcard,
nor telegram has come.
Uncle Ramprasad, where to?
- Jaunpur.
Inked and stamped in love.
It was a letter of love.
What kind of a letter is this,
said the postman!
Salutations to the writer,
greetings to the reader.
Sita Ram. Sita Ram.
Sita Ram. Sita Ram.
Neither letter, nor postcard,
nor telegram has come.
Greetings, Mahadev.
- Greetings to you.
Greetings, Uncle.
Greetings, Brother Gaya.
- Greetings.
Greetings, tailor Durlabh. How are you?
I'm fine, Mahadev. Doing fine.
Greetings!
Hail Bholenath!
Today is Monday.
Write me a postcard.
Sure. That will be 2 rupees.
If you write a letter for
a snake charmer, like me...
...Bholenath will fulfill all your wishes...

...for free.
I haven't done my first sale
yet and you want a free letter!
No first sale? No problem!
I'm in no hurry.
Where is the ink bottle?
Are you scared?
No! No! This is only a rubber snake.
The animal department stops
us from keeping real ones...
I have a real snake. Want to take a look?
- No! I don't want to.
Please sit there quietly!
Brother Gaya.
- Yes, brother.
The ink bottle Sit there quietly.
Brother Gaya,
give me an ink bottle.
Mahadev, the world has changed.
Man has gone to the moon.
I'll open a shop over there.
And you are still stuck
with this ink pen! Change it!
I cannot change my pen like
people change political parties.
Give me some hot water
so I can wash the pen.
There is no drinking
water in the village.
And you want water
to bathe your pen.
Wait! I have something for you.
Here you are.
A ballpoint!
It will write smoothly for 10 kilometers.
Throw that away.
- Brother, this pen is my life partner.
My wish is to have it in
my hands when I die.
Send me some water, quickly.
Mahadev, you live in a delusion.
Change your name to
delusional Dev. It suits you better.
Alright.

Away!

Yes!

Salutations, Sir.

Write a letter to the Collector.

Rahmat-un-Nissa's

candidature should be rejected...

...in the village elections.

But why?

Because her husband,

what's his name?

The one with the beard?

- Salim Mohammad.

Yes, Salim Mohammad!

He is a Pakistani spy and an ISI agent.

What? Really?

Yes. And write that my wife,

the sister-in-law of our village...

...Jamnabai's candidature

should be confirmed. Okay?

Yes. But sister-in-law is

facing a murder trial.

How can she be a candidate?

Damn fool! Until proven guilty anyone...

...can run for elections.

Even if she's a woman.

Not just the village head,

she can become...

...a member of parliament,

or the assembly...

...you can even become a chief minister.

Unbelievable!

- Yes!

The truth is we have a democracy.

- Yes.

Not a dictatorship, like in Pakistan.

Where you can remove an elected...

...minister, and install a general. Got it?

It requires brains to understand...

- Yes I understand.

What actually happened the other day?

How did Muthru Ahirwar's daughter die?

What can I say?

It was the Chhatt festival.

And your sister-in-law was praying.

She is very religious.

- Yes.

She heard a sound from the store-room...

And what does your sister-in-law see?

Muthru Ahirwar's naked...

...daughter on top of my son.

And my son is in great pain because of her weight.

And he is screaming!

Screaming and begging...

'... let me go, you witch! '

'I am celibate! Don't rape me! '

That little girl threw down your son...

...and got on top! A terrible witch!

And then what happened?

The witch got scared as soon as she was caught in the act.

Yes?

She couldn't bear her shame and...

What did she do?

There was a sickle lying nearby.

- A sickle?

She picked up the sickle and chopped off her head.

The sister-in-law?

- No! The witch.

The cheeky Ahirwars say it was murder and not suicide.

That's why it's important for your sister-in-law...

...to be elected president...

...or they will become too strong and ruin us.

Yes, that's true.

And also write that if Rehmat-Un-Nissa runs for elections...

...there will be Hindu-Muslim riots.

And the elections would have to be scrapped.

Okay?

- Yes, I'll write that.

Write that. Write that.

- Sit, uncle.

But brother can I say something?

I don't think Salim Mohammad is a spy.
I mean, if you ask my personal opinion.
Damn fool, did I ask you?
Did I ask you for your personal opinion?
- No, brother.
Then write what I have told you.
All right.
Or else your writing hand... By the way with
which hand do you write?
This one.
- I'll chop it off and...
...offer it at the altar of the elections.
Okay?
- Yes.
Now write the letter.
Sit, uncle.
Let's go!
Made your first sale!
- Yes.
Now please write.
What is the address?
Lost and Found Department, Allahabad.
What have you lost? A snake?
My father.
Okay, tell me what to write.
With Bholenath's blessings...
...my father, Kanthi Ram,
got lost in the Maha Kumbh fair.
If anyone finds him, keep him
safe until Shivratri when...
...I'll come and take him away.
From Chhadamiram,
the snake charmer.
But how did you lose your father?
He couldn't walk.
He used to pee in his pyjamas.
Our work involves walking.
In the fair, I kept shouting walk fast.
What?
- Walk quickly!
He couldn't walk.
You left your old father because
he couldn't keep up the pace?
On being old even the snake king

left Bholenath (Lord Shiva) behind...
...with the excuse of changing his skin.
I'm only human.
What if the Lost and Found
Department doesn't find him...
...how will he survive?
The old man is very clever.
He has four scorpions in his basket
He will survive by exhibiting them.
Okay. What's your name?
Chhadamiram, snake charmer.
Drop it in the red postbox.
I don't have money.
Take this instead. - What's this?
Genuine energizer!
From the Himalayas!
Will make your wife happy.
No, I don't need it.
Really? I'll pray to Bholenath
to keep your masculinity safe.
Hail Bholenath!
Let me make it clear...
...it costs 2 rupees to
write on both sides.
You villagers trouble me later.
Which village are you from?
- Satri.
Aren't you Mahadev Kushvaha?
Yes, why?
- Didn't you recognize me?
I was your classmate.
In the 2nd grade.
I'm Kamla, the potter.
Kamla?
Is this the way to write?
As if a fly has scrawled
after touring the gutter.
Quiet!
Look at Mahadev.
He looks like an insect.
But his handwriting is better
than educated people.
Come here, son. Write.
'Kamal, let's go home.'

Ah, wonderful,
his words are like pearls...
Today, I predict that...
...this child will become a great writer.
And he will make the world
dance on the tip of his pen.
'Kamal, let's go home.
' Kamla, let's go...
Kamla? Kamla?!
You ass! Come here!
What have you written?
I told you to write,
'Kamal, let's go home.'
And you've written,
'Kamla, let's go home! '
What are your intentions?
- Nothing.
You want to take Kamla home?
I made a mistake, Sir.
- Mistake? You damn fool!
Understand the difference
between masculine and feminine.
A mistake like this will
earn you a tight slap.
Mahadev, teach me your
beautiful handwriting.
Here
- a sweet
Will you let me eat your sweet cheek?
Sure.
Sin!
Great Sin!
How dare you commit such
a sin in the temple of knowledge!
I joked about you becoming a writer...
And you have decided to
write the first chapter of Kamasutra.
Why did you kiss her? Why...
Kamla! Get up! Get up!
Slap him so hard that he never
dares kiss even a rock
Slap him, as Sita would slap Ravan.
Slap him, as Draupadi would slap Dushasan.
You are Durga, the slayer

of Mahishasur the demon!
Slap him! Slap him!
And after that day when
you didn't attend school...
...teacher Ramavatar scolded me.
He said, the girl was on
the path of knowledge...
And you have ruined her life.
- No! No!
I didn't leave school because of you.
I had a seizure.
The day I suffered it, father said
it was because of going to school.
I should stop attending school.
What are you saying?
- Yes.
Really? A fit?
Mahadev.
- Yes.
Mahadev!
- Who is it?
Brother?
- Did you write my letter?
I was just writing your letter.
- Hey smart aleck!
Don't slack on my job.
The consequence will be bad.
Got it?
- Yes.
I know what you do
pretending to write letters.
...fooling around with
the women of the village.
No brother, she is a sister!
- Sister?
Someone's.
Write the letter quickly and send it to the
Collector. - All right.
Or else your ink... Where is your ink?
- Right here! I have the ink.
I'll smear it on your face and
take you on an election procession.
Okay. - Okay? Write it well,
use strong language.

The collector should shit in
his pants reading it. - Okay.
Or else, you will shit in your pants.
Hurry up! - Sit, Uncle.
- I'm already seated. Okay.
Writing letters seems
like a dangerous job.
Why did you choose this profession?
I didn't choose it.
It chose me.
I graduated from Satna college.
And returned to the village
since I didn't get a job.
And went back to our vegetable stall.
Mother said education
had made me quite useless.
It was only Lallan's mother
who used my knowledge.
Aunt, you're back?
Your son neither replies
nor sends any money.
But you still make me write to him.
What else can I do?
Monsoon will be here soon.
My house wall is crumbling.
If my son sends some money
then something can be done.
But you write those letters
with such little interest.
...it doesn't affect him one bit.
No, aunt, I...
- Why are you denying it?
If you can't solve my problem...
...then what's the use of
your useless degrees.
Aunt, give me one more chance.
Today I will write a letter
that will make a miracle happen!
Wait, I'll be back.
Until then I would write letters
without my own feelings.
Only words that I had
learnt mechanically in school.
I decided that now I would put

my emotions into my letter.
'I wrote the letter for about an hour.'
'I gave the example of
Lord Ram and Shraavan...
...who sacrificed so much for his parents.'
'I also added a dialogue
from a Shah Rukh Khan film.'
'There is some value to a mother's love.'
'You should find happiness
in your mother's happiness.'
'And sorrow in her sorrow.'
'Your grieving mother.'
That's it. The letter worked.
Aunt's son, Lallanprasad...
...immediately sent a money
order for 500 rupees.
Aunt was really happy.
And she told everyone
that there was magic in my words...
There was a queue of people
wanting their letters written.
Enough! That's enough!
Go away from here! Go all of you.
Don't crowd my shop.
Someone stole my pot yesterday.
Mahadev, if you want to write
their letters then go somewhere else.
The next day, with the Lord's blessings,
I set up shop.
Near the post office,
under a banyan tree.
And I fixed the charges
for writing letters.
Well, it's good.
Writing letters is God's work.
Now write my letter.
Okay... Whom do you want to write to?
To my husband.
Here's the address.
You are married?
Husband's name is Bansi?
Stays in Mumbai?
All right, tell me what to write.
Write that everything is fine here.

The cow has given birth.
She gives lots of milk.
You would drink it if you were here.
And?
Why don't you take me to Mumbai?
You said you would take me very soon.
Four Diwalis have passed.
You never came.
What?
Your husband has
not come for four years?
And?
This Diwali, come and take me away.
That's about it. Write all this.
That's all!
Shouldn't I write that you miss him?
How will that help?
It will only make me feel worse.
Listen, this is what I have written.
Master of my life,
owner of my heart.
I write this letter with
my blood; not ink.
Your memories keep me alive;
do not think me dead.
What do you think?
You really are a good writer.
Listen further.
Four years have passed,
you've not yet come, my beloved.
Are you having an affair
with someone in Mumbai?
No! No! Why did you write that?
Kamla, people living in
the cities deserve such letters.
Only then will they be in
your control. Take my advice
Have you completed it?
I am writing some more.
Hurry up. If I get late there
will be an uproar at home.
Why? Has your man left
you an army of children?
We don't have any children.

He went to Mumbai
soon after our wedding.
All right. Just a minute.
Now just drop it in the red postbox.
Here is your money.
- No! No!
We've met after 16 years.
Your husband hasn't returned for 4 years.
Keep it. Might come in handy.
Really, Bansi.
- Mahadev!
I am so happy to have met you.
It felt like I found
a long lost companion.
Now You go.
Am I to keep this for you?
I am so happy to meet you.
I'm so lonely in my marriage.
He left me without
a child even... I am pining...
Brothers and sisters!
Ladies and gentlemen!
Kranti Drama Group presents
The Coming Storm!
The Coming Storm!
Written by Mahadev
Kushvaha on special request.
The Coming Storm!
So my dear farmer friends,
there's good news for you.
A new factory will come to your village.
It will produce small cars.
And also a cool bazaar.
I mean a shopping mall.
We are sure you will help...
For the sake of economic progress...
...you will sacrifice your lands.
You'll be compensated.
Rs.100,000 for an acre of land.
Yes, 100,000!
- But...
What if we don't have land.
- What?
Yes, but we don't have any land.

We are share-croppers.
Then you'll get nothing.
Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!
You'll get nothing.
What? We'll get nothing.
Okay, okay we will help you.
We'll give work to one able member
of the family in the factory.
How will the others survive?
I don't understand your double talk.
The value of the lands
will grow to millions.
And you will give us just Rs.100,000?
We will not accept it.
- You have to!
We will not accept it.
Bullets were fired and
farmers lost their lives.
One more Jalianwala Bagh.
Is bloodshed necessary
for economic progress?
If your answer is 'Yes' then type 'Y'.
And if it is 'No' then type
'N' and SMS it to us on 54141.
One lucky winner will
get a wonderful car.
Be with us for the rest of the news.
See you after this break.
Greetings, Uncle.
- Greetings
Greetings, brother Gaya.
Greetings to you.
Mahadev!
- Greetings, brother Durlabh.
I've just seen your revolutionary drama.
- Really?
Amazing, Mahadev.
You've exposed the entire system.
Don't embarrass me.
You've written such
a revolutionary play.
But now you must be scared.
- Why scared?
Naxalites are being arrested.

They say some of them
are hiding in Sajjanpur.
What are you saying?
I say, you should escape
or else you'll be arrested.
Then handcuffs! Encounter!
Encounter?
But I have not written that play.
Mr. Ghosh forced me to write it.
- Absolutely wrong!
Nobody can force a tailor to
stitch or a writer to write.
OK, I have written it but
I have merely written it.
The idea was not mine,
it was Ghosh Babu's.
He hasn't even paid me to write it.
He said it was a street-play.
I beg of you, don't make
it public that I have written it.
You get publicity for
everything you do, Mahadev.
Really?
- Who are your friends?
Whose letter are you
writing and to whom?
God help me!
What made me write that play?
Oh God! Help me!
Uncle Karim!
What is it?
Do you have any mail for me?
No, there's no mail for you.
Check again.
I've checked.
There's no mail for you.
There's nothing to worry about.
He has not met with an accident.
Accident!
- Why do you worry?
If he doesn't reply in two days,
I'll write another more
forceful letter for you.
Why are you afraid?

I am with you...

Move!

- Aunt! What are you doing?

I am in grave danger.

Write me a postcard.

I'll write it.

But what happened?

What do you want me to write?

Don't mind her.

She's family... A family friend.

What do you want me to write?

Write greetings from

Pannawali to Bindya's uncle.

Wrote that?

- Yes, tell me.

The priest Raghunandan Pandit says...

...you can rid yourself

of ill-luck by going...

...around a tree or a pot.

But this girl is very ill-starred!

So marry her to a good dog...

...whose tail is half brown

and half black and also bent.

With a dog?

- Only then will her fate change.

But marriage with a dog?

I don't understand.

Neither do I. But this is the custom.

We have to follow it.

Yes.

- Right? Now write further.

Write further that

Pandit Raghunandan says...

...if you don't follow these instructions.

All your relatives can go blind.

Really? How did you find

out your daughter is ill-starred?

Aunt, don't cry.

Such is my fate...

When my daughter was born.

Two buffaloes died in the village.

Two! On the same day?

They died on that same day.

And do you know what?

My daughter was born
in the eighth month.
When she was born
my grandfather died.
And when she was eight years,
my mother died.
All right, now I understand.
Now she must be nearing eighteen.
That's why you are afraid, right aunt?
No, I am not worried for myself.
I am worried for my daughter.
Once the ill omen is got rid off.
I'll get her married to
a nice young man.
And be relieved.
For how long must I carry this burden?
- You're right.
Don't cry. Everything will be all right.
Let me wipe my nose.
The thing is, when I am sad...
...I don't shed tears.
My nose runs. A strange illness.
How many saris do
you change in a day?
I have a couple which
I change to wipe my nose.
Alright, what should I write next?
Write further that
Raghunandan Pandit says...
...it will cost 5000 rupee to get this done.
If you could help us with this then?
- Aunt, how can I help you?
Not you! Bindya's uncle!
If he could help us we can get it done.
- Alright, anything else?
No, nothing else.
Yes. - Okay, then.
What name should I write?
My name? - Then my name?
How can I write my name?
Don't joke with me.
The whole village knows my name.
Ramsakhi Pannawali.
Ramsakhi Pannawali!

- Yes.

Alright. What is the address?

My address is, Chhattarpur,
near the bus stand and...

...Chaurasiya Paan & Tobacco shop.

I've written an address
backwards for the first time.

It's because of her!

I can't think right because of her.

I have to leave now.

Alright. Don't worry.

Everything will be fine.

I've left everything to you.

Here she comes.

Let me post it quickly.

Mother, what are you doing?

Who are you sending the letter to?

To your uncle. He has been
operated for cataract.

Shouldn't we ask after his health?

- Show me what is written.

Show it to me.

Nothing much!

She's always spying on me.

Enquiring about uncle's health?

- Yes.

You've sent my horoscope
to Raghunandan Pandit.

I know what you've been up to.

Sit, I'll deal with you at home. Sit.

No I won't.

- Am I a rag doll?

To pull me here and pull me there!

Come on, sit.

You are in a rage. I won't sit!

Why not? - You'll drop me.

You're angry with me.

I will most certainly really drop you. Sit!

I won't.

Until you get married

I will hold on to you.

Oh my God! Somebody help!

My brass pot has fallen in the well!

Help me! My pot!

What happened? - Somebody help me!
My pot has fallen in the well!
My mother had given it to me!
My pot! Somebody help! My pot!
Don't worry! I am here.
Enough!
Hail Bajrang Bali!
One minute!
See!
I am coming!
Mahadev, read us some hot news.
Brother Gaya, petrol and
diesel will cost more.
Brother wait and watch.
We are getting nuclear power.
Everything will be run on it.
Rockets, cars, electricity!
Even you and me.
Salim Mohammad Sahib, greetings!
Greetings to you.
- What's the matter?
Why isn't Sister-in-law Rehmat,
campaigning for the elections?
She has stopped thinking
about elections. - Why?
Someone wrote a letter to
the Collector that I'm a Pakistani spy.
An ISI agent!
Let them go to hell!
Absolutely!
I don't even know what ISI means.
And they branded me a spy.
It's a terrible world.
It means Jamnabai is the sole
candidate in these elections.
There's no opposition!
Is there a place for
honest people in politics?
It's only meant for manipulators.
That's true.
Tell me something.
Did someone get that
letter written by you?
No! No! What are you saying?

I don't write such hateful letters.
You can ask brother Gaya.
Have I written such a letter?
What are you saying?
I have to leave now.
Finish your tea. - I'll have it later.
I have some urgent work.
Mahadev!
- Yes.
Take this card. Read it. And write 100 cards
like this for me. - 100?
Hail Goddess Santoshi!
In Jalgaon district, a farmer wrote
Goddess Santoshi's name...
...on 100 letters and he found buried
gold in his field. Really?
A farmer in Yavatmal tore the letter
and his crop was destroyed...
...and he committed suicide. Really?
Whoever receives this card,
should post 100 such cards...
...or else he will either be crippled,
blinded or become lame.
Writing such letters requires
neither heart nor brain.
Just your hands.
If you don't write these cards...
- Then?
You will be struck with paralysis.
Why me?
- Lightning will strike you!
Why me?
Write and all your wishes will be fulfilled.
No, it will only waste postcards
and your money.
Have you become an atheist?
No, why? You have lost your religion.
Your job is to write?
- Yes.
You write postcards.
- Yes.
I am paying you. Then write.
Write! - Alright. I will take 50 rupees
as advance to buy the cards.

Okay, Here's the money.
Here. - I don't have change.
- Keep the rest.
- Start writing. With Goddess
Santoshi's blessings.
Okay.
- Got it? Start!
Who do I address them to?
- Write all the addresses that you know.
And post the cards!
Daughter-in-law! Hurry up!
Hurry up!
Doctor!
Doctor!
- Yes?
Greetings, Subedar.
- Where is the doctor?
He is out of town.
I am his compounder.
A compounder is as good as the doctor.
You become a doctor
after studying medicine.
Your experience makes
you a compounder.
So the compounder
wants to be a doctor.
Is your BP high?
Perhaps yours is!
Daughter-in-law needs a check-up.
Where should I pay?
What are you saying, Sir?
All services are free
for defence personnel.
Also for their families.
I live in free India but it doesn't
mean I will accept everything free.
I receive a pension from
the Government of India.
Why should I accept everything free?
There are no ideals or principles
left anymore... - 3 rupees!
Here you are.
And listen carefully.
She has a stomach ache.

Check her thoroughly.
You fellows always give
the wrong medicine.
I'm an experienced compounder.
Why would I make a mistake?
Please come.
It's a woman's check-up.
Men not allowed.
I'm sorry. Your veil.
Beautiful!
I have a stomach ache,
why are you checking my eyes?
You don't understand.
This is medical science.
Everything in the body is connected.
Eyes are connected to the teeth.
Teeth to the throat.
Neck to the stomach.
I've checked your eyes.
They are fine.
Open your mouth.
Wider!
Pink tongue.
Teeth are also sparkling white.
Look up!
Your throat is delicate,
like a long necked bottle.
You can see the water flow
when you drink, right?
Neck, mouth, teeth are all fine.
Now your stomach.
Show me your stomach.
Compounder, why is it taking so long?
Not everything can be revealed
about a medical check-up.
If you want to know, the centre
point of a woman's anatomy...
Enough! Enough!
Greetings, Uncle.
Mahadev!
- Ramkumar!
What brings you here? What is it?
I have been waiting for you for ages.
Come, sit down

Yes.

- Mahadev!

What is it? What happened?

I've been waiting for you...

Write a nice letter for me.

Shame on you. An educated
person and a compounder.

And you can't you write a letter?

Mahadev, it's not an ordinary letter.

It's a love letter.

Love letter! What has happened? Tell me!

Mahadev!

- Yes.

I have...

- Yes. Yes!

Fallen in love!

Really?

- Yes.

With whom? Tell me!

Do you know the soldier,
Subedar Singh? - Yes.

With his daughter-in-law.

Subedar Singh's daughter-in-law...

With Subedar Singh's daughter-in-law?

Are you crazy?

Don't you know she's a child-widow?

And Subedar Singh is
as ferocious as a tiger.

He'll tear you to pieces!

Mahadev, I know that.

- Then?

Passion knows no bounds.

Well, I can't help you!

Shobha had come to
the hospital to get treated.

Was it a woman's ailment?

I got it! You must have
checked her, right?

Didn't you? Tell me.

No! She had a stomach ache!

I got it! I got it! Under the pretence
of a check up you must have...

stroked her stomach and her back.

Right? Tell me! Tell me!

Under the pretence of giving
her medicine you must've kissed her.

Right?

- You have a perverse mind!

Mahadev, why would I tell you
if I had done such things?

It's our personal matter.

You just write a love
letter for me. That's all.

Write!

All right. I'll charge 2 rupees per page.

How many pages do you want?

It is my first love letter.

Write as much as you want.

But write in such a way...

...that it makes a lasting
impression on Shobha's heart.

Enough! Enough! Alright!

I'll write it at night.

Pick it up tomorrow morning.

Won't you give it right now?

Ramkumar,

I have to write a love letter.

Not a prescription!

I have to stay awake at
night just to find the right word.

Do you want a good letter or...

Write it properly.

Write it with love.

It's okay...

Write a letter which will make
Shobha fall in love with me.

Okay.

Enough! Enough!

Now let me think.

O my beloved!

Goddess of my heart!

You came to be cured.

Instead you made me lovesick

There you go.

This is called progress.

Only 23 hours of load-shedding.

Flowing from behind the eyelids.

Rolls a lonely tear.

"When I miss you a lot...
...then tears keep flowing down."
Rolling down from behind the eyelids.
Rolls down a lonely tear.
The pain of missing you...
... make the tears fall.
The ink in this letter is
made of my tears.
You are my pain.
And you are my cure.
Come to give me the pain again.
Come to bring
the cure again and again.
On silent lonely nights.
Come in my lost dreams
again and again.
Come to give me the pain again.
Come to bring the cure again and again.
Without you there's
no light in my dark life.
Without you there's no
colour in the painting of life.
There's no moon.
And no sun.
Without you life means nothing.
To bring light in my life...
... come to me again and again.
Without you my song goes out of tune.
Without you my path has no destination.
Without you why should I put kohl in my eyes?
Without you why should I wear anklets?
No monsoon. No autumn.
Without you life means nothing
Come to give me sweet pain.
Come to bring the cure again and again.
In these lonely nights.
Come in my dreams.
Come to me.
Come to me again and again.
To give me sweet pain.
Where is Mahadev?
What's the time, brother?
Eight minutes past 10.
Mahadev! Mahadev!

I've brought the letter.
One minute.
Mahadev,
I didn't sleep at night.
I have written it but it is still wanting...
Take it tomorrow?
I will kill you!
I was just joking.
Here, it is.
O my beloved!
Goddess of my heart!
You came to be cured,
instead you made me love sick.
Is it okay?
Amazing, Mahadev!
You are a great writer!
You have such knowledge.
If you had written like this for yourself...
...you would've gotten married by
now and become a father of 20.
Shame on you, Ramkumar!
You preach family planning and...
...you bless me with 20 children.
I was joking! I meant you
are not married yet and...
What do you mean not married yet?
Who is not married yet?
Am I impotent?
Really?
- What? I'm asking you!
I have chosen not to marry.
There's a long queue of
girls wanting to marry me.
Mother India has many children...
...Why should I increase
our population by getting married?
I didn't know that...
you were the only patriot
after Mahatma Gandhi.
I'll pay you 20 rupees
for the 10 pages.
Don't have any money and
you are out to get a love letter written.
I heard that.

Don't talk too much!
What is love?
Love is Subedar Singh's son-in-law.
Whose letter is it,
daughter-in-law?
Is it from Delhi?
Republic Day is approaching.
Maybe the government
wants to give me an award.
It's time to run!
In the '65 war,
along with Abdul Hamid...
...I destroyed a tank.
A Patton tank!
Read it!
Why don't you read it?
O my beloved!
Goddess of my heart!
You came to be cured,
instead you made me love sick.
Come again with your beautiful eyes...
Why don't you read it aloud?
You are my medicine.
If you don't marry me...
...my life will be ruined.
O my Juliet, be there at
your window and near the well.
I am just an ordinary compounder.
But my love is greater than Romeo's.
You are the world's beauty
no, no, you are mine.
Daughter-in-law!
Is this true?
Ramkumar!
Have you seen Ramkumar?
- No!
Compounder!
Ramkumar!
Compounder! Ramkumar!
There he goes...
Ramkumar!
Ramkumar! What happened?
What happened?
Girl!

- Yes. With a moustache?
No! No! You want to get
one more letter written? - Forget it!
Ramkumar, tell me!
God knows what happened.
Where is Ramkumar?
I don't know! - If you don't
then why are you hiding?
P-P-P-Pen!
What happened to Subedar?
He gets these fits.
Okay. Write a letter for me.
What has to be written?
No card or inland letter - Then?
Write a mobile letter. An SMS.
Write.
Santosh.
As I had told you.
I want to buy a tractor.
Get the bank manager to speak to me.
Convince! Convince
the manager to speak to me.
Anything else?
- No.
Give me his number.
Number?
- Yes.
Great! Message sent!
Amazing! Remarkable gadgets
these foreigners have made.
What's that sound?
What happened?
I've received the reply.
- The sound came from this?
Listen.
Interest for loans on
tractors 12%. 13% on cars.
But the bank takes
a higher commission on tractors.
Buy a car instead.
Write a reply.
Tell me you ass.
How will I plough
the field with a car? How?

Ask him, how do I plough with a car?
Yes! How do I plough
the field with a car?
Should I add, 'You idiot'?
Send it!
- Okay...
How do I plough the field
with a car, you idiot?
He got the letter! Run!
Doctor, where is your assistant?
Isn't he at the health center?
You should know that!
But you don't come for days on end.
You go to town when
a new movie is released!
If there's a circus,
you go to watch it.
I will complain against you.
You are needlessly
getting angry with me.
I will complain!
He went that way! That way!
Ramkumar!
Ramkumar, stop!
Go! Go! Go!
Stop! Ramkumar!
Stop!
Ramkumar, stop!
Uncle!
Having fun?
When will you take my measurement?
My beloved eats a betel leaf.
Gayaram, make 10 teas.
O my prince! My sweetheart!
My Rajesh Khanna.
Come on, queens.
My prince, won't you listen to me?
My beloved!
My sweetheart!
I am busy now! Go away!
My prince, I've a job for you.
Write a song to make people
of Sajjanpur cast their votes in my...
Where?

- Votes! In my lap.
Votes?
- Yes!
Are you running for elections?
- My enemies will run.
I am standing for elections.
And I won't let Ram Singh's
killer wife win so easily.
Watch me! - But which
community will vote for you?
I mean Brahmins, Patels,
Dalits or Muslims.
Who is with you?
Everyone is mine and I am everyone's.
Everyone will support me.
Right?
- Yes!
Everyone will support me.
From front to back, from top to bottom.
Now write a mind-blowing song for me...
...so that I can sing it and
ask for votes. - Me?
Yes.
- I won't write it.
Write it! I won't write it.
Write it! I won't write it.
I said no! My prince!
Okay!
Okay, I'll write it.
But nobody should know
I have written it.
Or I'll be in trouble.
Wonderful, my Rajesh Khanna!
I will hide your secret here. In my heart.
Come on take it. Take it.
- Take what?
Your fees for the song!
Men have such one-track minds.
Come on, queens. Let's go.
My sweetheart!
I'll be back to take it. Take what?
The song! Keep it ready.
Let's go, queens!
Gayaram, is the tea ready.

Mahadev!

Mahadev, wait.

Why have you come so late?

Couldn't help it.

I wanted to come earlier...

...but mother-in-law got me
to make a 100 pots.

I got a letter.

Is it my husband's?

- Let me open it.

I can't read a closed letter.

Yes, it's his.

What does he write?

Will he come to take me
away during Diwali?

He says he has no money.

He'll come when he has it.

What else has he written?

He wants you to take care
of mother and feed Puthru personally.

Who is this Puthru?

Our dog.

Dog!

He is worried about the dog!

'Kamla, I miss you a lot.'

'When I return after a hard
day's work, I miss you even more.'

'What can I do?

I am here to earn a living.'

What else has he written?

Nothing much. He says he is happy
that the cow has given birth.

And he will send Rs. 500 by post.

Your Bansiram.

Okay, I'm going back.

How will you go alone in the evening?

Let me drop you on my cycle.

No. I'll go on my own.

Come on, I will also visit
your house and village.

We'll talk about old times.

When you share your memories,
you unburden your sorrows.

Come on, sit. Sit!

Stop worrying. Sit.
And hold on very tight.
Or you'll fall.
Are you okay?
- Yes.
Shall we go? Let's go.
Listen to what the fragrant breeze sings.
Tread gently and lightly
on these dream paths.
With you, I'll travel on and on.
Whether we reach
our destination or not.
With you, I'll travel on and on.
Whether we reach
our destination or not.
Listen to what the fragrant breeze sings.
Goes past, caressing you.
No one can stop this breeze.
On this journey, we will experience...
... all of life's sorrows and joys.
Happiness, tears, dreams.
Losses, separation, dear ones.
We will remember.
Listen to what the fragrant breeze sings.
Tread gently and lightly
on these dream paths.
There's a secret in my heart.
How can I tell you what it is?
I hesitate. I suffer.
Can't say what's in my heart.
What the heart wants to say...
... my eyes express it.
You can't understand it.
Listen to what
the fragrant breeze sings.
Tread gently and lightly
on these dream paths.
With you, I'll travel on and on.
Whether we reach
our destination or not.
With you, I'll travel.
Whether we reach
our destination or not.
Mahadev, having fun?

Carry on, brother!

Carry on!

Don't let the bird go
out of your hands!

Mahadev.

- Yes.

I was thinking.

If I were with my husband on a cycle...

...and you were with
your wife on another...

wouldn't it be great?

Of course. But Kamla,

I'm still single.

Why?

No one wants to marry
their daughters to me.

What are you saying? Liar!

You are handsome.

And tall. And intelligent.

Why would no one give
their daughter to you?

You're right, Kamla, but
whenever mother went with a proposal...

...people said I was without character.

That I had misbehaved
with a girl in my childhood...

...and had probably done
worse in my youth.

So, it's because of me.

No! No! Not because of you.

Marriage, life, death, success,
failure. It's all up to God.

You too have got married but
what's the use of such a marriage?

Your husband hasn't
seen you in four years.

Who knows when he will?

Frankly, I feel very sad
when I think about you.

Why don't you come to
my house tomorrow morning.

I'll write such a reply that
he'll come back to his senses.

He'll return before Diwali.

Then you can light up
lamps of joy together.
Mahadev, you are
a God in the form of a man.
No.
I'll surely come tomorrow.
Now go home or else your
mother-in-law will be cross.
But do come tomorrow.
I'll be waiting.
Bye-bye Kamla.
Come on, Puthru.
Aunt, where does
Mahadev Kushvaha live?
There?
Aunt!
- What is it?
I've come to get a letter written.
My son is not up yet.
Is this a time to come?
Go to the post office.
Mahadev, asked me to
come home to get the letter written.
Kamla?
My son's hand hurts a lot writing
your letters all the time.
And what do you pay him?
A rupee! Half a rupee!
Go away!
What stupid people!
Kamla, come in.
Mother, make tea for us.
Come in.
Don't mind my mother.
Ever since my father left us,
she has become a bit irritable.
She's not bad at heart.
Listen to what I have written.
My Lord, if you can't come
then call me to Mumbai at the earliest.
Four years is too long a time.
Okay?
Beloved. Now I don't even
feel like calling you beloved.

Why?

Because you don't care about me.

If you did then would

you leave me like this.

If you wanted someone to take care...

...of your mother

and feed the dog...

you should've kept a maidservant.

I have shed a lot of tears

but what do you care?

By sending me a little money twice a...

...year doesn't fulfill

the duty of a husband.

What are your intentions?

I can't wait any longer.

No! You've been too

harsh in this letter.

He is alone in the city.

The letter will frighten him.

I'm always worried about him.

I am doing this to help you,

but you don't trust me.

Go get the letter written

by someone else.

No Mahadev, I trust you.

That's why I've come.

Come in. Come, mother.

You don't understand

a man's psychology.

Psychology? - Psychology deals

with the intricacies of the mind.

Men know women worry about them

a lot and they take advantage of it.

Just once, let him know

you don't care for him.

And then see what happens!

All your sorrows will disappear.

Really?

- You think I am lying?

Hey Ramkumar!

Forgive me! What's all this?

What happened?

It's all because of your love letter.

I don't understand.

What happened?

The letter that you wrote.

For Shobha.

I went happily

to throw it in her courtyard.

Then? - Shobha didn't get the letter.

Then?

- Subedar Singh got it.

Oh my God! I had warned you.

How would I know?

- Then what happened?

He went to the clinic looking for me.

I ran away from there.

I ran past you.

- Yes, you were making signs then?

He was after me.

Somehow I got out of the village.

I saw a bus for Rewa, I got on.

Then?

- Subedar got on the bus as well.

Driver, stop!

Stop!

Rankumar!

As soon as I saw Subedar

I jumped off the moving bus.

Then?

Subedar too jumped off.

Oh my God!

He broke your arm and leg, right?

No, my friend!

That is when the plot changed.

I made a mistake.

Forgive me.

Why do you apologise?

Why were you running away?

You've written such a beautiful letter.

You've written of your love for Shobha.

Son, do me a favor.

Marry her.

I am going to die soon.

What will happen to her after me...

Ram Singh is already eyeing her.

If you marry my widowed

daughter-in-law...

...then I will think you
are a soldier like me.
Yes.
Do me this favor.
Great! That's good news!
When are you getting married?
As soon as this bandage
and the plaster comes off.
You have to attend the wedding.
I'll surely come!
Forgive me!
Frankly, it's because
of your love letter...
...that I got Shobha as a gift.
It's because of your writing
that a love marriage...
...will take place in this
village for the first time.
A widow is going to re-marry.
Cast your vote on the whip!
Long live Jamnabai!
Vote for Jamnabai!
Listen, you all; children,
elderly and youth.
Slaves to the command.
Your days of sorrow will end.
And Munnibai will win!
Men have ruled.
Women have ruled.
Both have ruled a lot.
Now it's Munki's turn.
Temple has ruled.
Mosque has ruled.
Church has ruled a lot.
Now it's Munki's turn.
Bureaucrats have ruled.
Generals have ruled.
Ministers have ruled a lot.
Now it's Munki's turn.
Sunday has ruled.
Monday has ruled.
The stick has ruled a lot.
Now it's Munki's turn.
Three has ruled.

Five has ruled
Numbers have ruled a lot.
Now it's Munnibai's turn.
Here comes Munnibai.
Cast your vote on the drum.
Elect only Munnibai.
Stop it!
Rascals! Go away, scoot.
Or I'll castrate all of you.
When the drums resound.
Munni Bai will be elected.
- Munnibai will win.
- Uncle, go and deal with them.
What are you waiting for, go!
Once Munnibai wins.
Munnibai will win.
Munnibai, give up the elections
or else I will bust your drums...
What drums? I hear you haven't even...
...succeeded in tearing
sister-in-law's hymen.
Shut up! Just kick their ass...
Want to run for elections?
Scoundrel! I'll make mince
meat of all of you.
I'm not stupid.
I understand democracy.
Come on, accept a ceasefire.
- Come on!
To hell with democracy!
- Let's go queens!
Girls!
- Yes!
Let's show them
the gates of heaven!
Come on, Uncle!
Come on!
Who will you vote for?
Munnibai.
- What?
You vote for her too.
Voting for that murderess Jamunabai
will only weaken the vote...
...murder of democracy.

But don't tell anyone.
Romeo says today
I'll get some good news.
My heart is singing
and love is in the air.
I wonder why I am feeling so elated.
I am being swept off my feet.
I see my dream lover
come to me and whisper...
Mahadev!
Kamla, come in.
He has sent a reply.
- Really?
Come sit. Come.
Listen, he writes.
Kamla, I got your letter.
Are you out of your mind?
How could you write like this?
I'm a contract labourer.
I work sporadically.
I can't come over or call you over.
There's no place to live in Mumbai.
I'll earn some money, buy a room
and then I can plan something.
You should wait for
14 years if you have to.
I don't need to say more,
Look after mother
...and feed Puthru personally.
Your Bansi doesn't sound right.
My spell to bring him in
control has gone waste.
There is nothing wrong in
what he has written.
If he returns empty handed,
he will face humiliation.
And if he calls me there,
it will only add to his problems.
He hasn't seen you for 4 years and you...
Lord Ram too had not seen
Mother Sita for years.
Sita was a goddess.
We don't have her strength.
Write to him that

he should live there happily.
He can come when he has the money.
All that's fine Kamla.
- And write...
...that I'm not in a hurry
to come to Mumbai.
He should live in peace.
If my letters trouble him
then I'll stop writing them.
What? - And he can
write when he wishes to.
Alright.
Respected husband, live in peace.
I'm in no hurry.
Come when you can.
When you have money
and when you feel like...
And forget about calling me to Mumbai.
I don't wish to come.
And from now on I will not
send you any letters.
It was a mistake that I wrote to you.
Write only if you wish to.
It must've been an inauspicious
moment when I married you.
Unfortunate Kamla.
- Got it!
Mahadev!
- Yes.
Read it out to me.
I have written what you've told me to.
Here. Drop it in the red postbox
and pray to Goddess Sharada.
Why don't you add that...
Husband's day will be coming soon.
When the moon is sighted
please accept my greetings.
Yes. And should I also write about Diwali,
Navratri and Raksha Bandhan.
You should've told me all this before.
There's no space on the card.
Anyway, if he doesn't care
about his wife, why would...
...he care about Husband's Day?

Mahadev, you care a lot for women.
The woman who marries
you will be very fortunate.
The Queen of Kashi,
Tilotama, was pregnant.
And King Dhananjay lay
wounded on the battlefield.
What can the queen do?
Where should she go?
The hunch-backed maid
pleaded with the queen...
...to fast on Husband's Day.
The queen agreed and
the fasting began.
The child in her womb
was hungry and restless.
And kicked in the womb.
But the queen did not eat
or drink a drop of water.
It became dark.
The moon rose.
She prayed and performed rites
and donated to charity generously.
Then.
The king recovered from his wounds
and cut off the enemy's head.
Thus he regained his kingdom
Like their destiny
changed so can our fate.
Will you throw only rice
grains or some currency as well?
Give me some money!
Only 10 rupees! That's all?
Give me some Rs.100 notes.
Earn some merit...
Look! Look! The moon is visible.
Come women, let's get decked up.
Today is the festival of Karva Chauth.
The memories of my husband are here.
My very busy,
stone-hearted, Bansiram.
Let the Holi festival come.
I'll play with colours.
If someone says your

husband is away in the city...
...I'll tell them, I don't have
a husband. I am still single.
Do you understand? I was yours
and I am now someone else's.
Kamla.
Hey! Did you hear anything?
Get down, Uncle.
Hold this.
Write a letter to
the Collector immediately.
Again?
- Don't interrupt!
Write that we don't want
a eunuch as the village head.
When we say no we mean no!
It is a question of honour.
...Munni Mukhanni's candidature...
...should be rejected immediately.
If he becomes the village head,
he will dance himself...
...and make the villagers dance...
...and you too Mr. Collector,
will have to dance.
Lord Ram had stated that...
...eunuchs will rule in the Kalyug era.
Wasn't me, Lord Ram said it.
Maybe in the Kalyug era
but not in Ram Singh's era.
And don't recite the Ramayan to me.
Or else I'll pound your head
with my shoe till it turns...
...bald just like Sukhidas.
Okay.
- Write!
Hey Aayaram, Gayaram! What's your name?
- Aayaram. - Come here.
How much do I owe you?
- Not much.
Just tell me, how much?
- Forget it!
Tell me. - Answer him, he is asking!
370 rupees, brother.
- 370 rupees? Very good!

Read out what you've written.

Yes, brother.

- Read it.

Hey collector! We don't need
a eunuch as the village head.

No means...

- No!

If he becomes the village
head then everyone...

...in the village will be made to dance

All the men would then have to...

- work under him.

And the village will be struck by an...

- Earthquake!

And...

- Drought

And...

- Destruction!

Write less but mean much more.

Ram Singh.

Former Village Head.

Wonderful! Great!

You are a fantastic writer.

You look like a joker but
you write really well.

Where's your ink?

- What wrong have I done?

Let me put my thumb impression.

Where do I put it?

- Here.

May I ask you something personal?

Ask away.

Brother, you should learn
to read and write.

Tomorrow you may become a legislator...

...a minister or sit in the opposition.

It would be very useful.

What have you gained by
getting educated?

Tell me what great

success have you had.

Look, education is for donkeys.

Donkeys! Only donkeys!

And I can give you 10 names

who haven't passed 4th class and...
...they are chief ministers and MP's.
What? Who?
Patharia's Buddhimaan Singh!
- Yes.
He is illiterate. Isn't he an MLA?
But he's a graduate!
- Graduate, my foot!
A fake certificate.
My uncle got it for him for Rs.300.
From Chaubey College!
Chaubey College?
- Yes!
Now look at your Jhankar Beat.
Who? - What's her name?
Damn it! What's her name?
Sister-in-law? Shut up!
Munnibai!
And listen, post the letter right away!
Immediately! - I'll post it.
Mr. Yadav!
Yes, sir.
The former village head of Sajjanpur...
...uses such obscene
language in his letters.
Go and caution him to restrain himself.
Yes, sir.
For the first time I have seen
love for me in my beloved's eyes.
Munnibai! So late!
I want to speak to you urgently.
Can I come in?
Yes, come in.
What? What is it?
Ram Singh is threatening me.
This afternoon he came with his
two uncles and destroyed my hut.
Please write a letter to the Collector.
Plead with him and get me protection.
Write it right away.
You'll get a beautiful wife.
You'll have a wonderful son.
I'll get the pen and paper.
One minute.

Tell me.

Write.

Respected Mr. Collector.

It is time for us in India to realize that Eunuchs are also human beings, and not grotesque monsters.

Dig into history books.

We have worked hard and earned our status in the society.

But today under your administration...

...we have been subjected to atrocities.

You know that I am contesting elections from Sajjanpur.

But Ram Singh and his uncles Ramkhilavan and Ramsakha...

...are threatening me.

As if I am a demon.

They say I am a eunuch by birth and...

...I have no right to contest.

But why?

Does not my heart beat?

Don't I feel sad?

Don't I have tears in my eyes?

Then why do they hate me so much?

God has created me

like everybody else.

Please make arrangements

for my protection immediately

so that the election process is smooth.

Yours and everybody's,

Munnibai Mukhanni.

Give it to me. Let me sign it.

Mother, I'm leaving.

Kamla! So you have got a reply.

Let's go in and read it. Come.

He has sent money in

the envelope, idiot.

Tell me what he has written.

Yes, of course.

Kamla, your letter really baffled me.

But why did you write you

don't want to come to Mumbai?

Why did you address me

as dishonorable husband Bansiram?
And what's this about the Holi festival?
I have good news.
Next month I'll have Rs. 50,000.
I will buy a house and call you there.
Your letters have solved
all my problems, Mahadev.
He is calling me there.
Don't be so eager.
I feel something is wrong.
Why?
- What do you mean why?
In his last letter he had said he's
a contract labourer, he has no money.
So how did he get so
much money so suddenly?
Has your Bansi started
doing some illegal things?
What do you mean?
- I mean, he works at the docks.
The docks is rampant with smuggling.
Has he joined some gang?
Bangkok, Hong Kong,
drugs, RDX, bombs!
What are you saying? - What if you go to
Mumbai and he ends up in jail?
What if he gets killed by the police?
God forbid but what if he does?
What will you do?
Where will you go?
You'll be wandering
the streets of Mumbai.
Someone will put you in a brothel.
And turn you into a prostitute.
What then?
What should I do?
Let's write a letter and ask him
where he got so much money from?
Look, I'll only let you go there
after I'm totally convinced.
I'm so confused.
Write what you think is right.
Don't worry. I'm here.
I'll write a letter right away.

Liar! Cunning reptile with
the heart of a demon.
Why did you marry if you
couldn't take on the responsibility?
Why did you make me
a widow while you're still alive?
Inform me immediately from
where you are getting Rs. 50,000?
Are you involved in smuggling or robbery?
If you don't tell me the truth,
I will commit suicide.

Kamla.

Now water will be water,
and milk will be milk.
You have nothing to worry
as long as I am here.

I'm there for you.

That's true Mahadev.

If you were not there I would've...
...probably killed myself by
jumping into a well.

Don't say such terrible things
I'll post this letter myself.

When you get a reply,
bring it to me immediately.

Come to me even if you don't get a reply.

Why are you looking at me like this?

I'm saying this because
there is something wrong here.

I'll drop it in the postbox myself.

Mr. Yadav!

Yes, sir.

Provide police protection
to Munnibai immediately!

Yes, sir.

Ask the SP to send a police
force to Sajjanpur. - Yes, sir.

It is the order of the Collector
that whoever threatens Munnibai...
...will be punished severely

Listen carefully!

It is the order of the Collector
that whoever threatens Munnibai...
...will be punished severely

People are free.
The country is free.
There are no more kings and queens.
We have a democracy.
It's a government for the people,
of the people, by the people.
We are proud of our Democracy
A vote may seem small
but its power is infinite.
We have a democracy.
people are free.
The country is free.
Flowers are blooming everywhere.
Their fragrance spreads to every street
But you turned into
a snake and I your prey.
You believe that the powerful will win.
You buy votes with money.
You want to prove that
the powerful always win.
Party funds, superstitions,
rituals and business scams.
We have a democracy.
people are free.
The country is independent.
Kings and Queens have gone.
We now have a democracy.
people are free.
The country is free.
In the elections for
the post of village head...
...Munnibai Mukhanni is
declared the winner...
...against her closest rival
Jamnabai with 327 votes.
people are free.
The country is independent.
We have a democracy.
It's been just three days
since I sent the letter...
...how can you get a reply so quickly?
I've not come for that.
Then why?
Didn't you ask me to come

even if I don't get a reply?
Oh yes! You did the right
thing by coming to me.
Who knows what problems may arise?
It is important to take advice.
We shouldn't start digging
for water only when there is a fire.
Please move!
- Aunt, what are you doing?
Here's your half a rupee.
Bindya's uncle has sent a reply.
Read it and tell me what he has written.
My child, are you the letter in his envelope?
I mean, I say something
and mean something else.
Are you always here?
- Aunt, should I read this letter?
Yes read it.
- Listen.
Uncle Rampyare's greetings
to Bindya's mother.
The news is I have talked
to the witch-doctor.
He says marrying a dog is important.
But if you have to do it then the dog...
...should've been born on a Saturday.
Oh God! Now where
would I find such a dog?
Listen, many people come to you.
Why don't you help me?
Ask around whether they
have a dog born on a Saturday.
Ya Sure... I will put another table
here and open a side business!
I write letters for people.
It's not my job to find cats and dogs.
Aunt, my dog is black and white.
Puthru! - But was he born on a Saturday?
I wouldn't know.
My mother-in-law may know...
Alright then, you ask and
you too ask around.
Aunt, don't hassle me with this.
If my daughter comes here, I beg of you...

keep your mouth sealed
...like a sealed envelope.
She has given me a lot of trouble.
Letter writer! Was my mother here?
From your face it looks like
she was and you are lying.
Why are you shaking your head?
Is your mouth sealed?
I know you write letters for
my mother, don't you?
All of you are hand-in-glove.
Is my life, not a life?
Get married and leave my job!
God! She's one up on her mother!
Mother, wouldn't he have
got the letter by now?
Who knows? Mumbai is
so far away. It takes time.
Then how long before I get the reply?
I don't think he'll reply.
Bansi has forgotten us.
- Why do you say that?
I feel his reply will
come in a day or two.
Look, even the crow is cawing.
Four years have passed listening
to the cawing of the crow.
Don't say that.
Mahadev has written such a nice letter...
...I feel instead of replying,
he may come himself.
Brother Gaya, what happened?
I don't know.
What happened?
- I don't know.
Let's take a look.
Daughter-in-law,
why are you sitting like that?
Get up. Comb your hair.
And go and meet Mahadev.
He is a good man.
He'll give the right advice.
Ok, I'll look to the fields.
How are you?

Why are you crying?
Let's go inside. If someone
sees us they will spread rumors.
Aunt is not home?
Look, I feel he is not a good man.
If he was a good man he
would have surely replied.
Right?
Forget him!
Don't worry!
I'm here.
I'll take care of you.
Oh God!
Sir!
- What are you doing?
He's my father.
No! No! It's alright.
So, he's your father.
- Yes.
I am happy you've found your father.
He writes letters.
Sit down.
- You too sit down. - Yes.
You are great!
- No! No!
Tell me
- I've read in newspapers that...
...the circuses can't keep tigers.
Whips can't be used on race horses.
A snake charmer can't keep snakes
And street performers can't
keep monkeys or bears.
If you separate the snake from the snake
charmer then what will he do?
Who? The snake?
Not the snake, the snake charmer.
The snake can never be
separated from Bholenath!
He can only wander away
to change his skin.
Sir, don't refuse.
- What is it?
Pure honey from Chitrakoot.
It will increase your sperm.

Hail Bholenath!
Let's go!
Mahadev, here's a letter for Kamla.
Give it to her if she comes.
I'm going to the city for
a couple of days. - Okay.
Increases... It's honey.
Mother gave it to me.
Aunt!
Where is aunt?
She's in the fields.
- Okay.
It's nice that you came.
I was just thinking of you.
Really? Sit. I'll be right back.
Puthru, time you got
acquainted with me.
What brought you here?
Have you taken a holiday?
I've just come to deliver your letter.
Have you read it?
I don't read private letters
without permission.
It's a sin in my profession.
What difference does it make?
Both of us know the kind of replies I get.
Okay, I'll read it since he has written it.
Kamla, my queen.
What's the use now sonny boy?
I was shocked to be addressed...
...a dishonorable liar and demon.
I swear by Lord Hanuman,
I'm not involved in smuggling or robbery.
But I used to sell my blood...
to send you money.
I would get 500 or 1000 rupees
which I sent to you...
What has he written?
I'm reading it.
Do not tell anyone about this.
Not even to Puthru.
Very soon I will sell
my kidney to buy a room.
What has he written, Mahadev?

Is there bad news?

No. No.

Don't be afraid.

It's not dangerous.

Many of my friends have
sold their kidneys.

What's a kidney? I can give
my life for your happiness.

What happened, Mahadev?

Why don't you tell me?

Let me read it.

Sweetheart, prepare to
come to Mumbai.

Yours Bansi.

What happened?

We were wrong about him.

Your Bansi is a very good man.

He says he has been promoted
and will get a bonus.

He'll buy a house with that money.

Really?

- Yes.

Is that what he has written?

And he has apologized
for troubling you.

He loves you a lot, Kamla.

Hail Goddess Sharda!

Mahadev, it's all because
of your letters.

Bansi!

Mother-in-law will be
so happy to know about this.

Prepare to leave.

- Yes. I'll start packing!

I'm leaving, I have some important work.

I'll be right back!

Where are you going?

Mahadev!

I had offered my head.

But the sword fell on
someone else's neck.

Sir!

These are the fields

I want to mortgage.

But I want the money immediately.
50,000! Can I get it?
You'll get your 50,000.
But I'll charge an interest of
20 percent. Do you accept?
I accept.
Take this half rupee and read me a letter.
- No Aunt. I'm in a hurry.
Take a rupee and read me this letter.
OK. I'm glad to tell you
that a dog has been found.
The witch-doctor will get them
married next month on a Saturday.
You'll have to give 500 as dowry.
Take this.
What happened?
Why are you crying?
My nose runs even when
I am very happy.
Write a reply. Write that we are ready.
- No Aunt, I'll miss my train.
Write me a letter. Please!
- All right. All right!
Write that we are ready.
When the ill omen is
gone from your village...
...find her a dark, handsome
groom just like yourself.
I will not give a single
penny as dowry.
Take this.
- Thank you very much.
I'm leaving.
- My problem is solved.
Do attend the wedding.
- Yes.
Have lunch at the wedding.
- All right.
Brother, where is Bansi?
There.
- That tall guy?
The operation is tomorrow.
You'll get the money immediately.
You should take three more days'

leave from the manager.
Will there be any complications?
I am here.
I've got Ramesh and Ahmed the money.
Alright.
Bansi!
Me?
- Yes, greetings!
I live in a village next to yours.
I met a person at the station who told
me to give this packet to Bansi.
He also gave me this letter.
But what's in it?
I don't know.
I did as I was told.
You take care of your inheritance.
I'm leaving.
O beloved. Forgive me for my mistake.
I am sending some money.
Buy a house with it and...
...promise me, you'll never ever
think about getting operated.'
'I will commit suicide if you get operated.'
Your sweetheart, Kamla.
Where is Mahadev?
- I'm here.
Mahadev, read it for me.
Beloved Kamla.
I got your letter and
also the money.
I bought a room yesterday.
But where did so much
money come from?
Did you sell the land
or your jewelry?
We'll talk about it later.
24th June. Gorakhpur-Dadar Express.
What's the matter?
Why are you smiling?
He says he has bought the house.
You have to go to Mumbai on 24th June.
He'll pick you up at Dadar station.
Really?
Aunt! I'm leaving! I'm leaving!

Father! I'm leaving!
Snacks?
Over here. Come on.
Take care.
If someone gives you anything
to eat, don't take it.
Take care of the suitcase. Okay.
As soon as you get there inform
us that you've reached safely.
And don't forget us.
Come back from time to time.
Why are you crying?
Don't worry about us.
I am here.
Send a message when you
reach, Kamla. Okay?
And do come.
And be careful.
You won't forget me, will you?
Congratulations, Mr. Sukhdev!
Your novel has been published.
Here's your cheque.
The characters in the novel
are very interesting.
Are they from real life?
Some are a product of my imagination.
But most of them are real.
And the protagonist,
the letter writer?
I am Mahadev.
Wonderful! Great!
Do you still write letters?
- Very rarely and with utmost care.
Without involving my feelings.
Mr. Chaturvedi, you can
write anything in a novel.
But while writing someone else's letter...
...you have to have control
over your feelings and emotions...
...as it causes a great deal of trouble.
And what right do we have
to mess with someone's life?
That's why I have decided
I will just write novels.

Make enough money to lead a decent life.

I also have to get back
the land I had mortgaged.

Munnibai died.

But Ramkumar and Shobha
must be very happy...

...with a family of their own, right?

No.

The truth is... Ramkumar
and Shobha were hanged.

It was an honour killing by
their own community.

Really?

Munnibai is alive.

Currently she is a legislator and
has taken the assembly by storm.

Amazing!

When did Kamla find
out Mahadev had...

...I mean you had given
the money to Bansi?

When they came to the village
a year later to celebrate Diwali.

Hey mister!

Kamla, he's the man
who gave me the money.

This is Mr. Chaturvedi.

And this is the same Bindya.

Now my wife.

How did this happen?

Only Bindya can tell you this story.

Preparations were made for the wedding.

What's this nonsense?

I won't marry a dog.

Rubbish!

Your stars are bad.

When Lord Ganesh's stars
were bad, his head got...

...separated to be replaced
by an elephant's.

If the same happens to you,
do we attach a horse's head?

Mother, that Budhwar and

Nandu are also ill-starred.

Why don't they get married to some bitch?
I won't go through with this!
In our society only women
are ill-starred. Be quiet!
Don't fight during the wedding.
Start the ritual.
Bring the groom.
How can you do this!
Here comes the dog!
- Don't talk too much.
- Welcome, bridegroom!
Apply the vermillion.
I'll apply vermillion on your behalf.
Here! What are you doing?
Hey! Stop!
Stop dear! Hey Bindiya!
Help me!
Hey! What's the matter?
She is marrying me to this dog!
Aunt, why are you forcing
her to get married?
Stop this or I'll lodge
a complaint with the police.
You know everything and
yet you are being a hurdle.
She is ill-starred!
She will remain a spinster.
You are no help at all.
If that is so then I will marry her.
Why delay? The wedding
preparations are done.
One minute. One minute!
- Do you accept me?
I won't marry a stranger.
- Why?
You are marrying me out of pity.
That is not so.
Will you marry me
without knowing me?
Is this how marriages happen?
Am I a cow that can be
sold to anyone?
No.
First prove that you are

worthy of being my husband.
If you win my confidence,
I will marry you.
Is my life, not a life.
She uses this one liner all the time!
Hey! What are you doing?
Wiping my nose.
Then how did you prove it?
I had to write 40 letters.
Each letter was 10 pages long.
That would be 400 pages.
One more book can be published
'Letters to Bindiya.'
Can you show me one of the letters?
No, those are very private letters.
And some things should be left private.
One last question.
Has anything inauspicious
occurred after your marriage?
Inauspicious? In fact,
I made progress.
The vegetable shop expanded.
I got a better house and...
...my ambition to become
a writer was fulfilled.
From letter writer Mahadev
I became novel writer Sukhdev.
There's nothing auspicious
or inauspicious in life.
If you like someone in life...
Why do you have to throw
dialogue after dialogue.
Is my life not a life?