

**APPENDIX.**

**“In theory I know that if you have a universal theme  
and a good story told well, it will work everywhere”**

**SS Rajamouli**



**WELCOME TO THE...**  
**1000 CRORE CLUB**

**WARNING!** There are more plot spoilers ahead than are usually contained within an average film-based discussion with my Dad who simply cannot or will not as the case may be, either grasp nor accept that such a concept even exists. A typical conversation will tend to play out as thus –

**Dad:** I watched *'insert film title here'* last night. Have you seen it?

**Me:** No, I haven't had a chance to see it yet. And I am really looking forward to it, so don't go...

**Dad:** Ohhh you'll love it. You'll never guess what happens in the...

**Me:** NOOO... you're quite right. I will not guess. I will watch the film for myself whilst remaining completely unaware of the ending. So shut you cake hole. No spoilers you hear?

**Dad:** Alright, you moody sod. I wasn't going to say a bloody word. What's a spoiler?

**Me:** But that's just it Dad. You were. You were just about to tell me exactly what happens at the end of the film weren't you? Oh, you'll never guess what? He only goes and bloody well gets his bloody head chopped off and dies in the end doesn't he?

**Dad:** So you have seen it then?

**Me:** Oh... you fecking nuisance.

## Appendix

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## 1.1 – ‘Something’ Has Happened

Oh crap on a stick. Well, I’ve only gone and shot myself right in the bloody foot now haven’t I? Or in the interests of slightly greater accuracy, it was actually ole Mr SS Rajamouli that very kindly went and pointed a sawn off in the general direction of my little piggies and squeezed the trigger I should say. We shall return to that in due course though.

Firstly, I must apologies. Now, I know I’d dismissed the last class of the year, and you were all Ibiza beach ready, factor 20’d up to your eyeballs and raring to get right off your bonces and what not. And believe you me, I was all Atol protected and looking forward to having it away on my summer jollies as well. But... a certain something has happened. Something seismic. Something we simply cannot ignore. And no, before you all go off on one and start ranting and raving, I guarantee you, it was not my fault. Not this time at least.

So come on then I hear you say, what might this seismic something actually be? What in the name of all that is honest and pure can possibly compete against the importance of a Sangria sodden Spanish happy hour? Well, in the simplest of terms, you’ll never guess what. The 1000 Crore Club has only gone and welcomed a new member. In actual fact, that statement is ever so slightly misleading for reasons that we will certainly come to shortly. Firstly though, I must gaze down toward my obliterated tootsies whilst I now ponder an explanation to your next inevitably burning question, the 1000 what Club? Sorry, but what the hell is a crore when it’s at home?

At this point, I must ask you all to cast your minds back to the very beginning of this book. As I am sure, what with you all paying complete and utter undivided attention, that you will all remember, I am desperately, horribly allergic. To mathematics. Which essentially means that an attempt at explaining exactly what a crore is, may very well land me in hospital with a severe case of numerically induced hot squits. So, for the sake of my own sanity, I shall firstly furnish you with a layman’s definition. That being, a crore in this particular instance, is a shat load of cash money. A proper shat load. Tonnes of it, quite literally. And just to bolster the point, here we are. Have a look at this. ➡

That my friends, is what a crore looks like. So pretty is it not?



So, a crore is undeniably a proper fat ole stack of readies that Walter White would be most proud of. And to be absolutely precise, what we are dealing with here is not a paisa short of ten million rupees. The current exchange rate is approximately ₹100 to £1. And even though those numbers may very well appear conveniently convertible, even at this point, my brain has already begun to melt at the very thought of attempting to adjust that figure into a slightly more digestible sterling amount. And this is before I even dare to fathom what the British equivalent of 1000 crores might possibly be. What I can tell you is though, that the ole Google has reliably informed me that that the total sum is in fact ₹10,000,000,000. I do not even know how to either read, or indeed even say that figure. Bloody numbers. They don’t half do my nut in. Therefore, for the sake of our collective sanity, let us put dirty maths to one side for a moment whilst we consider what is, and how one might actually go about gaining official entry to...

## 1.2 – The 1000 Crore Club

Unfortunately, the elusively exclusive nature of this particular club dictates that regardless of desire, one cannot simply choose to join. It is by no means a question of just rolling up in a rented limo, handsomely tipping the doorman and sauntering on in, no matter how sharp your whistle may be.

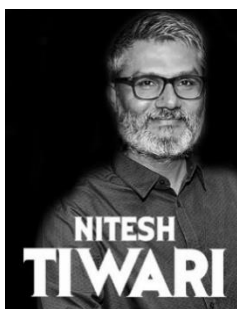
There is absolutely no admission through invitation nor nomination. Honourable entry is granted through recognition of exceptionally grand cinematic achievement and nothing but. And by achievement, waving your 100 meters swimming badge about the shop and yelling I want in... is not going to cut the required mustard by any means. The achievement in question here is quite simply monumental. So astonishingly stupefying and near on impossible to attain that throughout the entire 110 year course of Indian cinematic history, the 1000 Crore Club has only ever admitted four members. But what might it be that these four inductees have achieved? Quite simply or crudely as the case may be, the generation of cold hard cash. What each of the four members have in common is the fact that they have written, directed and (or) produced a film that has gone on to take in excess of 1000 crores across (global) box office counters. And as we have already established, that is an unimaginably and unfathomably large amount of dosh.

What may come as somewhat of a surprise to learn, is the fact that the 1000 Crore Club remained completely memberless for an incredible 103 years. This is by no means to suggest though, that many had not gallantly attempted to gain entry throughout the years, with a handful having come oh so close. Ultimately rendered cigar-less, but most certainly having come within sniffing distance of the tantalising aromas of the promised lifelong guaranteed all you can eat buffet that lays in wait just on the other side of that mystical 1000 crore golden target. But who are these masters of their trade? These seemingly God like celluloid goliaths and masters of the box office that have managed to achieve such an impossible dream, and then rightfully draped a napkin across their knees and taken a seat at...

### 1.3 – The Head Table?

December 2016. Devoted cinephiles across the country patiently await the greatly anticipated arrival of *Dangal* a sporting biopic of epic proportions, featuring beloved screen legend Aamir Khan. All remained blissfully unaware though, that the film that they were so keenly eager to witness was about to obliterate the cinematic landscape and reinvent the very notion of achievable success. And sitting behind the steering wheel of this unstoppable filmic juggernaut? Our inaugural inductee...

#### Mr Nitesh Tiwari

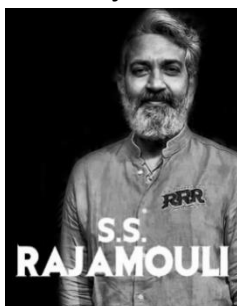


Not only is Mr Tiwari the first official member of the 1000 Crore club, he is also the only current director to sneer at the entry requirement whilst proceeding to double his achievement to the tune of ₹2,024 crore in global box office takings. It might be argued that Nitesh had enjoyed a head start, as a year had passed before the arrival of an unexpected but worthy challenger.

**The Role** - Writer / Director  
**The Film** - *Dangal* (2016)  
**The Talent** - Aamir Khan / Fatima Sana Shaikh / Sanya Malhotra  
**IMDb Rating** – 8.3 195k votes  
**Domestic Stats** - ₹512 crore  
**Overseas Stats** - ₹1,512 crore  
**Grand Total** - ₹2,024 crore

Unexpected in the sense that it was not as predicted the phenomenal *Baahubali* who came knocking on the door of the club, but actually its younger brother *Baahubali 2 – The Conclusion* directed by...

#### Mr SS Rajamouli



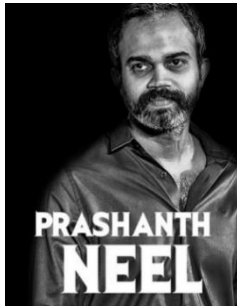
In an interesting turn of events, the doors of the club remained locked and SS Rajamouli's head table seat remained cold as 2015's *Baahubali – The Beginning* achieved a ranking of 11<sup>th</sup> highest grossing Indian film, earning a still thoroughly respectable ₹650 crores. It wasn't until *Baahubali 2 – The Conclusion* arrived in 2017 and confidently said 'right... hold my beer'

**The Role** – Writer / Director  
**The Film** - *Baahubali 2* (2017)  
**The Talent** – Prabhas / Sathyaraj Rana Daggubati / Anushka Shetty  
**IMBD Rating** – 8.2 105K votes  
**Domestic Stats** - ₹1,429 crore  
**Overseas Stats** - ₹381 crore  
**Grand Total** - ₹1,810 crore

before going on to rake in an astronomical ₹1,810 crore at the box office, and thus guaranteeing SS Rajamouli's (technically speaking long overdue) official admittance as the second member of the club.

It is at this particular point that I began to wonder how long it may have been before the champagne glasses and dinner conversation between Nitesh and SS started to run a little dry, and nervous thumb twiddling began as anticipatory expectorant glances were directed toward the door. As it turns out, it was five years. Five long years before a certain someone finally rolled up, tossed the limo keys in the direction of the valet and flung the doors of the club wide open. And that certain someone was...

### Mr Prashanth Neel



Our third and final Inductee. Riding high on the back of a vehicle called *K.G.F Chapter 2* The latest instalment of a self-written and directed epic gangster thriller series that had set the box office a blaze whilst laying claim to an eye watering ₹1,008 crore reward. Queue the flying champagne corks as it is most certainly time to get this party

**The Role** – Writer / Director

**The Film** – K.G.F Chapter 2 (2022)

**The Talent** – Yash / Sanjay Dutt / Raveena Tandon

**IMBD Rating** – 8.3 137K votes

**Domestic Stats** - ₹1,008 crore

**Overseas Stats** - ₹242 crore

**Grand Total** - ₹1,250 crore

started again before conversation inevitably turned toward a curiosity surrounding the new arrival.

Prashanth's admittance gave rise to a peculiar insight with regards to the viewing habits of cinematic devotees. The reason being, despite the fact that both were undeniable box office behemoths in their own right, neither *Baahubali – The Beginning* nor *K.G.F Chapter 1* had earned their respective directors the keys to the club. In both cases, it was their sequels that did the required business.

*K.G.F Chapter 2* managed to comfortably quadruple the takings of its older brother, whilst *Baahubali 2 – The Conclusion* outshone its predecessor by a none too shabby ₹1160 crores. A curiosity that begs the question, do cinema goers seemingly have a greater interest in how a particular story may end rather than how it might have begun? I should imagine that it is more likely to be the case that frugal film fans have simply been burned one too many times before and have now lost all faith in the investment of their 'hard earned' in the grand and lofty promises of an untested part 1.

But Sir... Sir, you said there were four members in the club and you've only mentioned thr... yes yes, thank you very much smart arse. Now pipe down and have a biscuit while I explain. You're quite right though. I most certainly did mention four members. However, if you were paying attention, you'd be quite aware of the fact that I also mentioned that this was a slightly misleading statement. I shall elaborate, but firstly I must furnish you all with a tale of the day that...

## 1.4 - The Ground Began To Shake

As it had been predicted to a certain degree, the year 2022 was destined to become a most significant and important year, not only within the history of the 1000 Crore Club itself, but also within Indian cinema history as well. This was all due to that certain something seismic that has gotten in the way of your all-inclusive Ibiza boozey bender. So then, what the feck went down eh?



It all began on Friday 25<sup>th</sup> of March. A day as drab and dreary as any other were it not for the fact that it finally marked the release of a certain, deeply anticipated film. With regards to the industry and movie fans alike, it is most safe to suggest that the release of this particular film was arguably the most

keenly anticipated cinema event since its very conception had been announced exactly four years earlier. And with Covid restrictions finally and thankfully beginning to ease, multiplex managers were beyond giddy at the thought of flinging the doors wide once again, whilst welcoming the return to the almost forgotten salad days of business as usual with open arms. If truth be known however, this particular day was about to witness business as utterly unusual to say the very least.

As showtime edged ever closer, multiplex managers, counter staff and naughty ticket touts alike were forced to take pause whilst a distant, almost menacing rumbling drifted through the humid air and the ground beneath their feet began to rhythmically shake and tremble. It was quickly becoming evident that it was not simply the mighty movie alone that intended a grand arrival on this day, as unimaginable battalions of famished film fans appeared in the horizon, desperate to feast on big screen filmic fare, marching forth with intention and purpose toward the multiplex temples. With hot cash in hands, empty bellies and delirious dreams of the promised celluloid fodder that lay in wait on what was going to prove itself to be quite...

### 1.5 – An Inconceivably Extraordinary Day

Had it have been possible, or even imaginable for that matter, what nobody would have dared to predict, was the very fact that this film, that such humungous armies of dedicated fans had so eagerly and wilfully marched upon, was about to ascend the ranks of mere event by an astoundingly clear margin, and at a rapid pace to boot. What nobody saw coming was the fact that this day marked the beginning of an undeniable bona fide cinematic phenomenon that would go on to see film fan's joyfully part company with an eye wateringly colossal ₹158.6 crore on that very day alone, and then continuing



on to amass a further formidable fortune of ₹1,260 crore, thus automatically gifting the film's director... yep you've guessed it, the most coveted, swanky and most envied of all invitations.

But, who might that be? Who did direct this prodigiously profitable picture then? Who... is the fourth member of the club? Ahhh well, this my friends is where we turn our attention toward that slightly misleading statement.

Because if truth be known, there are not actually four club members at all you see. There are still only three. And this is due to the fact that this film was directed by drum roll please... Ladies and Gentlemen, put your hands together once again as we welcome our esteemed returning guest... Mr SS Rajamouli. Da dum tishhhh! Sorry, what was that? Did you just say... SS Rajamouli? I most certainly did. Really? As in the same SS Rajamouli that also directed that there *Baahubali 2 – The Conclusion* that had already earned him a rightful place at the head table? Yep, the very same. Absolutely. I cannot quite believe it myself, but ain't no two ways about it. Him has only gone and done it... again.

So, we've all been completely misled have we not? However unlikely or improbable it may appear; lightning can actually strike twice as it happens. Whilst the directing of one epically record-breaking film is in itself, quite beyond commendable, to write, produce and direct two such films, oh... and back-to-back by the way if you don't mind thank you very much, is undoubtedly as unlikely as the discovery of a hot damp rocking horse jobbie. And whilst you all take a moment or two to ponder the rarity (and peculiarity) of freshly laid wooden turds, I shall channel my inner Noel and don my very best Bake Off impression, for I now have the greatest of pleasures in announcing the title of this... actually, you know what? I am in a certain sense, rather quite reluctant to refer to this phenomenon as a mere film, for this is greater. This is quite simply beyond such a status. This is more. Much much more. What we are dealing with here is nothing short of a national trea... oh for feck sake, just get on with it will you?

## 2.0 – Alright Alright

Keep your hair on Rodney. Okey dokey, here we go then. Ladies and Gentlemen, without further ado, the film in question is none other than...



And for those of amongst us that have either **A**: accidentally forgotten to learn how to read the Telegu language or **B**: despise the disrespectful and lazy nature by which certain persons take it upon themselves to shorten film titles such as the stomach churningly horrid Lock Stock when referring to Shane Ritchie's *Lock Stock And Two Smoking Barrels* for instance, simply because they're seemingly too busy and important to not only remember but also say a further four words, let us adopt a slightly greater purest and respectful approach by announcing the full title of this film. That being...

# RISE ROAR REVOLT

Having said that though, in this particular case, from what I understand, during preproduction onward, SS Rajamouli himself would refer to his film as *RRR* which had been originally adopted as a working title. As shooting progressed, because the acronym had begun to work its way into the lexicon of not just cast and crew, but also expectorant film fans alike, *RRR* eventually found itself in permanent position.

Anyway, before we go getting ourselves all bogged down with irritating intricacies, perhaps we should ask ourselves the question, what exactly are we dealing with here? What is this ground, box-office and record breaking masterpiece actually all about? Well, why don't we start at the beginning by having ourselves a little ole gander at the surprisingly succinct synopsis. IMDb, over to you...

*RRR* is...

*"A fictitious story about two legendary Revolutionaries and their journey away from home before they started fighting for their country in the 1920s"*

Now, I know what you're all thinking. That is certainly not the most captivating synopsis you've ever read. It doesn't particularly enlighten one a great deal either does it? And I would have to agree if truth be known. Even my socks were not exactly knocked off. But... I do wonder. Is the somewhat guarded nature of this sparse write up actually intentional? *RRR* was selling anticipatory tickets long before action had been even called on the first day of shooting. This film was going to sell itself no matter

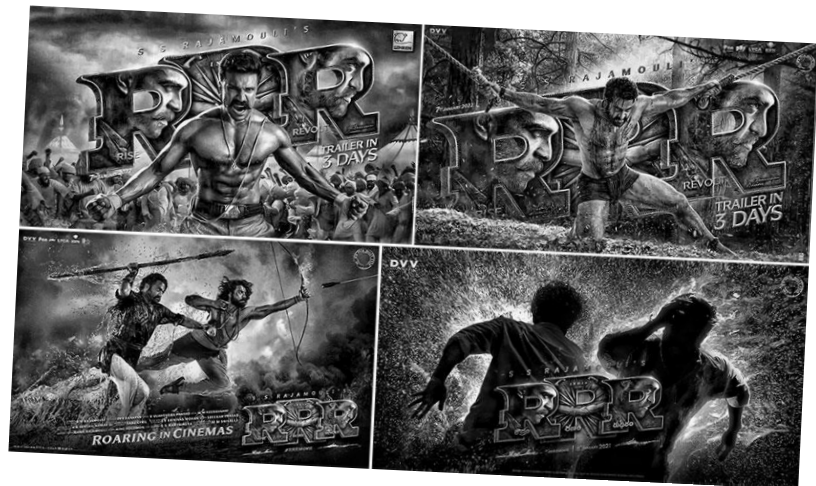
what. The synopsis might well have read something along the lines of a fictitious story about two legendary Revolutionaries who after a long hot day at the office, finally get home, put their feet up and settle down with a piping hot bowl of Maggi noodles just in time to watch the latest instalment of *Kumkum Bhagya*\* before they have to get out of bed early to start fighting for their country in the 1920s.

It genuinely would not have mattered one jot as it happens. Especially when we consider the fact that for most of us, we cannot actually be arsed with reading stuff anyway. Far too much hassle. I mean, why read when you could just have a butchers at something like a pretty poster instead? That will do for me thank you very much. Far simpler and requires precious little in the way of either commitment or effort on my behalf. It is perhaps this very attitude that may well explain as to why the synopsis is somewhat lacklustre, and sits in stark comparison to the posterised advertisement campaign that it has to be said, is all a little bit more...

## 2.2 – W The Actual F?

And that is putting it rather quite mildly as you shall see. So, now that I've had me a good ole shuftly at the *RRR* posters, and as magnificent as they are, a question or two if I may. Right then, as we have already established, we're in 1920's India and our two protagonists have begun a journey away from home. Judging by what I am seeing here though, this journey, well it certainly don't look like no Jolly Boys outing to Goa now does it? Far from it. There is no candy floss or kiss me quick hats to be seen anywhere. There are spears, guns, bows and arrows a plenty though. Here, have a little looksee for yourselves...

Now, I don't know about you, but my appetite is as whet as a kippers do-da. So, just give me a moment whilst I get my bags packed, because I don't know where this journey may take us, but I am swimwear my friends.

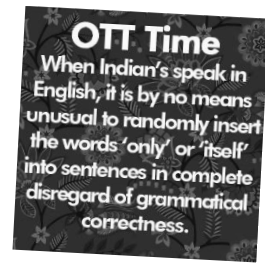


So there you have it. What the synopsis taketh away, ain't no denying, the posters most certainly giveth. And in abundance to boot, for the selection here is exactly that. A selection. This ad campaign ran even deeper, further and wider. Or to put it in other words... tickets? Sold.

I must admit however, that these posters, as beautifully presented, enticing and exciting as they are, do raise quite a concern. Because if what we have been gifted here is merely a glimpse with regards to the journey alone, how in the big blue feck are they going to survive it? And furthermore, if they do actually manage to firstly survive and then secondly arrive at their destination, what then? Oh yeah... bloody war. That's what, innit?

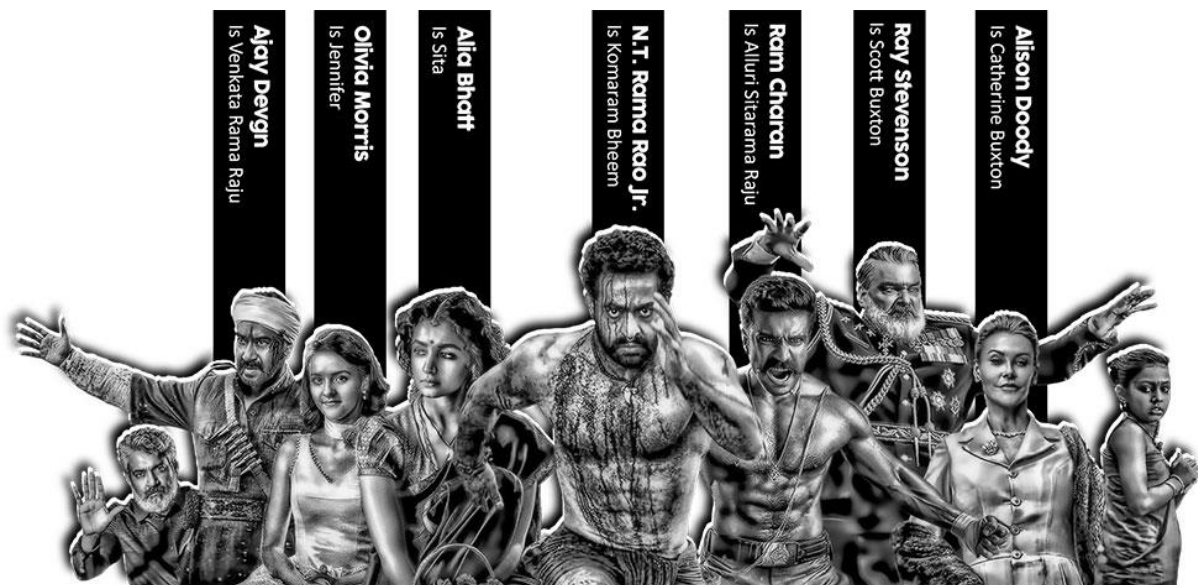


No matter what though, I think we can all consider ourselves assured that this journey is going to be rather fucking epic no matter what. Bloodied, brutal and unpleasant for sure by the looks of things. And I am suspecting that our jolly boys may very well expect to face their fair share of mild peril along the way. And for what? Only to find themselves negotiating the business end of a British bayonet for their troubles? Ummm... you know what? Thinking about it, I might actually just stay at home and catch up with the comings and goings of ole *Kumkum Bhagya* if you don't mind. Haha... nah, I am only joking. We ain't got no time for sodding soap operas now have we? Especially when we consider the fact that we've still yet to meet our journeying heroes. And with that in mind, it's time for a...



### 2.3 - Roll Call

Having said that though, as I am sure you can imagine, a story so epic and grand in scale must surely involve a cast that numbers in the hundreds. And you're quite right. Therefore, whilst the entire cast deserves the greatest of respect, we have time but to name check our main players. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, without further ado, may I introduce...



Hang on a moment. Why is Mr Rajamouli himself giving us wave there? He's the director is he not? Absolutely. But if you thought that you might possibly be directing the greatest film in cinema history, would you not sneak a little cameo in under the radar? I know I bloody would. And you might also be wondering to yourself who is the apprehensive looking little girl on the end? She don't look none too happy now does she. Well, there is a very... very good reason for that, but more importantly, without Malli played by the incredible Twinkle Sharma, there quite simply is no *RRR*.

Although it may not occur to the majority of *gora* viewers to even question the casting of this film, I myself am extremely grateful for one simple reason. Whether it be intentional or completely by chance (although I do expect the former to be most truthful) what SS Rajamouli has cunningly achieved to his complete credit, is a complete and utter side stepping of a potential repeating of the *Sajjan Singh Rangroot* Wifey debacle, by casting a British contingent that can actually act. With correct accents firmly in position I hasten to add. And when we come to the incredibly demanding onscreen performances of the Indian cast, and particularly with regards to the physically demanding challenges that were attempted and conquered by both N.T. Rama Rao Jr. and Ram Charan, well... the old adage

‘seeing is believing’ most certainly comes to mind. Even when you have witnessed the magnificence of their performances, you may still be wondering to yourself, how the bloody hell did they do it?

Right then. Moving along now. For the time has come to issue the ole warning once more, just in case the warning at the beginning of this appendix was not quite bold enough. So please do consider yourself well and truly cautioned, as I’m now about to...

## 2.4 – Spoil You Rotten

As we examine exactly what it may be that elevated *RRR* far above and beyond the simple status of just another ‘colonial clobbering patriotic offering’ And the answer to that is rather quite simple in all



honesty. Having said that though, I wish not to belittle the sheer quality of writing, directing or acting by any means, all of which have certainly played an absolute essential role in the overall success of the film. But where *RRR* succeeded where many predecessors struggled is in the use of monumental set pieces. Essentially speaking, it would not actually be remiss to suggest that the entire film from beginning to end is one gigantic set piece. That seems just a little too simple, and somewhat disrespectful for my liking though.

Therefore, my suggestion would be to get a little nittier and grittier as we examine a handful of those ‘oh my word, did you see the bit when...’ scenes that are destined to remain lodged within your conscience from here on in. So then, the first scene under the microscope is...

**The Arrest Of A Bastard On The Outskirts Of Delhi** Surely, a task that should present little in the way of difficulty, even for the most average of policemen. However, the bastard in question here is somewhat protected you might say. By the fact that he is surrounded by thousands and thousands of swarming, angry, rowdy rioting protestors. And when no other policeman dares to ready his handcuffs, it falls to PC Alluri Sitarama Raju to step up to the plate. What then follows is an absolute and frighteningly rapid descent into the depths of sheer madness as Raju squares off against every single rioter in a wilful attempt to escort this single man to jail. It is this particular scene that firmly sets a tone and pace in position. A tone, and pace that is accelerated when Bheem attempts...



**To Catch A Wolf** Serving as an introduction to the character of Bheem, the leader and ‘shepherd’ of his jungle clan, Bheem is tasked with ridding the village from the ever-present threat of wolves. With an elaborate and daring plan of action in the offing, Bheem suddenly finds himself at the mercy of a dastardly and much greater ambush in the form of a stealth tiger attack. This set piece also offers a stunning insight into SS Rajamouli’s masterful and utterly convincing use of CGI, the standard of which has quite simply become indistinguishable, and only heightened further as we cross...

**The Bridge Of Dosti’s** Arguably the first of the *RRR*’s OMG did you see? scenes, and for very good reason. This set piece wrestles with the rescue of a young boy, who after the accidental explosion of a freight train whilst crossing a river bridge, finds himself drowning in what has become a raging river of fire. The required combined rescuing efforts of both Raju and Bheem provides not only one of



the most thrilling and unbelievably daring action sequences that undoubtedly puts Tom Cruise's *Mission Impossible* efforts to shame, but also serves as insight regarding the very message that is the beating heart of *RRR*. A message that is then bolstered by a dance routine that is now known as...



**Naatu Naatu** Because every damn wanker thinks he can dance. A particularly crass statement boldly issued by the irritatingly cocky Raj elitist Jake. A statement however that ushers forth a dance off of mind-boggling magnitude. On first viewing, this dance routine is near on impossible to even comprehend. Seriously now, how the hell can legs dance so rapidly? This is not normal. In fact, if I didn't know any better, I'd suggest that such frantically coordinated body movements must be the work of the very devil. But no, this display of dancefloor prowess owes its magnificence to the power of that beating heart message. It should also be noted that the *Naatu Naatu* dance grew into an unexpected global phenomenon in its own rights, whilst birthing a viral dance craze that swept like wild fire across the interweb and now enjoys a permanently cemented position in the history of both dance and film. You can't dance, if you're not invited to the soiree mind. And if you're not invited, you'll have to learn...

### How To Gatecrash A Party

And this particular set piece might as well be considered as the only guide to gate crashing that you will ever... ever need. But you know what? I think I might just leave it at that to be honest. For the simple reason being, even though I am quite happy to plot spoil albeit with warning, in my opinion, with this scene being possibly one of the greatest ever filmed in the history of world cinema, I do believe that you should enter dry so to speak. You quite simply will not believe your eyes. It truly is that monumental. Let me assure you though, as a result of this scene, although I am rarely invited to or indeed happen across an opportunity to crash, should the occasion arise, I will certainly be renting a truck before kidnapping the contents of the local zoo. Unfortunately for now though, the time has come to...



### Make That Man Kneel

By this point in the film, it is quite fair to suggest that with regards to Bheem's journey, the wheels have well and truly come off. Raju's true identity has been exposed (or has it?) and Bheem is facing down the viciously hot end of a public flogging that is going to test his mettle to the utmost. This is essentially an opportunity for SS Rajamouli to remind us that it's not all about the action and the explosions and the dance off's and whatnot. Sometimes, it's all about the fragility, the struggles and the harshness of the world we think we know and love. Sometimes, it is about the fact that although every journey does indeed come to an end, unfortunately for some, they do end in tears. Ready your hankies my friends. Believe you me, you're going to need them. Unfortunately though, you won't be crying yourself to sleep because...

### The Sun Never Sets...

On the British Empire. Or so they used to say anyway. Just in case it hadn't actually occurred to you though, *RRR* is not what you might describe as a pro Empire film. In this particular interpretation, *RRR* is a cold harsh, yet valuable lesson regarding the very nature of comeuppance. We may never know when it may arrive, but it most



certainly will, regardless of how intact, steadfast or sure one may believe their precious empire to be.

Crikey me, well that all got a tad depressing now didn't it? But, don't you worry for I am about to turn your frowns upside down, because guess what? Oh yeah, it's awards season! Unfortunately though, there will be no awards given for guessing who...

## 2.5 - The Award Goes To...

Because, it's bloody obvious now innit? The award goes to *RRR*. And that's that. What award might that be though I hear you ask? Well, the simple answer to that question is... all of them. It does seem to be the case that no matter what award the film was nominated for, it bloody well bagged it. Having said that though, in a curious yet frustratingly understandable turn of events, the officially selected Indian nomination in the Academy Award for Best International Feature Film category 2023 went to Pan Nalin's *Chhello Show* otherwise known as *The Last Film Show*, which for all intents and purposes, is a respectably solid reworking of *Cinema Paradiso*. And we all know just how much the Academy bloody well loves films about films. The resulting public outcry toward *RRR*'s snubbing was addressed to a degree in the sense that



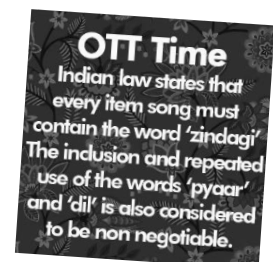
the film, or more accurately the song *Naatu Naatu* was finally put forward in the Best Original Song category. And guess what? Did it win? Of course it bloody well did. Hands down to boot. And furthermore, in what felt like somewhat of a little middle finger salute in the general direction of the Academy Board, the song was actually performed live at the 2023 ceremony and received its very own award in the form of one of the most rapturous standing ovations in the history of the Oscars.

By no means do I intend to belittle the astounding successes of fellow 1000 Crore Club member Aamir Khan's *Dangal*, but as the Oscars 2023 came to an end, India had completed its greatest Academy Awards achievement ever and proved that *RRR* was not just another Indian film. *RRR* was and will forever remain a global cinematic force majeure.

Now, I personally do believe that there just might be a certain something else going on here as well. A certain something that I have been referring to as...

## 2.6 – The Message

The very beating heart of *RRR*. Or an absolute masterful stroke of genius on behalf of Mr Rajamouli. That being, the oh so very good sense to tap directly into the veins of an age-old worldly bond. A bond observed by all but broken by very few. The undeniable bond of brothers.



I've got your back and you've got mine and that is the way of the brotherly world. This is what the rising, the roaring and revolting was truly all about. In a world that wants nothing more than to beat you down with the shittiest of sticks, what can you truly rely on? Who can you truly turn to? Who will never... never let you down?

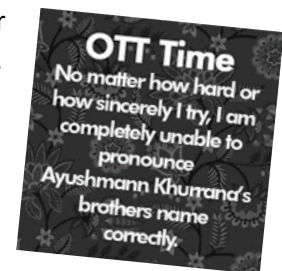
You see, at the end of the live long day, for whatever else it may or may not be, *RRR* is quite simply...

***The greatest story of bromance that has ever been told.***

So there you go. How's about that for... yes, you at the back with your hand up. What can I do for you? Sir... my apologies, but what's a *Pathaan*? Sorry, what's a what? A *Pathaan*? Okay, well that could actually be one of two things seeing as you're asking. Firstly, a *Pathaan* is an Indian citizen of Pashtun ethnicity and ancestry, originally hailing from the Pashtunistan region that stretches across the Afghanistan and north western Pakistani border. Or alternatively, you might be referring to the title of a greatly anticipated feature film release that many, after the dismal box office performance of the 2018 feature *Zero*, are desperately hoping will signal a powerful return to form for a legendary actor who is considered to be one of India's greatest and most beloved screen actors, who after his slight fall from grace has already hinted toward the strength of his possible come back with what can only be described as an electrifying cameo in Ayan Mukerji's exceptional MCU antidote *Brahmastra*... arguably the G.O.A.T of Indian cinema, Ladies and Gentlemen... Mr Shah Rukh Khan.



And without wishing to put the cart before the horse, I genuinely think ole Mr Khan certainly does have a proper shot at getting right back on track here too. Especially when we consider the casting calibre of *Pathaan*. Deepika is in along with John Abraham, Dimple Kapadia and with this release marking the fourth instalment of the YRF Spy Universe franchise, some are suggesting toward the potential of a character cross over. Hrithik possibly. Tiger, or maybe even Salman Khan. Who knows? Exciting times though, believe you me. But anyway, why do you ask? Oh, well Sir, because according to Wikipediarse, the 1000 Crore Club has just accepted its fifth member. I beg your pardon. And who might that be then? Ermmm... its Siddharth Anand Sir. Oh really? And what did he direct then? You'll never guess. He directed *Pathaan*.



You what? You are shitting me? Oh for fecks sake. Right, lock the doors. We ain't going nowhere...

\* Just in case you might be wondering what the feck *Kumkum Bhagya* is when it's at home, it is essentially an Indian soap opera that is immeasurably superior to the likes of *Coronation Shite* and whatnot for the simple reason that the unbelievably, insanelly, overly dramatic nature of the wackiest plot lines in soap opera history ensures that broken camera lenses have to be replaced after the recording of every single episode due to the fact that every single scene demands the repeated use of the crashiest cash zooms imaginable. Believe you me, you ain't seen a crash zoom until you've seen a *Kumkum Bhagya* crash zoom.

# STALKING

## 3.0 - Celebrity Spotting With Charles Misra

In January of 2023, I had the incredible honour of travelling to India on a whistle stop tour of iconic film locations such as The Queens Necklace in Mumbai, the Howrah Bridge in Kolkata and especially, a sensational day out arsing about like a hiked-up child on a sugar rush at the *Baahubali* film set in Ramoji Film City, Hyderabad. As magical and wonderful as the trip was though, nothing could have possibly prepared me for the fact that so many seemingly impossible dreams were about to come true.

Now, they do say never meet your heroes. Well, phneer to that I say, because I bloody well did. Shite loads of them in actual fact. Indian film star after Indian film star. And you know what? Bloody lovely they all were as well. Not a single one of them had it away on their toes when they saw me coming. Quite the very opposite if truth be known. The *Atithi Devo Bhava* ruling was most certainly working in my favour as I was welcomed with open arms and treated to... well, have a little ole looksee for yourselves as...

I shared a beautiful moment of joy and wonder with...



*Amitabh Bachchan*

I then admired a lovely construction girder with...



*Alia & Ranbir*

before spending the rest of the morning trying to cheer up...



*Kartik Aaryan*

I pondered the insignificance and futility of human existence with...



*Deepika Padukone*

before going on a marvelous sight seeing trip with...



*Jaapsee Pannu*

and then enjoying an afternoon's shaadi shopping with...



*Ranveer Singh*



And the fun did not stop there my friends. Not on your nelly. I was just getting warmed up. And you know what? Without wishing to sound too big headed and whatnot, I think they really enjoyed meeting me as well. Well, everybody but ole Kartik that is. I don't know why, but he was in a right proper arsey mood. Not that it upset my day as...

I was very fortunate to take the blessings of...



*Ayushmann Khurrana*

whilst being stalked all bloody morning by...



*Katrina Kaif*

I spent a good half an hour pointing at...



*Hrithik Roshan*

before an afternoon's fashion influencing with...



*Kajol*

I shared beard grooming tips with...



*Yash*

and then I shared a saucy 'non veg' joke with...



*Kriti Sanon*

I spent the day getting all pampered and pretty with...



*Alia Bhatt*

and I also got my hair and make up 'did' with...



*Kareena Kapoor*

I got stalked all bloody afternoon again by...



*Katrina Kaif*

before side eying a gang of goons and shit with...



*Ranveer Singh*

I went designer dress shopping with...



*Janhvi Kapoor*

and then ended the day settling an argy bargy between...



*Prabhas & Rana Daggubati*