

SCENE 1 - EX / TRIMBAK / BRAHMGIRI HILL / DAY - 1878

A small boy sits on a flight of stone stairs leading down into a deep pond. The child is slipping some chips of stone bearing the name of RAMA into the water. Surprisingly, the chips start to float.

(Enacting his *kathavachak* father and maybe even school teachers)

DHUNDIRAJ

Come, each of you write lord RAMA's name on the stones and throw them into  
KUSHAVARTA

FRIEND1:

Hey Dhundi, why would our stones float on water?

DHUNDIRAJ

Why not? If you write with faith, even your stones will float; come on, throw your  
stones.

FRIEND 2

Hey, my stone is floating!!

FRIEND 3

Mine too!

FRIEND1

And mine, but how come our stones are floating? Where did you get them from?

DHUNDIRAJ

They're floating because these are not stones but coals ( *Dagdi Kolsa* )

FRIEND1

Oh, that's why they were lighter.

FRIEND2:

I thought it was really some divine power!! Ha ha!

DHUNDIRAJ

OK now, all of you line up and tell me what role you are playing.

FRIEND 2

Angad

FRIEND 3

Jamvant

FRIEND 4  
Sugriv

FRIEND 5  
Laxman

FRIEND 1  
Halumal

DHUNDIRAJ

What is this? You cannot even pronounce a simple word, how will you deliver whole sentences? Come on, somebody else can become Hanuman.

FRIEND  
This is not fair Dhundi, I'll never play with you ever again.  
(Crying and angry he runs off.)

FRIENDS:  
Dhundi, why do you play RAMA all the time?  
Today, I'll be RAMA or else even I won't play.

DHUNDIRAJ  
Well, for that you'll have to learn the whole of the Ramayana by heart, if you agree, I have no issue.

FRIENDS:  
Sorry, no conditions please!

FRIEND2:  
Hey Rakhma, leave that lamb and come here. You're supposed to play Sita.

RAKHMA:  
Mind you, it's not a simple lamb; it's the 'Golden Deer'. Dhundi, would you take my lamb in our play?

All the children erupt into peals of laughter.

CHILDREN  
Ha Ha Ha

FRIEND3:  
Lamb? In the Ramayana? What a joke!

FRIEND 4:  
Can your lamb speak?

RAKHMA:  
Don't make a fool of my lamb, why should my lamb speak? We will make the lamb run like the Golden Deer, and anybody can shout "Laxmana, save me" What's the big deal?

DHUNDIRAJ  
Hello, is anybody going to listen to me? Enough of your suggestions.

As they are engrossed in their play, a mist appears, blindfolding every one in its whiteness.

Fade in a mix of tribal marriage ceremonial music.

In that white veil of the mist, the children, mesmerized, watch a marriage procession, all kinds of freaks and creatures following Shivji who is sitting on a bull.

When the mist clears, the sky is blue and crystal clear, but the mountain has turned white, like the Himalayas.

And far, far away Shivji's marriage procession disappears over a mist-covered hill.

The spell is broken when, from a distance, one friend comes running shouting, breathless.

FRIEND  
Dhundi...Dhundi.....  
Nobody is going to listen to you anymore, the British have come to arrest your father!

Everybody gets tense and surprised on hearing the news.

FRIEND2:  
My God, the British? They're very cruel!

FRIEND3:  
Their soldiers hit very hard!

FRIEND4:  
They have big leather whips!

DHUNDIRAJ  
Shut up, you're all fooling me. Why would the British arrest my father? It's all lies.

Dhundiraj runs home.

SCENE 2 - IN / EX DAJI SHASTRI PHALKE'S HOUSE / LANE OUT SIDE  
EVENING / 1878

As Dhundiraj approaches his house, he finds the lane leading in very congested and sees a big crowd gathered around his house.

He slows down and starts to panic, but still pushes his way through the legs of the crowds, only to find a British soldier right in front of his door.

Dhundiraj is completely soaked in sweat and terrified. He gathers strength and rushes out of the crowd to enter his own house from the back.

Going from one dark room to the next, he finally finds the rest of his family. He settles by his mother who is standing behind the door.

Daji Shastri (Dhundiraj's father) and a British man are discussing something.

Sheets of airplane designs from an old Sanskrit text, *Viman Shastra*, lie scattered between them

Unable to comprehend what they are talking about, Dhundiraj keeps peeking out at his father. Dhundiraj's father sees him peeping and reads his face. He smiles at little Dhundiraj and calls him in.

The smile on his father's face is enough to release the tension and a relieved Dhundiraj runs towards his father and embraces him. The boy is overjoyed that his father is safe.

Dhundiraj's father introduces little Dhundiraj to the guest, and tells him that his father is going to teach the Britisher Sanskrit and other allied things.

BRITISH MAN

Will you come with us to Bombay, young man? We're taking your father away with us, to teach in a college

Dhundiraj looks around him uncomprehendingly.

Shaking hands with the British guest, the boy is awe-struck and unknowingly moves his hand over white skin, pink nails, and gazes with wonder at the wrist watch, chained spectacles, hairdo, golden mustache etc.

Then, concluding their discussion, the British man and Dhundiraj's father walk towards the main door.

The crowd scatters and settles down a bit further away to see what's going on.

Seeing the Britisher bowing down and greeting the elder Phalke abruptly brings an end to the expected climax, and everybody is spellbound at what they are witnessing.

Dhundiraj's joy knows no bounds. He runs straight down to the pond and his favorite play places, singing and dancing, all on his own and almost neglecting all his friends running about behind him.

SCENE 3 - EX/IN / SPACE STUDIO / NIGHT / 1917

13-year old Babarai, dressed up like Hanuman, is flying against a full moon, carrying the three-storied Phalke studio in his palm.

His shadow falls floating over miniaturized landscapes below.

Babarai brings the tiny little studio closer to his face and peeps inside through the window. The two big eyes of mischievous Hanuman fill the frame.

Inside, Phalke, from the black-and-white footage of “How films are made” is seated at his table, thinking, with a pen in his hand.

Now Babarai peeps inside the hall.

5-year old Mandakini,, 9-year old Mahadev, and 3-year old Neelkanth are sleeping in a row. The mother is putting 1-year old Prabhakar to sleep, singing a lullaby. He chuckles in his dream.

Phalke starts writing. His voice begins to read out what he is writing.

PHALKE

Suddenly I remember a true story of my early days. I was running a photography shop in Godhra in the state of Baroda. My business required me to travel all the time. In those days, there was a great demand for Sanskrit manuscripts, and my hunger for knowledge was also limitless.

Prabhakar is fast asleep.

Saraswati, his mother, gets up, and goes down the steps leading to the second floor.

She passes through the mask and make-up room, and enters the processing and developing room. She sits down in front of the developing and printing machine, and starts working, her hand moving as if spinning a wheel.

There is no sound in the entire house except the sound of the film passing through the liquid chemical. It is pure silence, like that in a space craft.

The film passes through the printer, then through a developing tank

A miniature image of Kamala, Phalke’s first wife, tries to come to life as Saraswati examines her expression. Each frame by itself is frozen, like a pinned butterfly, some times fogged, ghost-like, restless, reluctant to be photographed...

SCENE 4 – EX / IN PHALKE’S PHOTO STUDIO / GODHRA / 1895

Kamala stands at the door, almost in tears. Phalke is loading his cart, preparing for a business trip.

KAMALA

I’m scared when you’re away.

PHALKE

Then why did you bring me here to die? We were all right in Baroda. I was teaching. My brother was there. “No, I want to be alone. Just you and me.” No? That’s what you wanted.

KAMALA

This is nothing but a jungle – was there nowhere else to go?

PHALKE

You know very well that for my business to grow I need trains, tigers, ruins, and princely states. And all these things are here. Do you understand?

Phalke is almost ready to leave.

Suddenly, he See some body coming towards his house. It is the Muslim priest.

MUSLIM PRIEST

Who are you?

PHALKE

Phalke. From Nashik, Tryambakeshwar

MUSLIM PRIEST

What do you do?

PHALKE

You can see I am a photographer

MUSLIM PRIEST

What is photography?

PHALKE

Why don't you see for yourself? What kind of back ground do you prefer? Paradise, city, or forest?

PRIEST

I myself dabble in the world of spirits. But I protect my people from their harm. Leave this business. Or go some place else, where it is done. This glass eye sucks the soul of the man and makes him the living dead. I have noticed that you are away quite often... we don't wish you any harm

PHALKE

But –

The Muslim priest finishes his threat and disappears at a distance.  
Phalke is tense

KAMALA

What was he saying?

PHALKE

Nothing.

Phalke climbs onto the cart. Kamala, standing at the door, sees him going.  
Then she closes the door from within.  
The screen goes dark.

SCENE 5 / EXT TEMPLE TOWN / NIGHT - 1895

A horse cart drives through the narrow lanes of a temple town bathed in silver moonlight.  
The town is deserted.  
The horse cart comes to a stop outside a ruined four-story *haveli*

SCENE 6 / INT / PANDITJI'S HAVELI / NIGHT

Phalke stops to feed the horse before he enters the house.  
He searches inside the labyrinthine house.  
The light of his lamp falls on wall frescoes dating to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

PHALKE

'Panditji! Panditji!'

Shastriji is busy making gold in the darkness of his underground alchemical laboratory.  
Suddenly a small bubble comes to the surface of one of the boiling liquids and explodes.  
It bursts into Shastriji's face, turning it black with soot.  
Green smoke begins to fill the room.  
Dhundiraj bursts into laughter on seeing Shastriji's face.

PANDITJI:  
Have we been introduced? What can I do for you?

Phalke takes out a small purse from inside his clothes, removes five rupees and places the money at the other man's feet.

PANDITJI: (CONT'D)  
What is the meaning of this?

PHALKE  
I wish to speak to you.

PANDITJI:  
You must be joking. Why would I spill my guts for five bucks?

PHALKE  
This is but a token of my esteem.  
After I have told you my problem, I will shower you with gold coins.

PANDITJI:  
Gold coins! Real gold coins!  
It is true I desire gold, but only that which I can make with my own hands.

Wisps of smoke of many colors escape from the mouths of the alchemist's crucibles.  
Panditji checked one of the brass utensils, but there was no gold yet.  
Flinging the vessel away in a rage, he wipes his hands.

PANDITJI: (CONT'D)  
All right, let's talk.  
God, it's hot!

PHALKE  
I hear you have a whole library of Sanskrit books and manuscripts?

PANDITJI:  
I used to, but I fed them to the white ants.  
They were everywhere, curse them!  
Instead of letting them eat away my wooden doors, I fed them on those thankless, useless  
books.  
How hot it is!  
Sit, sit.



PHALKE:

A foreigner has arrived from abroad.

He has a book.

I've seen with my own eyes that he took out a small bottle from his pocket and dropped just two drops onto a large bowl of copper.

Then he told his servant to wash the bowl.

The bowl began to sparkle when it had been washed.

Then he said, 'The English government buys all this gold from me. I have a fortune in savings abroad.

But I need at least fifty gold coins before I can leave here.'

So I said, 'Why don't you sell the bowl you just made? It'll fetch you a good sum.'

He said, 'No. The Resident made me swear on the Bible that I would sell my gold only to the British government.'

So I said, 'So sell it to the British government.'

The foreigner replied, 'I make the gold here, then they write to the laath Saab in Calcutta. Then the laath Saab writes to the head of the company in England, who sends the money.'

But this poor chap gets nothing, because he's known as a drunk.

So the company sends his salary to his wife.

He's hoping that someone will buy his book on alchemy for fifty gold coins, because he remembers all the formulas by heart.

PANDITJI:

Such a book is possible only in Arabic.

PHALKE:

You're absolutely right.

PHALKE: (CONT'D)

These Western empires might conquer and loot us, but they'll never crack the Arabic language.

PHALKE

Actually, this foreigner's father is of the English race, but his mother is Arabic.

In spite of being a Christian, he brought his son up like a devout Muslim.

I suspect he got this book from his mother.

PANDITJI (leans towards Dhundiraj):

Have you seen this book?

PHALKE

With my own two eyes.

For just fifty gold coins, we can buy it from the old drunk.

PANDITJI

He's a fool to sell such a priceless book.

PHALKE

He's ready to sell it because he remembers it by heart.

PANDITJI

But how will I get hold of fifty gold coins? Where will I live if I sell the house?

PHALKE

I'll give you fifty gold coins for all your books.

Panditji breaks out in a sweat.

Thoughtfully, he heads towards another room.

He opens a door, picks up a lit oil lamp, and enters within, followed by Dhundiraj and a small mouse.

There are about 3,000 or 4,000 books inside.

The books turn to dust at the merest touch.

Their titles are in gold leaf lettering and they are filled with colorful illustrations.

Phalke picks up the oil lamp.

Every book he has ever heard of is here.

PHALKE

How much for the lot?

PANDITJI

They're not worth toilet paper. I hate the sight of them. Your gods and goddesses, your myriad religions - I hate all the religions of the world.

All I want to do is make gold with my own hands just once.

PHALKE

Are fifty gold coins acceptable to you?

PANDITJI

No. It's got to be either fifty-one or one hundred and one.

I want an auspicious amount.

Take it or go away.

Panditji comes out of the room and bolts the door behind him.

Phalke takes out his money and counts it.

Then he loads the books into the cart outside and comes inside again.

Panditji is making a green paste out of some herbs.

Phalke is holding a photo gun in his hands.

PANDITJI: (CONT'D)  
Sir, are you a hunter too?

PHALKE  
No Panditji, this is a gun to take pictures only - flying birds, running horses...

PANDITJI:  
Stop, I think you can help me.  
I have one herb that can turn a man into a tiger and another that can turn tigers into men.  
I want you to photograph me as I metamorphose into a tiger.  
So stay ready and shoot me.  
I also want to see what happens to me.  
Then give me this other herb.

PHALKE  
But suppose you eat me?

PANDITJI:  
After I turn into a tiger, how will I know that it's a photo gun?  
It's an experiment, a service to science.  
Here, don't be afraid.

Panditji gives one packet to Phalke and swallows the other.  
He begins to turn into a tiger at the end of Phalke's gun.  
He roars and jumps onto Phalke.  
Phalke clutches his gun and flees for his life.

SCENE 7 / EX / IN PHALKE'S PHOTO STUDIO / GODHRA /  
DARKROOM / DAY

In the photo developer Panditji is morphing into a lion.  
We hear the sounds of drum beating as if encircling a hunt.  
Then, Kamala, bursts open the dark room door and rushes to Phalke. She is screaming,  
sobbing, hysterical.  
Bright daylight streams into the room and the half-man half-lion in the developing  
photograph turns black.

PHALKE  
What happened?

KAMALA  
(Sobbing)  
A rat...I saw a rat

PHALKE

So?

Phalke sees his photograph turning black, right under his nose. He is furious, shaking with rage.

PHALKE (CONT'D)

O hell! I'm ruined. How will I prove it now? This was the only proof. How will I convince the Anthropological Society? Do you know you have destroyed historical proof? Can't you knock?

Phalke tears up the photo paper in a rage, storms out and stands outside the door. She follows him meekly, full of guilt.

PHALKE (CONT'D)

I want you to leave today. Go to my place. Go to your father's.

KAMALA

Can't we go to Trimbak?

PHALKE

What will I do there? *Katha kirtan* like my father?

KAMALA

You can paint.

PHALKE

I am a loser there. The only thing I can paint is back drops for the theatre

KAMALA

We can live in Bombay. We have relatives there, so much theatre there

PHALKE

No. My future is here

SCENE 8 / IN PHALKE'S PHOTO STUDIO / GODHRA /  
BEDROOM / NIGHT

Phalke and Kamala are sitting on the bed.  
Kamala begins to tell him a story.

KAMALA

There was once a wood cutter, whose beard grew when he slept and covered the entire

town  
with darkness. That's how there would be night in the town. When his wife woke up and  
tied  
her hair with the sweep of a hand, there would be light in the village.  
In the darkness, children would write the dreams of this town, but they were only one line  
dreams, as the darkness would eat up all the ink as soon as one line was written, to  
become  
even darker.  
then the woodcutter made two wooden boxes. In one box he filled up all the darkness.  
The  
other didnt have a door so it couldnt be opened; the darkness could not enter this box and  
hence it remained lit.  
dipping their pens in the dark box, the children and the dreams of the town began to  
grow.  
when the king heard of this box, he wanted to control a box, which made the dreams of  
his  
kingdom.  
So the woodcutter opened the lit box for the children. but now everyone could see the  
dreams  
written with light. the entire town dreamed the same dream. the king's dream could also  
be  
seen by his subjects. for the people who kept asking, is it any surprise then, that the king  
lost all his power?  
All they could see was some entangled bunch of hair, which had come floating in the  
river  
and was lying on its banks.

SCENE 9 / IN / EX / PHALKE STUDIO /GODHRA  
FULL MOON NIGHT / 1896

Phalke and Kamala are asleep.

Suddenly, the silence is broken by a sound.

Phalke awakes. The noise seems to be coming from the upper floor. He picks up the lantern and makes his way up the stairs. He comes to a closed door, and pushes it. It creaks open slowly, and in the light of his lamp he sees that his books have vanished. In the lamp's light, a rat looks up at him mockingly, wiping its whiskers, burping after his feast of books.

Tiny fragments of paper with letters on them are caught up in a whirlwind. The tiny shards fuse together into a whole book, and fly out the window.

Phalke is mesmerized.

SCENE 10 / IN/EX / SPACE STUDIO FROM PHALKE FOOTAGE  
DAY / 1917

Phalke dips his fountain pen into an ink pot with a picture of a swan on it.  
He releases the tank and the pen sucks up the black ink.  
Phalke sits with his pen poised over the paper, thinks for a while, and then starts writing.

PHALKE

I had already taken the advance for the books from some British customers, and they wanted their deliveries, but the books had vanished. Why would anybody steal the books, and who would believe me when I said that a rat had devoured them?

So to be on safe side I went to the police

SCENE 11 / IN / POLICE STATION / GODHRA  
DAY / 1896

A lion-like policeman with a red beard seems unsympathetic to Phalke's plight

POLICEMAN

We have checked every literate person. We can't trace your so-called stolen books. And we can't raid the English.

By the way, do you recognize these photos?

PHALKE

I took them.

POLICE MAN

These boys went missing shortly after, and your photographs helped us to trace them.  
Here is your prize money.

There is a murmur, like that of angry bees, from behind him.

He turns and sees that a crowd is gathering.

At the front of the hissing crowd stand the missing boys, staring at him like zombies with their blind, white, pupil-less eyes.

POLICE MAN (CONT'D)

But these people think that you're a sorcerer, Mr. Kelpha, and that your camera is the evil eye.

By the way, what *does* Kelpha mean, Mr. Phalke?

PHALKE

It is the negative of my own name

Phalke walks out without a backward glance. The crowd watches him go, their eyes boring into his receding back.

SCENE 12 / IN/EX / PHOTO STUDIO / GODHRA  
DAY / 1896

Kamala is unpacking the glass bottles of developing chemicals that her husband had ordered, waiting for him to come home.

Someone raps on the door.

KAMALA  
Who is it?

PHALKE  
Open up. It's me

Kamala unbolts the door from inside.  
Phalke enters and sits. She brings in water, and helps him wash his feet and face.

KAMALA  
Did they find the thief?

PHALKE  
No, instead, they turned on me.

KAMALA  
Why?

Phalke sits to eat. She serves him.

PHALKE  
Some boys had run away from home. My photographs helped in tracing them.

KAMALA  
Then your magic came in handy, after all

PHALKE  
You don't understand.  
They are accusing me of having unnatural powers  
They went looking for the actual places of the back drops against which I had  
photographed the boys, and found them still frozen in the same pose in which I had  
snapped them, as though under a spell.... you are right, let's go from here. Start packing.

KAMALA  
Don't be disheartened. Here's a letter for you, from Nadkarni in Bombay, and a parcel.

Kamala finishes unpacking the parcel, examining the bottles of hypo, silver nitrate, potassium nitrate, instruction booklets, addresses, Kodak labels, and Eastman's face on other products.

Phalke reads the letter.

#### LETTER

Your post cards are selling like crackers, especially the sexy poses of the white women. Rail shail bhool jao. Sapere ki photo dekh kar been baj gai. Tumhare sher aur panditji ka kissa shandar tha. Tum kya mujhe itna bevakoof samajhte ho?

Bechari Kamala bhabhi tumhari kalpana shakti ke samne, bechari. Thhad thada rahi hogi. Tumhare chemicals aur film bhej raha hoon.

Ravi Varma ka Nal Damayanti dekha, ek videshi painting ki nakal hai. Khud milaker dekh lo. Farq sirf itna hai vahan kapde utarti hai, yahan hum unhe kapde pehnate hain. Vah raja saheb sach kaha, hindusthani nakal ka vaner shresht hai aur akbaar padhte ho ki nahin? Tumhare raja sahib ke preyasi angoothi chaat kar chali gayi. Raja sahab ne inn dinon painting chhod rakhi hai.

Phalke and Kamala compare the two versions of the Nal painting.

#### SCENE 13 / IN / EX / DARK ROOM / PHOTO STUDIO / GODHRA NIGHT / 1896

Reading the instructions by candlelight, Phalke mixes photo chemicals in the tray.

One by one the photos emerge, ghost-like.

Sometimes, a photograph from the *camera indica* comes alive, and talks to him.

Phalke listens, head buried beneath a large black cloth, bent over the camera on a tripod.

He wipes his hands, comes out and shuts the door behind him, waiting for the prints to dry.

Outside, Kamala is asleep, dreaming like a fairy.

He looks at her, a smile flickers on her face.

After a moment of absolute silence, he hears a sound from the direction of the dark room.

He goes to the door and stands there, listening.

Then, through a crack in the door, he peeps inside.

A little rat is licking the melted wax of the burning candle.

Then, like an acrobat, the rat jumps and lands with his feet on the rim of the hypo tray.

He starts drinking the chemicals of the tray, guzzling greedily to his heart's content.

Phalke waits, holding his breath, watching....his eyes curious.

After drinking a stomach full of hypo, the rat somersaults and lands on the table facing the door.

Then he starts breathing in and out like in a yogic exercise.

Then Phalke sees something strange.

With every breath the rat takes, golden whiskers, like slender needles, begin to sprout beneath his nose.

When he breathes out, the delicate needles of gold splinter and scatter across the table top.



Then the rat notices Phalke watching him through the door. He stops, and runs away, crashing into the candle which stands like a lamp post on the landscape of the table top. The rat rights himself and skitters away. Phalke enters the room, and touches the needles of golden hair. He smiles.

SCENE 14 / IN / EX / MARKET / GOLDSMITH'S SHOP / DAY

Phalke makes his way through a marketplace crowded with artisans and craftsmen displaying their wares – silver ware, paintings, colorful wooden toys for children, and wall hangings of embroidered cloth.

Finally, Phalke finds what he is looking for - a goldsmith's shop.

Phalke takes out a cloth pouch from inside his shirt and empties it onto the glass topped counter.

The rat's golden whiskers tinkle delicately as they land.

The goldsmith lights a flame and fires the slender golden threads to check for purity.

The whiskers are pure gold.

The smith gathers all of them, and weighs them on a pair of tiny scales.

Then, the goldsmith pays Phalke, and he leaves.

SCENE 15 / IN / PHALKE PHOTO STUDIO / NIGHT

Phalke peeps into the darkroom through the gap in the door.

The rat is drinking from the tray of chemicals again.

He breathes in, and whiskers begin to sprout beneath his nose.

The tip of a single whisker begins to turn to liquid gold that drips onto the table top.

The molten metal swirls and fuses to form the shape of Ganapati.

It is a wonderful likeness of the elephant-headed god.

Phalke opens the door, and the rat scuttles away.

Wonder-struck, Phalke enters the room, picks up the sculpture and looks at it closely.

Phalke looks around, searching for the rat.

PHALKE

My lord, you seem to be the living embodiment of the divine sculptor himself

Suddenly, there is a noise from outside.

Frightened, the rat scampers up Phalke's back and perches on his shoulder.

The knocking on the door becomes more aggressive, and in a flash, the rat disappears inside Phalke's coat.

Finding a tear in the lining, he wriggles frantically inside, scurrying into the small of Phalke's back.

The sensation causes Phalke to twist this way and that.

The knocking intensifies further; Phalke blows out the candle and goes out.

Petrified, Kamala is standing in the center of the room.

Three government officials have pushed their way into the house.

When Phalke comes out, Kamala takes shelter behind his back, as the officials begin to up-end the contents of the room with their batons. Out of the corner of her eye, Kamala notices a wriggling movement inside her husband's coat.

PHALKE

Is everything okay?

One of the officials, who seems to be a doctor, begins to examine Phalke. Then he turns to Kamala. Phalke steps between them.

PHALKE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

OFFICIAL

We're checking for plague. Do you have rats here? There's a reward for every captured rat.

The outlined shape on Phalke's back begins to tremble.

PHALKE

No, there are no rats here, and nor is anybody ill

OFFICIAL

I'm sorry, but we're just doing our duty. Watch out, we're living in bad times

The officials leave.

Phalke re-enters the darkroom and picks up the statue of Ganapati.

Kamala sees it, and is astounded.

PHALKE

This is for you, to keep you safe when I am gone

SCENE 16 / EX / HILL VIEW OF THE GOLD CITY / GODHRA  
EVENING / 1896

Sitting on Phalke's shoulder, the rat is giving a discourse on the science of miracles. At the foot of the hill, a golden city glitters. Phalke listens like a devotee.

RAT

Anybody can perform miracles who understands that the reality of the world is light. A realized soul can restructure atoms of light in any shape. The tangible appearance of the light atoms depends upon the desire and will power of he who conjures it, like long-dead people appearing in his dream. I have clearly seen the absolute one-ness of the light behind the painful multiplicity of the illusory world

A faint howling and screaming reaches us from the golden city below.  
Slowly, a cloud of vultures start appearing in sky, swooping down towards the city

SCENE 17 / EX / TOWN SQUARE / GODHRA / DAY

A man hangs upside down in the view finder.  
A hand outside the camera's black cloth cover tells him to stay steady.  
Inside the camera the man is upside down. Phalke snaps the shutter.  
The lens opens like an eye and the plate moves upward.  
The man in the frame feels dizzy, and falls down as if he has been flung aside.  
He is dead.  
Two men enter the frame and pull away the body.  
Phalke emerges from beneath the black camera cloth and looks out.  
The photographed man is being dragged away. The next man has taken his place.

People are being indexed and classified through their thumb prints, face measurement, and recordings of voices for the Great India Project.  
Suddenly, in a split second, a kite dives down towards the camera, lifts it up with its claws, and flies away.  
Phalke, balancing against the force of attack, looks up. He runs to follow the kite.

SCENE 18 / IN / PHALKE SPACE STUDIO / DAY

A kite swoops through the azure blue sky, an old still camera dangling from its claws.  
  
Inside the space studio, Phalke's children are lined up at the window, looking out on the scene.  
At the table in his old film footage, Phalke continues writing about his memories of the Great India Project.

SCENE 19 / EX / TOWN SQUARE / GODHRA / DAY

People are running for their life, in all directions.  
Things are being thrown out of houses marked by the sign of the Black Death.  
Policemen on horseback are trying to control the situation.  
Plague patients are being segregated, more houses are being marked, and polluted things are being burnt.  
Holding a Bible in one hand, a priest is shouting a sermon in front of a newly built church.  
He begins to attack the crowd of devotees in ringing tones.

PRIEST

The plague has come to your homes, my brethren, and you well deserved it

The crowd gapes at him, thunder-struck. Using the tricks of oratory, the priest slaps his congregation in the face with the essence of his sermon, which is that they deserve what they have got.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

We have seen in history that when such a disaster struck, it was to punish the enemies of the Lord. When Pharaoh acted against the will of God, the scourge of plague brought him to his knees. Kneel down now.

In the crowd, people begin to fall to their knees before the preacher.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

The pure of heart have nothing to fear, but evildoers will tremble. Plague is the pestle of the Almighty, and the world is the floor on which the Lord threshes the grain mercilessly until it is removed from its husk. Losing patience with our sins, the Lord has taken the light away, and the world is plunged in darkness.

The messenger of the Devil, bearing his long sickle, must be giving the order to destroy your homes. Each blow rained upon you will claim a life each.

To reinforce his words, he starts a magic lantern show that illustrates his sermon.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

His left hand is stretched out over your homes. His finger is probably pointing to your house. His long red sickle is turned towards your courtyard.

Perhaps Plague has entered into your bedroom like a deadly bride, and is waiting for you to return home...

And in this blood-soaked soil, the seeds of Truth will be sown. Perhaps this is the road to your salvation.

Once, those untouched by Plague wrapped themselves in the robes of the dead, and invited Death to a feast. This path reveals impatience and arrogance.

SCENE 20 / EX / LANDSCAPE / GODHRA / DAY

Phalke is running for his life.

In the distance, a train cuts through the empty landscape, waving its plume of smoke.

Hordes of screaming people are running behind Phalke with stones in their hands, flinging them at his back.

SCENE 21 / IN / EX / PHALKE'S STUDIO / GODHRA / TWILIGHT

The rat is resting on a comfortable bed in a nest that Phalke has built for it inside a jewelry box. All the furniture is made of gold.

Light streams in through the key hole, projecting the outside scene onto the wall above the bed, upside down shadows playing like the image inside a *camera obscura*.

He sees a train with its wheels in the air passing over his head, like a centipede overturned.

Kamala's shadow passes, combing her hair.

She pauses, and approaches the box. The jewelry box room goes dark.

Suddenly, there is a commotion outside and Phalke's urgent voice announces his arrival.

PHALKE

Pack up! We have to leave at once!

He is in a panic, flinging their belongings together, ready to flee.

KAMALA

Why? What happened?

PHALKE

The townspeople are after us!

Kamala runs after him, and light floods the box once again.

The rat sees Phalke throw a final glance at him, before they flee, leaving the door open. Abandoned, the rat runs around his tiny room in consternation, seeking a way out of his prison.

The wooden box loses its balance and falls to the floor.

The box is still shaking when, a few seconds later, the crowd pours in through the door, hunting for Phalke.

They tear the place apart, before someone spots the jewelry box.

The crowd descends on it and tries to force it open.

Inside the box, the rat slides from side to side with the shaking.

He can hear the enraged crowd screaming.

Terrified, he presses against the far wall, below the hinges of the lid.

Somebody slams the box down on the floor.

Blows rain down on the lid, and the rat cowers in a corner, looking up at the destruction.

Somebody slams the box down again and again.

The box begins to splinter, and light streams in through the cracks in the wood.

Now the rat can see enormous black eyes, their pupils dilated with rage.

Shaking fingers try to tear the box apart, the delicate whorls on the skin showing clearly in the increasing light inside.

The lid splinters with a final crash and an enormous hand enters the ruined box and stops on seeing the rat.

The rat cowers in the corner as the hand moves forward again and picks him up.

As the hand touches the rat, it turns to solid gold.

The hand turns to lift it up. They open to show the gold turned to balls of hair.  
All at once, hissing smoke turns the hair to dark grey ash.

At that instant, everything that is gold in the room turns to ash – the furniture in the rat’s nest, the gold-rimmed eyeglasses on faces, the gold in people’s teeth, the gold paintings on the wall.

SCENE 22 / EX / GOLDEN CITY / GODHRA / NIGHT

Phalke is dragging Kamala by the hand, stumbling and running up the hill as far as they can get, their breath catching in their throats.

When they reach the top, Phalke finally stops and they look back at the scene below. The beautiful minarets, domes and gold-painted walls of the city are turning to hair, transforming into ash, and are scattered on the air.

Phalke looks at the full golden moon hanging low in the night sky.  
As he watches, it turns in a knitting ball of hair, before exploding into ash.  
Utter darkness descends.

SCENE 23 / IN / EX / PHALKE’S SPACE STUDIO / NIGHT

Phalke’s pen stops writing.  
He pauses to think.

Outside, Babarai is carrying the space studio carefully in his hand.  
He looks down at the ground and sees the golden city turning to balls of hair, like Lanka burning below.  
The landscape changes as he flies and the minarets turn to industrial chimneys spewing industrial smoke.

SCENE 24 / IN / EX / TRAIN / DAY

Wheels piston forward in a regular motion, striking sparks from the rails.  
Coals are fed into a golden fire in an enormous stove.  
Smoke and golden embers spew out of vents into the clear air above.  
A train makes its way across the land.

Phalke and Kamal are sitting in a sea of despairing human faces.

SCENE 25 / IN / EX / VT STATION / BOMBAY / DAY

The VT station terminus yawns like a giant cave.  
The train chugs into the darkness, as though entering into the *camera obscura* again.

The train comes to a halt, and people begin to disembark in a rush.

They are met on the platform outside the compartment doors by a medical team who begin to check the travelers one by one.

Depending on their findings, people are separated into two groups and led away.

Phalke and Kamala are checked.

As he walks away after his examination, he looks behind him for Kamala and sees her being led away in the opposite direction, her head turned to him in a final glance for help. He makes a movement towards her, but she disappears into the crowd before his very eyes.

It begins to rain.

The crowds melt away, and Phalke is left alone in a deserted Victoria station, stupefied by the carvings of gargoyles, lizards, lions, tigers, flora and fauna, like some fantastic fairyland.

Streams of water pour out of the mouths of mythical monsters, frothing at the jaws.

Phalke sits shaking, shivering with cold, leaning against carvings of rats in the wall.

#### SCENE 26 / EX / FORT / BOMBAY / NIGHT

Coarse white cloth fills the frame. A hand enters and lifts the cloth to reveal the face of a young woman.

The hand covers the dead face and moves to the next shroud.

Making his way through grounds littered with shrouds, Phalke roams from camp to camp, looking for his wife's corpse.

His mouth is parched; his brain throbs with a rapid pulse - he touches his own wrist (for he dare not ask counsel of any man lest he be deserted), and feels his frightened blood go galloping out of his heart. There is nothing but the fatal swelling left to make his conviction complete; immediately, he has an odd feel under the arm - no pain, but a little straining of the skin; he touches the gland, and finds the skin sane and sound but under the cuticle there lies a small lump like a pistol-bullet, that moves as he pushes it.

He looks around.

The shops are deserted, he has pierced deep into the native quarter and is threading through its narrow dim lanes.

He has to go carefully, for men are stretched asleep all about and there is hardly room to drive between them.

And every now and then a swarm of rats scampers across past the horses' feet in the vague light.

White plaster of Paris statues of Ganapati stand sentinel at street corners.

The forbears of the rats that are carrying the plague from house to house are in Bombay now. The shops are but sheds, little booths open to the street; and the goods have been removed, and on the counters families are sleeping, usually with an oil lamp present.

But at last he turns a corner and sees a great glare of light ahead.

It is the home of a bride, wrapped in a perfect conflagration of illuminations, - mainly gas-work designs, gotten up especially for the occasion.

Within is an abundance of Brilliancy - flames, costumes, colors, decorations, mirrors - it is another Aladdin show.

The bride is a trim and comely little thing, dressed as we would dress a boy. She moves about very much at her ease, and stops and talks with the guests and allows her wedding jewelry to be examined. It is very fine, particularly a rope of great diamonds, a lovely thing to look at and handle. It has a great Emerald hanging from it.

#### SCENE 27 / EX / FLORA FOUNTAIN / BOMBAY / NIGHT / FLASHBACK

Kamala is standing by Phalke's side, her face lit with joy.

Tilak has just concluded his speech.

Vedic chanting fills the air. A hot air balloon is being prepared for flight.

Phalke and Kamala cut through the crowd and approach the site of the launch.

A man, Sant Tukaram-like, goes and sits in the balloon, and begins to sing religious songs.

The balloon begins to rise into the air.

As it lifts off we see Kamala's face turned upward, surrounded by devotees singing with the man in chorus until the balloon disappears into the star-filled sky.

#### SCENE 28 / IN / EX / SPACE STUDIO / NIGHT

The studio is flying through the night like a space craft, cradled in Babarai's hand.

The sound of the *kirtan* awakens five-year old Mandakini from her sleep.

She goes to the window and looks out.

The hot air balloon has risen to the level of her window.

Within it, she sees Tukaram dancing to his song.

Gradually, the rest of the family awakes.

Prabhakar, Mahadev and finally their mother cluster around the window with Mandakini.

Tukaram begins to circle around the house, moving from window to window.

The children follow him from side to side, accompanied by the glory of his song.

Fade out.

#### SCENE 28 / EX / FLORA FOUNTAIN / NIGHT

Phalke is sitting alone on the site of the balloon launch, hunched over in thought.

He gets up and slowly walks away.

In the background, the clock on Rajabai Tower chimes the hour.



SCENE 29 / MAGIC SHOW / BOMBAY / NIGHT

A large mirror in a carved frame is on the stage.

Phalke walks onto the stage, where a man wearing the tall Mandrake cap of the magician asks him to walk around the mirror and examine it to his satisfaction.

The magician then asks him to don a hooded red robe.

He positions him some ten feet from the mirror, where the vivid red reflection is clearly visible to the audience.

The theatre is darkened, except for a brightening light that comes from within the mirror itself.

As Phalke waves his robed arms around and bows to his bowing reflection, his reflection begins to show signs of disobedience.

It crosses its arms over its chest and starts waving them about.

Suddenly, the reflection grimaces, removes a knife and stabs itself in the chest.

The reflection collapses onto the reflected floor - it is he himself.

Now a ghost-like white form rises from the dead reflection and hovers in the mirror all at once, a ghost emerges from the glass.

It looks towards the startled, terrified spectators.

The masterful illusion mystifies some policemen in the audience, who begin to discuss the phenomenon between them.

POLICEMAN 1

The mirror is probably a trick cabinet with black lined doors in the rear and an assistant hidden inside.

POLICEMAN 2

There must be lights concealed between the glass and the silver back.

POLICEMAN 3

Did you notice, as the lights grew brighter, the mirror grew transparent, and a red-robed assistant showed himself in the glass?

POLICEMAN 1

Concealed magic lanterns probably produced the phantom, but I've never seen another magician do that before. There is something uncanny about the illusions.

Suddenly a man in the audience comes to life, pointing to the magician and shouting hysterically.

MAN

He's not a showman at all, but has sold his soul to the devil in exchange for his unholy powers.

SCENE 30 / IN / SPACE STUDIO / BOMBAY / 1896

Phalke is writing his memoirs, his voice reading out the text.

PHALKE

We had to run away from that venue that day. I became the magician's apprentice, and we traveled all over the country with our performances. It was he who christened me Kelpha. I remained with him for quite a while, until, one day, the police arrived and arrested him for disturbing the peace. After that, I was on my own once more.

SCENE 31 / IN / WATSON'S HOTEL / BOMBAY / 1896

In the hall, a painting exhibition is in progress.

All the important people of the time have gathered, alongside young art students, to view the works of the master artist, Raja Ravi Verma.

The hall is abuzz with comments and banter as groups move around the exhibition.

Ravi Verma stands surrounded by students, engrossed in discussion with them.

RAVI VERMA

An artist must be able to control the flow of watercolors precisely. You can't make corrections in watercolors like you can in oils. Watercolors are alright, but there's no peace in them. Real peace is found only in charcoal. It's more realistic. Watercolors run too much. Oils are slow, difficult and laborious to execute.

OFFICIAL (clapping)

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention, please?

The Ramayana and the Mahabharata contain the most inexhaustible stories for pictorial representation which any country possesses.

Phalke enters the gallery and stops just inside the door. He looks around the crowded room, and begins to make his way across. As he walks, men in the gallery, old classmates and colleagues, recognize Phalke and accost him. He is diffident in the extreme, painfully conscious of his worn clothes and obvious lack of success. He quickly passes on, looking for somebody in the great hall.

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

All that is needed is to promote their beauty and complete their fame in their pure and noble passage with the powers of European art. They should engage the service of the national pencil as they have fastened on the national memory, and animated the national voice.

Applause greets his words.

The official then drapes a silver medal from the Chicago Exhibition of World Art around Raja Ravi Verma's neck.

The assembly turns expectantly towards a large canvas on a stand, covered with a cloth drape.

At this moment, Phalke is trying to pick his way unobtrusively through the crowd, but his appearance draws people's attention, and they make way for him with some distaste.

The ripple in the audience draws Raja Ravi Verma's attention.

He turns and sees Phalke, who is looking up at him, smiling.

Ravi Verma smiles back in recognition.

At that moment, Diwan Madhavrao, advisor to the princely state of Baroda and later Phalke's benefactor, addresses Ravi Verma.

DIWAN MADHAVRAO

Raja sahib, you only have two hands. How many copies of your paintings can you and your students make? Why don't you send them to Germany and have oleograph prints made instead? That way, they'll reach every home. There is an insatiable demand for your pictures, as you know.

Ravi Verma smiles, and looks at Phalke.

Phalke is consumed with tension, and looking at the enormous cloth-covered canvas.

A hand unveils the painting called "The Galaxy of Women", a representation of women from across India, playing various musical instruments.

There is pin-drop silence. The crowd drinks in the image.

Phalke stares intently at it.

Softly, the sound of music begins to grow, as though coming from the painted instruments themselves, and the women musicians slowly begin to come to life.

As the picture unfreezes, Phalke's intent face starts to glow.

Ravi Verma notices what Phalke is doing, and smiles.

Applause erupts among the crowd.

SCENE 32 / IN / CAR EN ROUTE TO PRESS / LONAVALA / DAY / 1900

A young Parsi painter, Fatima, is driving 60-year old Ravi Verma to the printing press. He looks old and tired. He turns to the window and sees verdant rice fields in a sea of water.

Everywhere, men are carrying enormous tablets of stone to the press, bent over by the weight of their load.

They greet Ravi Verma as he drives by.

FATIMA

Can I ask you something? How many new paintings have you finished here?

RAVI

You can see how the responsibilities of the press eat into my time. I'm always on the road, traveling to my clients.

A hunting of three Germans is returning home on horseback with guns slung over their backs.

They make way for the car and noticing Ravi Verma, raise their caps to him.  
He waves, and they drive away.

FATIMA

Are you a painter or a printer?

RAVI

Why, my paintings, which were once confined to the palaces of kings, are now spreading  
throughout the land like a thought.

FATIMA (sarcastically)

But without a perspective...

SCENE 33 / IN / EX / RAVI VERMA PRESS / LONAVALA / DAY / 1900

The printing press is filled with activity.

Phalke and Sleischer, the German technician, are attending to a technical problem in the  
courtyard.

A group of villagers are collecting a lithograph stone of a rooster that represents the deity  
of their community, whom they call *Murgi Mata*, with fanfare, and devotional songs.

The clashing of cymbals increase in volume as the stone is lifted with much ceremony  
onto the head of one man.

Singing and dancing, the group turns and begins to make its way out of the press.

Phalke and the workers look on with amusement.

At this moment, Fatima drives into the compound and stops the car.

Ravi Verma gets out, looking at the group with some confusion.

As Fatima shuts her door, the German technicians on horseback return and dismount.

The workers of the press run to the men and collect the day's hunt – a deer, and wild  
fowl.

Singing and dancing, the group of villager carries the lithograph stone out of the press  
and wanders off into the distance

Ravi Verma turns to Phalke.

RAVI VERMA

Why are they taking away our lithograph stone of the Pathe company logo and where are  
they going?

PHALKE (amused)

Apparently they think it's a representation of their deity, so whenever they see a Pathe  
litho stone or any other image of their logo, they take it back to their village...

Ravi Verma and Phalke go in to the tri-color printing machine, followed by Fatima, Sleischer and the other Germans.

A press powered by steam is churning out print after print of Gangavataran, the descent of the river into Shiva's locks.

FATIMA (pointing to Ganga)  
Who's this girl?

Nobody responds. Ravi Verma turns to Phalke, who is coloring the litho stone.

RAVI VERMA  
So, Mr. Phalke, Mr. Sleischer – how's it going? The prints are looking good.

PHALKE  
You showed us how to do it, sir. You are the painter, but to etch these delicate emotions on stone, that too as a negative, you become like lord Rama, who freed Ahalya from her cursed prison of stone and brought her back to life with the touch of his toe.

RAVI (laughs)  
Nice simile.

SCENE 34 / IN / RAVI VARMA'S COTTAGE / PRINTING PRESS / LONAVALA / DAY

A party is in progress.

In the center of the room, a beautiful young *nautch* girl is entralling the audience with her semi-classical song and dance.

Ravi Verma turns to Sleischer, who is sitting by his side.

RAVI  
I've decided to sell the press.

He looks at Fatima who is watching the dancing girl. At Ravi Verma's words, she turns to him in pleased surprise.

SLASHER  
Has there been a mistake on my part?

RAVI VERMA  
No, in fact, the press is doing very well.

FATIMA  
So then, why?

RAVI VERMA

I can't cope with all the travel and hurry any more. I'm sorry to sell it, but we have to one day be able to give our daughters away.

SLEISCHER

Who says that business is like one's daughter, to be given away? It could be like a son who becomes an inheritor, instead

RAVI VERMA

It happens. You want to buy it?

SLEISCHER

How will I be able to afford it?

RAVI VERMA

I'm asking as your friend

SLEISCHER

As a foreigner, nobody will loan me the money, and all my savings total only 25,000 rupees

RAVI VERMA

I accept the offer

SLEISCHER

And what will I print?

RAVI VERMA

I give you the right to print my pictures. After all, where will I find such an appreciative client as yourself?

Smiling in amusement, Fatima turns back to the dancing girl.

Phalke, Ravi Verma and Sleichser all exchange looks of relief.

Phalke turns back to a sketch book in which he has been drawing the dancing girl, and picks up his last sketch where he left off.

The music comes to an end. The nautch girl bows gracefully to the guests.

Phalke puts the final touch to his drawing and flips the pages of the book to examine his work. The images fuse into a single movement, and the girl's dance comes to life once more.

SCENE 35 / IN / RAVI VARMA PRINTING STUDIO / LONAVALA / DAY

Ravi Verma is watching Phalke take out prints of Raja Harishchandra.

RAVI VARMA

The best part of this story is that all the king's trials were an illusion woven around him to test him.

Then he sees Seth Mavji coming, and welcomes him

RAVI VARMA

This boy will be very famous one day, this Phalke. He is helping us with his formal knowledge of industrial design. I've known him since he was studying at the JJ College in Bombay and at Kala Bhavan in Baroda. It's our loss that we had no such facilities in my time except, perhaps, my uncle, Raja Raja Varma.

But tell me, what brings you here?

SETH MAVJI

Is it true that you've sold the printing press?

RAVI VARMA

Yes, it's true

MAVJI

You could have consulted me first.

RAVI VARMA

In the heat of the moment, I promised it to someone

MAVJI

Have you signed the agreement?

RAVI VARMA

We will, soon

MAVJI

Please don't go through with this offer, I'll buy it from you

RAVI VARMA

He's already paid me. Besides, when you dissolved our partnership, you asked me to repay you at my convenience.

MAVJI

And the paintings?

RAVI VARMA  
Now they belong to him.

He turns back to his work and puts the finishing touches of crayon onto a litho stone of Shakuntala in the hermitage, her face averted, plucking a thorn from her foot.

SCENE 36 / IN/EX / PHALKE'S PRINTING PRESS/HOME / LONAVALA / DAY

A baby plays in his mother's lap, chuckling with glee.

16-year old Saraswati, Phalke's second wife, looks up from 6-month old Babarai to her husband.

Phalke is standing at a pedestal with a large lump of clay that he is shaping into his own likeness, glancing into a mirror by his side for reference.

In the back, he can see Seth Mavji, and his family.

The Seth addresses Phalke.

SETH MAVJI

Now that Ravi Varma has sold the press, do you still hope to get as much work from Sleischer?

PHALKE

I don't know, but I have no option but to stay here if I wish to gain more experience, since they're the only ones with the technology and know-how that I'm looking for.

SETH MAVJI

What if I sent you to Germany to learn? When you return, we can start a press in Bombay.

The Seth tries to gauge Phalke's mind.

SETH MAVJI

We would be partners, I would provide the finance, and you will provide the know-how. I know you're a talented man.

Phalke looks contemplatively at his wife and child in the mirror, wondering if they can spare him for so long.

SCENE 37 / LAKSHMI PRINTING PRESS / DADAR / BOMBAY / 1908

Phalke is composing type.

A montage begins of the history of the Indian printing press, from Bengal partition to trial of Tilak in 1908.

Cartoons, print, and headlines some times turn like internet pages, accompanied by gramophone recordings...speeches, music...a collage of animated nation building images

Cut to a close up of a gold medal. Phalke is being felicitated on a stage.

A prominent personage explains the genesis of the award.



### PROMINENT PERSONAGE

For a remarkable flair in blending literary and illustrative journalism, we have to turn to brilliant young Phalke. His career coincides with the Bengal and Maharashtra renaissance, and the rise of the Congress. Today, the sanest Indians are for the nationhood of India, undivided by caste, religion and racial differences. Phalke seeks through the medium of the press to rouse India to a sense of its fallen condition.

The audience begins to clap.  
Phalke begins to speak.

### PHALKE

The two new words that have recently entered our political lexicon, liberals and extremists, will change in meaning with time. Today's extremist will become the liberal of tomorrow. Those who are followed and spied upon by the government's intelligence agents take comfort from the thought that the omniscient father who sees all is the secret agent of the people. That divine agency will force the British government to deal justly with us.

We see Phalke aging, his eyesight going dim.  
With that, printing technology is also changed.  
We see newspapers are rolling out from a rotating machine with headlines from the trial of Tilak, Kudhiram Bose being hanged, Tilak standing at his trial – all in a 3-color illustrated magazine called Swarnmala, a Marathi monthly, published by Phalke

### SCENE 38 / IN/EX / COURT ROOM / BOMBAY / NIGHT 1908

Inside and out, the court is crowded with people.  
Phalke, wearing thick glasses, makes his way through the crowd.  
We see the trial from his point of view.  
He keeps taking the notes of the proceedings in short hand.  
We intercut the scene with newspapers being printed at the press.

### TILAK

Have I to raise an army or dig trenches to repel the enemy's attack? The Government has turned the whole country into a vast prison. What it will do is only to remove me from this large prison to a small one.

### PROSECUTOR

And what would you say to these two post cards. Why would you need to read books on bomb making? Are you not encouraging the bomb cult?

### TILAK

I wanted to read those books for criticizing what was known as "the Bomb Cult", hoping that the people would be allowed a more effective voice in the management of their own affairs and to point out the futility of repressive measures in preventing the use

of bombs.

It is not sedition to find fault with the Government or to advocate the reform of administration. It is one's inherent right to fight for the liberty of one's people for a change in the Government. Bureaucracy is not Government. To criticize the bureaucracy is not bringing into contempt or hatred the Government established by law in this country. It is legally recognized that to contend for the right of self-government is not seditious.

I refute the prosecution's suggestion that I supported the cult of the bomb. On the contrary, I had frequently stressed that bomb-throwing was not the method of winning Swaraj and that it was not sanctioned by morality. By writing the two editorials in 'Kesari' I discharged a duty I owed as a journalist to the public.

My real object in writing these editorials was to expose the calumnies of the Anglo-Indian Press and to refute the rabid suggestions they made for intensifying repression and even shooting natives out of hand. My intention was certainly not to excite disaffection, for I was only replying to the vicious statements in the Anglo-Indian papers against which the Government took no action whatsoever. As a matter of fact, we are entitled to greater latitude than the Anglo-Indian papers; as the Penal Code says that what is done in self-defense is not an offence. Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, if you were the representatives of your community what would you have done under these circumstances? Evidently, you would have done what I did.

This kind of translation will make anything seditious. I can certainly ask at your hands the same privilege in this country as is enjoyed by the English Press. English people now enjoy the liberty of the Press which they demanded and got it in the eighteenth century.

This is a similar case. I appeal to you, not for myself, but in the interest of the cause which I have the honor to represent. It is the cause that is sacred.

THE ADVOCATE GENERAL, MR. BRANSON (Sarcastically)

I express sympathy for the Jury for the torture suffered by it in having to listen for five days to Tilak. I relied heavily on Justice Davar's Judgment of 1897 in the first trial of Tilak for sedition. This judgment interpreted disaffection as absence of affection; which included hatred, enmity, dislike, hostility, contempt and every form of ill-will towards the Government. Look here. Here is a man who warns the Government, 'If you don't give Swaraj or if you don't make a beginning to give it, we won't stop the bombs'. This clearly amounts to exciting disaffection towards the Government.

A queer silence prevails in the courtroom. The atmosphere is gloomy and appears to be tense because of the cloudy monsoon season. Tense anxiety is writ large on everybody's face. The conviction is in any case a foregone conclusion. But Tilak himself is calm and undisturbed

He speaks to his friend Khaparde, who is sitting next to him.

TILAK

Dadasaheb, today the complexion of the game appears to be different. Most probably, it is to be transportation for life. This might be our last meeting

On hearing these words, Phalke sees Khaparde burst into tears.

SCENE 39 / IN/EX / COURT ROOM / BOMBAY / NIGHT 1908

The face of the clock dissolves to night.

The Jury returns at 9.20 p.m.

The Judge enters and seats himself. He is handed a note from the foreman of the jury. He opens it, scans what it says, and then reads it out aloud.

JUDGE

The defendant, Bal Gangadhar Tilak, has been found guilty of all three charges of sedition under Section 124-A in respect of the article of 12th May 1908, Section 124-A of sedition in respect of the editorial of 9th June 1908, and Section 153-A of raising ill-feelings amongst classes in respect of the editorial of 9th June 1908.)

I accept the verdict of the majority of the Jury and hence now I have no option but to pass sentence on the Accused.

These words of the Judge strike the courtroom like a thunderbolt.

He addresses Tilak.

JUDGE

Do you wish to say anything more before I pass the sentence?

Tilak, in a solemn and loud voice, roars like a lion.

TILAK

In spite of the verdict of the Jury, I maintain that I am innocent. There are Higher Powers that rule the destiny of things, and it may be the will of the Providence that the cause which I represent may prosper more by my suffering than by my remaining free.

JUDGE

It is my painful duty now to pass the sentence upon you. You are a man of undoubted talents and great power and influence. Ten years ago you were convicted, and the court dealt most leniently with you then. Your hatred of the ruling class has not disappeared during these ten years. You wrote about bombs as if they were legitimate instruments in political agitations. It can only be a diseased and perverted mind that can think that bombs are legitimate instruments in political agitations. Such journalism is a curse to the country. You are liable to be transported for life under the first two charges. Having regard to your age and other circumstances, I think it is most desirable, in the interest of peace and order, and in the interest of the country which you profess to love, that you should be out of it for some time. I pass a sentence of three years transportation under each of the first two charges, both the sentences to run consecutively. On the third charge I fine you Rs.1, 000."

Thousands of people have gathered that night in pouring rain outside the High Court to know the result. On hearing the verdict, they disperse with great sorrow, shouting aloud.

CROWDS  
Long live Tilak!

Phalke watches Tilak being led out of the courtroom.

Under a heavy police escort Tilak is taken out of the High Court building by a side entrance and put in a police van which disappears quickly into the dark.

As Phalke turns away, two police man catch him by his arms and whisk him away.

SCENE 40 / IN / A DARK ROOM INSIDE THE POLICE STATION

Under a hanging light, on the table, there is a match box with the image of the Hindu goddess, Ashtabuja. She is depicted riding a lion and furiously attacking two butchers who have apparently just decapitated a cow.

Phalke is being interrogated by two interrogators, one English and one Indian, maybe for the purposes of translation

ENGLISH INTERROGATOR

According to Indian law, this picture contains visible representation likely to incite people to acts of violence and to bring into hatred and contempt certain classes of his majesty's subjects in British India...

PHALKE

The image was no more than a mimetic visualization of an episode in the Mahabharata. Ashtabuja Devi, otherwise known as Mahishasuramardini, rode on a lion to battle with the demon Mahishasur, whom Vishnu had requested she slay.

In this scene, Mahishasur with the assistance of his general Bidalaksha pushes forward to fight a duel with great goddess. The lion gives a blow to Bidalaksha with his paw and lays him flat on the ground. The goddess pierces Mahishasur with her trident. As soon as the demon is shot in his chest with the trident he assumes the form of a demon buffalo.

The goddess mounts onto his back and separates his head from his body.

The picture shows the lion springing on Bidalaksha and the goddess is shown simultaneously severing Mahishasur's head, piercing the demon buffalo with her trident and treading on the decapitated buffalo.

ENGLISH INTERROGATOR

Do you want us to believe that an innocent cow is a demon buffalo in whose death the Hindu consumers of the image glorified?

PHALKE

It is erroneous to interpret the two demons shown as apparently decapitating a cow

INDIAN INTERROGATOR

But a closer look complicates the matter greatly, for the buffalo is definitely cow-like in color and physiology. Similarly there is a subtle displacement of agency marked by the presence of blood on Bidalaksha's sword and its absence on the goddess's. The implication is clearly that it is the fore grounded figure with the sword who has just slain the buffalo/cow and upon whom the lion wreaks vengeance.

## ENGLISH INTERROGATOR

In the absence of clear textual knowledge among the popular consumers of this image a reading that constructs it as the goddess's retribution among two Muslims or untouchable butchers who have just slaughtered a cow is highly plausible.  
The blood stains on the sword of one of the two men will be removed and the animal will be colored black. Do you agree?

Phalke's vision is going hazy. He cannot hear or understand the interrogator.  
He is trying to focus on the match box.  
The image begins to swell, growing in size, rising and approaching his eyes.  
Suddenly, the miniature heads on the goddess' garland begin to move like parts on an assembly line, or like beads being told. They are the heads of representatives of the East India Company and the British Empire over the last two hundred years.  
The lion roars like an explosive, and leaps out from the matchbox.  
Phalke sits still, head bowed over, a passive observer sitting in a 3-D virtual reality.  
Something moves in the corner of his eye.  
He lifts his head and sees the majestic lion emerge from the darkness and approach the British interrogator.  
The lion leaps on the man and devours him.

## SCENE 41 / IN / LAKSHMI PRINTING PRESS / BOMBAY / NIGHT / 1910

Devanagiri letter types are being fed into an enormous fire, where they melt into a huge lump of lead.  
Phalke watches the process and questions the technician in charge.

PHALKE

What are you doing?

TECHNICIAN

I don't know, the Seth told us to do it.

PHALKE

I'd like to check the lay-outs before you print them.

TECHNICIAN

The Seth has asked us to stop the work on "Swarnmala". Some other urgent job's come in from "The Times of India".

PHALKE (shocked and surprised)

What! Is Sethji in his office?

Phalke turns and makes his way through a maze of typesetters, printers, and binders.

He notices various strange activities - from an image of Kamadhenu, a butcher *asura* with upraised sword is being cut out, as per the Censor's instructions.

At another machine, three-color blocks of some advertisements are being made.

Nothing is familiar. The workers gather around him.

After standing with them for a moment he rushes to confront Seth Mavji, who is seated at a table in his office.

The walls are covered with samples of his print work, and testimonials to his excellence.

PHALKE

I hear you've stopped work on 'Swarmala'?

SETH

Do you realize that your press is running at a huge loss?

PHALKE

This press is not purely a business venture, which is why I don't worry about profits and losses.

SETH

Perhaps you don't consider profit and loss, but the money that I invested in you was meant to make a profit

PHALKE

I didn't realize...if that is the truth, then please release me from my contract.

SETH

It's not so easy. Go back; we've got a lot of work from 'The Times of India' to complete.

He gestures towards the poster of Kamadhenu, the divine cow, trembling before the asura with upraised sword.

SETH

Also, the government wants us to delete this portion of this image. They think it's propaganda for the anti-cow slaughter movement, and they think the asura is a representative of the Muslims.

The Seth turns to an English government official, who is checking back copies of the 'Swarmala' magazine.

SETH

Am I right?

He points towards a young Parsi man.

SETH

The new machines have arrived. He is here to help you. Do you know how to type?  
You'd better learn fast, technology's overtaking you.

All this while the newly appointed Parsi technician listens quietly, amused, looking at the older man with the confidence of a new age.

PHALKE

I want to be released from my contract.

SETH

I sent you to Germany to learn the craft of printing at my expense on the understanding that you would only use this knowledge for the Lakshmi Printing Press, and you are not allowed to use this know-how anywhere else.

You are free to go, but perhaps you are forgetting the third clause of our contract. 'I will be in the printing business only with Lakshmi Printing Press. Outside, I am free to work in any other business, but not in any business associated with printing and publishing technologies.'

Don't even think about resigning. I've stopped work on 'Swarnmala'. Make some money first.

And you think you're Raja Harishchandra? Consider yourself sold like him, bound by your word

Phalke reads the contract for himself.

As he goes through the fine print, his head begins to spin and his sight starts to dim. Darkness descends.

## PART 2

### SCENE 42 / SCENE IN OPERA HOUSE / NIGHT

Blind, sitting with his family and relatives Phalke is watching a play.

Saraswati sits by his side.

The sad tones of the queen reach his ears.

RANI:

Last night I dreamed bad dreams.

I am filled with foreboding...

HARISCHANDRA:

I, too, have had bad dreams.

By his efforts, an enraged Brahmin has acquired the power to control all the divine goddesses of knowledge.

And when I took pity on the women and went to rescue them, the Brahmin turned his rage on me. And when I tried to pacify him, he demanded my whole kingdom in return.

Where will I find him now? How will I eat my daily meal without thinking of his plate?

I gave away my kingdom, even if only in a dream.

Send out the town crier. Announce that from this day the kingdom belongs to a Brahmin of unknown origins.

GUARD:

Your Majesty, an enraged Brahmin is at the door.

VISHWAMITRA:

So, do you recognize me or not?

HARISCHANDRA:

Lord, I feel that we have met somewhere.

VISHWAMITRA:

True! You of the warrior caste! Why would you remember me? Cheat! Do you remember whom you gave the world away to last night? Where is my kingdom?

HARISCHANDRA:

What's the problem? Even before you arrived, I had already transferred to you all that I possess.

VISHWAMITRA:

And my fee for accepting this grand charity of yours?



HARISCHANDRA:  
Whatever you want.  
Chief Minister, bring me a hundred gold coins at once.

VISHWAMITRA:  
Is the treasury still yours that you order the minister around?

HARISCHANDRA:  
Forgive me. What if I no longer have any gold? Do I not still have my body?

SCENE 43 / IN / ISMAILIYA BUILDING / MARINE DRIVE / BOMBAY / NIGHT

Phalke's eyes are bandaged.  
His fingers mould some soft wax into different forms. Some of his work lies scattered on the table in front of him – a bird, a mouse, a lion, and a human stick figure.

A record of HMV revolves on the gramophone, the logo of the listening dog rotating slowly.

Saraswatibai is standing by the window and looking out.  
The ocean waves look like boats of light. They dance into the shore and break up.  
The light of a distant lighthouse sweeps across the sea.  
Saraswatibai is weeping silently by the window, her tears dropping into a tiny sweater that she is knitting for her unborn child.  
Smoke escapes from a factory's chimney and evaporates towards the moon.

Tired, Phalke sets down the wax and lies down.  
The moon shines in. Nobody speaks.  
The song on the gramophone scratches sadly on.  
Restlessly, Phalke tosses this way and that.  
Then, abruptly, Phalke gets up and changes the record to a lively popular tune, called 'The Laughing Song'.

SARASWATIBAI

If you don't want to come to an understanding with Mavji Seth, why don't you start another printing press? Why are you so adamant about giving up the business altogether?

PHALKE

Have you lost your mind?  
Do you expect a blind man to succeed in the business of printing? At the moment, I can only see when I am molding the wax. The moment I put it down, my world goes dark.

SARASWATIBAI

Dr. Prabhakar is removing your bandages tomorrow, and you will be alright. After all, we must plan for the future of our child.

PHALKE

How many times must I tell you? I cannot compete with that which is like my own child  
– printing and the business of the Lakshmi Printing Press. I won't go back.

SARASWATIBAI

So what will you do next?

PHALKE

Blind or not, it's my duty to provide for you.

Phalke turns his bandaged white eyes towards the white wall.

SARASWATIBAI

Tomorrow morning, Dr. Prabhakar will come and return your light to you

SCENE 44 / EX / BRAHMGIRI / TRIMBKESHVER / DAY / DREAM / 1892

Standing by a camera mounted on a tripod, 22-year old Phalke gazes on the panoramic view of blue mountains topped by trees of differently colored barks and shapes.

Then he buries his head inside the black cloth of the camera.

Suddenly, white mist crosses his frame and it turns white everywhere.

His head emerges from the dark cloth and he looks around.

The whole landscape has turned white, and he can no longer see himself.

Waiting for the mist to pass, he lies down on the grass with a towel bunched beneath his head for a pillow.

Suddenly he feels something slither through the mist and crawl over him.

It stands on his chest above his face with fanned hood.

Then, rubbing its head against his chest, the snake begins to slough off the skin covering its eyes.

Understanding its plight, Phalke picks up the towel on which his head was resting, and wipes the snake's eyes clean.

Having regained its sight, the snake goes quietly away.

The mist clears, and he can see the landscape.

Multiple sunbeams are descending from the sky to the earth, scattered by the clouds

The sky is blue, but because the mist is still clinging to the mountains, they look white, like the Himalayan range.

This is the source of the Godavari. Phalke is exhilarated by this vision.

He bends beneath the camera once more, and is astonished, for Kamala, smiling, is approaching through the lens towards him.

SCENE 45 / IN / ISMAILIYA BUILDING / BOMBAY / DAYBREAK

Phalke turns in bed, and finds Kamala, instead of Saraswati, by his side.  
Surprised, he springs to his feet.  
With bandaged eyes, he stumbles against the chair and table.  
Saraswati wakes up, new life stirring in her swollen womb, and makes him sit.  
She fetches a glass of water.

SARASWATIBAI.

If you have a daughter, what will you name her?

Dawn is breaking. Outside, a lamplighter douses the lamps.

SCENE 46 / IN / ISMAILIYA BUILDING / BOMBAY

Prabhakar removes the bandages.  
Some people offer to open Saraswati press.  
Every one is surprised at his attitude.  
What stops him from coming back to printing industry?

SCENE 47 / IN / ISMILE BUILDING / BOMBAY / DAY

Saraswati is reading newspaper. its full of adertisements.  
babaraya and phalke are reading to go out side  
mahadev is playing close by.  
sarswati is visibly pregnant

SARSWATI

F1bazar me itani cheezen bik rahin hain,gramophone,harmonium,kasrat ki machine  
zhaduki dhulai ki machine,ye chapa khana duniya ka ant to nahin  
sarswati ,phalke ko akhbaar deti hai.vo aik nazar daal ker lota deta hai.baba raya or ve  
ghar ki seediya utarte hain

SCENE EX BEACH DAY1

baba raya aur phalke samunder kinare tahal rahen hain.usne aik ret ka mahal banaya ki  
aik lahar aayi aur use mita gai  
phalke ne apni jeb me rakhe paise tatole

PHALKE

chalo circus dekhege

SCENE in ex AMERICA INDIA PICTURE PALACE 1911

sadak ke dono aur dukane saji haisamne tent ke baher life of crist ka poster laga  
tha.adhikter bheed sajhe dajhe isaiyon ki thi.  
tent ke baher

PHALKE (V.O.)OR MAY BE WRITING

"hi 1910, I happened to see the film, 'The Life of Christ' at the America India Picture Palace,

Bombay.

"I must have seen films on many occasions before this, with my family and friends, but that day, that

Saturday in Christman, marked the beginning of a revolutionary change in my life. That day also

marked the foundation in India of an industry which occupies the fifth place in the myriads of big

and small professions that exist.

tent ke bahar machan per aik maskhra aur teen gori ladkiyan naach ga rahi hain

ENTERTAINERS

babu you com near i calling you my dear

if you love me i shall love is very universal no indian no english you come near or hum ker len pyar

INT

inside as the film is unrolling in front of his eyes,he looks at baba raya sitting next to him,he is transforming inti lord krishna

phalke vo

I experienced a strange, indescribable feeling as I Unconsciously clapped my hands at the sight of

the noble incidents in Christ's life. While the life of Christ was rolling fast before my physical eyes, I

was mentally visualizing the Gods, Shri Krishna, Shri Ramachandra, their Gokul and Ayodhya.

EX TICKET WINDOW

film ends. he goes out to the ticket window and tickets again

IN CINEMA HALL

phalke ne baba raya ki taraf dekha to mano vah krishn ki vesh boosha me uski taraf dekh ker muskuraha ho

PHALKE V O

I was gripped by a strange spell. I brought another ticket, and saw the film again. This time I felt my imagination taking shape on the screen. Can this really happen? Will we, the sons of India, ever be able to see Indian images on the screen?

SCENE IN ISMILE BUILDING DAY1

babaraya ghar lota to uttejitha

BABARAYA

ma hamne aaj bioscope dekha.sab chalte phirte mano jeevit ho.tum dekhogi to hairaan ho

jaogi.

SARSVTI

kya dikha ker laye ho?

PHALKE

cinema

SARSVAT

veh kiya hota hai

PHALKE

kal tum khud dekh lena

SCENE 11N/EX AMERICAN PICTURE DAY

phir vahi bheed.angrez istree purush mano ki fashion pared ho.

sarsvati mano sagar par kisi door desh me thi.

phalke sarsvati ke chere per chadte uterte bhave padhne laga.

issa ko sulji per chadaya gaya.kuch der baad vah phir se jee utha

SCENE 11N/EX PROJECTION ROOM NIGHT

phalke takes the family inside the projection room we see a huge projector

whirling.single frames of christ animating on the projection glass

PHALKE

ye jaadu yahin se hota hai.

EXT ROAD BACK BOMBAY STREET NIGHT

baba raya aur phalke,mahadev phalke ki godi me,sarsvati....picture dekh ker ghar lot rahe hai

PHALKE

me poochta hun kya hum bharat vasi parde per bharatiya bimb dekh payegen.ab hum aisa

hi kuch karenge.ishvar ne meri drishti louta di hai.main aik nayi srishti rachunga.hum ab

yahi kaam karenge

SARSWATIBAI

kaisa kaamm

PHALKE

cinema

sadakper andhere mai saamp ki chodi huyi kenchuli ki tarah film ka kaala feeta sarak raha tha.

dar se vah phalke ke kareeb aayi.mahadev ko gadi me uthaya.dushale me lapeta.phalke apna swadehi raag gungunate chal raha tha.

SCENE IN EX FLYING STUDIO ZODIAC SKY NIGHT

studio is enters into pixel fogged sepia sky. passing through divinised shapes of planet and stars. sometimes a fogged view of a figure of trishanku. the sky is a book of stories

that mandakini mahadev neelkanth prabha ker are trying to read through a telescope.a

figure of christ floats in across the tele photo lense.or some times shroud like figure

entered right through the lense .frightening children

old footage phalke is writing with a voce over

PHALKE

all the crafts needed for cinema i had already learnt during my stay in kala bhavan

baroda, tracing, drawing, moulding, drama, photography

#### SCENE IN/EX KALA BHAVAN CLASS ROOM BARODA

from an ex shot of kala bhavan we cut to a photo graph of a group of art students. the unfreeze. now we see them sitting

facing their empty white canvasses. professor gujjar is explaining some thing

#### PROFESSOR GUJJER

karan aik hai, jal rang jab kakaj per avaterit hota hai to uske tej prasar ko dheek wakt per rokne ka samarthya kalakar me hona chahiye. tel rangon jaisa sudhar vahan nahin kiya ja sakta hai. jal tarang me doud dhoop rahti hai. kintu asli shanti hai koyele main. vah adhik vastvik hai. tel rang ki gati dheemi aur kashtdai hoti hai

a bhavara starts buzzing. students start drawing it into a vibrant stationary image and next to it shakuntala.

colors get filled and image comes alive as a scene from kirloskers sangeet natak shakuntalam. dushyant saving shakuntala. the buzz changes to a gramophone record of singing. scene freezes. phalke takes a photograph.

#### BLEECH OUT

#### DARKROOM

its dark then red. in the beginning we only hear breathing and sounds of water and trays and glasses. then the famous image of shakuntala looking back, surfaces. silver salts dissolving in the developer, then fixed in hypo.

phalke is explaining to his students students are watching the image appear.

#### PHALKE

photography depends upon the two basic operation, the formation of an image on a flat surface by an optical device, and a chemical method of sensitizing that surface to light so that image can be captured permanently

the photograph changes to a photo transfer on a litho stone. after three monochromatic color a print is born.

song of shakuntala ends

then again, young artist phalke traces draws various theatrical scene, bhoomi pravesha, sita svayamvar, nal damyanti,

he is always the hero and somewhere always, kamala is there.

#### SCENE IN EX ISMAIL BUILDING CHWOPATI BOMBAY MORNING 19121

it is a small photo temple of gods. like a miniature gallery of ravi varma prints. children are blowing the conch...chanting.

vande mataram song has just stopped on the gramophone, and now playing a tilak speech. phalke is dressing up more like a swadeshi. then he goes to his table, reads his paper with the help of thick glasses. with pen he circles few cinema advertisements

#### SARSVATI

why can't you stop staining your eyes. do you want to go blind again. you are ruining our life. come give I will read for you. what is it

PHALKE

cinema halls.

it is a huge industry

"There are moving picture manufacturing factories in America, France, Germany, and England, in

descending order of numerical importance. Edison cannot be considered as the pioneer of this art, though the origins of this knowledge can be traced to America. The Pathe Company of France deserves a special mention here. Most of the films coming to India are from this company. There may be about 50,000 cinematograph machines showing films all over the world. In London alone, there are about 500 theatres showing films. mean while mixed with the the war cry of the cunch sound we hear grama phone

playing the tilak speech

TILAK SPEECH

the bomb has more the form of knowledge is a kind of a witch craft..hi aik jadu ahe ha aik mantra totka ahe

phalke repeats tilaks words repeatedly at sarsvati teasing her. sarsvati is getting frustrated and angry.

sarsvati tears the paper, tears in her eyes.

phalke without looking back runs down the stairs. its a traffic of few horse run coaches children watch him go from the window. he looks back, sarsvati is at the window. wiping a tear. then smiling

A COLLAGE OF FEW FILMS, PHOTO GRAPHS OF FEW THEATRES. NEWS PAPER ANNOUNCEMENTS OF NEW ARRIVAL. BACK GROUND MUSIC PHALKE LEARNING

SCENE IN EX NADKARNI SPORTS AND PHOTOGRAPHY SHOP DAY

phalke is looking for a book. he finds it. it is a b c of cinematography. while looking for the book he is talking to nadkarni. an old man dada saheb torne is also sitting and listening

NADKARNI

"On what subjects would you specially like to make films?"

PHALKE :

"On all subjects. But specially I will make films on selected portions of old Sanskrit plays, and new Marathi plays, on manners and customs in different regions of India, on genuine Indian humour, on holy places, and pilgrimages, on social functions, as well as on scientific and educational subjects. Moving pictures are a means of entertainment, but, in addition, are an excellent means of spreading knowledge."

phalke finds the book. comes down from the ladder. shows it to nadkarni

PHALKE

this is the key to my life.

NADKARNI

torne saheb this the my mad friend i wanted you to meet.

TORNE

"What is the basic principle involved in moving pictures ?"

phalke has no answer .then torne him self answers  
TORNE (CONT'D)

main thing is camera

The 'lens of a camera is opened and closed sixteen times in a second. Thus, in every second, there are thirty-two movements in the camera. The photographic base on which these pictures are recorded must move on continuously, with a specific speed. Thus, the cinematographic camera is a machine with numerous hidden wheels working in the dark, but it has a glass opening."What is the standard speed of taking  
phalke has no answers

TORNE (CONT'D)

there cant ever be swadehi cinema these secret machine only they understand.when i made pudalik.i was paying 1000 rs every day for that wiilium so camera.no indian knows any th ing of this buisness.only way to learn ,go to london.

PHALKE

Would you continue to make pictures in the future?

TORNE

no.i have lost every thing in this gamble.and your dream of swadeshi cinema is impossible. you cant stop them.

there are very few companies undertaking the heavy responsibility of making motionpictures, because of the high costs involved.

But once the film is made, it is possible to have as many copies as desired, and since an exhibitor

needs only a projector and a small electric generator, the film showing companies are numerous.

phalke suddenly gets up leaving torne babbling to him self

DO YOU HAVE SOME MATERIAL ON FILM.TECHNOLOGY.PRICE LISTSCENE

EX IN SHEPERD AND SHEPERD PHOTOGRAPHERS NIGHT

phlke enters the shop. owner welcomes him warmly

SHOP OWENER

welcome. long time. what can i do for you?

PHALKE

do you have a william son camera. movie.

OWENER

no.

PHALKE

i heard mr torne hired a camera from you



OWENER

who? yes. we had got it from london.

PHALKE

can i see it

OWENER

we sent it back

PHALKE

can i find it in bombay

OWENER

we can get it from london if you want.do you know hou to use it.

PHALKE

no

OWENER

there was one camera with one ..i forget his name..they have gone to cover delhi darbar..i believe you have taken a vow.given up printing buis ness.there are nice new little cameras that have come.like to see.

PHALKE

do you keep any price list for cinema equipment,literature.

OWENER

here. but you cant learn this art from the books. you need a practical knowledge. you need to go to London, Berlin,Paris.

phalke turns few pages of bioscope magazine

PHALKE

a candle light projector. to begin with. then .....

SCENE IN /EX ISMAIL BUILDING1 NIGHT

Phaloke picks up a white sheet from the bed takes it to the wall tries to make it into a film screen,looks for a nail and a hammer;some sympathetic relatives have come to check out on phalke's state of mind ,they are amused but quiet.Saraswati is sitting at the sewing machine, stiching a baby's cloth,watching phalke .In frustation she gets up

SARASWATI BAI

After all, what are you trying to do,tell me

PHALKE

I am trying to make a screen

SARASWATI BAI

This is ridiculous. Since after watching that film,Christ you have gone crazy. Give it to me, i will make a curtain .Otherwise you will nail us all.

She takes the bedsheet to her sewing machine,tries to make a curtain. The stitching needle moves furiously as she paddles the sewing machine.

SARASWATI BAI

This curtain has helped to show our appearance from inside, and another from the outside,and also to cover up mysterious things, to conceal secrets, and prevent them from being disclosed, and to conceal filthy sights from people's vision. Human nature is

becoming more skilled at concealing vile. I am fed up with all this. The more curtains you have , the greater the absence of straight dealings and innocence.

Meanwhile, Phalke is trying to set up candlelight projector on a table, trying to focus the light on the wall. We see Babaraiya curious and trying to help his father. Relatives are still sitting in the darkness saying nothing. Two men get up from their chair and come near phalke standing at the project. Phalke is reading the film schools.

RELATIVE

We want to open a new press in the name of Saraswati. The money is ready. We just need you

PHALKE

No, I wont come back to the printing business.

SECOND RELATIVE

What is adavance .This is the only business you know. What else can you do?

Phalke is attentively listening to Saraswatibai speaking, stitching in the inner room.

PHALKE

Why is my wife not coming on the stage? She really invests me with new life by calming my mind, which is tortured by worldly(physical and mental) worries. In fact, she is the sole architect of my fortunes .Dear one, if you have finished with your work behind the curtains(parda) ,please do come out on the stage.

saraswatibai has finished making the curtain. She gets up from the sewing machine;comes out of the room into the hall. Goes to the wall and hangs the curtain, speaking all the time.

SARASWATI BAI

Lord ,was it you who was saying ‘work behind the curtains’,? This curtain has created duality everywhere.

PHALKE

What you say is correct.Who would object to the destruction of curtains which create duality?Who will not support the re-Establishment of the era of truth? Will not be desirable to abolish curtains? I should even say that the word ‘curtain’ itself should be abolished.

SARASWATI BAI

But don’t you require the screen even for the motion picture?

Phalke starts the projector. An flickering image of a galloping horse appears on the screen. It’s a circus horse. The rider is showing his acrobatics, circulating around the horse,on his feet,hands and sometimes upside down on his head riding the horse.

Babaraya interrupts.

Phalke continues his dialogue with saraswati.

BABARAYA

Dada,Is it Ashvamegh Horse of the ganga story? Is that man Bhagirathi?

Suddenly Phalke stops speaking, looks at Babaraya with astonishment and pride. A father and son bonding is sealed at this point. Phalke continues speaking to saraswati.

PHALKE

No .This is your misconception. What you call a screen or a curtain in cinema is the substratum which holds my visual illusion .should a water surface be considered a curtain because it reflects? We see our reflection in the mirror - can we, therefore, call it a curtain or a screen? Similarly, this screen of the cinema is the substratum which holds the vision of my moving pictures. Although the dramatic art on the screen is still young, it has conquered the world with its charming and childlike purity of gesture.

FADE OUT.

SCENE EX/IN MENTAL ASYLUM DAY

It's a dark room. Phalke switches on a naked 60 volt bulb, waves it across the doctor's eyes. His eyes are blinded by whiteness. Then the darkness gets filled with varied floating coloured shapes. And then back to the darkness. Phalke turns on the main switch;the room is in sharp focus and everything is crystal clear.

PHALKE

Where do these colours come from?

Doctor is confused, the relative is amused, Saraswatibai doesn't know where to look .

PHALKE (CONT'D)

Light comes from darkness, and the shadows from light. If in the beginning we find the Word, this Word has always been a word of light. "Let there be light". For the light to survive, to survive itself, it must come again, and the coming again has, as one of it's names , the name of photography. A solar language of cognition that gives the mind and the senses access to the invisible. Photography and philosophy both take their life from light. There can be no philosophy without photography. Knowledge comes only in flashes; in a moment of simultaneous illumination and blindness.

The place is resounding with the screams and the howls of madmen lodged there

.Turning to the window Phalke can see, a glimpse of the Hell.

PHALKE (CONT'D)

I am not mad, doctor. We need a swadeshi film industry in our country before their light and sky swallows us. Their Bibles, their Divinities.

It is a mass industry, where in order to circulate the commodity, you don't have to make roads. It has a pathway directly to your eyes. It can blindfold or illuminate. My wife is a good woman...

My Relatives... My children... See , once upon a time, when i went to Germany to learn the printing technology, they all thought I was mad.

DOCTOR

Then why don't you go back to the printing business? It's also about the Light, Words of light.

Is it true that you exiled Yourself

Completely from the business of printing and publishing? Taken a vow.

Phalke doesn't answer. Gazes blankly at the window outside. Like his own shadow, an old madman is looking at him from the outside.

PHALKE

Yes. Like Raja Harishchander. True to my words. Even if I had looked at that contract .

Even signing. I even went blind telling Mavgi Seth " Look now I am blind, I can't see.

Do you trust me now? I cant rise against you".

DOCTOR

You mean you went blind on your own will? Wished it? Is it madness or blindness? What kind of vision is this? You have little children.

PHALKE

It is a dream of the amazing discoveries yet to come in the area of reproductive technology...It says that time repeats itself endlessly...What is differentiated and dispersed is time itself...The return of what is never simply itself... Eternal repetition of alterity... It is the desire for things to return...An experience of crisis and finitude means that it emerges a a response to death in general..."Everyday constellations", we project our desire for eternity onto the skies in the form of an image...This phantasmagoric projection becomes a figure of the eternal return...They are the always-again-the-same...in great masses...To the possibility of reproduction-to the reproduction of both image and masses...Within a cosmic process of repetition, the notion of progress belongs to the domain of phantasmagoria...eternal return,stars,death,crisis,image,phantasmagoria, and progress... "the theatre of these grand revolutions" in the skies...given the infinity of time and space...The number of our doubles is infinite in time and space. In conscience one can scarcely ask for more. These doubles are in flesh and bone, indeed in pants and coat, in crinoline and chignon. They are...the present eternalized.

SCENE IIN/EX SPACE STUDIO NIGHT

Phale's speech Overlaps, camera rises from the building of the asylum to the bird's eye view of the bombay fort ity and then rises to the starry sky. Babaraya on his palm is still carrying the studio. Old footage Phalke is still writing.

PHALKE

After the mad house when i returned home I started calculating the cost and the money required. To begin this industry in India, I needed about Rs.25,000.But 10,000 to begin with for my London trip. Satisfied i lay down on my bed and i had another vision.

SCENE IIN/EX SMAIL BUILDING, CHAUPATI EARLY MORNING.

It's still night outside. On the table we see pieces of some discarded films, catalogues and handwritten calculations on paper. An ink pot , blotting paper, alarm clock.

PHALKE(V.O.)

Image as well as Phalke's speech continued from the space studio.

MERE KAMRE MEIN DO DHAKKANYUKT LAMPON KA SEEDHA PRAKASH HO RAHA THA. DRISHTI UPAR UTHA KAR MAINE DEKHA KI CHAT MEIN SARSON KE RANG KE CHOTE-CHOTE PRAKASH BINDU RADIUM KE SAMAN JAGMAGA RAHE HAIN. VARSHA KI JALREKHAON KE SAMAN ASANKHYA PRAKASH KIRANEN PARDARSHAK BANON KA ROOP DHARAN KAR MERE UPAR SHANTI SEE BARAS RAHI HAIN.

TATKAL MERE BHAUTIC SHAREER KI STHOOLATA SAMAPT HO GAYI AUR WAH SOOKCHM MEIN PARINAT HO GAYA. mUJHE PRATEET HONE LAGA MAIN TAIR RAHA HOON.MERA BHARHEEN SHAREER BICHAUNE KO NAAM MATR KA SPARSH KARTE HUE DAAYEN-BAAYEN PAARI-PAARI SE HILNE LAGA. PRAKASH BINDUON KA SAMOOH ITNA VISTRIT HO GAYA THA KI MAIN CHAT KO NAHIN DEKH SAKTA THA. MAIN AASHCHARYACHAKIT HO UTHA.

MANO PRAKASH SE HI AWAAZ AAYE. YEHI JAGTIK CHAL-CHITRA NYAS HAI JO TUMHARE BICHAUNE KI CHADDER KE SHVET PRDE PAR APNA

PRAKASH BIMB NIKSHEPIT KAR TUMHARE SHAREER KA CHITRA TAIYAAR  
KAR RAHA HAI.DEKHO TUMHARI AAKRITI PRAKASH KE ATIRIKT KUCH  
NAHI.

MAINE APNI BAHON KO DEKHA AUR UNHE AAGE-PEECHE GHUMAYA,  
PARANTU MUJHE UNKA BHAAR ANUBHUT NAHI HUA. MERA HRIDAY  
AAHLAD SE BHAR GAYA.MERE SHAREER KE ROOP MEIN PRASFUTIT HONE  
WALA MAHAVYOM KA PRAKASH STAMBH- CINEMA BHAVAN ANDHERE  
KAKSH SE NIHSRIT HO KAR PARDE PAR CHITRA MEIN PARINAT HONEWALI  
PRAKASH-KIRANON KA DIVYA SANSKARAN PRATEET HOTA THA.  
DEERGH SAMAY TAK MAIN MAND PRAKASHYUKT APNE SHAYANKAKCH  
ROOPI NATYAGRIHA MAIN APNE SHAREER KA CHALCHITRA DEKHTA  
RAHA.

MERE STHOOL SHAREER KA BHRAMJAAL POORNTAH VILUPT HO GAYA  
AUR MERI YEH ANUBHUTI NAUR GEHRI HO GAYI KI SAMAST PADARTHON  
KA SATV PRAKASH HI HAI.

MAINE UPAR SPANDANSHEEL-PRAN KANIKAON KE STROT KI OR DEKHA  
AUR VINAYPOORVAK KAHA “DIVYAJYOTI! KRIPA KARKKE MERE IS  
TUCHH SHAREER KE CHITRON KO APNE AAP MEIN SAMET LO. JIS RAKAAR  
TUKARAM KO PRAKASH KE RATH PAR SWARG LE JAYA GAYA  
THA.PRAKASH KIRNEN ADRISHYA HO GAYEEN.

At the crack of the dawn Phalke woke up from his hallucination .To his right in the early  
morning darkness he saw saraswati in advanced pregnancy standing staring at him.

SARASWATI BAI

Now where does this Tukaram come from and which plane are you taking?

PHALKE

Not the plane, the ship to London.I only need Rs.25,000 to begin with. My dream.

SARASWATI BAI

And abandon your children.

saraswati starts arranging phalke's table, filing papers and then brings the eyedrops she  
puts a few drops in his eyes. They spill like tears.

She goes to the house temple, starts washing and bathing the Mattel and Litho Gods, as  
if reconciled to phalke's new vision.

His eyes closed , Phalke begins to babble again, “

PHALKE

Bhautik vigyan ke jagat mein hum parichit jagat ke samanya vyaparon ka chayachitra  
dekhte hain.meri kuhni ki chaya , chaya roopi mez par tiki hui hai, jis prakaar chayaroopi  
syahi chayaroopi kaagaj par ankit ho rahi hai. yah sab pratikamataq hai .bhautikshastri ise  
prateek ke roop min rehne deta hai. Tatpashchaat manroopi rasayanshastri ki baari aati  
hai. Jo in prateekon ka roopantaran kar deta hai.

Phalke opens his eyes. The rider jumps on the horse and then again dissappers in that  
spinning disk of the toy, Babaraya holding in his two hands; laughing, phalke joins.

BABARAYA

Dada, you must tell me the story of Bhagiratha. Who was he?

PHALKE

Yes, but only if you promise to draw it for me everyday. It's a long long story.  
FADE OUT.

SCENE IN/EX SPORTS AND PHOTO SHOP DAY  
NADKARNI

25 hazar to mein nahi de sakata,kintu mere pas 10 hazar hain.anubandh tayeyar kiya ja sakta hai.

PHALKE

baki 15 hazar ?

NADKARNI

tumahare pas girvvi rakh wane ke liye kuch hai?

PHALKE

stri ke abhushan to fook chukka hoon,han,aik bema ke kakaz hain.

NADKARNI

nkitne ke?

PHALKE

15.....20

NADKARNI

chalo samjho kaam ban gaya.tum jane ki taiyari shuru kar do

SCENE IN/EX SOLICITOR CHITNIS HOME DAY

phalke has come to visit solicitor chitnis,his friend nadkarnis father in law.the house is huge and is decorated in European style.paintings,sculptures,vases.wall to wall bookshelves.

chitnis is reading phalkes proposal.

CHITNIS

how much money is involved in this buisness

PHALKE

It is evident that this sum of money is negligible when compared to the capital of seven crore of rupees invested in Pathe and other American and European companies.

but,I am quite confident that this sum of 25,000 rupees is sufficient for start, and for creating a public interest which would lead to a willing investment of a lakh or two of rupees

CHITNIS

how long have you been friends?

NADKARNI

i5 years.i used to sell his masterpiece photographs.then he became the king of publishing industry.then he took a oath like a styavadi and gave up any thing to do with publishing

industry.

CHITNIS

true to chitpavan spirit. but does not film industr comes under publising industry. true?

PHALKE

in british law. otherwise. they have different nature

CHITNIS

i cant win an argument with a tilakwaadi.but im impressed with your commitment to swadehi and your enterprunership.and i can never say no to my son in law.what are you offering to us.

PHALKE

share in profit for your courage and my insurance policy worth 12000 thosand security against the loan.

chitnis has finished reading documents. phalke is tense,lookin at chitnis.

CHITNIS

i knew your father.mad like you.one day he just chucked his job as sanscrit teacher just because there were some malecha students.dev bhasha can not be given to every body. but you seems to be progressive,

have you brought your life insurance policy.i cant give you 25000 i am giving you 10000.and i am sure rest you will raise. if you agree, sign here .

first nadkarni then, phalke signs the contract....d g phalke

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE IN/EX SHIP TO LONDON NIGHT

phalke is looking at the waves rising like many headed snake crashing against the ship.then he visualises,as if the waves were hoods of kaliya and the little krishna riding on his hood holding the reins as if racing on a chariot.

he comes down to his cabin.out side waters have become calmer. phalke writs a letter to his wife.

LETTER

received your telegram.like they say..first daughter,money faster.

there have been bhagirathi in all field.but she is my ganga,my little mandakini.im sorry for all the pain i have caused in past. hurting my dear children. every thing will be allright.my love to babaraiya.

here,one more episode from ganga story.....he has to picture this

Many days passed, but the sons did not return.. He sent for his grandson Amshumanta and said, 'Dear child, your sixty thousand uncles who went in search of the horse have not come back till this day. Please go and find them and the horse also. He was unable to find the horse on the earth though he roamed fa and wide. He finally entered Patala through the hole dug by his uncles. As he was wandering there, his eyes fell upon Sage Kapila's Ashrama and the ashes piled up like a mountain. The horse was grazing at a distance. There was no road ahead He was a little frightened. There was no way beyond and there was such a huge pile of ash. deep in thought. Just then he heard a voice from

Heaven -'Child, this is the pile of ashes of your uncles. They were destroyed by the wrath of Sage Kapila.'

SCENE /IN EX PICCADLY CIRCUS BIOSCOPE OFFICE LONDON DAY

it is snowing outside cotton. against the smoking chimneys .room is full of posters of cinema stars pasted on the wall. Cabourne is looking at him amused ,he is on the phone  
CABOURNE

you must meet this magician from india, phalke. he has amazing stories to tell. he wants to start a film industry in india. he hates our films on india. i am sending him to you

your knowledge and foresight impress me,

Mr. Phalke. I suggest you meet Mr. Hepworth,  
Owner of a studio, he will be able to help With training and equipment.

PHALKE

thank you Mr. Cabourne. I wish you great  
Success with your weekly and I hope to see you Soon - but, with my films next time.

SCENE II/EX NAIN SPACE STUDIO NIGHT

PHALKE

Old footage Phalke is writing. The next day Mr. Hepworth came to see me at Waltham Station. Eager to test my theories, against the actual practise of film making, I visited Hepworth's studio to observe their shooting methods. Mr. Hepworth even helped me in staging and shooting some footage and to develop and print the exposed film. Then on his recommendation, I bought a Williamson Camera for 50 pound sterling. And a printing and perforating machine. Armed with my purchases, I boarded a ship back to India , having spent only one month in England.

As Phalke is writing, the old photographs of the British Film Industry float by outside the studio windows. In each photograph , Phalke is somewhere there. Posing with Directors, Actors, Producers etc... In studio, observing the film making process.

SCENE EX STREET IN LONDON

During his stay in London one thing he was fascinated by were the Hats of the British men and women . Different people wearing different kinds of hats all around. He felt like having one. He could well find the hat like of Magicians wearing during his magic lessons in Baroda days.

He buys a hat like that.

SCENE EX GODAVARI THE JUNGAL AND THE TREE

On the way to Nashik one has to Cross the Godavari river. Those days there were boats to cross the people.

Dada reaches the ghat waiting for his boat along with his friend and equipments. For some childish reason Dada was wearing the cap to see how people of his own village react to his new get up .Some do reacted with surprise after they recognized him late. Dad was excited and enjoying it fully.

In the nearby jungle a huge cacophony was heard. Like millions of crows shouting aloud. Dad got curious. There was no sign of boat yet. He asked his friend to wait for him as he goes to see what's happening inside the jungle.

As he approached more inside the jungle he sees large number of crows flying over head



and shouting. He comes in front of a huge Banyan tree. The tree was like one of its kind. Widespread in branches and its root was spread all around. There were millions of crows on the branches of it. Dada went a bit more ahead and notices a crow child fallen on the shaded leaves of the tree from the top. As he approached to hold it to put it back, crows got scared and attacked him together. Dada ran to save himself, and finally managed to come away with lot of effort.

Dada came back to the ghat with dirt and leaves on the clothes and panting vigorously, and discovers that he has dropped his hat while saving himself from the crows...!! The boat was waiting in the ghat as equipments were being put on it by the porters. Time flies

## SCENE I IN/EX MATHURA BHAVAN,DADAR

As he took the dish down from the loft, brushing cobwebs away from his face, Sarswati's voice climbed the stair .

## CHARECTER

now what are you doing? You shall pull every thing down and then go away...I shall have to tidy up.

He held the platter in both hands, gauging the size and weight of it. He would need to bore a small hole in its side for water to drain out.

he comes down.babaraya is holding three month old mandakini,running after phalke,mahadev following behind. kitchen door is closed.sarsvati bai opens door. camera is in the kitchen.

SARSVATI BAI

i have perforated the film.loaded the camera exactly as taught by you.if some thing goes wrong,not my fault.

phalke bends down to feel the camera,then starts looking here and there. opening lids of the tin cans.

SARSWATIBAI

now what

PHALKE

what are you cooking today

SARSWATIBAI

what do you want to eat.

PHALKE

mendel. i mean peas. they grow faster

He had the green-pea ready between finger and thumb. He pressed down into the mud, going down almost an inch, a neat cylindrical hole. He dropped the soaked seed in and covered it up, carried the platter onto the table. The sun streamed into the room, the light

was superb. He picked up the five-pound movie camera he'd bought in London. Draper had been so helpful... He squatted down low, keeping the table at eye level. He wound the tripod down till he got it at the same level and fixed the camera on it. Sixteen frames a second- he had to keep count as he cranked. Through the lens, across the rim of the platter, the view looked like the surface of the earth- a barren landscape. then a pea plant starts growing in a slow motion

SCENE IN/EX SETH UMASHAKERS ELECTRICAL SHOP KALBA DEVI DAY

film gets over. nadkarni, chitnis, devhare are stunned

DEVHARE

what was this

black curtains on the window are removed. projector switched off

PHALKE

"The natural action of human beings, or other animate beings, is photographed with a specific speed, and when these are projected with the same speed, the impression of natural action is created.

However, it is possible to achieve special effects by reducing or increasing the speed of photographing, or projection.

For instance, the movement of a bullet being shot from a gun cannot be seen by the naked eye. But the

quick photographic camera can record even the movements of a bullet in motion.

Now, supposing the photographs of a moving bullet are projected at a lower speed, all the movements

of a bullet, like its penetrating a wall, can be shown, as naturally as the actions of a human being.

If you project the photograph of a slow moving object faster, the opposite effect can be achieved.

But we can place a camera in front of a growing sprout for a specific period of time, and photograph

continuous pictures. When these pictures are projected faster, we can create the illusion of the sprout

growing right in front of our eyes."

A COTTEN MERCHANT

main paisa lagane ko taiyarhoon. picture na sahi, parde ka kapada to bikega.

hum apni kahaniyon ka soot kategn.

SETH UMASHANKER

mera bijali ka vyapar or ye andhere or ujale ka beejganit.

DEVHARE

aap ke paas agar kuch security hai to me paissa lagane ko taiyaar hu

NADKARNI

maan gaye ustad tum apni lagan ke sache ho. pahali film konsi hogi

PHALKE

jo sara parivaar mil ker dekh sake.kath pahle se pata ho.shyad raja harish chandra  
NADKARNI

phalke tumeh yaad hai jab tumhari drishti chali gayi thi?sabse goodh baat yeh hai ki vah  
maya jall uski pariksha hetu racha gaya tha.or antim pariksha apni stree ko nagan hote  
dekhna.use shuru se pata hai suli per chadna hai.

SCENEIN/EX MATHURA BHAVAN NIGHT

out side room, children are wacthing trip to moon.phalke is buisy writing the script of  
harish chndra.sarsvati bai comes to phalke after closing a huge wooden box.  
she comes to phalke and opens a bundle of cloth holding gold ornaments. madakini is in  
her others arms

SARSWATIBAI

this is all i have. i am only keeping my mangalsutre

PHALKE

to bring the story of raja harish chadra to the screen,they will say,phalke had to go  
through harder test of charecter the harish chandra.and to depict the nobility of taramati  
he had to make his wife a beggar maid.

he stars writing an ad;wanted hand som faces.and other crew.

SCEN EX IN MATHURA BHAVAN DAYE

out side mathura bhavan is full of film aspirants

PHALKE VOICE OVER

So I advertised. 'Wanted, fair looking actors'101The very next day, a man came to me  
with this new advertisement in his hand. His normal complexion was very dark, which  
could at best be improved to bluish after soaping the face. And this blue-black person told  
me he had enacted the role of Mahashveta, the lady in white, in 'Shapa Shambhrama' for  
a famous company!

the blue black enters the root

BLUE BLACK MAN

i have acted as mahashvta.

PHALKE

you may go

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER MAN COMES.

PHALKE VO

After two hours descended another gem of an actor. They were an ugly lot, with gloomy  
faces, visible protruding teeth, with malformed eyes and noses, with hollow cheeks  
scarred with pox i.e. faces which were created by the god Brahma at the end of the  
working day, when he had run out of material. Oh India, what a terrible state you are in!  
Wanted, fair looking actors'

out side phalkes room there are a crowd of actors

To my surprise, most of the applicants flocking to my door were ignorant even of the  
meaning of the word 'good looking'

an actor ,he gives an impression of looking at the boxes in the inner room while he was talking face to face with phalke of his experience of acting.

In an afternoon, a man with a 40-inch waistline came to claim the role of Taramati in my 'Harischandra'.

DISSOLVE TO:E

As if this person, who looked like a woman in the advanced stages of pregnancy, or even as a walking advertisement for some health tonic, was the power actor to portray the character of Taramati, an unfortunate, dejected and resigned person. They were an ugly lot, with gloomy faces, visible protruding teeth, with malformed eyes and noses, with hollow cheeks scarred with pox i.e.

more actors start coming one after other.

DISSOLVE S

faces which were created by the god Brahma at the end of the working day, when he had run out of material .Oh India, what a terrible state you are Sometimes, some candidates used typical womanish expressions as refrains while describing their acting experience, in order to prove that they had been portraying female characters. I was even scared that one of them would put his arm around me

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SCENE IIN/EX RED LIGHT GRANT ROAD NIGHT 1912

The streets open, the houses are unlit except for single oil -a lamp burning at the doorsteps .He hears the faint notes of a harmonium, a low-pitched voice begins an alaap for yaman. A roar of the cloth-mill, a clatter of horse's hooves forces him to step aside, splash his clothes with the slush. They plunge down the narrow street, yelling for the whores to come out of their cages.then the street starts coming to light

phalke is standing in front of a paan walla mirror. we can also see a small moorti of shivji,ganga flowing out like a fountain.phalke is watching faces in the mirror

PHALKE VO

The truth dawned on me when I looked at a mirror in a betel leaf Any man chewing betel leaf in front of a shop would look at the shop mirror and indulge in a play of his eyes Only when he is convinced, after seeing from all angles, that there is not the slightest flaw in his total appearance will he move off with a smile of content.107In India herself, there will be 30 x 2 crore mirrors.

But how many faces will there be which can really grace these mirrors, and how many of these are likely to come to my films?

phalke enters a chawl. as he is walking past he hears whors passing comments at him.

WHORES

if i act in a movie,i will be ex communicated by my village

you get permission from my master to work in cinema

what will you pay me for working in cinema

PHALKE

i will even pay you forty rs in a month

WHORES

we earn that much in one night, many times

you marry my daughter then she will work in cinema

Two pimps against the café wall look him over...

Foul dog! Comes here to stare at a boy! From the balconies, whores lean, screaming his name, pelting him with groundnut shell. A group of grinning prostitutes barred his way.

Per dekh babu hum log nachne gane wali hain, per kisi ke samne kapde nahin utarengi. hum ticketvillian nahin. izzat se rahati hain. tamasha banana hai to apni ghar walli ka bana.

PHALKE VO

Even the women of the red-light areas are reluctant to work in the film.

SCENE IN EX GOKHLE RESTAURANT GRANT ROAD NIGHT

He looks at the mirror on the wall, it reflects a scene out of the pit, bare bodies luminous with sweat close to the food simmering on coal burning stoves, orange flames leaping up. Salunke was there, squatting on his haunches, shoulders moving in a circular rhythm as he grounds the batter for the dosa. then salunke gets up and places a cup of tea on phalke's table. his hands are shapely. fingers delicate. phalke looks up

PHALKE

acting karoge

SALUNKE

han

PHALKE

yhan kiya milta hai

SALUNKE/

char rupiya

PHALKE.

barah rupiya or khana peena rahna saath mein.

SCENE IN/EX MATHURA BHAVAN DAY

auntie (Saraswatibai) cooks for about forty people without tiring or complaining. huge

utensils are being carried around. men dressed up like woman are helping around sarsvati. it is a festive mood.  
in front of a wall covered with posters of various expression, actors are mimicking. or looking at ravi varma prints striking poses  
nadkarni is walking with phalke watching the tamasha, phalke introduces his crew to nadkarni. while they pass through various departments  
PHALKE

this is Dabke is Harishchandra, Bhalchandra is Rohidas, and Gajanan Wasudev Sane is Vishwamitra. and here, Dattatray Kshirsagar, Dattatray Telang, Ganpat Shinde, Vishnu Hari Salunke, Nath Telang they have joined us. telang is my child hood friend  
outside they have built a small tank, with a fountain in it. men dressed up as women are bathing in it. dabke as harishchandra is rehearsing his expression. telang is ready with the camera  
suddenly make-up man comes running  
MAKEUP MAN

salunke is refusing to shave of his beard  
inside make up room, salunke is sobing terrified.  
SALUNKE  
how can any man shave off his mooch when father alive  
then he looks up at phalke. he stops sobbing  
PHALKE

krishna, you are going to be the first heroine of indian film world .shot is ready. come quickly

out side the shot is ready. queen tara matis attendants. in water, dabke as king telang. slunke enters the frame and coyli enters the water. every one giggles  
PHALKE (CONT'D)  
silence. roll camera. action  
phalke starts reading from the script. dabke follows. and gives expression  
PHALKE (CONT'D)

I, have had bad dreams.  
By his efforts, an enraged Brahmin has acquired the power to control all the divine goddesses of knowledge.  
And when I took pity on the women and went to rescue them, the Brahmin turned his rage on me. And when I tried to pacify him, he demanded my whole kingdom in return.  
SCENE IN/EX MATHURA BHAVAN NIGHT  
sarsvati is spinning the printing and processing machine. small thumb size film frames appear on after other  
in full screen, it is a scene of babaraiya being sold in kashi market. an exact film

representation of raja ravi varma painting. whole phalke family and crew are watching rushes.

BABARAYA

Mother, how I hate this scene where I am being sold. baba is so strict and I always go wrong.

PHALKE

rohit ,your gesture is too stiff, live the part you are playing,

now its another scene. king is alone. vigilant. surrounded by.horror of a crematorium. phalke is all intense.looking at dabke dressed as care taker of the place

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE EX RIVER BANK TRIMBEKESHVAR NIGHT

piers are still not lit. phalke is rehearsing the scene with.salunke as taramati,and dabke as king.telang is handling the camera.phalke reads the text from the script the shows the expressin.both actors repeat him.

PHALKE

Hai,is kusamye mein aarya putre ki kaun stuti karta hai?

Priy dheeraj rakho!yeh rone ka samay nahin.dekho savera hua chahta hai.aisa n ho koi aa jaye or hum logon ko jaan le.or aik matre lajja bachi hai or vh bhi chali jaye .where is baba raiya.call him.shot is ready

babaraiya is no where.sarsvati shouts again and again.then she sees a sadhu type man rushing towards her.then she sees,baba raiya in his arnes, the hands over the unconscious body of baba to sarsvati

SARSVATI

what hapened

SMEONE FROM THE GROUP OF CHILDREN

we were playing. then he fell

sarsvat is crying. phalke consoling.babas wound bandaged .he opens his eyes

BABARAYA

i am sorry dada.i am ready.and i dont have to do any thing. just lie on the pier.

fires came alive,dancing. lighting the ghats , throwing shadows.

phalke starts reading the harishchadra text.dabke and salunke enact.sarsvat standing behind telang .is wathind baba raya lying on the ground

PHALKE

chaliye kaleje per sil bandh ker rohitashvy ki kriya Karen.or adha kafan hame do.

Nath!mere paas to aik bhi kpada nahin.apna aanchal phad ker ise lappet lai hoon.isme se bhi adha de doongi to yeh khula raha jayega.  
Hai ,chakrevati ke putre ko kafan bhi nahin milta  
Adhe gaz ke kapde ke liye mera dharma n chuda.adha kapda phad de.

salunke ,tears her sadi in two pieces  
the frame turns miraculous. in the frame with a lightening lord shiva him self  
appears,then other characters from the play.

SCENE IN/EX OLYMPIA THEATRE NIGHT APRIL 1913

film comes to an end. curtains are drawn. hall resounds with claps.audience is  
cheering.meanwhile back home

SCENE IN EX MATHURA BHAVAN NIGHT

mandakini has fever.sarsvati is unwilling to attend the screening. her brother is there  
BROTHER

to day is a red letter day in your husbands life.you to have equally with him.you must  
attend. there is still time

SCENE IN/EX OLYMPIA THEATRE NIGHT APRIL 1913

justice donald is standig at the dias.with phalke and his unit

JUSTICE DONALD

we europeans hardly ever get to see such mythological educative pictures or shows.to  
learn from books we donot know sanskrit.from that view point,this artistic of mr phalke  
would be welcomed even to europians,  
sarsvati was wathing sitting at the first row.

scene in/ex mathura bhavan day

the prase has reached nanasaheb chitr,manager of coronation theatre

CHTRE

i am ready to show your film in my coronation. but will people come to see this  
movie?the competition from dramas tamasha.once in order to attract wemaen we even  
kept wemen door keepers.once i tried a lucky number scheme.sarees,watches,bicycle.i  
free scented hanker chiefs .i had a flourmil,fixed quantity of corn ground on showing his  
ticket.

in the other room sarsvati is taking a vow in front of dattatris framed picture,children  
watch.mandakini is old enough to walk.

SARSVATI BAI

i would distribute sweets worth five rupees

SCENE EX IN CORONATION THEATRE DAY

compound is filled with patron.most of them are non hindus like parsis and boharas.  
seeing the overflowing crowd.phalke couple are overjoyed.tears welled up in their eyes.

YASHVANT RAO NADKARNI

madam,you said you would distribute sweets worth five rupees i have bought sweets  
worth 100 rupees.

sweets are distributed



TORNE

congratulation mr phalke, exactly one year back my pundalik was shown. i was there at olampia, i liked your film.

phalke touches his feet.

PHALKE

wheels with in wheels

MAVJI

you can come back when ever you want to. let see what you have done in side .hall is packed to the full. an english woman who was dancing stops. lights go dimmer. titles come. fun with matchsticks, written with formation of match stick then, with the accompaniment of goharjaans last record, many small matchboxes bearing gohar jaans picture come together forming a huge match box. the started the main feature

out side, phalke is being interviewed kesri paper

KESRI

why do say your films are swadeshi

PHALKE

But most of the cinematographs are foreign and they have foreign images in them. But The images in his film are Indian, and are drawn from the Puranas, and are thus familiar to all

KESRI

i felt. All the movements and expressions of the characters on screen were so realistic that the spectators felt that those moving characters were also speaking. Some scenes from this 'Harischandra' are heartrending. They have come out so well that Harischandra and Taramati of the screen bring tears to the eyes of the spectators. This would perhaps not happen if one saw them in the flesh and blood on the stage.

two brothers come and introduce themselves to phalke

ANAND RAO PAINTER

but your camera is not indian

PHALKE

is that possible

ANAND RAO PAINTER

if you show us your camera. may be we can copy it. make it. we are from kolhapur and want to screen your film in our maharashtra theatre. this is my brother baburao.

BABURAO PAINTER

but why not use female artist for female roles. like in english films

PHALKE

no body is willing to act in films

suddenly, nadkarni appears and takes phalke away  
they have come from surat, nawabi theatre.

NAWABI THEATRE OWENER

fifty fifty,we are ready to take a risk

picture gets over. there is a buzz in the crowd a look of contentment

SCENE EX IN NAWABI THEATRE SURAT NIGHT

theatre is adorned with bunting and garlands.phalke and owner peep inside the theatre. it is almost empty.

OWNER

there is no doubt your show is good.but there have to be viewers. do we cancel the show. pay the refund

the people here are used to see plays lasting six hours on a ticket costing less than yours. either increase the length or reduced the rate.

PHALKE

these people who have bought tickets have paid solid money.the only loss will be that i will have to use my film for only these people. when these people go home after seeing my movie,for times there number will come. i will run my show one week as agreed upon.

SCENE EX MARKET SURAT DAY

baba raiya and other young unit members are pasting advertisements on the wall. then we see them making an announcement from a moving tonga.

SALUNKE AND BABARAIYA

in one anna,see 57000 photographs of three quarters of an inch width and two miles length

SCENE EX IN NAWABI THEATRE DAY

a huge crowd has gathered.money is powering in the collection box. phalke and the theatre owner are happy

SCENE IN/EX SPACE STUDIO DAY

photo phalke is writing

PHALKE

Although Mumbai was very convenient for business, i did not find it convenient for film production . As Nashik was convenient for reaching temples, rivers, ghats, stone carvings, forests, mansions etc. required for such films, we moved the Phalke Film Company to Nashik on 3rd October 1913.

SCENE IN EX PHALKE STUDIO NASIK DAY 3 OCT 1913

the family consisting of phalke his children and unit members enter the haud bungalow The three-storeyed bungalow had two out-houses and a spacious open ground on all sides. On the right, there was a grove known as 'Warchi Baug' on a small elevation, which was full of various kinds of trees such as mango, guava, jackfruit, custard apple, kavath, bakuli, umbar etc children and unit are mrsmsersised.with its sound and beauty balkrishan the owner of the bungalow unlocks the door.

BALKRISHAN DADAJI VAIDY

only .Rs 75 per month

INSIDE HUGE HALLS. HUSBAND AND WIFE CHECK IT OUT. SO DO THE CHILDREN ,AND OTHER UNIT MEMBERS. DADIJI HANDS OVER THE KEYS

TO SARSVATI  
DISOLVE

he erects a temporary studio in natural surroundings. a sheet of white cloth to get the desired degree of brightness.

SCENE IN IX CHITTAKARSHAK NATAK COMPANY NASIK

out side a poster of hamlet is on the wall

DISSOLVE TO:

inside a performance is happening. kamalabai dressed up as hamlet is performing

KAMALA BAI AS HAMLET

Rhana hai ya nahin .yehi sawal hai.acha kya hai,zalim takdir ke zamane ki chot,man hi man sahana ya musibato ke samundar ke khilaf hatiyar uthana orlad ker un ka khatma ker dena.mer jata so jata bas.kash ki hum eak neend le ker kha sakte kisone me ab koi dard nahin hai.or n weh hazar chois haad maas ke putle ko.kaisi man chahi pariniti hoti hai yeh mar jana.koun jane yeh chola choot jane per maut kius neend mein kaise kaise sapane aye.unhi ke dar se to hum thithak jate hain,or jhelejate hain jindigi ko.eak kali bala ki tarah.aisa na ho to jamane ki nafarat ko koun sahe or koun sahezalim ka zulm ,gamandi ki shekhi.nakaam mohabat ki kachot,kanoon ki dhilai,hukkam ke tever or nalayako ki thoker.

Mout vah anjan desh hai jiski sarhad se kabhi koi musafir naahin lotata.apane usi dar ki wajah se hum apni taklifo sebhagne ki badle unko jhelte hain.

with every one phalke claps

inside the makeup room.kamala bai is changing her make up .surrounding her other artist and her mother.raghunath rao the future husband of kamalabai and proprietor of the chitreakarshak compny are also there

PHALKE

if talented artist like you,dont join then who will come forward? we want women to play woman role

KAMALABAI

but you said it is mohinis role,is not she actualy male vishnu..his maya

PHALKE

you are both vishnu and mohini.and your mother parvati

RAMBHU GOKHALE

lets say a female hamlet playing male mohini

SCENE IN PHALKE STUDIO NIGHT

every one is standing around phalke sitting in his chair.he is holding a raja ravi varma print of mohini bhasmasur.

TELANG

how will you show bhasmasur turning into ashes in the same frame

PHALKE

we first filme a scene showing Bhasmasur writhing with unbearable pain due to the heat of fire. Then keeping the camera in the same fixed position, we retract the film and ignite some spoiled film in the place where Bhasmasur stands. the effect of Bhasmasur burning.

SCENE/EX PHALKE STUDIO NASIK DAY

mohini and bhasmasur both are in a dancing position.phalke sees the frame and takes out his face under the black cloth.

PHALKE

ready.music

then phalke faces kamalabai. demonstrates the dance piece. he moves back,and stands behind telang at the camera.

PHALKE (CONT'D)

camera.action

mohini dances. bhasmasur follows her step by step.finally,kamala places her both hands on her hand.as bhasma sur repeats the gesture,dancing,he turns into ashes.

mohini morphs back to vishnu,smiling. other gods join in as if were watching from the wings

SCENE IN EX OLYMPIA THEATRE ON 2ND JANUARY 1914.

we pull back from the screen, hall is full of devoted audience,giving a standing ovation.place resounding with the hail lord vishnu. hail lord shanker

SCENE EX TRIMBAKESHVER DAY

It is a heart-rending scene in which Yamraj takes away Satyawan's life force and Savitri sorrowfully begs him to restore her husband to life. But this Savitri is not able to express the proper emotions.

Dadasaheb repeatedly showed her how to do it, even acted himself, but it made little difference, as she was not an experienced artiste. Ultimately

,  
DADASAHEB SOMEWHAT HARSHLY,

"Your husband has fallen dead here, Yamraj is taking away his life, but your face shows no emotion although I have tried so hard"

The woman, instead of becoming serious, began to laugh.

Someone said to Dadasaheb, under his breath,

"Sir, this woman does not have only one husband. If one leaves, there is always another. So how can she have that emotional expression?"

SCENE 11N/EX PHALKE STUDIO NIGHT

all of the are sitting in phalkes room.counting money.this time sarsvati bai is holding.new born neelkanth in her arms.

PHALKE

debts are paid back. Money continues to flow in from all the three films he was able to assist some of his friends too. So much income is earned from only one print of each movie.

i am thinking of buying electrical machinery by spending twenty-five to thirty thousand rupees. Till then the machinery had to be worked by hand because of which work went on at snail's pace. The speed of the film too fluctuated. we need proper studio for

producing movies to combat western films, we need more capital

NADKARNI

i understand

PHALKE

i have to go abroad again. they are asking for twenty prints.

NADKARNI

when do you want to go?

PHALKE

as soon as you make the arrangements. i am taking all three films with me

NADKARNI

but there is a fear of war breaking out. is it right time to take a risk

PHALKE

we are already in war. our people are in prison. fighting for freedom. or what they say in war business is better.

SCENE IN/EX SHIP TO LONDON NIGHT 1 AUGUST

in his cabin phalke is writing to his wife.

PHALKE

i ask forgiveness for being harsh and uncaring father.....i am grateful to the gods for having given me such devoted wife and obedient children...here i'm continuing the story of ganga for my dearest babaraya.....pleased with bhagiratha's devotion lord ishvara came to bhagirathi what do you want. with folded hands bhagiratha appealed to him, what is that you do not know. lord brahma has granted my prayer to send the divine river to earth. but earth can not bear the force of ganga's descent. only you can control the turbulence of the descending ganga. be please to do so said the ishvara said smilingly yes i will soften ganga's descent by my tresses. so said ishvara and stood on a big peak near by, ready to receive divine ganga

outside the window, waves were banging against the glass window

eventually in April 1913 his first drama Harischandra was produced and met very considerable favour. Mr Phalke has since screened another drama entitled Mohini and very shortly a third one (sic) is to be placed to his credit, bearing the title Nala-Damayanti which has been produced at a very considerable cost. These subjects have been taken from Indian mythology in which Mr Phalke intends to specialise in many of his future productions'.

In the very next issue of the weekly dated 4th June 1914, Mr Kepburn wrote as follows: 'Since one of the greatest and most valuable possibilities of the cinematograph is the circulation throughout the world of plays dealing with national life and characteristics, acted by native (sic) (native?) players amidst local scenes, it is with no small interest that one awaits the appearance in this country of Mr D. G. Phalke's first Indian films some details of which were given in last week's Bioscope. In spite of its wonderfully beautiful and distinctive qualities, Indian mythology is practically unknown in this country with the exception of a few stories which have reached us through rather inadequate translations, and one feels, therefore, that Mr Phalke is directing his energies in the best and the most profitable direction in specialising upon the presentation by film of Indian mythological dramas. In a film version of a story, the whole beauty of the original may be retained so far as its action and characterisation are concerned, whilst it is possible to realise local colour and scenic detail in a manner, which would be quite out of the

question in any purely literary form, or even in the most lavish production. One feels, in short, that the cinematograph is the ideal medium for the presentation of all such stories, in which, if they are to be fully understood and sympathised with by foreigners, vivid realism of atmosphere and setting are essential considerations.

Mr Phalke's first film Harischandra

SCENE        A STREET    A THEATRE IN LONDON NIGHT

it is a flip book with animated drawings of crashing planes. and other war action scene.out side a cinema shop a jewish artist is selling them. phalke buys one

There were hoardings everywhere announcing 'Business As Usual'

walking on the streets he buys a news paper,opens it,it has some war news. he goes on the entertainment page. his photo

graph is there.there is a head line there

WHY WAS THIS PHALKE NOT BORN IN INDIA

.  
the studio photograph of phalke comes alive he enters the party every on waiting for him claps.it is a party given in phalkes honour.all the london glitterry has gather. his films are seen on the wall like an installation project

ONE LADY

o mr phalke why were you not born in england

COUBORN FROM BIOSCOPE

From the technical point of view his pictures are surprisingly excellent",

PHALKE

remember mr kepburn,

when isaw the malicious perversity of Indian culture depicted in the English movie

Daughter ofBharat, i had told Mr Kepburn with great self-confidence that they would see the real Indian culture in his movies.

KEPBURN

That proved to be literally true.

i have a scheme according to which you will produce Indian movies in England, bringing artistes and technicians from India whose travel expenses, expenditure on lodging and boarding in England and salary would be paid by me. you will get a salary of 300 pounds a month besides 20% of the profits.

PHALKE

"I strove hard, subjected my family to suffering, fought many a danger and difficulty in order to make this an indigenous business for India. It is my aim and obsession that this business should be in Indian hands, that through this medium, along with public entertainment there should be education of the public too and that Indians and even foreigners, if possible, should come to know Indian culture. If I accept your offer, I will

be deviating from my aim and ideal and so I am unable to accept it, for which I beg your pardon".

MAN FROM WARNER BROTHERS

we are representing warner brothers.will you be able to deliver 200 hundred prints of your films for america

VITAPHONE

we would need around 128 prints

SCENE TELEGRAPH OFFICE LONDON

phalke is despretly trying to contact nadkarni,for the money,there is only negative reply. from india, most of the messages are of war panic

SCENE IN EX CINE SHOP LONDON DAY

he tells the owner to send the equipment to india.pay ment will be send as soon as the equipment reaches india.

SCENE EX GODAVARI AND THE TREE I

a was anxious about it. He was thinking about the hardship of the future as he was traveling. Coming to Bombay he immediately starts fro Nashik. To meet and talk to the Financers.He was alone going back to his home town to meet his family.The only thing he had with him is the new hat. Packed in is hand.Dada reaches the ghat of Godavari.There was already a boat waiting for people.It was a crowded day in the ghat.Dada was about to get into the boat and suddenly he hears with strange feeling the same cacophony in the nearby jungle ....Dada could not hold his excitement of the magic of nature ...It was like the mirror of time suddenly unfolding and reflecting the same situation.He came down from the boat like in a spell. And followed the cacao phony. The place has changed much after 2-3 years. But has the same kind of a feel still remained .Dada came near the same tree. It was something unbelievable for him to be here once again ... Millions of crows again in the sky and in the branches. Shouting aloud.Dada could not stop himself going forward .....!!But surprisingly not a single crow attacked him .....!!He approaches further .....!!And find the whole nest fallen on the roots of the tree with a crow child in it ...!!Dada went ahead and picks the nest up..!!With great wonder he notices the nest ....!!It was made from the hat that he has lost years back .....!!Weathered quiet a much but can be identified with ease...!!Dada was thrilled...!!He looks up in the trees ....!! Lots of nest high in the branches ...!!Those crows are watching him and making some kind of a weird sound ...!!Dada was thinking what to do next ...it was not possible for him to climb up high and mount the nest back ....!!flash of an Idea..!!Dada keeps the Nest down on the leaves ....!!Takes out the new hat he was carrying with him....!!And puts it beside the nest...!!

SCENE IN PHALKE STUDIO NASIK EVENING I

phalke is shaven head.all family and the other members of the phalke factroy have gathered ina emergency meeting.it was a crisis time sarsvati is leading the force reporting to phalke. she is a pillar of strength and mother to all.

SARSVATIBAI

he had not only stopped advancing money, but had also asked to lock the studio, and dismiss all the employees.

TELANGS WIFE

Saraswatibai pleaded with him not to lock the studio or dismiss the employees until  
Dadasaheb returned  
SARSVATIBAI

,  
but he was not at all prepared to part with more money.  
Due to the atmosphere of uncertainty created  
BABARAYA INTERRUPTS

by the war, no financier was prepared to offer capital to Dadasaheb.

SCENE IN EX PHALKE STUDIO NASIK NIGHT

in his office space phalke is checking account files.

PHALKE

On the other hand, those who were likely to give financial help had invested their money  
in other businesses.

sarsvati is standing at the door, trying to put neelkanth to sleep. listening to her  
husband, phalke

PHALKE (CONT'D)

In such circumstances, if the studio were to be closed, he would have had no option but  
to apply for insolvency. If that were to happen, the premature death of the indigenous  
cinema industry was .....

SARSVATI BAI

how much is the total debt?

SCENE IN CHITNIS BUNGLOW DAY

there is a finance meeting taking place. all the investor in phalke factory have gathered

PHALKE

towards saving the indigenous industry. give an immediate loan to bring to India the  
equipment i have bought in England, to keep it from rusting and for the studio to function  
for a year.

i assure you that i would produce a movie in a year's time and would repay the loan.  
warne wants 200 prints so many are interested in indian films

NADKARNI

i agree to offer only half the expenses on a short-term basis.  
but suddenly he is flooded doubts by various investors on after other  
CHITNISS

If business dwindles, people will not come to see cinema.

COTTEN MERCHANT



How then would we recover our money? What if you die suddenly? What if good movies are not produced hereafter?

SCENE IN TRAIN TO NASIK NIGHT

both are returning from bombay.manager is also with them

PHALKE

my , A lakh of rupees is locked up in the studio, but neither could i put it to use, nor could the employees be sacked. If they were discharged, who would invest money in the business? Old movies no longer bring in money

two police man enter the cabin.they look at the manager. ask his name and handcuff him

train enters a dark tunnel

SCENE EX IN SPACE STUDIO NIGHT

studio is speeding in the sky.old footage phalke is thinking and writing

PHALKE

Some of the staff were down with malaria. The photographer got seriously ill twice. The electrician died of cholera. The generator was in disrepair. To cap it all, The police had registered a false case against my manager

,i had to pay the lawyer's fees. With every new date for the court case, i had to make a trip to the court. The expenditure on travel and on collecting evidence of the manager's innocence, had to be met.

SCENE IN PRISON HOUSE DAY

manager is released.he touches phalkes feet.

PHALKE

MANAGER

i believe you. there is a man ready to give us loan.against the studio

SCENE EX IN KOHINOOR MILLS DAY

its maya shanker bhatt the owner.

MAYA SHANKER BHATT

i have seen your films

PHALKE

i will put my life on the line but so long as I breathe, I will not allow this indigenous industry to die'

MAYA SHANKER BHATT

but if you die. then who will.i am just joking.wich film are you going to start

PHALKE

raja shreeyal.

SCENE EX/IN SPACE STUDIO NIGHT

old footage phalke is moving a piece of a film in hand.it flickers in a scene where king shreeyal is sacrificing his son ,with a sword.

PHALKE VO

Filming started but new difficulties continued to crop up. The actor doing the role of king Shreeyal had fever with 103 degrees temperature, yet continued to work. Some five scenes were shot somehow and then the actor had a relapse. His illness became serious and it was difficult to say when he would recover completely. To add to it, the heroine sprained her ankle so severely while descending a staircase that she could not even stand sarsvati appears at the door dressed up as the queen,baba raya as prince.she holding the kings costume in her arms

SARSVATI

"You are going to be King Shreeyal, our son will be Chilaya, it is difficult to get another heroine, so make me Changuna (Shreeyal's queen). In the film Fun With Matchsticks you had got even life less act.i will learn.after all i am acting only with my husband. you must not stop at any cost. but never publicize my name

PHALKE

but where is the money to go on. there is no gold left on you'

SARSVATI BAI

it will come again as always

SCENE IN EX DAINIK SANDESH BOMBAY DAY

a steam run printing press.non stop it prints out dainik sandesh.phalke is sitting with achut balvant kolhatker.there is a head line in the paper. DO NOT LET THIS

INDUSTRY DIE .PAY RS 1 ON WARDS.GET MONEY BACK WITH Interest

kohlatker opens a page and reads.a montage of news paper head lins as phalke continues to bable.around him more people are gathering.

PHALKE

The necessary materials for making films would come in from abroad. People would be willing to see films even in difficult times because this entertainment is simple, harmless and cheap.If new films are made in a short time, and more prints are made and exhibited, the income will gradually be more than the investment. Even 3 or 4 studios like mine would be inadequate for producing films for about 500 theatres in India, covering the 300 million population.If I have the misfortune to die prematurely, my assistants are competent and can run the studio by themselves.The reason my financier will not give security is undue caution during the wartime, and not because the industry

itself is not a paying proposition. There is no other way but to make a film to prove all this. But when it was difficult to get loans against gold security at 11% interest, who would loan money to a penniless person like me? I am on the verge of despair.

KOLHATKER

read this, you have the public support

three supporters from Bombay and Poona, the two most vital cities of Maharashtra

, PHALKE

like three diamond chips mixed in the shower of stones flung on me by people who were merely rendering lip service to me.

KOLHATKER

but they have appealed to the home rule league and appealed to the 15000 heroes of Home Rule to give you five rupees each.

PHALKE

Phalke is not a stranger to these people, and his mission is already well known to them.

They are unable to give more and are ashamed of giving less, but they have democracy to justify their not giving at all.

if I could get capital enough to make four or five films, I would soon be free of the clutches of the moneylender, and he would also be free of the worries about his investment.

SCENE EX DESHERA FESTIVAL IN A SMALL TOWN EVNNING

in a small box, written on it, paisa fund, people are putting in coins. in back ground we see ravan putla in flame. money is counted

PAISA FUND ACTIVIST

this time we only collected 150 rupee but in future we assure phalke to give him 1500 people clap. ravan is a flame. then one leader from home rule comes to the comes on the disc

LEADER

, 'You should first become a member of the Home Rule League. Then, when we get Home Rule, there will be no problem at all of capital for you.'

PHALKE

Make it a limited liability company or a syndicate or run it in partnership.

Do anything you like, but do not let this industry die.

SCENE IN EX TELEGAON GLASS FACTROY

we see various types of glass container being made. phalke is photographing with his camera. tilak is inspecting the work of the factory, since he is the founder. and had initiated the paisa fund to start the factory

PHALKE

'But if this institution, which was founded in the expectation of support from my fellow citizens, is to perish due to their false promises, and if, due to financial incompetence, this useful entertainment profession does not prosper, then let us admit, with regret, that India is still unfit to claim Home Rule.

TILAK

'What an inauspicious thought!

PHALKE

'These remarks come out of the depths of my being, but may I be proven false.

That is all I have to say.

FADE OUT'

SCENE.

a montage where phalke is travelling in train with his unit members. arranging screening of his films all over trying to raise funds

SCENE IN/EX INDORE PALACE DAY

before the screening of the film phalke introduces his film to the royal family

PHALKE

You will be enchanted, your heart will melt, on seeing some memorable scenes from Raja Harishchandra, the immaculate, venerable, great king whose life story I have placed before you today in the form of a movie. Before screening it, I make bold to place before you the following few lines with the sole intention that my own people should know the inner thoughts, the true nature of the hardships that have befallen the man from whose heart these scenes have taken shape.

DISSOLVE TO THE END SEQUENCE OF HARIHCHNADRA

the film gets over. princes smiles and leaves. phalke and their unit are confused. they start packing their projector, film. the, shreemant mamasahab talcher enters and approaches phalke. hands over a gift of 5000 rs.

MAMASAHEB

i hope you can start your new film with this

SCENE EX/IN KIRLOSKER FACTORY POONA

a photo graph of phalke and laxman rao kilosker.coms to life

all the workers have gathered to watch phalke film. next to the phalke stands kirlosker

PHALKE

My Dear Compatriots,

A person may be small or big, but every one has a 'story' of his own. I leaped into the fire of an uncertain future though almost blind I yoked my dear wife and child to the work in the studio and persuaded them to think that that was our family life.

tough road I have taken for cinematography. But along with the thought of God the thought of my beloved country enters my mind and I quietly get engrossed again in my work with an extraordinary inspiration.

Many people praise me to the skies for the success I have received by God's grace in making films. They offer me gold medals, even shower flowers on me in theatres! But what next? I am in debt to the tune of thousands of rupees. The earnings of about seventy thousand from three plays and the creditor's dues amounting to over fifty thousand including interest are locked up in the machinery and expenses. I have to turn away hundreds of customers, as I am depressed due solely to a lack of working capital. The

moneylender's interest is mounting. There is no alternative to shouldering the studio expenses.

the film is over. there is an excitement in the crowd

PHALKE (CONT'D)

With great pain, I place these few unvarnished yet heartfelt words before my dear compatriots because I passionately nurse an ardent desire day and night that the flow of income from my films may continue unabated, that I may be free from debt, that this art may get a permanent abode in my beloved country and may prosper, that it may, as far as possible, be used for the welfare of the people instead of for mere entertainment and that it may become the means of livelihood of hundreds of people.

a man walks in and touches phalke's feet

PHALKE (CONT'D)

what are you doing

MAN

you made pictures move. you moved us

SCENE EX RAILWAY STATION

a key-operated mechanical monkey is walking, jumping and dancing. the seller is, shouting, attracting the customers.

SELLER

phalke for four annas. phalke for four annas.

kirlosker and his workers have come to station for the send-off. train is about to leave. phalke quips in good humour.

PHALKE

he has valued me appropriately.

KIRLOSKER

those toys make movement, that's why he is shouting like that. you showed people pictures making movement. your fame has reached these people.

SCENE EX/IN PHALKE STUDIO DAY

A poor couple from Nashik come to phalke's studio

the bow down to phalke. the married lady who has only two pairs of gold bangles. places those bangles at phalke's feet.

.

They respectfully bowed to him. The married lady, who had only a set of two gold bangles besides her mangalsutra, placed those bangles on Dadasaheb's feet. Their financial status was quite apparent from a look at them, so Dadasaheb politely declined to accept the jewellery. They respectfully said to him,

POOR LADY

"This is all we have to offer. If we had anything more, we would have gladly given it".

Even after this pleading, Dadasaheb was disinclined to accept the bangles. The lady then said, "If you do not accept this jewellery, I will immediately go to a goldsmith and sell it. Whatever money I get, I will keep at your feet. For all these years I have worn this jewellery. Now the time has come for its meaningful use. Please do not upset my resolve.

Allow these poor people to do at least this much to help your mission for the country". Having no option, Dadasaheb accepted the bangles of that venerable lady with tearful eyes and the couple left joyfully.

(CONT'D)

SCENE EX/IN SPACE STUDIO NIGHT

the space studio is floating over golden lanka.

in side the studio make up room

Ravan - Dattopant Dabke, Ram and Seeta - both Krishna Salunke, which was possible because the two did not have to appear together in any scene, Laxman - Krishna Achanikar and Maruti - Gangaram Shinde are dressing up for their roles. make man takes his inspiration from ravi varma prints. old footage phalke is supervising. out side Eight bullock-carts are ready with /? the technicians, artistes, other staff and necessary equipment, at 4 A.M. time to go for the location. caravan starts moving . phalke himself is ready before the appointed hour. he and the photographer telang and the camera get in an old car. baba raya is also in the car on the way they pass by the bullock carts, leaving them far behind, both remember some thing.

SCENE EX TRIMBKESHVER DAY

Telang:

Friend, I hear you dabble in photography.

Where's your camera?

Phalke:

The monkeys stole it from me.

Telang:

Have you traced them?

Phalke:

The investigation's still on.

Telang:

Can I be of any assistance?

But in whichever age the picture comes to life, I must be given the credit for it.

What is photography?

Phalke:

The formation of an image on a flat surface by an optical device and a chemical method of sensitizing that surface to a light source so that the image can be captured permanently is photography.

Telang:

Like tombstones.

Telang:

Friend, these are my monkey friends.

I've been talking to them about our friendship for many years.

But I wanted to give you a surprise before you all met.

This is my gift to you.

Telang takes a photograph of Phalke with the monkeys.

SCENE EX LANKA PALACE THE SET DAY 1

the car enters into a palace they stop the car and take out the camera. at a small distance they see

A GROVE OF TREES. BENEATH ONE OF THE TREES WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN HANUMAN HAD EVER SEEN. SHE WAS CRYING AND REPEATING, "RAMA, RAMA. I HAVE FOUND HER," HANUMAN DECLARED. "LORD RAMA WILL BE SO HAPPY." HANUMAN LOOKED AROUND. HE NOTICED THAT SITA WAS SURROUNDED BY MANY SHE-DEMONS. JUST AS HANUMAN WAS ABOUT APPROACH HER, HE SAW RAVANA COMING. THE KING OF LANKA WAS SAT ON THE GROUND NEXT TO SITA. HE WAS SAYING, "SITA, COME WITH ME. COME LIVE IN MY PALACE. I WILL MAKE YOU MY QUEEN. YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WISH. "HANUMAN HID FROM VIEW.

SITA SPOKE: "HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME THIS WAY. YOU HAVE KIDNAPPED ME. I AM RAMA'S WIFE, KING JANAKA'S DAUGHTER. RAMA WILL COME FOR ME. HE WILL RESCUE ME AND KILL YOU AND ALL YOU DEMONS. IF YOU LET ME GO, I WILL TRY TO SPARE YOUR LIFE."

RAVANA SEEMED HURT BY SITA'S WORDS. ANGER AND SORROW FILLED RAVANA'S HEART. HE KNEW AT THAT MOMENT HE WOULD NEVER HAVE SITA.

"THEN YOU SHALL REMAIN HERE," HE SAID AS HE TURNED AWAY.

HANUMAN DID NOT MOVE A MUSCLE. HE WAITED AND WAITED. THE SHE-DEMONS GUARDING SITA WERE GETTING TIRED. ONE BY ONE THEY FELL ASLEEP. HERE WAS HIS CHANCE TO SPEAK TO SITA. HANUMAN APPROACHED HER AND KNELT AT HER FEET. "DO NOT FEAR. I AM HANUMAN, RAMA'S SERVANT AND MESSENGER. HE HAS SENT ME TO FIND YOU. HE CRIES FOR YOUR RETURN." "HOW DO I KNOW YOU ARE TELLING ME THE TRUTH? YOU MAY BE JUST ANOTHER DEMON IN DISGUISE." SITA SAID. HANUMAN REACHED INTO HIS POCKET AND REMOVED RAMA'S RING. "HERE," HE SAID, "THIS SHOULD PROVE THAT RAMA HAS SENT ME."

as they are sharing and looking at this hallucination.phalke starts prompting like a ventriloquist,or some one trying to lip read the lost sounds

Sita pressed her hands to her face and cried. "I am sorry I doubted you. Go to Rama and tell him where I am. Tell him I will wait for him to save me." Sita gave Hanuman a jewel.

"Here. Take this to my lord as proof of my love." Suddenly the demons awoke. They attacked Hanuman. He killed them with ease. Hanuman was finally taken to the palace. Ravana ordered him killed. One of Ravana's wise men reminded the king, "It is not permitted to kill a

SCENE IN/EX NAAZ THEATRE BOMBAY NIGHT

lankadhan is being shown,besids the subtitles the film is accompanied with narration,music and sound

messenger." Then we shall punish him. Set his tail on fire. Let him return home that way," Ravana declared. As the king's men wrapped Hanuman's tail in cloth to set it on fire he grew it

Longer and longer. The more they wrapped, the longer Hanuman grew his tail. Finally, Ravana ordered, "Set it on fire!" cried Ravana. With his long tail on fire, Hanuman flew

into the sky. He decided to set the city of Lanka ablaze to punish Ravana. He flew low over the city and set each building, temple, palace and garden on fire. Flames shot high into the sky.

we pull back from the screen, hall is packed with jubilant crowd.

some where in the crowd we see painter brothers.

ANANDRAO PAINTER

we have to take it to kohlapur.

BABURAO PAINTER

his sita is again a female. just cant digest it.

phalke, ardesher irani. maya shanker bhat, phatak, and other luminaries of 1917 are sitting in the box seats. astonished at the public response.

IRANI.

i think phalke you have surpassed even americans. this film will have a phenomenal success

the people who could not come in break down the doors. it is a chaos when the show is over.

outside hundreds of bullock cart full of audience have arrived, waiting for their turn it is a mela.

under the huge poster of lanka aflame, a screening schedule is written in bold letters

**'LANKADAHAN', PARTS 1 TO 3 (THE LENGTH OF THIS MOVIE WAS 3,000 FT., THAT IS THREE REELS) FOR ONLY TWO DAYS - WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, 19TH AND 20TH SEPTEMBER, HARTALIKA AND GANESH CHATURTHI DAYS. BESIDES, 'DHAVAL BHATJI BEGETS A SON'. FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS. THESE MOVIES WILL BE SCREENED FOR LADIES AND STUDENTS ON THE 20TH AT 8:30 A.M. A STUDENT BRINGING A CERTIFICATE FROM HIS SCHOOL THAT HE IS ITS STUDENT WILL GET A CONCESSION FOR THE MORNING SHOW.**

**DAILY SIX SHOWS - FIRST 8:30 A.M., SECOND 3:00 P.M., THIRD 4:00 P.M., FOURTH 6:00 P.M., FIFTH AND SIXTH 8:00 P.M. AND 10:00 P.M. RESPECTIVELY. TICKET RATES RANGE FROM 3 ANNAS TO RS 1.50. RESERVE YOUR SEATS TO ENSURE ADMISSION.**

**ON WEDNESDAY, THE 19TH, AT THE 4:00 P.M. SHOW, SHRI PHALKE WILL BE AWARDED A DIAMOND-STUDED GOLD MEDAL AT THE HANDS OF SHRI PARANJPE, M.P, ON BEHALF OF ARYAN CINEMA FOR HIS SWADESHI ART.**

painter brothers are reading it.

ANAND RAO PAINTER

what swadeshi. his camera is imported..can we make our own camera?

DAMLE

but how.

BABURAO PAINTER



he refused to show you his camera.im not going to shave my beard till we make our own camera.it is not difficult.

he knows the basic principal.

DAMLE

like projector throws the light out side camera throws it on a screen inside.we can turn a projector in to a recording device

in the office money is being counted.packed in the bags

out side theatre, mornning. people are sleeping.money bags are being loaded on bullock carts,watched by the armed police.

painter brothers watch phalke leave

SCENE IN NAAZ THEATRE NIGHT

phalke is being feliciated.a gold medal is pinned on his chest. the place resound with claps.

PHALKE

for the sake of her husband, , she who was prepared to apply paint to her face because her husband was short of manpower, who not once but several times handed over her jewellery to me in times of financial distress,-it is due to the blessings of such a beloved wife that I am succeeding in my undertaking. of this swadeshi cinema art and industry. phalke points to her wife. again,an huge applause

"By torching Lanka (Lankadahan) at the height of the war, I have torched the doubts on various fronts, commercial and all. Cinema theatres are again hopeful about indigenious movies. I am again having contracts for my old, new and future films. The movies are being screened in big cities like Mumbai, Calcutta, Madras, and Karachi as well as in small villages. Correspondence with western countries, which had come to a halt three years ago, has been resumed. In short, this business with a turnover of lakhs of rupees now stands firmly entrenched, with confidence, in front of Indians, abolishing all doubts and prejudices. The tree, which was withering for want of water, is again burgeoning.

SCENE IN/EX PHALKE STUDIO DAY

some children are playing out side near the fountain.inside some of the younger members of phalke studio family are eating.

women of the family are sitting in a circle,sarsvati is distributing the gifts.inside phalke office,

Mama Shinde, Krishna Salunke, Dattopant Dabke, Gajananrao Sane, Triambak Telang and his two worthy sons Nath and Datta Telang, Krishna Athavle, Datta Kshirsagar and other loyal co-workers, without hoping to be paid on time but feeling certain that they would definitely be paid one day, laboured honestly side by side with Dadasaheb, on only two meals a day. are being paid after a long time.

PHALK

the dazzling success of Lankadahan, some business-minded people feel that this industry a money-spinner. , moneylenders, started repeatedly visiting with moneybags

TELANG

who, until then had to roam the streets seeking financial help.

sarsvati appears at the door

## SARSVATI BAI

The goddess of wealth was now visiting his home of her own accord. Some persons expressed a desire to enter into a partnership with him in cinema industry. His well-wishers and especially his co-workers, however, were totally against his accepting any such partnership offer.

### DABKE

In an emotional vein, they earnestly said to the king. the man true to his word his word ,Dadasaheb, "Until now you implored many persons for money. No one gave you any quarter then. You suffered humiliation everywhere, had bitter experiences. Today those who are pleading with you with moneybags in hand, are not inspired by any love for an indigenous cinema industry, but by the opportunity they see for making money on the sly".

### TRIMBAK

The utmost effort to popularise indigenous movies with the Indian audience was made first of all by Lankadahan. The audience viewed the movies that came before it, as a curio. you are free don accept any partner ship, we can do it alone

### PHALKE

but what about the distribution,exhibition.production is a different center of activity

### DISSOLVE TO:

#### SCENE IN PHALKE STUDIO OFFICE NASIK NIGHT

every one has left except sarsvati, prabhaker in her arms.manager,trimbak,babaraiya

### PHALKE

they have just finished checking the accounts.signing papers,on the tble a film magzin.madan has made shakuntala with italians.babu rao painter has made his own camera.this news baba raiya is reading

### PHALKE (CONT'D)

i understand the feelings of my colleagues who hav advised him against partnership, but that would not solve the problem of capital.

the fabulous earnings of Lankadahan are all spent in repayment of the loan. The only redeeming circumstance is that we are at last free from debt due to Lankadahan and the day and night gnawing worry had disappeared, temporarily at least.

But the million-dollar question, how to raise the capital for the next movie, still remains unsolved.

### MANAGER

there is a letter from tilak himself.there is a meeting tomorow.

phalke looks at the letter

#### SCENE IN TATA HOUSE BOMBAY DAY

Shri Ratansheth Tata, Sheth Manmohandas Ramji and Lokmanya Tilak,the lawyer,phalke, his manager,all are sitting around a round table

the lawyer starts reading the contract

LAWYER

The value of Phalke Films is pegged at three lakhs. To stabilise the business, it is decided to make an additional investment of one and a half lakhs. It is also decided, in general, that in the proposed company Shri Phalke should have shares worth one lakh and a 75% share of the profits and the remaining 25% should be distributed among the other shareholders.

he he places the document on the table for phalke to sign.

SCENE IN EX NADKARNI SPORTS AND PHOTOGRAPHY SHOP DAY

phalke his manager,nadkarni and his associats are sitting.out side the shop usual traffic and market activity.

NADKARNI

you are a friend,how can you do that

PHALKE

you are the one who kept saying

'Close the factory (studio)', 'Discharge the workers' as soon as the World War started

NADKARNI

it is just your luck.this time.if war continues we all will be ruined

PHALKE

then let me go. free me.

(phalke walks out of the meeting)to his manager,)

send a wire to tilak saying at the moment i am not able to free my self from the clutches of my money lender friend

SCENE

"Some rich people wanted to help me financially. A special mention must be made in this connection of Fatima Begum of Mumbai. She came to Nashik to meet me along with her daughter Zubeida. (who later became the heroine of the first talkie Alam Am of 1931.) Begum Fatima was prepared to offer one lakh rupees. We had meetings at her bungalow at Walkeshwar in Mumbai as well. Later, the Begum started her own film company in the era of silent movies. She was an actress herself. While talks with the Begum were still on,

SCENE

five industrialists expressed a heartfelt desire to jointly offer me some capital. As I found their offer more suitable,

The industrialists referred to above were:

WAMAN .SHREEDHAR APTE OF KOHINOOR MILLS,

LAXMAN BALWANT PHATAK,

MAYASHANKAR BHATT,

MADHAVJI JESINGH

GOKULDAS DAMODAR

. After all doubts were cleared, the paper work was gone through and Phalke Films was converted into Hindusthan Film Company. It is recorded that this event took place on 1st

January 1918. Due to this massive financial help,

SCENE

Dadasaheb could construct a permanent studio at Nashik. The company now had six partners. Dadasaheb informed Lokmanya Tilak of all these developments.

SCENE

While forming this company too, Dadasaheb's colleagues had once again given him heartfelt advice:

"We have been working side by side for the last five years with great faith and without any expectation

Our faith has borne fruit in the shape of Lankadahan. Success is now ours. At such a juncture if, bearing the hardships a little longer, we work for some time with the same faith, we shall achieve still greater success. We shall stabilise our business without anyone's help. If you so wish, do not pay us for some more years. Note down our pay against our names and when the situation improves, pay us. Until that happens, we shall work for you as at present on two meals a day. We shall not mind hard work to whatever extent. But please do not take a partner in the business when success is at hand. Carry on the business single-handed. Even if we have to live literally from hand to mouth with you, we shall gladly do so". Dadasaheb did not, however, consider this advice to be practicable, as there was no possibility in the offing of getting capital of about thirty-five thousand rupees for the next movie.

SCENE

Phalke gives up Western dress and takes to wearing a dhoti and kameez. Srikrishna, his sixth child, is born. Inspired, Phalke decides to make 'Sri Krishna Janam'

From the very beginning, since the days of Life of Jesus Christ, Dadasaheb wanted to produce a movie on Shrikrishna. After such a long time, the day had dawned for that dream to be fulfilled.

SCENE

It was agreed on all hands to produce a movie on Shrikrishna Janma (Birth of Shrikrishna). For the role of baby Shrikrishna at different stages, he decided upon casting his children according to their ages: Babarai, Mahadeo and Mandakini. Other roles were allotted as follows: Kansa - Gajanan Vasudeo Sane, Vasudeo - Dattopant Dabke, Devki - Bal Vaidya of Indore, Ugrasen - Appasaheb Patwardhan, Narad - Krishna Salunke, Kansa's wife - Tarabai and Ganpat Gangaram Shirke.

SCENE

an episode of christening (name-giving) ceremony of Shrikrishna. The five actors who always did female roles were ready, wearing sarees. But how would that be enough for such a big ceremony?

Then every worker in the studio and any other willing amateur were all asked to wear a saree and get into the scene, including children! Even Dadasaheb's cook did not escape this conscription.

Then it became a sizeable group. Although it was a punishment to see most of the faces in a woman's dress, there was no alternative.

So Dadasaheb made them sit in such a way that only the backs of most of them would be seen. Actors doing female roles with somewhat better faces were made to sit in such a way that it would do if their faces were seen on the screen.

scene

This movie needed a shot of a lotus.

It was not, however, the season for lotuses and despite all their efforts no lotus could be had. But Dadasaheb was unstoppable.

He took a big onion and cut it so skilfully that the audience thought they saw a lotus on the screen.

.SCENE

In Shrikrishna Janma, the angry and fearful Kansa, on learning that defying all the security system of his prison, Krishna had reached Gokul safely, sees Krishna everywhere in all directions. Furiously, he lifts his gadaa when he feels that all the Krishnas march towards him with spear, sword, wheel, bow and arrow and other weapons. In those days when even the words prism lens or optical printer did not exist, Dadasaheb took shots of Krishna from different angles on a single film and achieved the effect he wanted.

SCENE

This scene flabbergasted the audience. No one in even foreign countries had till then succeeded in filming such a scene. Shrikrishna Janma was screened at the Majestic Cinema of Mumbai on 24th August 1918. he was chatting with his friend, the owner of Aryan Cinema, Gangadharpant alias Bapusaheb Pathak.

The question of Dadasaheb's next movie came up casually during the conversation. The movie Shielding Shadow was then on at the Aryan. It had a scene showing that a mammoth creature of the ocean breaks a ship into pieces. It was a thrilling scene. Bapusaheb Pathak suggested that Dadasaheb should show some such scene in his picture.

SCENE

Dadasaheb, saw the movie and the idea of Kaliamardan occurred to him.

Mandakini Athavle

I was about six years old. I had just returned from school. The table was laid. I was sitting next to Dada. While we were eating, Dada started telling me the story of Kaliamardan.

He told the episode of Krishna leaving the house getting angry with his mother, bowing to the house while leaving and starting for the river Yamuna. He narrated it so interestingly that I started weeping. After a while he asked me,

"Sonu, will you do Krishna's role?" I joyfully agreed immediately.

SCENE

Outdoor shooting was on at the Gharpure ghat near Nashik.

I was afraid of jumping into the deep water

DADA

"Sonu, our livelihood is dependent on this cinema business. If you think that your father should get enough to eat, jump into the river without fearing for your life"

. Hearing this, I was so much worked up that I said

MANDAKINI

"Baba, if I have your permission, I am ready to jump even from the bridge instead of from the back of this man".

And the girl really did jump.

Dadasaheb did not, for a moment, worry about what would happen to her.

Mai continued, "I jumped into the water and went down and down. Fish entered my clothes, but I was not afraid. As soon as the shot was okayed, I was quickly taken out of the water. Really a dummy could have been used, but Dadasaheb made his own daughter do it"

SCENE

.Dadasaheb had to make a number of retakes of a particular shot.

Krishna and Kalia are struggling under water. Krishna tightly squeezes Kalia, which gives rise to bubbles in the water.

One of the partners, L.B. Phatak, said to him,

"L B PHATAK

If you go in for so many retakes of one shot and waste the film, how can the company afford it? If you waste the film in this way, the company will one day have to be liquidated and go into wilderness".

Dadasaheb was not a man to stomach such criticism. He retorted,

DADASAHEB PHALKE

"Phatak, you are a contractor by vocation. What do you know of film production? It is not as easy as counting brass measures of mortar. This is brain work, which brain God has given me, not you. So, please keep quiet and do not compare expenditure on film with expenditure on mortar and poke your nose in my shots".

For that purpose had got made a tank of glass. It broke and a shard entered Dadasaheb's foot. He started bleeding profusely but he bandaged the wound temporarily and resumed work.

SCENE

outdoor shooting was going on at Vishali Depths on the Panehganga river near Shinganapur, an English curator was going to the Residency by a special aeroplane. As he was a cine-photographer,

SCENE

he came over to see the shooting.

Dadasaheb requested him and took a shot from his aeroplane showing that a mammoth Kalia comes up from the depths of the river with Krishna dancing on top of his hood.

Kaliyamardan was screened at the Majestic Cinema of Mumbai on 3rd May 1919

. Kalia, in particular, was so well done as to appear quite real. His mammoth figure made one shiver"

SCENE

The father and daughter duo were rightly extolled as Dadasaheb had got his daughter, who had never acted before, to give an excellent performance.

SCENE

mandakini dressed as Shrikrishna and made to stand on a small square platform at the Majestic Cinema. To see her Shrikrishna in flesh and blood, throngs of viewers gather

there. she walks in the streets, the devotees of Shrikrishna bowed down and touch her feet. she is embarrassed.

#### SCENE

It is an idyllic time, and they all live together like one big happy family. But the happiness is short-lived. Differences soon crop up between Phalke and his partners. Kaliamardan had such great success that there was a shortage of prints to meet the demand. It created a record by running continuously for ten months.

To meet the demand for 36 prints,

#### SCENE

he goes to Bombay to buy another printer. But the regional office of the Hindustan Film Company declines to pay the bill.<sup>171</sup> Without Phalke's knowledge, negatives are sent to America with Bhogilal Dave, nephew of his partner Mayashankar Bhatt.

scene

, Capt. Rovin, an American, was appointed studio manager on a salary of Rs 1,700 per month. Dadasaheb did not like it at all that a company paying a minimum salary of Rs 15 and a maximum of Rs 100 should appoint an American manager on such a fat salary.

Dadasaheb did not shrink from speaking without inhibition to his partners. He was a loner, eccentric, self-willed and short-tempered. He never could combine art and business acumen,

Dadasaheb started dressing down every partner who interfered with his work on grounds of business considerations, without caring for his status.

Sometimes, from the business point of view, Dadasaheb too was right. For example, 36 copies each were needed of the films Shrikrishna fanma, Lankadahan and Kaliamardan. Mayashankar Bhatt's nephew, who was going to America for training in cinematography, took the negatives of all the three films with him for making the prints. Dadasaheb's argument was that there was no need to get the prints from America and incur unnecessary expenditure when the facility was available here.

#### SCENE

#### SCENE

After producing two movies Dadasaheb realised that it was not possible to go along with his partners. To avoid daily bickering he decided to withdraw from the partnership,

#### SCENE

but his advocate brought to his notice that it was not easily possible. The agreement with Hindusthan Film Company had a span of 15 years and there was a clause in it that if Phalke left the company, he would not get a pie of the profits but, on the contrary, he would have to pay the company damages to the tune of Rs 50,000.

He did not want to continue in the company in humiliating circumstances but due to the legal difficulty he could not leave it. That was the trap in which he found himself.

## SCENE

The partners too realised that if the dissensions went to the extreme and Dadasaheb ultimately left the company, who would shoulder his responsibilities? Being well versed in business tactics, they then called each of Dadasaheb's loyal colleagues:

MAMA SHINDE,  
KRISHNA (ANNA) SALUNKE  
, GAJANANRAO SANE,  
TRIAMBAKRAO TELANG  
AND DATTA AND NATH TELANG, SEPARATELY  
PARTNERS TO THEM SELVES

The idea was that this outfit of technicians and artistes, who had worked with Dadasaheb since the days of Raja Harishchandra, would definitely be able to produce movies. They diplomatically placed before those persons their plan.

PARTNERS TO TECHNICIANS

"We do want Dadasaheb to carry on the company's business. If, however, he does not wish to continue and decides to leave, who can stop him? If that happens, we shall be facing a grave problem of how to carry on the company's work. We would not, of course, be affected adversely by closing the company. None of us is wholly dependent on the company. We are worried about loyal workers like you. If the company shuts down, you will be jobless. Think seriously about it and resolve to carry on the company if Dadasaheb leaves. If he leaves, we shall carry on, trusting you to deliver the goods".

## TECHNICIANS

So long, we stood behind Dadasaheb resolutely. Our deep respect for him will never diminish. Time has now come, however, to consider our own future. If Dadasaheb does leave, it would be in the interest of each of us to continue in the company. How long should we make our family suffer? With Dadasaheb we never got our salary on time. He could not help it. We cannot blame him. All of us stuck with him of our own accord, even in those days, due to our faith in him. We have, however, to think about ourselves at some point in time. The 16th of each month, the payday, was never missed in this company.

## SCENE IN/EX SPACE STUDIO NIGHT/MORNING

phalke old footage is writing.in the main hall sarsvati and children are packing to leave the studio



## PHALKE

Who am I? A father adding to the thirty crore slave population of India? The husband of my wife? A servant of the nation who has not yet repaid the debt of Mother India? A victim of the excessive thirst of moneylenders? An impractical man who has ruined his family, running after a chimera with body, soul and lucre? I must explain in detail the agreement, which destroyed a man's hopes and aspirations. I have got to tell my brother artists, for their own good, how we poor, needy craftsmen chain ourselves and then land ourselves in difficulty in the pursuit of our goals, due to lack of foresight or ignorance. The court will decide whether the agreement was proper or not. My only intention is to caution my brother artists about how I stumbled.

space studio lands on the ground. phalke family comes out. they are leaving the studio. it is a sad farewell. every one is in tears. family gets in the horse driven coaches. children watch hindusthan film studio....leaving behind.

## SCENE IN A THEATRE AT THE GANGES KASHI DAY 1920 RANGABHOOMI / THE STAGE

Several actors are applying their make-up on stage.  
Someone puts on a moustache and beard.  
Elsewhere, a man powders his face.  
The actors who are playing female characters are tying their sarongs.  
To one corner, a man sits, tightening the strings of his tanpura.  
A few are lost in drinking their cups of tea.  
A female mendicant stands with a cigarette between her lips.  
A king lights up his cigarette with a matchstick.  
A picture of the goddess Kali adorns his matchbox.  
There is lightness and disorder everywhere.  
As the third bell rings, the curtain begins to rise.  
Suddenly, phalke dressed up like the proprietor, Sangeettrao, appears in the theatre.  
He is dressed for travel, with a handbag in one hand and an overcoat in the other.  
A porter stands behind him with a hold all on his head.  
Sangeettrao parts the curtain and explodes.  
'Ganapati! Pull it up! Let it go to the top.'  
Frantically, the actors gesture to Ganapati to bring the curtain down again.  
SANGEETRAO:  
Don't let it down!  
The curtain must rise according to the ad we placed in the paper, exactly at 8.30 p.m.  
Understood? At the exact time, 8.30 sharp!  
ACTOR # 1:  
Just give us ten minutes.  
SANGEETRAO:  
Never!  
FEMALE MENDICANT:  
The narrator will be ready to enter in five minutes.  
SANGEETRAO:

Won't do!

NARRATOR:

I'm almost ready, then I just have to tune the tanpura.

SANGEETRAO:

Won't do!

ACTOR # 2:

I'll put on my face in two minutes or the crowd will laugh at me.

SANGEETRAO:

I hope they do.

ACTOR # 3:

As you please.

ACTOR # 4:

Honor, dishonor, these are private things, and not to be discussed in public. So our scriptures have taught us.

SANGEETRAO:

I know hundreds of sayings like that.

I don't wish for you to turn into a joke, because an insult to you is an insult to me.

But all the time your whining - what can I do about that?

All the major actors are ready, but these bit actors...

Lakhu! Why aren't you ready yet?

Bhilu:

I'll tell you why I'm not ready yet.

(Gestures to the make-up man)

We just woke him up in the make-up room.

LAKHU:

I couldn't rest in the afternoon.

SANGEETRAO:

Why not? What do you mean?

BHILU:

Sir, he's in the habit of taking a siesta in the afternoon.

We had a special session in the afternoon, so instead he fell asleep in the evening.

SANGEETRAO:

All right, all right.

But Vithoba, why are you not ready?

BHILU:

The clock in the hall has stopped. We want wristwatches.

SANGEETRAO:

That's all I needed.

Hey, who's that? Looks like Balya.

O Mr. Balya, Balaji Pant, Balpantrao, Balabhau, Balasaheb, do you own a wristwatch?

So why are you late?

NAROBA:

I'll tell you.

The teashop owner detained him till eight o'clock about the 7 days' bill we owe him.

Somehow we managed to bring him back for tonight's show.

SANGEETRAO (HANDS FOLDED)

I am in your debt.

Hey Naroba, why did you take the part of Vasisht, you cucumber?

(He pulls at Naroba's white beard and moustache.)

Only an elderly actor can play an elderly role.

Go, let Vasisht play the part.

Sangeetrao turns his attention to an actor sporting a woman's blouse and underpants.

SANGEETRAO:

Annaji, you're still like that!

ANNA:

Gopya had worn my sari.

GOPYA:

I wore it by mistake, sir, but I returned it long ago.

SANGEETRAO:

First you tell me why you're dressing on stage and not in the make-up room.

ACTOR # 1:

It's so hot in there, our clothes and bodies were drenched in sweat.

SANGEETRAO:

This looks like a cowshed, not a theatre.

Still, it's better than the others.

Now that I've decided, I'll have to do it.

We just need to do a few shows, that's all.

Hey, I don't see our manager anywhere.

PRABHAKAR:

He's sitting eating chivda in the make-up room.

SANGEETRAO:

THANK GOD! AND SECRETARY BHIKAJI PANT, WHAT IS HE DOING?

RANU:

He's tying a sari on Vinu and fondling him.

RAMU:

And he's kissing him.

If he shouts, he puts a coin into his pocket.

That's what they do to me too.

SANGEETRAO (SHOUTING):

Pant! O Bhikaji Pant! O Bhikey Nana! Is this management or the total humiliation of Sangeetrao?

I went away for just two or three days and left you to manage the theatre, and you've screwed everything up.

You showed much bravado about being able to manage the theatre without me.

(Just then a servant enters dancing, and hands him a letter.)

So much love that they want to see me right now, and that too the whole family has come to meet me!

This is the love of a friend!

Go, throw these two passes at them and throw them out.

Pushed from behind, the other servant falls at his master's feet.

SANGEETRAO:

What do you want?

(Reading his letter.)

What! Applause! Once More Supplying Company...I don't want it.

I don't want this fake clapping.

'If you want good reviews in our newspaper...'

I don't want them. Write what you like.

'Theatrical Society for Charity...'

Very noble!

But I haven't opened a factory for charity here.

They think it's their father's property...

(Turns to someone else.)

What do you want, now?

Servant dressed up like a demon (handing him a note):

Sir, someone's here to meet you.

Sangeetrao (reads the note):

No chance.

They're parasites on the government.

Here, give them half a dozen passes instead.

And yes, if anyone else comes to meet me, tell him or her that Sangeetrao is running a temperature of 115 degrees...

Looks like I'll have to give up this world.

it is a journalist who has come to interview phalke

ACHUT BALWANT KOLHATKAR

"You are the father of the world of cinema. What are you up to? Should a father take to renunciation in a fit of holy rage? You better come back. The cinema industry, which you built up, needs you most earnestly. You started this indigenous industry making great sacrifices and passing through many ordeals. How then could you turn your back on it?"

" PHALKE SANGEETRAO

"I am dead so far as the cinema industry is concerned and have no inclination to go back to it".

SCENE EX A PUBLIC GARDEN DAY

mandakini with a friend is swinging higher and higher untill we see a panaromic view of kashi...ganga and the ghaats.down below we see in the same garden neelkanth and prabhaker stealing the roses. the lame gardener running behind them

SCENE EX/IN PHALKES HOME KASHI DAY

There is a school on the ground floor, and the teacher is a tyrant. The frightened children who have run away from class hide under the stairways.prabhaker and neelkanth come running and climb to their third floor.they have roses in their hands they are laughing.

SARSVATI BAI

take this money and get some cooking oil. and do not lose your way.

neelkanth and prabhaker exit with the money.

SCENE EX MARKET DAY

both the brothers are walking ,looking at things.at one point we see neelkanth telling prabhaker to stay stiil and wait for him to return

DISSOLVE TO:

its after noon now neelkanth has not returned. prabhker panics. starts crying.a boy of around 9 is looking at him.he comes to prabhaker,enquires about him.he is happy to know that prabhaker is a maharashtrian like him.boy decides to take prabhaker home.prabhaker only four years old

SCENE IN/EX BOYS HOME DAY

mother of the boy is upset.she does not want to get involved.she does not want any trouble.she tells her son to drop prabhaker at exactly at the same place where he was picked up.prabhaker looks at a little girl holding a japnese doll.fascinated.

SCENE MARKET PLACE

neelkanth is looking for prabhaker. oil bottle in his hand .he is relived.

SCENE EX/IN PHALKE HOUSE KASHI EVENNING

mahadev has died by sun stroke.phalke family is crying.neelkanth and prabhaker cannot under stand death.

SCENE EX MANKARNIKA GHAT KASHI NIGHT

phalke is still sitting near the ashes of his son mahadev.refusing to move.his five children pleading.to come home.in a suudden fit of rage phalke getsup  
Then he tears the border of his dhoti and burns and draws a circle around the children with the ash,pronouncing them dead.

SCENE IN THEATRE DAY1

rehearsal of the play continues

SANGEETRAO PHALKE

But our music master, our playwright, I don't see them anywhere.  
Where are all of them?

A BOY:

There, sir, they're peeping at the audience from inside the music pit.

SANGEETRAO:

Great!

We haven't even begun the play and they're watching for the audience's reaction!  
Anyway, forget about them.

Narrator! Bado Pant! Khado Pant!

Why are you standing like Vithoba with your hands on your hips?

KHADO PANT:

Sir, we have to decide today.

SANGEETRAO:

Decide? About what?

What's your job as narrator got to do with any decision?

KHADO PANT:

We're fighting over which god to pay obeisance to before starting the play.  
And in this argument...

BADO PANT:

There's no connection, but we were discussing stage esthetics and...

SANGEETRAO:

Conflicts and envy, whatever your problem may be, I give you one minute to tell me.

KHADO PANT:

There's bound to be conflict.

I was just saying that we ought to invoke Vishnu, the Preserver, but Bado Pant has fallen for Shankar.

SANGEETRAO:

Let him fall for anyone.

But for today's performance, the poet has invoked the Goddess.

BADO PANT:

Forgive me, sir!

I cannot tolerate any insult to Shankar.

If Mahadev is enraged, he will destroy the whole universe.

suddenly we see the auditorium getting filled with phalkes well wishers.they are carrying news oaper sandeh with head line phalke is dead.they see phalke alive

KHADO PANT:

You only tell us, sir, according to the scriptures, is not Vishnu the god to be invoked?

BADO PANT:

Sir, this kid's just come to the theatre.

But for the last twelve years, I have grown from a humble servant to this position.

I won't work with him until he agrees with me.

KHADO PANT:

He may have more experience than me but only in female roles.

He's just put on his whiskers and begun to play the man.

But I've been doing for almost three years now.

I've been king twenty-two times, and nine times I've been queen, twelve times I've been a servant, I've been a murderer four times, I've been killed by betrayal nine times, I've died in forty wars, I've been Shankaracharya three times, twice I've been a judge, and I've even played Lokmanya Tilak once.

we see tilak amongst the audience

SANGEETRAO:

Well done, my heroes!

These petty conflicts have led us before into the pit of hell.

O Maharashtrian children!

Carry on fighting.

Go to some quiet spot and continue your argument over Vishnu or Shiv.

But why do you crowd the stage?

Get out!

Several actors leave the stage.

SANGEETRAO: (CONT'D)

Today I will start a new way to invoke you, O Goddess of the stage.

Rang Devi!

BOY ACTOR:

Sir, she's sitting upstairs and crying, saying that she mustn't be touched for three days.

SANGEETRAO:

Now I'm in a fix.

curtains falls and the stage revolves.revealing an another scene.

it is a huge model of the revolving stage. phalke is explaining it to tilak.play cotinues in side the modal of the stage.phalke is out side with tilak while inside acting like sangeet rao"

PHALKE

I turned to stagecraft with the intention of rendering some service to India through the medium of the stage, but I am in doubt myself whether that decision was correct."

TILAK

i will try to help you as much as i can.do you know babu raopainter of kolhapur.they have made a swadehi camera.i really think he is the mahrishi of swadeshi film industry.

MADHURI,SARSVATI BAI

Sir, I am here.

Order me and give me your blessings and I will play the part.

SANGEETRAO:

You are indeed my better half!

But you who have never done this work, how will you manage?

MADHURI:

How?

-----kaise?hero heroine ke naraz hote hi aik film nirmata ne nirjeeve vastuon ko nacha ker kis tarah se lok manoranjan kiya tha?aur main to aapki sajeeve ardhagini hui mujhe to ye kaam jamna hi chahiye

PHALKE.

shabas parmatma tumahri madad kare.ye kakaz lo aur padte padte vidhyahran ke pahale pad ki chal lagaker gana shuru kro.

PHALKE. (CONT'D)

kya brhamdev ki stuti ascharye hai!is mein ascharye kya.us vishkarma ko inventor ko prasann ker lena chahiye.

SARSWATIBAI

mahadev Vishnu ganpati dattatraye jaise bhagwanon ko chod ker..ganpati dattatye in jaise bhagvan ko chod ker pushker teerthe meinaik kone me pade brhamdev ki pooja karna thoda chamtkari lagta hai.

PHALKE

chamatkari.priye ho jao shuru(peeche se aawaze aane lagti hain.humari pagar do,)koi baat nahin, main akela hi bhagvan ki kripa senai natya srishti ka srijan karunga.duniya ko aschariya mein dal doonga.manushya ka saath n mila to nirjeevon mein pran fookunga.-

SARSWATIBAI

.....nath jmain kya bolu tujheaisi aap ki marzi  
(vah aursangeetkar stage ke beech ja ker khade hote hain.)

SANGEET-

----ganpati, mahal ka parda inke peeche aane do,phir jangal ka parda aane do(pagar do,pagar do)

-koi baat nahi,jab tak yeh sangeetrao jeevit hai,kala ka apmaan nahin hone dega.bhagvan ki kripa se akela hi nai natya srishti ka nirman karoongan.nirjeve mein pran phook ker,keval adbhut aur ramniya drishyon se duniya ko aschariya mein dal doonga.madhuri mere khilaaf sazish hone ki sambhavana hai,tum andar jaker savdhani se khadi raho.

curtain falls. babaraya and prabhaker neelkanth are on the stage.stage we see letters falling and floating on the stage.the read.in each letter is written phalke come back to cinema

BABARAYA

Main kya bolo tujhe.swadesh ke liye pran dene ko taiyaar hoon,swadesh matblab mera pran.mujhe kitni bar sapne me aaya ki mujhe moonche aaye hain.mein bada ho gaya hoon.mai chat per Gandhi topi pahan ker khada hoon.taliyon ke beech bhashan deta hoon.lokmanya meri jai jai kar ker rahe hain.

NEEL KANTH

Kyon re swaraj milne ke baad kahate hai ki angrezi pustakon ki kit kit khatam hogi?mujhe wo spelling,wo uchaar,aur wo arth

BABARAIYA

Aur wo maar aur wo schadi

Kab wo din aayega

Kab ishver prasan hoga

play rehearsal is on. in the auditorium great madan the biggest name in the industry has come to kashi to get phalke back to industry.

PHALKE

mr madan,i cant come back"I am fed up with the film business. I am not inclined at all to turn again to that path. Take it that I have renounced the film world".

we are back to the stage .phalke as sangeetrao.

SANGEETRAO

----shabas mere herculis shabas,mere bhimsen shabaash.ek dhake se 5 mala building girasakte ho.kyon popat tum mujhe pune ke lagte ho.tumhare baba naukri ti karte hai ya koi swatantra dandha?

ACTOR

-----naukri ko baba laat marte hain.teen sal se roz lat marte hai.bolte hai bheekh mang ya to hamali ker.main khane ko saaf nahin daloonga suver ki aulad

SANGEETRAO

-----kitne bhai bhan ho

ACTOR



bharpoor hain,single double aur special  
SANGEETRAO.

matlab?

ACTOR

hum teen bhai aur paanch bahene jiske aath single aur kal hi ma kejudva yani double.

SANGEETRAO

hari hari .tumhe naukeri mili to tum kya karoge?

ACTOR

bheekh mangooga per naukri nahin karoonga.aji ye desh isi vajah se dooba hai.aisa baba kahte hain.

FADEOUT

SCENE IN/EX THEATRE KOLHAPUR NIGHT1

phalke coms on stage.hall is packed. we hear a great applause for phalke as sangeet rao  
PHALKE

in orderthat the script of the play should be flawless ,that my play may being  
extraordinary revolution and the art of drama should prosper,they took me as a guest in  
their company and made me well acquainted with the internal  
managment,difficulties,facilities,atmosphere as a whole,which i was ignorant  
about.equipped with all this material,on the basisof my on experience,i crafted a lovly  
play rang bhoomi.

an huge applause.

CURTAIN RISE

SANGEETRAO-----

anuraag kakaz ka phool kitna bhi sunder ho vo manko nahin bhata vo nirjeeve hai  
vhneeras hai.usme abhinaye ki shakti nahin.vahi kisi upvan me jao aur shakha pe lage  
pushp ko dekho,hava ke jhonke se jaise man dolle.tumhari taraf dekh ker khoob  
hansege....jaise abhinay ho

ANURAG-

-aise vaicharik ko kaun pagal kahega?

Madhuri bhabhi,aap chinta kyon karti hain?dekhiye me bhi inki tarha gungunane laga.

SANGEETRAO--

gungunao behosh hoker gungunao

ANURAG

-----profeser saheb ab ye bolna band madhuri bhabhi ko pareshani hoti hai

SANGEETRAO--

-----main ab kuch n bolu ...theek hai sur pakdo...na bolu na bolu

MADHURI

.....ab aap band bhi kijeeye,varna mujhe maryada chodni padegi.anuraag tum kala ko  
ghar chod aao.

ANURAAG-----

-kalavati gharchallenge na?

KALA

-----mujhe aap se kuch kahna hai.mujhe to inki prakriti ke bare mein chinta hai.inka sir bigda hai aisa kahate hai

-----ye jhoot hai

-----

kintu is ati vichar se kisi ka kya bhala hoga.

the stage starts revolving and we enter in another scene where cast and crew is being gathered

TALEEM MASTER

Vigyapan mein likha tha arzbar aur gore varn,kintu ise baitha ker nhalane baithe to syahi ka karkhana zaroor khul sakta hai.

Aap kahan se

Company ka nam

Nam nahi bata sakta kyonki company ne nav bar naam badla hai aur aaj hi subha dasva naam rakha hai'

Mainchar maheno se ghar me baitha hoon.pahle jagat natak mein tha per vahan ke malik se pati nahin.malik ki aadat chamatkari thi.mere swabhav se bilkul alag.me hansu to ve rowe.

Main ak nut hoon.baal subhdra ka natak dekhne ke baad hamne taye kiya ki hum bhi vridh subhdra ka role khelenge.ak ischa hai ki ak ameer company hum budhon ka khel khelen.

Aap garg muni ki bhoomika lete honge

Chi main subhdra hun

Aap kaun?

Tailer .upto date tailer, urdu or gujrati company ka darji.tumhara raja log ka dress humko bilkul kangal lagta.main naya dress bana ker laya hoon.vilayti kaschi ne jhaler ,cham cham karti bijli ki battiyan ,baju me batan.pariyon ka.....

Tu kahan se

Ghar se

Kabhi natak me kaam kiya

Club me scool me ganpati ke utsave me,

Aap

Bhikshuk,janeu tayar karke pet bharna nahin,socha baithe baithe koi manager ka post milega to dekhenge.sab dukan chn ker thk gaya,phir vichar aaya ki chehra shastr virudh ,per company ke manager me kya

Me aaj se do saal phale cinema company me tha,mere haath me film ka tukda tha.muji se poocha cinema ke parde per ye chize hilti dulti dikhti hai,phir isme kyon nahin scene changes

SANGEETRAO--

Suron ke charn ka zikre ker rahi ho

Are nahin,suron ke charan kyon hua

Acha ab me ak pad bolta hun  
Sari yade meri aisi ho  
Ki adhik hote hote  
Ak doosre ko mar mite

Ye kavita sun ker main sukh ke path se door ho rahi hun  
Mainvahan se shuru karunga jahan sukh ke pad khatam ho  
Besur vilayti kitaben gudgobar ke godam ki  
Naam n lena jab tak swaraj n aaya  
Kala koshal nahin lesakta swaraj kasthan.  
Apradhi kaun bhala  
Ab mujhe theek se n pata  
Chaandal aur brahmin ak hain pata  
Ho gai Sanskrit bilkul lapata  
Daudte ki sur me.rote kis sur me.scheekte kis sur me.aur kis sur me kharrante lete ho  
Ab kahenge mere bhadkne ka sur nikal  
Din pratidin inke sangeet au r natak ka pagalpan badta ja raha hai .aur hukm hua hai ki  
meri kharrato ka notation karke rakho.ab ye kis sur me kharratn lete hai,kitni matra me  
late hai,sur hai ki besur.kya bolu mera sir.sargam me nahin bandha to kahenge mere  
bhadkne ka notation nikaal.  
Compny ko rang dene walla rang devta bahar gaya hua hai.mere pass aye ho to me bhi  
bahar gaya hua hun ,haste kya ho,main khud bol raha hoon.main bahar gaya hoon,kal aao  
dakshina ke taur per ak adh tickit bhi doonga.  
Sangeet rao pagal ho chukka hai.  
Her her mahadeva,ye sangeetrao ki adhogati,aur iske chehre per viyog janya actingnahi  
dikhti.are chitro jaisi dammi jaisi.  
Ye wakt tumahra nahi,ye wakt vasa nahi ki khin bher khadi ho jao.ser neeche ker ak aah  
bharo.meri aur aanso bher aankhon se dekho.aankhe aadhi band karo ,chyan rahe prasag  
viyog ka hai.pad jaise hi samapt hua gale lagne ka hai.  
MAIN KAUN HOON?  
Bharat ki tees krod ki aabadi me ak or sankya jodne walla baap,ak patni ka pati.bharat  
varsh ka aisa das jisne matra boomi ka karz ada nahi kiya.sahukaaron ki ischaon ka shikar  
vyakti.kabhi kabhi main un anubandho ki prakrti ko prkat karna chahta hunkijis ke karan  
meri sari ummido aur aakanksha nirartak ho gai.ise me anivare samajhta hun ki main  
apne sahayogi kalakaar ko yeh tathye uजार karu ki hum jase gareeb aur zarorat mand  
kalakar vyarth me dhokha kha jate hai.aise anuband vedhy hai ya  
Kaun hu main,mane apna kuch bhi ho iska dava chod diya hai,sukh or dukh ki avdharna  
tyag di hai.  
Lekin kyon nahin meri patni manch.... Vahi to hai jo mujhe mere navejeevan se bhar rahi  
hai.sansarik chintao se trast mere mastishk ko shanty pradan karti hai.mere jeevan ke  
bikhre sutron ka mel karati hai  
Meri priye,jab tumne parde ke peeche itni madad ki hai to zara manch per aajao.  
-----hai ishvar to kya is parde ke liye kaam karo.?tumahra kathan hai,is parde ne sab  
jagah dvand khada kiya hai. Mahilao ke liye parda,vichar aur vyvhar me parda or ye hi  
dhohra pan ghar mr bahar me.is parde ne ak chera andar ka ak bahar ka.isiparde ne  
rahasya or gopniyata ko badhava diya hai.chipi cheezo ko uजार hone se bachaya hai.

Sach hai,kaun aisa hoga ko aise dohre vyvahaar ko banane vale pardo ke khatme ka virodh kare

WHEN THE PLAY GETS OVER.WE SEE THERE IS NO APPLAUSE IT IS AN EMPTY AUDITORIUM

phalke comes to the stage,and is apologetic

PHALKE.

i turned to stage craft with the intention of rendering some service to india through the medium of stage,but i am in doubt in my self whether that decision was correct

SCENE IN EX MAHARASTRA THEATRE KOLHAPUR NIGHT1

gates open .people rush in to see the film.it is a documentary on tilaks funeral.

after that we see the head chopping scene from babu rao painters saiyadri. phalke is sitting in the audience.

he comes out of the theatre.

out side there is a huge poster of the film.and tilak proclaiming babu rao painter as kala mahrishi.

SCENE IN/EX MAHARASHTRA FILM COMPANY DAY

a shot of a girl dancing is being taken.phalke has been given the honour to take the shot.he says cut and every body applauds.babu rao,fatelal damle sarpotdar shantaram,kulkarni and male female actors.....phalke is still looking at the camera. touching feeling its body.

DAMLE

this is our lohar mama.he leathed the body.only lenses are imported,rest is 100 percent.home made.

PAINTER

why not come back to films.you are our father.we need you.i learnt exhibiting your films

PHALKE

"You have accomplished so much at the very start of your career that it would do for me not to re-enter the film world. It is very creditable that you have brought to reality my innermost desire to manufacture in our own country the machinery required for cine-production"

SCENE IN PREVIEW THEATRE NIGHT

they all are watching Sairandhri,and discussing it

PAINTER

censer thought that actor was actualy killed.they filde a murder case on us.then we took actor to the court.then they believed that it is an effect.then they thought that king is empire...dishonoring our woman.

its a nitrate based film and cathes fire

fire starts spreading all over the studio.two hundred.man women come out throwing water on the fire.

painter only wants to save th camera.a man breaks the window and runs through the fire.he saves it.comes out of the fire.places it before painter.cabera is half burnt.painter

feels as if some one has died.and he is gathering bones and ashes,and the lense.  
intact,alive

#### SCENE IN ARYAN CINEMA POONA DAY1

bapusaheb phatak arayan cinemas proprietor is mediator between phalke and waman  
shree dhar apte.

PHATAK

SAY YES

PHALKE.

when did i say no. i heard bharat is not doing well

APTE

i am extending you an honourable in vitation to hindusthan company,as production chief  
and technical adviser.on 1000 rs per month

PHALKE

i accept it

APTE

.  
This remains an unresolved riddle. a man of your arrogance and pride

scene ex/in hindusthan film company day 1922

the horse driven driven cart enters the premises. workers are surprise to see phalke in it.  
phalke comes out of the car,apte is there to receive him. all the workers have also  
gathered.apte guides phalke to his room. exactly the way phalke had left it. every one is  
happy to see him. he goes and sits in his chair and looks at every body,recognizing

phalke starts work

PHALKE.

sane what are you shooting

SANE

sant namdev

PHALKE

you

NIRANTAR

jarasandh vadh

MAMA SHINDE

kudhiram bose

PHALKE.

i want to see their work first. then only i can say what is wrong and what is right.

#### SCENE IN PREVIEW THEATRE HINDUSTHAN NASIK DAY

on the screen we see litho print of the khudhiram hanging,comming to life.then cutting in  
to details,like,wrst watch.big ciosk.kings portrait.the judge.gallows,all assembeled in a  
single space.

## SCENE IN/EX PHALKES BUNGLOW NASIK NIGHT

one more child added to family. multi.prabhaker gets up from his study table, by mistake, a glass gas lantern breaks.

Dada punishes the child, making him bend over, holding his toe. He forbids anybody to plead on his behalf, saying,

PHALKE

'If you want to relieve him, you'll have to do it instead. The terms of the punishment have to be met.'

Undaunted, Mandakini volunteers on her brother's behalf.

Within five minutes, Dada lets her go.

## SCENE IN PHALKES BUNGLOW NIGHT

Dada is studying an instruction manual for a German projector, which has continuous movement, no revolving mirrors and no sprockets. Neelkanth gets interested, especially in the German letters, and the 'umlaut'.

Appreciating the efforts of a small boy at reading a foreign language, he presents Neelkanth with a book, 'Hugo's German in Three Months Without a Master'.

## SCENE EX IN SCHOOL DAY

At school, Neelkanth impresses his teachers by speaking German.

today they are showing gold rush.

with shoe eating scene neelkanth is mesmerized.

film gets over.

children are laughing, imitating chaplain walk.

PRABHAKER

so what, i can also eat that shoe. just like him

ONE BOY

bet

## SHOE EATING SCENE

There is no mango papad to be had in Nasik, so Prabhakar and Neelkanth order a packet from Warlekar Company, Bombay.

One afternoon, the postman arrives at the Phalke home with a parcel. The children are petrified that Dada will scold them.

But he already knows about it.

Instead of scolding the children, he offers to help them to make the shoes.

Phalke himself cuts 2 pairs of shoes made from the mango papad.

So Prabha manages to eat his shoes in front of the whole school's disbelieving eyes. Come running to tell their father but Phalke is on his way to a shooting in horse driven car

CENE

1927-28 - THE INDIAN CINEMATOGRAH FILM INQUIRY COMMITTEE

In Delhi, Phalke is interviewed extensively by a five-man committee consisting of Dewan Bahadur T. Rangacharya, Sir Ibrahim Jaffer, Mr. Green, Col. Crawford, Mr. Courtman and Pandit Hridayanath Kundzru.

Mr. GG Hooper (ICS) is the secretary of the committee.

Phalke and the committee members study every aspect of cinema in minutest detail.

#### EVIDENCE

Q. I suppose you started the film industry in the country?

A. Yes. I began the film industry in India in 1912.

Q. What was the company which started?

A. It was simply called Phalke's Films.

Q. How many years did you work at it?

A. I worked at it for nearly six years, and then we formed a company called The Hindustan Film Company.

Q. How many films did you produce?

A. I have produced about twenty subjects, chief of them being 'Lanka Dahan', 'Shri Krishna Janma', 'Kaliya Mardan', etc.

Q. What are the defects in the profession which you have noticed at present?

a

Nobody knows anything about the art.

Q. Now too?

A. Even now people invest in this film industry without themselves knowing what type of cameras are to be purchased.

Nobody tries to study the thing.

Q. That is the chief difficulty?

A. Yes.

Q. What is your suggestion to improve the condition?

A. My suggestion is that there must be a school established somewhere in India to teach the cinema industry photography, acting, screenplay and scenario writing, etc.

Q. What was your experience when you began the film industry in this country?

A. I had to do everything. I had to teach acting, I had to write the scenarios, do the photography and the actual projection too.

Nobody knew anything in India about the industry in 1911.

Q. Was your company well financed?

A. It was almost my self-sacrifice in the beginning.

Q. Is it now a paying concern, the Hindustan Film Company?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. How many films do they produce every year?

A. About 12 to 14. I think, most satisfactorily, one subject will take about 3 to 4 months to produce. Nowadays, nobody looks to the quality of the production. Every firm looks to the quantity alone. The business will never last if we don't look to the quality.

There is the monopoly of the Madans who control 1/3 or 1/4 of the cinema houses in India and Burma.

So private producers find it difficult to push their productions.

Q. Did you or your company ever try with the Madans to take your pictures?

A. They produce their own pictures.

Q. Now, do you think there is room for more cinema theatres in the country?

A. Yes, there is great room, but the pictures must be good, that is the main thing.

Q. But that depends upon the producers?

A. Yes. There is great demand for the cinema, and people like it immensely.

Q. Do you think the cinema has got a pernicious influence upon the public?

A. No, I don't think so.

I think, though, that love subjects should not be shown as largely as they are at present.

Q. But you don't think there is any bad effect from that?

A. I don't think there is any bad influence at all.

Q. You think it is better to minimize such scenes?

A. Yes. There are certain etiquette, manners and customs. I know of Western manners and customs having gone to foreign countries.

Q. You say that Indian films are very popular, but at the same time you say they lack good technique, photography and artistic merit. Do you think they will retain their popularity even if they are not improved?

A. Their popularity will decrease then.

Q. They will cease to be popular with the people who frequent cinemas?

A. After a time, yes.

Q. How much do you spend on an average film at present, approximately?

A. Say, about 10,000 rupees.

Q. How long does it take you to recover the money laid out on each film?

A. Generally a film should last for at least four months, but sometimes they are spoiled owing to bad operation and bad machines, within 3 - 4 weeks.

Q. And therefore you have to make more copies, I suppose?

A. Yes. The usual projection speed should be about 3,000 - 4,000 feet per hour, but sometimes the projectionists even show it at 7,000 - 10,000 feet per hour, with the result that the film is easily spoiled.

Q. Is not the orthodox rate 4,000 feet per hour?

A. Yes, it is a good average. If only 6,000 feet were shown every hour, then the film will last longer.

Q. Can you tell me how long it will take you to get back your capital spent on a film, say an average film? Six months?

A. Yes, it will take about six months.

Q. After that period, all income will be pure profit?

A. Yes.

Q. Supposing they spend half a lakh of rupees on a film, would they be able to get their capital back within six months?

A. Possibly not. They may take about a year to realize their capital investment.



Q. Do you know how many theatres there are in India, cinema theatres, I mean?

A. About 350.

Q. Do you think, if you improve the quality of Indian films, you will have a wider market abroad? Do you think a well-made Indian film will have a good audience if shown in England?

A. Not the present ones produced in India, but well-made ones may command a good audience.

I have exhibited some of my own films in London, such as 'Savitri', 'Harischandra' and other films, and the press in London remarked, 'From the technical point of view, Phalke's films are excellent.'

Q. Why did you not try to market your films there if they were found attractive?

A. I had not sufficient working capital with me to do so. As a matter of fact, there was a big demand for my films. They asked for 25-30 copies of the same. It was then that I formed the Hindustan Film Company.

Q. Who actually distributed your films?

A. I did it myself.

Q. Did you send your men all over India to market your films?

A. Yes, in the beginning, but now exhibitors come to me.

Q. Your company has no other branches, I suppose?

A. Yes, our chief office is at Bombay, then we have branches at Calcutta and Madras.

Q. You said you sent your films to Singapore. Did you have success there?

A. Yes, it was a success. We have sent films to Singapore, Rangoon and other places.

Q. Have you ever tried to send your films to East Africa?

A. Yes, we have sent some of our films to Zanzibar.

Q. You said you have formed a company. Is it a limited company?

A. It is a partnership business.

Q. May I know the capital of the firm?

A. Three lakhs of rupees.

Q. How many photographers and directors have you got in your establishment?

A. Three photographers and three or four directors.

Q. Where did they get their training?

A. I myself trained them.

Q. I noticed some girls and boys. Do you have girls also?

A. Yes, there are, of course, a certain number of girls. At present, there are on the rolls 14 girls.

Q. Are all of them permanently employed?

A. Yes.

Q. How many pictures do you generally turn out a year?

A. Say, a picture a month. I myself don't like this idea, but we produce one a month. I would be satisfied with three or four, of course the best, a year.

Q. How do you keep in touch with all the latest developments since 1914 when you last went to England?

A. I have, of course, taken advantage of these developments.

Q. How do you get them? Do you read books or how?

A. I am a subscriber to two or three film magazines (Moving Pictures, the Bioscope, etc.)

Q. Could you produce enough electricity for arc lights?

A. I make them myself. I have two engines and two dynamos.

Q. Do you ever use arc lights?

A. Yes.

Q. This is the point I wanted to get. Can you produce enough electricity if you want?

A. No. We have only one machine of 5 hp and another of 12 hp. To produce enough electricity for this purpose requires machines of 30 - 40 hp at least.

Q. May I ask what capital you started with?

A. Fifteen thousand rupees.

Q. And how has the capital grown to three lakhs?

A. I had to ask my friends.

Q. In the course of your existence as a film producing company, have you amalgamated with any other company?

A. No. don't know. I asked Mr. Patankar who is working at Bombay. I also asked Baburao Painter from Kolhapur. But they would not amalgamate.

Q. Do you think it would be a good idea if a number of the present film producing companies were amalgamated?

A. Yes.

There will be more than sufficient capital with them.

Then there will be amalgamation of different ideas, different actors, etc. I may have 2 - 3 first-rate actors and another man may similarly have a few.

If all are amalgamated, we shall have a dozen or so first-class actors, actresses, etc.

Q. What is the amount that one can spend on one film with a reasonable hope of getting back an adequate return?

A. Not more than 25,000 per project.

Q. Is there not a question of having to use a good deal of money in payment to first-class actors and actresses, and for improved scenes?

A. No, I don't think so. With a capital of 25,000 rupees I can produce a first-class film.

Q. What steps can we take to improve India's market?

A. If we produce certain films that will be appreciated in foreign countries, they can create a good market there.

There is the possibility of getting more money on a film for the sake of novelty, or for the sake of knowing India and the Indian character, and also the romance.

Q. For a town of what size would you recommend a theatre?

- A. There should be one cinema for a population of, say, 15,000 - 20,000.
- Q. How much money would you hope to get out of the 20,000?
- A. There will be no loss, at any rate.
- Q. Do you think you can get Rs. 1,500 per month with a population of only 20,000?
- A. I don't think so. It will be something less.
- Q. In that case, you will have to count at least Rs. 50 a day?
- A. Yes, but we have to pay at least Rs. 40 a day for the film. Rs. 40 is the minimum charge.
- Q. I am just trying to find out what you can get from a population of 20,000?
- A. We can get about Rs. 1,000 a month and I think that is the highest figure. We must get at least 50% i.e. over what we pay.
- Q. What do you think of the Bombay Board of Censors? Do you think they should be a better-constituted body?
- A. Yes.
- Q. What do you suggest for that?
- A. We must have a Board knowing something of the inside of the industry.
- 
- Q. Is there any other kind of duty that you want taken away or reduced?
- A. Duty on chemicals and raw film may be reduced.
- 
- Q. Would there be any danger in filming the battle of Panipat?
- A. I don't think there would be any harm in that.
- Q. The Mahrattas were defeated there, and so they won't like it?
- A. Yes, but sometimes the Mahrattas may be defeated and sometimes the Muhammadans. But in the case of the Battle of Panipat, of course, the Mahrattas will not like it.
- Q. So there is some danger in producing such films?
- A. I don't think so. Practically, there is no danger. There may be some sentimental objection.
- Q. Do you think they will insist on stopping that film?
- A. I don't think so. They will see the film and simply go away saying that it is not good.
- Q. Do you think that it would be better to censor the scenarios and stories in order to avoid some people objecting to one kind of film or other?
- A. That is not desirable. The film should be examined by the Board, that is all.
- Q. Just another point. You referred to the fact that kissing scenes should be cut. Will the picture be popular if such scenes are cut out?
- A. There will be other scenes in the picture which will be popular.
- Q. But if you show on the screen anything that is peculiar, the man on the street will say, 'Trash, we don't do that'?
- A. I myself have no objection to such scenes. I am used to foreign people and their customs. I, therefore, see nothing wrong in this kissing. But when children and adolescents see such scenes, they will get a bad impression.
- Q. I do not suggest that you should make an Indian love scene in the Western

method. It would not be true to Indian lovemaking?

A. Yes. We never kiss in public. We do it in private. People will never like that to be depicted on the screen.

#### SCENE EX /IN PHALKE STUDIO DAY1

mandakini is getting married.to dr athavale

#### SCENE IN/EX PHALKE STUDIO NASIK DAY1

they are showing phalke films. mandakini as krishna. all the phalke family is watching,identifying each family member on the screen.it is a screening for athavale family.the groom dr athavale is seen sitting next to mandakini

#### SCENE EX PHALKE STUDIO DAY

barat leaves,phalke hugs mandakini.every one is sad seeing mandakini go.she reminds us of kamala first wife of phalke

#### SCENE PREVIEW THEATRE

a scene from mythological film. where pages from a book are flying away and returning to its place

When he saw the scene in the rush-print, Dadasaheb thought that the photographer's shot was technically correct but he did not like it. He said,

PHALKE

"There is no technical error, but a page of the pothi is a piece of paper. How would it float in a straight line? It would float in a zigzag manner and would assume different shapes. It must look like that".

SCENE

for the movie Rukmangad Mohini, a scene showing Rukmangad and Mohini's arrival by an aeroplane. a replica of an aeroplane made and tied by a rope in the studio for the purpose.As a precaution, a net tied up as in a circus, some distance from the ground, in such a way that it would not show up in the camera. By coincidence, Dadasaheb's fear proved to be true. The rope broke and the plane crashed with Rukmangad and Mohini in it. Fortunately, due to the net, both the artistes aresaved.

Again everything is ready for the shooting. The artistes were, however, so scared that they were not prepared to board the plane. Finally, Dadasaheb himself flew in the plane, and then the artistes were willing to sit in it, albeit a little worried and Dadasaheb got the scene shot, as he wanted.

scene

In the same movie, a duel between two warriors had to be shot, but it was not getting into a vigorous fight. It looked like make-believe. Dadasaheb stopped the shooting and used a trick. He called each of the two actors aside separately and instigated them in such a way that when they stood facing each other for shooting, they were in a real frenzy, hurling abuses at each other. As it was a silent movie, the audience would not know what they were saying. Dadasaheb immediately started shooting and the two attacked each other with all their vim and vigour. He got the effect he wanted. As soon as the shooting was

over, he called the two together, calmed them down and said, "Forget all that I told you. I lied to you to create temporary enmity between you to get a scene as we wanted for our movie. You too will realise it when you see it on the screen. I couldn't help it, I had to do it for the good of the movie. You be friends again as you were before". Astonished, they started looking at each other and at Dadasaheb. He smiled mischievously, but did not forget to commend them both.

#### SCENE A MONTAGE PHALKE LOSING INTEREST IN EVERY THING

he left it twice in the meantime. When he returned on the first occasion, the directors pegged his salary at Rs 500 per month instead of Rs 1,000 and Dadasaheb agreed to work on that salary.

When he left for the second time and returned, they offered him a salary of only Rs 250, which too he accepted. How and why a self-respecting, principled, great technician-artist like Dadasaheb agree to this, not minding humiliation, have remained unanswered questions. Why did he suppress his natural instincts? He alone knew it.

. In Hindusthan Film Company, finance was no problem, but due to the disagreements with the partners, he lost mental peace, which may have resulted in his inability to concentrate on his work as much as was necessary. If a director of a film has no inner peace, it is not possible for him to produce a superior work of art.

And this must be true, because the thought that instead of wasting his life in this manner in Hindusthan Film Company, he should again form a separate company, had raised its head.

By that time, Wamanrao Apte alone was looking after the affairs of the Company. He was trying to go along with Dadasaheb but in the end

APTE

you are an employee of the company.while in service,you are not expected to do any such things.you have only two alternatives.if you want to carry on such activities,you will have to resign and if you want the job,these activities must stop immediatly  
phalke resigns never to return.

#### SCENE

For floating a new company, Dadasaheb called on Mayashankar Bhatt, a former partner of Hindusthan Film Company, and apprised him of his intention to form a new company under the name and style of 'Phalke Diamond Company'. Mayashankar Bhatt had no doubt about Dadasaheb's ability but everyone knew well that his expenditure had no limits. Everyone also knew that the money was never spent on luxuries, that every paisa was spent solely on film production. Dadasaheb was firm, insistent, even obstinate in ensuring that his movies should be spectacular, the atmosphere should be realistic. In view of all this, Mayashankar Bhatt agreed to provide a capital of Rs 50,000, but an important condition was that the movie must be completed within that amount. Dadasaheb accepted it and made preparations for producing a film on the Setubandhan story in the Ramayan.

Dadasaheb brought about half a dozen well-built wrestlers from Wadi Bundar in Mumbai for the roles of giants and selected a big-bodied wrestler named Wagh from a gymnasium

at Dadar for Maruti's role. (Later, Haribhau Lonari did this role.) He could not, however, get a suitable woman for the role of Sita.

SCENE

In the meantime, the shooting of different sculptures at Hampi and other places near Madras was completed.

SCENE

Earlier, a good-looking young woman had called on Dadasaheb. She wanted to do the role of Sita. Dadasaheb too thought her suitable for the role. She, however, asked Dadasaheb,

ACTRESS

"If you give me Sita's role, will I get brocade sarees and lots of jewellery to wear?"

Dadasaheb explained,

PHALKE

"The Sita in my movie is staying in a jungle. She will wear rough clothes. How can Sita wear jewellery when living in a jungle?"

Hearing this, the lady declined to do the role. Although ladies had started acting in films by that time, it was difficult to get a suitable female artiste for a particular role.

ACTRESS

"Will you give a role to my elder sister? She is cast in a big mould, can ride a horse, is an expert swimmer and climbs trees swiftly".

PHALKE

"What role can I give to your sister?"

ACTRESS

replied immediately,

"What role? Maruti's wife's, of course! She will be quite fit for that role".

Dadasaheb thumped his forehead in disgust and sent her away

PHALKE

"Okay, I'll let you know." (Everybody knows that Maruti was a celibate.)

SCENE

On an outdoors shooting, his Vanar sena lose their way to the location. The actors decide to walk to the location, 2 miles away.

The townspeople are not familiar with the movies, and mistake the actors for Lord Rama's real monkey army. The excited crowds garland the heroes and make offerings to them. The actor playing Hanuman is a big hit. The whole town gathers to see them off.

When they finally reach the location, Dadasaheb is very upset with the actor playing Hanuman and slaps his face. Tears spring to the unfortunate actor's eyes.

SCENE

That night, Dada goes to meet the man and apologizes for being so harsh with him.

## SCENE 1

Hanuman received a great welcome from his warriors..

When Rama saw Hanuman returning, he ran to him." I pray you have word of Sita."

Without saying a word, Hanuman gave Rama Sita's jewel.

Rama praised Hanuman for his bravery and said,

"You have given me reason to live again."

199 Rama stood on the shoreline of the great ocean and spoke to the ocean god.

"Hear me," he called. "I am Rama. I have weapons that are beyond imagination. In an instant I can dry your ocean. If you wish to avoid this fate, show me how to reach Lanka." The ocean said, "Rama, here is Nala, son of the great builder. He will build you a bridge across these waters. I shall support that bridge." With the help of the monkey army, Nala put up a bridge made of wood, rocks, and stones. Every creature helped in its own way. It took five days to complete the bridge to Lanka.

Rama, Hanuman, and the monkey army crossed the bridge by nightfall. As they crossed into Lanka they shouted, "Victory to Rama!" Hanuman's army surrounded the city. Rama knew that Sita would soon be safe. Enraged he called upon one of his demons.

"Make me an exact copy of Rama's head. Then bring it to me," he said. Ravana took the head to Sita. "O, Sita," he said, "Rama has failed in his attempt to rescue you. His army has been destroyed. That is the end of your hope. The time has come to change your mind and become my queen." Sita looked at Ravana and said, "I do not believe any of this."

Ravana responded: "I thought you might say that. So I brought the head of your husband, soaked in blood and sand, to prove my words.

" Sita collapsed wailing, "Alas, O Rama, you have followed your by now Rama and Lakshmana, having regained consciousness but still dazed,

Returned to the fight. Ravana viewed the battle scene from the clouds. Then he spotted Lakshmana. He aimed his magic bow and fired. The arrow cut through the air and struck Rama's brother in the chest. He collapsed. Hanuman rushed to Lakshmana's side. He gently lifted the wounded prince and carried him to safety. Palace, every monkey was either wounded or killed. Only Rama, Hanuman, and Vibhishana remained standing. Rama looked upon around and said, "The battle has been lost."

Then in a weakened voice, Jambuvan, one of the leaders of the army, said, "No, Rama. There is still a way we can regain the advantage and defy Ravana. Tell Hanuman to go to Kailasa Mountain. There he will see a blazing hill of medicinal Herbs. Have him bring these herbs back before sunrise and our army will be saved.

Hanuman rose above the earth and flew off with great speed. When he reached the mountain, he saw the hill that Jambuvan described. But he could not find the herbs.

Realizing time was short; he uprooted the entire hill and carried it back to Lanka.

Hanuman flew off balancing the hill in one hand. When he returned to Lanka, the monkey warriors began inhaling the healing air of the herbs. One-by-one, they rose to their feet and regained their strength. Even

Lakshmana recovered from his near-mortal wound. Hanuman returned the hill to its

## SCENE

The whole staff was busy erecting the sets. There was no system then for the staff to do

only specific work. The work was going on at full blast. Something big was taking shape. Dadasaheb laboured hard and could scarcely get three or four hours of sleep.

SCENE

However, he lost sight of the fact that the whole show had to be accommodated within the given amount and the capital got exhausted while the movie was only half finished.

SCENE

Mayashankar Bhatt was not prepared to invest more capital.

SCENE

All activity came to a standstill. The work accomplished so far by boundless efforts was on the verge of being wiped out. Efforts to get more capital did not succeed. Workers' salaries slid into arrears. Once again, Phalke had to face a financial crisis.

.SCENE

Phalke and Ardeshir Irani are delighted to see 'Showboat', a talkie, at the Excelsior Theatre.

SCENE

Phalke consults his partner about producing a talkie, but the partner is reluctant.

SCENE

baba rai swims two kilometers, from the first ghat to the last. Here he finds an Englishwoman drowning, and manages to save her. she has lost her voice.

SCENE

prabhakar fails his Matriculation examination.

SCENE

he climbs up the Government building at midnight and hoists the Indian tricolor.

SCENE

he runs away from home.

Dimag ka chakra zoron se chalne laga. kya kiya jaye ki koi mujhe uchaka n samjhe, iske liye school ke praman patra saath me le lene chahiye

Bhor hua nhaya

--aaj ye kya

---master saheb ne dekhne ke liye sab mangaya hai

baste me sab thoosa.

SCENE

The Civil Disobedience movement makes the freedom struggle a truly popular movement. Khadi-clad nationalists demonstrate in front of cloth shops against the sale of foreign textiles

CHALO GANDHIJI KO DEKHENGE



Congress house me bade zor shor se kaam ho rahe the. Gandhi topi, tirange jhande. me us yog me kho gaya.

Prabht fariyon ka zamana tha

Sare jahan se acha hindostaan hamara-----zor se bolo tiranga unha uthayenge  
Namaksar ka vaibhve ,chamchamata namak dekh ker aankhen choundhiya gai

kyon bhai,ghar se poochker aye ho n?

kyon ji andolan hote hi swaraj mil jayega n?

SCENE A NEWS PAPER HEAD LINE1

bhagatsing ne bomb phoda,TO MAKE THEM HEAR,OPEN THEIR EARS.

SCENE

a small party of one projectionist and two mechanics cart along their Royal Touring Talkie, screaming 'Alam Ara!' prabha joins them .  
meets Mahadev and starts to travel with him.

SCENE MONTAGE

With the dawn of the Talkies, trademarks come alive. MGM's lion roars. Pathe's rooster starts crowing. A film production company called 'Radio Pictures' has a very apt symbol - it shows a tall steel tower at the foot of a hill, and sound waves radiate from the top of the tower. The sound track announces that 'It is a Radio Picture'.

SCENE

...As soon as the train steamed into the Madras Central Station, and his eager ears caught our shouts of 'Talkies! Talkies!'

the manager of the Kinema Central ran towards our compartment in response, shouting above the din of the crowded station.

Extreme care was taken by all concerned, wherever we went, to look after our "precious luggage and persons". Wherever they camped, they were given a princely ovation

SCENE

guard at Trichy Junction delayed a train by four minutes for the latecomers because 'they are the Talkie people'.

SCENE

theatre proprietor in Salem slept by the loudspeaker on the stage to guard it during their stay there.

SCENE

After all the bouquets, they had their first taste of brickbats at Kumbakonam.

The all-important sound machine failed!

An urgent telegram was dispatched to the Head Office,  
who in turn called for an engineer from Bombay.

The proprietor apologized, and offered refunds.

The audience refused, rightly pointing out that they had come to see and HEAR - not to

take any money back.

Three long hours later

, the patient audience was rewarded when the 'silent' film came back to life.

SCENE

Members of the party were carried on people's shoulders to the bazaar.

SCENE

In Conjevaram, a showman who, at his 'talkie' display, hid interpreter, harmonium, and female singer, all behind the screen, beat the Talkie people to the draw.

But the trick was discovered, chairs were broken, and the screen torn down.

SCENE

SCENE

Flaherty advertises for a hero for his 'Elephant Boy'.

Prabhakar applies.

SCENE 1

Anglo-Indian girls who had almost monopolized the female lead roles in silent films are unable to cope with the spoken word. Baba falls in love with her. He had saved her from drowning. He leaves home.

SCENE

A year went by and there was no sign of the movie being completed.

SCENE

In Phalke Film Company, workers' salaries remained unpaid over long periods, but Dadasaheb's co-workers then had such loyalty that they would not let the company shut down, come what may. Now, however, Dadasaheb found it difficult day by day to sustain the company and carry on the work with workers' dues in arrears.

SCENE

No solution was in sight. The workers started pressing him for their salary.

He was fed up. Annoyed by their attitude, he placed the keys before them and said,

PHALKE

"Take this company and its property in your possession. Sell it and recover your dues. I am ready to leave along with my family with only the clothes we have on. I do not see any other option".

SCENE

In these dire circumstances, it was the compassionate Wamanrao alias Tatyasaheb Apte alone who came to Dadasaheb's rescue.

Tatyasaheb was pleased to see the sets erected by Dadasaheb. Although Dadasaheb had left Hindusthan Film Company with the resolve never to return to it, he had no other way but to grasp the helping hand offered by Apte. Just as Apte stood behind Dadasaheb by letting bygones be bygones, Dadasaheb too was compelled to accept Apte's help by allowing the past to bury its dead.

arrears of salary from the Company. Dadasaheb too became a partner of the Company again on some conditions. It was decided to complete Setubandhan at Imperial Film Studio of Mumbai under the banner of Hindusthan Film Company. All staff and effects were transferred to Mumbai.

#### SCENE

When going to Mumbai, Dadasaheb took with him forty well-built youths appropriate for the roles of giants and monkeys. Ganpatrao Tambat was also among them.

#### SCENE IMPERIAL STUDIO

All of them were taken one day to the Imperial Studio for makeup. Seeing this gang of ruffians wearing dhoti, shirt, coat and cap, the actors and staff of Imperial Studio started making fun of them saying,

#### ONE WORKER

'From where have these ruffians come?'

Nanasaheb Sarpotdar was at that time directing Imperial's movie Devki. Bhaurao Datar was doing an important role in it. Dadasaheb had first brought Bhaurao Datar to the screen in his silent movie of 1924, Agryahoon Sutka, in the role of Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj. Later, in the era of talkies too, he made a name in that role.

He warned the Imperial Studio people,

#### BHAURAO DATAR

"Don't make fun of them. These men do not talk. They will knock you down with wrestling finesse, you understand?" The fun-seekers shut up.

#### SCENE

When the make-up and costumes were done, the whole studio personnel turned out to see the sculpted physique of this youthful gang.

Since then everybody started addressing them as 'Brother'.

#### SCENE

It had been decided to reach the location at Pandav Leni at exactly 5 a.m. for outdoor shooting. Dadasaheb, as was his wont, reached there exactly on time. However, the car bringing the artistes arrived about twenty minutes late for some reason. Dadasaheb lost his mood, cancelled the day's shooting and sent the vehicle back.

#### SCENE

Babanrao Suryawanshi did the role of Angad., he had to jump from a tree.

He did not even know how to climb a tree, but he could not say 'no' to Dadasaheb. He somehow climbed the tree with the help of others. In order to avoid injury to him, a net had been spread below the tree so as not to appear within the frame of the camera. Even so Suryawanshi was afraid, of jumping from such a height. When the camera started he jumped, but first closed his eyes due to fear. Actually, due to the speed of falling, the audience would not have noticed it,

but it did not escape Dadasaheb's eye.

#### PHALKE

Supposing some alert viewer notices it? , the person would think that it did not behove a brave Angad to be afraid while Jumping.

He decided, therefore, to repeat the shot. The photographer and others said that nobody would notice it, but Dadasaheb did not agree. Suryawanshi was again put up on the tree. This time he was very particular to keep his eyes open and the shot was okayed.

scene

In Imperial Studios Dadasaheb had to shoot the scene of a waterfall. He asked for a lot of sand and some heaters.

Seeing the fuss and fluster, the people in the studio joked,  
'THE OLD MAN HAS LOST HIS MIND'.

No one could imagine what he was going to do with all the sand and the heaters. Dadasaheb, by skilfully throwing the sand constantly on the artificial waterfall in the studio, created spray as in a real waterfall and with the heaters he created the sound effect.

SCENE

Seeing this scene on the screen, everyone was dumbstruck. Dadasaheb had made the artificial waterfall real.

In the filming of Setubandhan Dadasaheb's son Babarai proved his merit. Dadasaheb felt certain that Babarai would carry forward his tradition.

SCENE

. He had made artificial stones of cardboard moulds that floated on water and appeared real on the screen. As the scene was shot imaginatively from a particular angle, the monkey-army appeared to be crossing the sea over them right into the horizon. In order to make the scene realistic, Dadasaheb did much of the shooting at Rameshwar. Setubandhan had taken two years to complete.

SCENE

By that time, the era of talkies had opened in India by the screening (14th March 1931) of Imperial's Hindi talkie Alam Ara. In a year's time, Ayodhyecha Raja of the foremost Prabhat Film Company and, incidentally, the first talkie in Marathi, was screened (6th February 1932). A week earlier, its Hindi version had been screened. This first talkie of Prabhat was making waves all over India.

Sensing that silent movies had now no future Wamanrao Apte decided to dissolve the company. Not only did he pay the workers' salaries to the last paisa, but also gave them a bonus equal to an year's salary and retired honourably from the cinema industry.

As Setubandhan was a silent movie, it was difficult to get a theatre to screen it as the talkies had captured all the theatres. What next, was a big question. Hindusthan Film Company was closed but, like other members of the staff, Dadasaheb too had received full month's salary plus a year's salary as bonus.

## SCENE

Ardeshir Irani of Imperial Film Company suggested a way-out by adding sound to Setubandhan in his studio. Dadasaheb acted on it. It cost forty thousand more. Dadasaheb Phalke was thus also the first to dub a movie.

Prabha returns.

Helps dada.

Setu Bandhan' is post synchronized with a huge multipurpose machine.

The sound of a gunshot is obtained by striking a drum on top of the machine on which a chain mat has been placed.

At the bottom of the machine is a large bellows operated by foot. Their manipulation in conjunction with one or other of the handles will produce the sound of exhaust steam issuing from a locomotive, the rumbling of a train rushing through a tunnel, and so on. Running water, rain, hail, and the sound of rolling waves are obtained by turning a handle which rotates a ribbed wooden cylinder against a board set at an angle from the top of which hang a number of chains.

The puffing of an engine is made by revolving a cylinder with projections against a steel brush.

The crash of china pots and pans is due to the revolution of a shaft on which are mounted a series of tappets striking against hammers, which, in turn, come into contact with a number of steel plates.

The cracking of a machine gun is caused by turning a shaft having tappets, which strike and lift up a wooden lathe, subsequently releasing them to strike smartly against the framework of the machine.

The same device serves for imitating the crash attending the upsetting of chairs, tables and so on. Pendant tubes serve to produce the effects of church bells, fire alarm, ship's bell, and similar noises.

Revolving a shaft with 3 tappets, which lift up inverted cups, causes the sound of trotting horses. A trot can be converted into a gallop, and vice versa.

Shaking a sheet of steel hanging on one side of the machine makes the sound of thunder.

The press of a bulb gives the bark of a dog.

The bellows and another attachment operate the warbling bird, while the cry of the baby is emitted by the dexterous manipulation of plughole and bellow1

## SCENE

However, this movie was dubbed in Hindi.

It was 1934 when Setubandhan was screened, that is, it took three long years. It could not survive the competition of other movies and the huge expenditure incurred on it was a loss. Dadasaheb was again overtaken by financial problems.

## SCENE IN/EX PHALKE BUNGLOW DAY

phalke has taken up a new buisness.he makes road signs for the nasik city,or sign board.

it is a small printing factory

he has just finished a sign board for his son in law.dr athavale.mandakini is holding it

.babaraiya has returned after a long gape.he has married a christian girl and has been disowned by his father.other children are also there.

it is actually phalke who has asked babariya to return,for a reason.

phalke has been asked by the maharaja of kolha pur to make a film for him.

Thinking that if a world-renowned film director like Dadasaheb Phalke produced a talkie for his Kolhapur Cinetone it would benefit both, the Maharaja of Kolhapur state, Rajaram Maharaj,

but he is reluctant. now on he wants baba to take the responsibility og the family. and look after the new buisness. baba raiya has only come to make peace with his father. he wants to stay in bombay and continue his special effect work

For writing the story, script etc., Dadasaheb was to get Rs 1500, for direction 10% sanad, and Rs 450 per month for his expenses. It seems that this deal was not reduced to writing.but then reading the invitation from the king ,baba puts a condition,if dada takes up the assignment baba will do any thing dada asks for. we must go to kolhapur.dada must prove that he is the greatest.dada accepts.family is jubiliant.baba is welcomrd back in the family.every one is happy and crying.neelkanth speaks german. prabha japanese

#### SCENE IN/EX TRAIN DAY

full phalke family is travelling togetheryoungest devdatt is seven years old out side window changing scenes some time real.some times imagined.phalke is telling the story of ganga and every one is free to imagine according to ones age and impression. now on we will call phalke dada,and yes mandakini is missing,another name for ganga,or kamala of dhundiraj baroda memories.may be they are babas drawings of ganga.

PHALKE.

Thus leaving behind him his mother, wife and the kingdom, he went tothe Himalayas. He came to a beautiful lake there. He bathed in it,purified himself, and feeling clean, started on his 'Tapas', withthe firm resolve that the divine river Ganga should come down to theearth and his ancestors should go to the higher worlds. Hismeditation was not of an ordinary kind.

SCENE

it was winter. Bhagiratha then stood in thelake with water up to his chest and continued his 'Tapas' withintense concentration. Winter passed giving place to summer.

SCENE

Then hetook to a more severe kind of 'Tapas', the Panchagni Tapas, ormeditation in the midst of five fires. He stood in the midst ofburning fires on all four sides, with the hot sun above as the fifthfire. He stood amidst these five fires, and steadily stared at thesun with eyes wide open. Thus his 'Tapas' continued.

he just used to drink a little water andcontinue his 'Tapas'. Finally the air was his only food. Whileperforming 'Tapas' thus,

a bright flame shoots forth from the body

of the devotee. It is called the flame of 'Tapas'. Such a bright

flame emerged from Bhagiratha also and it became very severe.  
Bhagiratha was now as radiant as the Sun God himself. Unable to bear

#### SCENE IN/EX KINGS PALACE NEITHER DAY NIGHT

it is a huge art gallery. mechanically animated raja ravi varma paintings are installed on the walls .urveshi flies,puruva tries to catch her. nulla morphs in to a dwarf.

KING

which story would you like to do you are free to choose  
phalke looks at each moving picture. like windows to another worlds. between two paintings there is no picture but a window opening out side to a solarized hill range and a city like a lake in the foreground. only source of the light in the gallery.it is a perfect frame to paint.dada keeps looking at the window,far away out side an inviting range of mountains

DADASAHEB PHALK

this window shall be my screen. and the king, witness to my dream,

#### SCENE EX RAMLING HILL DAY

It was not possible to afford a trip to the Himalayas,

the unit visits the hills around Kolhapur and found the Ramling hill suitable for his purpose.

DADA

The structure of a good film, having a good human, emotional, interesting and moral story leads us along the path of Good, because it shows us life as it is.This task is not easy, but by God's grace, the dumb do speak, and the feeble do climb the mountains. He then ordere the art department to paint the whole hill white in order to get the effect of snow-clad Himalayas.

scene palace window day

it is a scene,as if a tall multistory buinding was being white washed.hundreds of tiny little painters turning hill into white with their brushes climbing and hanging with their ropes, babu rao painter is standing behind the king

KING

what is this crazy brahmin trying to prove,cant we erect himaliyas in the studio

BABURAO PAINTER

he believes in out door sets

KING

but what is he making,he only said its for me or something like...this window is my screen.i think you should help him

BHAGIRATH

"My Lord, my forefathers are in thenether world, Patala, dead and burnt to ashes. They cannot go toHeaven without proper funeral rites. The divine Ganga herself has tocome to

deliver them from their sad state. So please send the divine river and help me  
BRAHMA

. I shall send Ganga with pleasure. But when she descends from heaven to the earth, the earth cannot bear her terrible force. The whole earth will be destroyed completely. So somebody will have to control her force. It can be done only by Iswara, the Lord of all Worlds. None else can do that. Therefore, persuade Iswara to arrest the force of Ganga and quieten her. Then I will send Ganga. Your

On seeing Brahma, Bhagiratha had felt as happy as though he had already performed his task fully.

DADASAHEB PHALKE

But now he had to face another difficulty. How was he to persuade Lord Iswara to control the turbulence of Ganga when she descended to the earth?

Well, men who think of difficult tasks are of three kinds. There are cowards, who do not begin their work at all, afraid that some trouble may arise midway. Those who begin but later give up the task, afraid of the difficulties that arise, belong to the second group. So far as the task is concerned, both these groups are useless. But there are brave people who belong to a third group.

They continue to work in spite of even an army of difficulties, and finally achieve the goal. Bhagiratha belonged to this third category of brave men. With folded hands, and standing on one leg, he meditated on Lord Iswara with the deepest concentration. So a whole year passed.

SCENE

Pleased with Bhagiratha's devotion Lord Iswara came to Bhagiratha and asked him:

"SHIVE

Dear Bhagiratha, what do you want? Why have you been meditating on me thus? "

With folded hands, Bhagiratha appealed to him:

BHAGIRATH

"What is it that you do not know?

the earth cannot bear the force of Ganga's descent. Only you can control the turbulence of the descending Ganga. Be pleased to do so.

SHIVE

Yes; I will soften Ganga's descent by my tresses."

So said Lord Iswara and stood on a big peak nearby, ready to receive the divine river.

Bhagiratha's joy knew no bounds since his anxiety was over. Iswara, the great God, had consented to arrest the force of Ganga. Thinking that his task was accomplished, Bhagiratha eagerly awaited the descent of Ganga.

All the gods of Heaven were looking on with wonder. Even Parvati, the wife of Iswara,



was there. Ganga decided to flow down to the earth as ordered by Brahma. Just then she remembered Brahma's words that no one could check her force.

GANGA

"How can even Ishwara check me?"

She thought and this made her very very proud. So she thought she would descend with such force as to drag Lord Ishwara along with her waters, so that the gods in Heaven would have some fun.

Ganga leaped on Ishwara's head with tremendous force and at crushing speed.

The sight of the descending Ganga was most pleasing. Many animals like fishes, tortoises, crocodile and sea snakes also came down with the stream of Ganga. As Ganga flowed down with waves of white foam and the speed of lightning, everyone gazed with wonder and joy.

Ishwara felt the impact of the powerful flow. He understood that Ganga was haughty. He became wild with anger. As Ganga came down on him with a deafening roar, he tied her up amidst his flowing tresses so tightly that she could not slip away.

Thus Ganga, who came to engulf him with such turbulence, was checked and imprisoned.

After a while, when he opened his eyes, he could not see Ganga, or any flowing water. He could only see Lord Ishwara, terrible in his anger, with his hands on his waist, his eyes darting fire. Bhagiratha felt that he was ruined. Just when he thought that his very difficult task was completed, a new difficulty had cropped up.

It was true that the proud Ganga deserved punishment. But if he thought it right and kept quiet, what about his task? He had no time even to think. He was a man of action-So at once he stood with

folded hands before Lord Ishwara and begged him:

BHAGIRATH

"O Lord, be kind and release Ganga. Let her descend to the earth and flow on. Let her sanctify my ancestors and all the people on the earth."

Ishwara was pleased.

SHIV

"Bhagiratha, I am pleased with your devotion and humility. Look, I will release Ganga from my tresses. But I cannot allow her as one stream since that will cause trouble to you. She might cause more trouble again in her pride. So I shall release her in seven separate streams. Let three streams go to the west, and three to the east. Only one stream will follow you

With these words he set free Ganga.

Ganga now calmly followed him. Her flow now was like the dancing lively steps of an innocent girl following her father. Wherever she flowed, she spread peace, created green foliage and infused life. Sometimes rapid and sometimes slow, she followed Bhagiratha, flowing with playful glee. Bhagiratha walked on and on.

He was anxious to reach Patala, and to have the ashes of his ancestors made holy by the touch of the waters of the divine Ganga and thus fulfil his task. He had already faced many difficulties; so he was still rather afraid that some trouble might crop up again.

So he walked very fast to complete his good deed as soon as possible.

Bhagiratha had now come down to the open plains from the Himalayan range. Ganga followed Bhagiratha, who was now walking on level ground, like a new bride, shy and happy, Bhagiratha was filled with happiness.

There was an Ashrama on the way. It looked very beautiful, with fruits and flowers all around. Peace pervaded this Ashrama of Sage Jahnu.

Since Bhagiratha knew the place, he entered the Ashrama with devotion and humility. Ganga had been so far following him shyly and slowly.

But somehow after entering the Ashrama, she grew a little mischievous. She wandered all over the Ashrama like a small girl. The entire place was filled with water and it looked as if the Ashrama would be washed away. There was grief and confusion everywhere. But still Ganga was laughing like a naughty girl.

Inside the Ashrama was Sage Jahnu. He had been meditating on God. He decided to teach that naughty girl a lesson. Drawing Ganga into his palm,

he swallowed her at a single gulp.

Bhagiratha could not see Ganga anywhere. He was shocked. He was afraid that some other difficulty had come up. Where was Ganga? What had happened to her? Ganga had disappeared in Jahnu's Ashrama. So Bhagiratha thought the sage would know what had happened. He bowed to the sage with reverence. He narrated his story and prayed in these words:

**BHAGIRATH**

"I was coming to see you, but just then Ganga disappeared. I beg of you, holy sage, tell me what has happened if you know anything."

Having heard everything, the sage replied:

**JAHNU**

"I myself have drunk her. I wanted to teach her a lesson."

**BHAGIRATH**

"O venerable sage, it is my duty to see that my dead ancestors go to heaven. So with great difficulty I pleased Brahma and Ishwara. I brought Ganga down to the earth. But her childishness has now come in my way. I beg of you, be pleased to forgive her. Kindly set her free so that my elders may go to heaven."

Moved by his prayer and humility, the sage let Ganga escape through his ears and asked her to behave properly.

The Earth Smiles

Bhagiratha felt very happy. He again bowed to Sage Jahnu thanking him for his kindness, and left the place. He was afraid that some other obstacle would come up if he delayed in his work. He directly came to the hole dug by his ancestors.

. The whole area, which had been a huge hole earlier, now turned into a vast sheet of water. Bhagiratha went to Patala and stood near the pile of ashes there. He implored Ganga thus

BHAGIRATH (CONT'D)

"O Mother, piled up here are the ashes of my ancestors. Please touch these ashes, help their souls attain salvation." Ganga straight rushed on the heap of ashes. The souls of all the sixty thousand sons of Sagara, neglected and restless for so many years, were now made holy. Freed from sin, the souls went to Heaven. All the gods in Heaven, who had been eagerly watching this, were full of praise for Bhagiratha's achievement. Bhagiratha had completed the holy task of his life. So his joy knew no limit. He bowed to the divine Ganga and all the gods and goddesses around. Everyone was full of praise for him. All of them also bowed to Ganga addressing her by various names.

SCENE

. Ramalingahill was bathed in white mortar. It looked rather poor imitation of Himaliyas. It was as sheep showing itself out of the lion's skin.

But a sad thing happened over night, it rained. Himaliyas were washed out and striped of their imitation snow. Idea proved absurd. But a single night's rain washes everything away.

dada trying to save the painted hill. he is going mad. baba saves him

FADE OUT.

SCENE EX/IN PALACE WINDOW

the king watched it through. hill was washed clean. city was bathed in lime and light

SCENE PRABHAT STUDIO POONA 1

shantaram is shooting scene from Adami, where the tea boy is singing hiding behind the curtain, and the woman singer lip singing. the customers not knowing that they are being fooled

devdutt the youngest child of dada has come to shantaram with a letter. shantaram finishes reading the letter

SHANTARAM

where is he.who are you

DEVDATT

he said ,please come when ever you are free

SHANTARAM

no.

show me the way. i will come now

SCENE EX/IN DHOLES HOUSE POONA

children have just returned after seeing a stunt film.entir gang is enacting scene from the film.a boy hit squarely on the chin has to fly backwards.but climbing the tree back wards is impossible.

suddenly they sse a car comming in the compound.shanta ram and devdatt come out of the car.

Ek chhota sa kamra, jameen par bichha purana gadda. Dada us pur soyein the. Hur cheej se ghar ki gareebi najar aati thi.

Kamre ke bheetri durwaje pur saraswati bai

Dada saheb ne aankhein kholi.

Shaantaram ko dekh kur ve muskuraein.

Haath apne haathon mein lekar niharte rahe.

DADA

- Bahut laachar hokur main tumharein saamne gidgidda raha hoon. Swaasthya laabh hone tak prati maas kuch niyमित roop se sahaayta bheji jaaein to upkaar hoga.

Shantaram ne phoren unke munh per haath rakha,

SHANTARAM

-is me upkar ki kya baat hai ham sab aap ki chatrechaya me khade hain.

SCENE

shantaram gives money to devdatt

SHANTARAM

ye pitaji ko de dena.

SCENE SILVER JUBLEE OF FILM INDUSTRY

All that followed was startling. Some huge shots in cinema industry were strutting on the dais. THE president of the function Satyamurti and special guest Governor Sir Roger Lumley appeared on the stage, but the main celebrity was not to be seen. Dadasaheb sat among the audience on one side, unobtrusively, wearing a shoti, shirt, cotton coat and cap! He was not even introduced to the Governor.Baburao Patel, founder-editor of Film India, the most popular cine-periodical of that time, and others brought this to the notcie of the organisers. Then there was some hectic activity.

Prithviraj Kapoor led Dadasaheb to the dais holding his arm, with great respect and affection.

But even there, he sat at the end of the row. As the function started, every speaker lauded Dadasaheb no end for his dazzling work, his achievements, and his loyalty to his ideals. After all the speeches were over,

Prithviraj Kapoor got up spontaneously, faced the mike and declared,  
PRITHVIRAJ KAPOOR

"My friends of the film world, the great man whose praise you just heard for so long, father of Indian cinema, is sitting there- look!"

and as he pointed to Dadasaheb sitting at the back of the dais with head hanging down, there was thunderous applause.

Phalke comes to stage and reads from a prepared speech  
DADASAHEB PHALKE

I am now running seventy. I do not know whether I should be glad or sad for God's keeping me alive for seventy years. If I look at my long life from the perspective of happiness, I am really experiencing heavenly joy. On this occasion, I think of Shakuntala of Mahabharata and her foster father Kanva Muni. She grew up in a hermitage of a poor hermit, Kanva Mahamuni. She grew up on cereals and roots and wore barks of trees for dress. The same is the case with my daughter, the Cinema. The joy that I feel today is the same or even more than the joy Kanva Muni felt on seeing Shakuntala as a young maiden, dressed up in royal splendour. My daughter, the Cinema, too grew up in poor circumstances. Now she is in the company of princely pelf. Forty to fifty maidservants are unhappy if they do not get a chance to serve her. Artists in more than two hundred industries are exerting to serve her.

Seeing such a wealthy daughter and her twenty-fifth birthday, that is her 'Silver Jubilee' being celebrated with such fanfare as would make even a prince blush, which father would not feel fulfilled? Which father's eyes would not moisten with joy? However, where there is light, there is shade. The allure of wealth is so extraordinary and those possessed by it get so blinded that they do not recognise their own parents. That is what has happened to my daughter, the Cinema.

Leaving my poor hermitage in Nasik when she stepped in the alluring city of Mumbai, she was dazzled and her unbridled pranks started. The extent of her wealth-induced blindness went so far as to question me, in a daze of affluence, 'Who are you? You, my father? I do not know you. Because of my fame and riches, many have petitioned me for fatherhood. You may be one of them.' She uttered such vile language. In the meantime, an extraordinary thing happened which helped open her eyes. Many of the servants and maidservants attending on her chanced to see her father wandering with his family away from his home crying out, 'O my daughter! My daughter!' On making inquiries, they came to know that many honorable men had looted her father's hermitage. The trees and bushes on the roots of which she fed herself, had been completely rooted out and that her hermit father had not tree left to clothe himself from his barks. Her father's hermitage had turned into a barren piece of land. Hearing of her father's wanderings and famished condition, she was distressed. She thought a little and said, " My countrymen, where am I? What am I doing? I seem to have lost myself. I will soon hold a congress to get my life analysed. Until then, do not bring my father to me. For the present, take this bowl, go to people all over India who love my father and collect a purse fund. Do something so that

my father can go and meditate in a holy place. See that he is not put to hardship. Whatever happened cannot be undone. The daughter is doing and will do everything just and proper for her father. However, I pray to GOd that at least for sometime in the future let there not be born in India crazy persons like me who are pious by nature, straightforward in dealings, have boundless love for art, make sacrifices for art to any extent and for whom art is only an ideal.

Dada is honored with a purse of Rs. 5,000

scene hind cine janaka ashram nasik

Bombay jaker baburao andse se mil aaya hoon .jo bhi mil raha hai usse her halat mr kush hoon

Gat vijaydashmi per aapne mujh per jo kripa ki vase sobhagya ke shan apni saari jindagi me maine kabhi anubhav nahi kiya.varna vijaydashmi ka vo din humekisi keeched bhare gande sthan per beemar avastha me guzzar na padta,kintu us din se din prati din sukh bhare din lot ker aane lage hain.aaj tak apni budhi ke kartab se mane 60 70 rupyon ka kaam kiya hoga.kintu usi samaye bheetre dhun lag gai.mera gharbar jameen aadi sab swah ho gaya.aur me poori tarah se gahare gart me ja gira.

Ma bhojan nahin deti thi .baap bheekh mangne nahin deta tha.upper se lato aur ghoson ki maar.kintu rone ki mania thi.

Isi avastha me filmi filmi duniya ko barbas niharte rahne ke baad parmatma ne mujhe apko sari daastan sunane ki prerna di.

Varna phalke parivar hi duniya se mit jata.aap aisi bhasha sunna pasand nahin karte .kintu maine jo kaha meri antreatma se uthi bhavnaye hain

Devdat raste per chalta hua chithi padh raha hai.

Shriman,dadasaheb.

Saprem namaskar,

Apki chithi mili.antaram se vyakt apki bhavnaon ko main aap jase tapasvi ki shubhashash manta hu.

Aapki hardik bhavnao se gad gad ho gsy hoon.bahut santosh anubhave ker rahan hoon.yeh sach hai ki mujhe apne bare me aisa likha jana katai bhata nahin.kintu aapki bhavanaon ki gahrai samajh ker pranjalta se swikaar karta hoonki aise sarthak shabdon ki avashkta admi ko jindagi me avashye mahsoos hoti hai.aapke shabdo ne mujhe vh santosh prdan kiya hai.jo lakho rupy karch karne per bhi nahi mil pata.

Is samay main bahut jaldi mein hoon naya chitre pat samap karne ki daud dhoop ker raha hoon'abhi abhi aaj kam samapt ker taka manda ghar aaya aur mez per rakha pate khol ker padha.bahut acha laga.

Kintu,aapko vijaydashmi ke din mile aisa prband ker aapko paanch rupaye bhejhne, aur unhe pooja ghar me rakhne ki jo baat apne likhi vh ajeebo gareeb lagi.aapko paanch rupy bheju na bhejun ye duvadh bhi man me jaag gai.lakin haan apne mere prati jo bavnaye vakt ki hai unhe ashirvad ke taur per apnr poojha ghar me avashye rakh raha

hoon.

Shrimaan shantarambapu

Seva me sadar pranam

Patre is liye likh rahi hoon ki aapne hamare sankat ke dino me aapne hamare poore parivarjo samaye samaye per sahayata puhoonchvae hai,uske liye apne baal bachon ki aur se aapko bahut dhanayvad doon.

Aapne thelli nidhi chala ker hamare liye jo 5000 rupey ikatha ker bheje uske karan ham aik bahut bade sankat se mukt ho gaye.is upkar ko main aur mere bache hamesha yaad rakhenge.hamare gharwallo ka swabhave kuch ajeeb sa aur krodhi hai. Phal swaroop aap jaise bale logon ko bhi kabhi kabhi kasht pahunchta hai,ham per isi thare kripa drishti banaye rakhe'88

Prabhakar and Neelkanth plan to make 'Tarzan' with Prabhakar in the lead role since he is a body-builder and a swimmer. Baba is roped in. But Dada dissuades them. They join the army and neel are away fighting japs. Mandakini has come visiting family. Dada after a recollecting loses his memory

That day I had gone to meet.....

That day there was some function .we had gone there to eat. after food, in the evening ,I came home with my daughter. i was pregnant. I came home and my father sat to eat for the night.

He sat and said sona sona...no one was before him. mother said who are you calling...why she is sitting in front me.....he was deluded... he fainted and fell.

1942.

On 16th February, at about 5 in the morning, He is suffering from senile amnesia, which makes him skip the present and recent past, and allows him to remember only his early life vividly. He takes a bath and performs his daily worship regularly, even though his health is poor

Suresh ,devdat,malti dada ko nahla rahe the.jaise hi ser per lote ka thanda pani girta,dada ko purush sutra yaad aata.baki kuch yaad nahi tha.

. Saraswati has suffered a paralytic stroke and is confined. Dada used to sign the school register simply as 'DG Phalke, Artist'. Dada receives a telegram announcing that Prabhakar is missing in action. The family turns on the radio to hear the names of the dead being announced. p is not dead. he is hiding from every body

Devdut

Phalke writes to Bhalchandra, saying that his time is up and he must come to see his father It is a time of musicals amidst the horrors of war. Dadasaheb Phalke, the father of Indian cinema, passes away, with Malati, Suresh and Deodutt by his side. Mandakini remembers, 'How red he was, even in death. I remember his face, his feet, nice and delicate, like a child's they seemed in the white sheet...'

'Ankhiyan milake chale nahin jaana, chale nahin jaana...'

SONGS

Prabhakar and Neelkanth plan to make 'Tarzan' with Prabhakar in the lead role since he is a body-builder and a swimmer.  
But Dada dissuades them.

23rd July 1940 - A PIONEER'S PARTING ADVICE - FILM NEWS, MADRAS

I am happy to find that the Indian cinema industry, a highly promising one indeed, has come to stay.

Of course, in its initial stages, I have rendered my quota of humble service in its onward march, as an ardent devotee in the sacred shrine of Mother Art.

But I sincerely regard that, owing to apparent reasons, the industry is not taking the healthy course which it ought to.

In the present circumstances, I would suggest to the producers to give up for good these inordinately long feature films and direct their pointed attention to producing shorter films, say around 7,000 or 8,000 feet long, and include in the program one educational short, one reel of healthy comedy, a reel of some short theme which requires illustrations and illusion, magic, one reel of travelogue, etc.

The craze of the recruitment of fabulously paid 'stars', and the inclusion of too many songs and lengthy dialogs should also be put an end to.

1942

Neelkanth dreams that he is a pilot, driving a car.

There is a shortage of raw film and equipment due to the war.

There are government orders restricting the length of a film to 11000 feet.

On 16th February, at about 5 in the morning, Dada is found in a sort of diabetic coma on the banks of the holy Godavari River at Nasik.

He is suffering from senile amnesia, which makes him skip the present and recent past, and allows him to remember only his early life vividly.

He takes a bath and performs his daily worship regularly, even though his health is poor. Saraswati has suffered a paralytic stroke and is confined.

Dada used to sign the school register simply as 'DG Phalke, Artist'.

Dada receives a telegram announcing that Prabhakar is missing in action.

The family turns on the radio to hear the names of the dead being announced.

1944

Phalke writes to Bhalchandra, saying that his time is up and he must come to see his father.

It is a time of musicals amidst the horrors of war.

Dadasaheb Phalke, the father of Indian cinema, passes away, with Malati, Suresh and Deodutt by his side.

Mandakini remembers, 'How red he was, even in death.

I remember his face, his feet, nice and delicate, like a child's they seemed in the white sheet...'

'Ankhiyan milake chale nahin jaana, chale nahin jaana...'



### Behind the Horse - To the House of Death

Sagara now had another thought in his mind. His children were grown up, and if they had no work to do, they might create unnecessary trouble, like his first son. So he thought of giving proper work to all of his children. There was also in his mind a certain wish.

Anyone, who performed a hundred horse-sacrifices, would gain Indra's position as the King of Heaven. He had already performed ninety-nine such Yagas. If he performed one more Yaga with the help of all his children, he would become Indra. So thought King Sagara.

Sagara's ministers approved his idea. The one hundredth Ashwamedha commenced. The horse was worshipped and sent to wander, as he liked.

The entire army of Sagara followed, to protect the horse. Amshumanta, Sagara's grandson, was loved by all. He was made the commander of the army. Thus the sacrificial horse went from kingdom to kingdom. And behind him marched the armed forces of Amshumanta. Nobody had the courage to challenge them.

"Meanwhile, in Heaven, Indra trembled with fear; he would have to give up his position to the king who performed one hundred horse-sacrifices. He lost interest in everything because of this worry. It is always so with people who desire power and position. Until a person gets such a position, he was anxiety - to attain it. After getting it, there is the anxiety to retain that position.

Indra thought of a plan to safeguard his kingship of Heaven.

"Most important in an Ashwamedha Yaga was the Ashwa or the horse. The Yaga would be complete only after the horse returned from his wanderings. Suppose the horse disappeared! Then how could the Yaga be completed? So Indra came unseen by anyone, stole the horse and took him to Patala Loka, the lower world far below the earth. A sage by name Kapila was performing 'Tapas' there. Indra tied up the horse in his Ashrama.

"There was much confusion in

Amshumanta's army when the horse was not to be seen. They searched everywhere for the horse, but in vain. They returned to Ayodhya in despair and narrated everything to the emperor.

Sagara was very worded. He called his sixty thousand sons and said, 'You must find the horse wherever he be, and bring him. Also punish the thief.' He sent his army with them. They were all young and proud on account of their strength. They had now a huge army also with them and in addition, the father's command. Raising loud war cries, the army went far and wide searching for the horse. Every forest, hill and mountain was searched. But the horse was nowhere to be seen.

"They were angry rather than disappointed. Since they could not find the horse on the earth, they decided to go to the lower world. They did not know the way, but they started digging the earth to make a way. They dug a big hole, and crawling in it, entered Patala. Roaring aloud, they roamed everywhere and began to search for the horse. By and by, they came to Sage Kapila's Ashrama and uprooted all the trees and creepers there. They had no fear of anybody - Moreover, they were so angry they wanted to chop off everything that they saw. As they were moving on in this manner, they saw Sage Kapila in deep meditation. Their horse was grazing there. They thought that the sage has stolen the horse and were pretending to perform 'Tapas' and were very angry. So all of them rushed towards him shouting, 'Catch the thief. Beat him. &#8216;The Maharshis 'Tapas' was disturbed. He started with wrathful eyes at those who had disturbed his 'Tapas'. The flame of anger shot forth from his eyes and burnt

all those sixty thousand brothers. Only a huge pile of ash could be seen in the place where they were standing. The horse too remained in the Ashrama itself.

'I do not want a Son Who Plagues the People'

'I do not want a Son Who Plagues the People'

"Sagara was ruling over this very kingdom of Kosala. He was as good as he was mighty. His heroism was known the world over. He had performed ninety-nine Ashwamedha Yagas. A ruler performs this Yaga to be accepted as an Emperor. Do you know anything about this Yaga? A well-bred horse is splendidly decorated and a gold plate is tied to his face. The plate bears these words: 'this horse belongs to such and such a king. Those who have courage may stop the horse. Otherwise they may pay tributes and let him go further. 'The master sends an army with the horse. If any King ties up the horse, he has to fight with the army. The horse is left to roam about like this for one year and at the end of the year the master of the horse performs the Ashwamedha. By that time many Kings will have accepted him as their master. Sagara had become famous by performing the horse-sacrifice ninety-nine times. People lived happily in his Kingdom.

"Sagara had two wives. Keshini, daughter of the King of Vidarbha, was the first wife;

Sumati, daughter of a King by name Arishtanemi, was the second wife.

"The King enjoyed great glory and splendor, but yet he was UN-happy, because he had no children. He was very sad and worried. Finally, he grew tired of life itself. He left the administration of the Kingdom in the hands of his ministers, and went away to the Himalayas with his two wives. On the way, there was a very lovely spot. It was cool and shady, with water close by. It was cool and shady, with water close by. It was surrounded on all sides by the mountain ranges of the Himalayas. The place was called "Bhriguprasavana" after the sage Bhrigu. Very much attracted by the beauty of the spot, the king and his two wives built a cottage and stayed there. Desirous of getting children, Emperor Sagara undertook a very strict and severe form of "Tapas" (prayer to God). As time passed, the severity of his "Tapas", the sage Bhrigu appeared before him. Sagara and his wives touched his feet and prayed in these words:

"O Sage, kindly grant us a boon; we want children to continue our dynasty." Bhrigu Maharshi was pleased and granted them the boon. He said: "Great king, don't be unhappy. You will have children because of this 'Tapas'. One of your wives will have one son who will preserve your race, and the other will have sixty thousand brave children who will win great fame."

The queens were very happy. But they were curious to know which of them would get the one son and which, the many. Finally they summoned courage and asked the sage himself. The sage calmly said:

'Choose for yourselves.' Keshini, the elder wife, said: 'One son who will continue our race is enough for me.' 'I wish to become the mother of many brave and famous children' - said the younger wife. The sage smilingly said, 'Be it so,' and went away. Sagara returned to his kingdom in great joy.

Sometime passed. Keshini gave birth to a boy. The king and his subjects felt very happy. There were festivals and rejoicing in every nook and corner because of the birth of the prince. The child, named Asamanja, grew up into a very handsome and smart boy. Asamanja was everybody's pet child. Someone or the other would always be carrying the lovely boy and he grew up without ever touching the ground.

After many days, Sumati also had children. She was extremely happy since her wish was also fulfilled. Sixty thousand children were born to her. Arrangements were made for each child to be brought up by a separate nurse.

The palace was now buzzing with noise. It is impossible to control the uproar in a house with two children. Then what about sixty thousand children running, laughing, playing, shouting at the same time? But there was happiness amidst such noise. The children grew up in discipline. They were brave and handsome.

"But somehow the eldest son Asamanja grew up to be a bad boy. He was the emperor's first son and everybody's favourite. The result of this excessive affection was that he became very stubborn. He started ordering about everybody. He dragged his playmates along the road and hurt them. He seemed to get a wicked pleasure in seeing those helpless children weep. His mischief went further. He began to drag them along and drown them in the river Sarayu. The helpless children, who could not swim, would throw about their limbs wildly and be drowned. Asamanja would stand on the bank and watch and laugh wickedly. His evil deeds increased day by day.

"At first, people kept quiet out of fear and hesitation. But when Asamanja's harassment increased, all of them went to King Sagara and lamented thus: 'O King, if your son is allowed to go on like this, no child will be alive in anybody's house in the kingdom. Please protect us.'

Sagara listened to the tale of misery. He was a noble king and believed that the people's happiness was his happiness. But now his own son was a plague to the people. He decided not to have a son who tormented his subjects. He called his son and mercilessly commanded him thus:

'Asamanja, you are a traitor to my people. You must go out of my kingdom.'

Asamanja accepted his punishment joyfully. It seems he was in fact an ascetic and had taken to evil ways only to get rid of his physical being. So he felt happy when his own father banished him

from the kingdom. There is a story that before going away, he brought back to life, with his Yogic power, all those children whom he had killed, and sent them to their homes. Then, practicing Yoga, he got rid of his physical body, and attained salvation.

Asamanja had a son. He was Amshumanta.

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About Bhagiratha

Introduction

"Who Was Sagara?"

The Duty of the Descendants

The Duty of the Descendants

was

again very worried. He had already performed the preliminary rites for the sacrifice. So he himself could not go in search of the horse. He sent for his grandson Amshumanta and said, 'Dear child, your sixty thousand uncles who went in search of the horse have not come back till this day. Please go and find them and the horse also. You must be careful and judge wisely. Come back with success.' He sent his grandson with his blessings.

Amshumanta started with the army, as instructed by his grandfather. He was unable to find the horse on the earth though he roamed far and wide. He finally entered Patala through the hole dug by his uncles. As he was wandering there, his eyes fell upon Sage Kapila's Ashrama and the ashes piled up like a mountain. The horse was grazing at a distance. There was no road ahead.

He was a little frightened. There was no way beyond and there was such a huge pile of ash. What could have happened? He was deep in thought. Just then he heard a voice from Heaven - 'Child, this is the pile of ashes of your uncles. They were destroyed by the wrath of Sage Kapila.' Amshumanta felt very sad on hearing this. He decided to perform the funeral rites for them so that the souls of the dead might attain salvation. But though he searched everywhere for water, there was none. He did not know what to do and was worried. Just then he saw Garuda in the sky. As you know, Garuda is the big eagle. He is Lord Vishnu's favourite, on whose back the Lord flies whenever He wants to go anywhere. Garuda addressed Amshumanta: 'Royal prince, do not worry. There have died for -the good of the world. They ended thus here, suse of the curse of a sage. Their souls cannot go heaven by the ordinary funeral rites. They can get salvation only when the divine Ganga is brought from Heaven and made to flow on this pile of their ashes. Yet, first take back this horse to your grandfather.'

Amshumanta had no other way either. So he returned to Ayodhya with the horse and delivered him to his grandfather. Though Sagara felt happy on seeing the horse, he felt very sad on hearing that all of

his brave and strong sons had died at once. But since he had already performed the preliminary ceremonies for Ashwamedha, he controlled his sorrow, and performed the sacrifice in the prescribed way. But until the divine Ganga was brought down from Heaven, his sons could not attain salvation. This thought continued to worry him. Finally, becoming desperate, he left his kingdom to his grandson Amshumanta, saying, 'The task of seeing that your uncles attain salvation is yours.' Sagara then went to the forest to perform 'Tapas'.

"Though he became the king, Amshumanta never thought of his personal happiness. He was always thinking of the task he had to perform - he had to bring the divine Ganga, according to his grandfather's command. As he could not think of any solution, after some years, he also made over his kingdom to his son Dilipa."

Bhagiratha's mother, who was telling him the story, continued:

"That same king Dilipa was your father. He too was always thinking about the means of bringing Ganga from Heaven. He had also another worry, as he had no children. At least, guided by our kind preceptor, the sage Vasishtha, we worshipped the sacred cow Nandini in his hermitage. She blessed us and you were born. But your father was worried that he could not bring Ganga and help his grandfathers attain salvation. He passed away while you were still young.

"This, dear son, is the story of your race. And also the answer to your question. You have now heard all. And now let us see what you will do."

Having said this, Bhagiratha's mother gazed at her son, curious and eager to hear what he would say.

Earth Smiles

Great Personalities

The Earth Smiles

Many days passed, but the sons did not return. Emperor Sagara



