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# Jagga Jasoos

By Anurag Basu

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(Purulia Folk Song)

There's the first signal.

That's the second.

Waiting on the third.

There it is.

Deploy! Deploy!

Go... go... go!

That's our final signal.

Let's go.

Drop it, drop it. Fast!

A shower of weapons in broad daylight.

17th December 1995...

It was just another day

for the villagers of Velamor.

The farmers were heading

to their fields when suddenly...

Big huge umbrellas!

In the Purulia district

of West Bengal...

This raises serious concerns

about India's internal security.

A foreign aircraft has breached

the Indian airspace

dodging radars et al.

For who? How did this cache of arms

reach a village so small?

Who do these guns belong to?

What's the plan?

The village is not a terrorist camp!

No guns can feed hunger.

We are the largest imponers

of arms in the world.

The whole system is corrupt.

Hand in glove waiting to erupt.

This is just the tip...

The tip of the iceberg.

The tip of the iceberg!

A bullet is cheaper than bread.

Questions unasked,

answers unsaid.

Purulia... Purulia...

Purulia arms drop!

Jagga Jasoos and his magical world.

Fabulous characters  
and stories unfurled.  
Breaking out of his  
own comic books page.  
What if he pops up on the stage?  
Let me present to you  
the new book of the series,  
Jagga Jasoos and the  
Magic of the Red Circle.  
Be you a topper or a back-bencher,  
and if you love adventure,  
then, pick up,  
with no hiccup,  
a Jagga Jasoos comic book!  
Stall number 37, please have a look.  
Read and share,  
make your friends aware.  
And get a special bonus for this task:  
an autographed Jagga mask!  
Okay guys, it's all ven/ informal  
and interactive.  
Any doubts, just ask me. Okay?  
So, let us sta with the first...  
First book!  
Jagga Jasoos and the...  
- Ma'am, ma'am!  
He is saying that  
this autograph is a fake.  
No, it is real.  
Is Jagga for real?  
He is ven/ real!  
As real as your dimple.  
Just like the sound of this piano,  
Jagga too is real.  
You've forced me to change my plans.  
Okay guys... change in plans.  
Let us rewind a little.  
To Jagga's childhood.  
Somewhere in Mainaguri,  
in a hospital teeny,  
the matron found a child whiny weeny.  
In an accident he  
lost his mom and dad,  
was left all alone, lonely and sad.

No one came for him,  
passed days and years.  
The hospital became  
Jagga's little universe.  
Riding moon's back,  
piggyback like a sack.  
To a world where he's not alone,  
here comes Jagga.  
A piece of candy,  
face all dandy,  
in a style of his own,  
here comes Jagga.  
A gift from above,  
forming bonds of love,  
tugs at your head,  
as he goes about mingling.  
With eyes almost weeping,  
under the stairs,  
you'll catch him sleeping.  
A teeny weeny cot,  
a pint sized little thing.  
Riding moon's back,  
piggyback like a sack,  
to a world where he's not alone,  
here comes Jagga.  
He's one of a kind,  
with a head that's divine.  
Sleepless he lies on lonely nights,  
counting the stars that shine.  
Bottled within,  
he's bubbling with tales.  
But when it comes to talking,  
his tongue fails.  
Jagga!  
Though a little devil,  
his head is not a wee bit bad.  
Oh, he is a lovely lad.  
Jagga!  
If it's decided, for two souls  
to be united...  
come what may,  
they will come together in  
a red circle, and stay there forever.  
Hey!

What's your name?  
Name?  
Tell me your name?  
He hesitates...  
because he stutters.  
Chocolatey Chunnu!  
He's an imp, a moppet,  
a goat's furn/ poppet.  
He's got tiny feet,  
tiny tail and whiny bleat.  
Biscuita Bunnu!  
He's Chunnu's paPPV,  
he's tall n strappy.  
With button-y eyes  
and a moustache that's quite sappy.  
Chocolatey Chunnu.  
On a terrible Tuesday,  
got into a bungle, lost in a jungle,  
trapped in the wild, oh lonely!  
Biscuita Bunnu.  
Dans to the jungle,  
unjumbles the bungle,  
fights the wolves all alone, only!  
Babu.  
I had a friend.  
He'd stutter no end.  
Can't talk, he would pretend.  
People felt that he was so cute,  
but thought he was mute.  
And then one day, he staed talking,  
rat-a-tat, non-stop, no pause.  
Ask me how?  
Our brain...  
it... is...  
like a walnut.  
It has two pans.  
Left... Right.  
For example, when I'm talking,  
I'm using the left side.  
Left is for logic, left is systematic.  
And the song that I was singing?  
That was from the right side.  
This right side of ours,  
is... is a little nutty,

is creative.  
So, then what did Babu do?  
He quit talking from the left.  
Staed talking from the right.  
In songs.  
And never ever stuttered again.  
Really!  
Now, I'll ask you a question.  
And you...  
sing and answer.  
Okay?  
And then you'll see...  
magic!  
C'mon, tell me what's your name?  
Don't fear...  
you sing and answer.  
C'mon, tell me what's your name?  
My name is... Jagga.  
Now ask me, what's my name?  
Wha... what?  
Totally broken bones.  
Fully fractured fate.  
You can call me Tutifuti.  
What will you call me?  
Tutifuti.  
Chocolatey Chunnu!  
Chunnu is a little lamb  
tiny teeny-weeny.  
Chocolatey brown,  
chocolatey brown.  
Biscuita Bunnu  
he is teensy weensy.  
Chunnu'5 PaPPV,  
tall and strappy.  
Eyes round and button-y  
and a moustache that's quite sappy.  
Odd n mismatched, O what a pair.  
One sang his mind with not a care.  
And the other whose luck  
was rather unfair.  
In a world that's jinxed,  
it's often said  
when your road looks smooth,  
no rubble,

at the crossroad of life,  
all decked up and nice,  
eagerly awaits Ms. Trouble.  
We need more job opponunities  
for the youth.  
So many of us do not have access to  
even basic education and healthcare.  
The state must take  
care of its citizens.  
Our mothers and sisters  
need to feel safe on the streets.  
Give way, please.  
We have gathered here to peacefully  
ask the state for our demands.  
Excuse us.  
Give way, please.  
Who's this guy?  
Oh, no!  
Break it open.  
- Yes sir.  
Don't let him get away.  
Hey, stop! Reverse the car.  
UV.-- UV.-- UV.--  
When will you come back for me?  
I'll be back  
in 6 months, 7 days and 8 hours.  
Lies.  
Just lies.  
The big toe rides your small toe  
each time that you... lie.  
Lies.  
Just lies.  
Brat!  
Tutifuti left, just as he came.  
All of a sudden.  
And Jagga was left with many  
questions - What, who, where and why?  
The answers, his curious mind  
set out to find. What an obsession!  
To find the answer to even] mysten/  
and even] question!  
The best gunman by far,  
no fancy car.  
Neither an overcoat norjudo.

Nabbing thieves is child's play.  
A Ia snakes n ladders or Iudo.  
Stiff hair as an  
antenna helps him spy.  
Sharper than binocs and x-ray,  
his eyes that magnify.  
Mastermind  
of a caoony kind.  
With a thousand childish quirks.  
Has a naughty smile,  
and a weirdo style.  
Eccentric,  
with a brain that works.  
Ukhru | 's heanbeat:  
He is Jagga Jasoos.  
Cheats, crooks, pretty thieves,  
he blows them out like fuse.  
The password to Jagga's world  
is safe with me.  
Cause in his many sagas  
is my special ston].  
Mastermind  
of a caoony kind.  
Eccentric,  
with a brain that works.  
Can someone tell me  
what the time is?  
Left turn!  
This con-job involves three layers.  
Love triangle with three players.  
Mr. Bhaduri and Ms. Mala.  
Ms. Mala... Ms. Mala... Ms. Mala.  
Mrs. Bhaduri, she teaches histonj.  
her husband is her soft spot.  
Ms. Mala, ven/ stylish.  
Teaches English.  
Amongst the boys she's quite sought!  
Mr. Bhaduri.  
Attention!  
- PT teacher.  
Steady body, wayward heart  
June was about to start  
Thunder! Lightening!  
Pitter patter showers.



Ms. Ma | a's body was found  
below the clock tower.  
It is clear.  
Definitely suicide.  
Ms. Mala Moitra was not only loved  
by the students and faculty alike,  
but also an inspiration to all.  
She was the head and soul of the  
English department and Culture Club.  
N... N...N... not suicide.  
It is murder.  
Jagga said it is a murder.  
It is murder.  
- Even/one says it is suicide.  
You say it is a murder!  
How is it a murder?  
Early morning Ms. Mala went out  
for milk to buy.  
Oh! Must commit suicide, she thought.  
Then, she jumped off the tower,  
good bye!  
It's true.  
You have a point.  
She who soaks beans in the night,  
come morning why would  
she commit suicide?  
Dimwit. It's suicide.  
It could be a last minute plan.  
Get me a cola.  
Could be an early morning thought,  
mind must be in a knot.  
"With life I cannot cope,  
death's my only hope."  
It's m... mu... murder.  
It is murder!  
Shall I pop it?  
Hup!  
According to Mr. Milkman  
the clock tower was  
their secret hideout.  
Buying milk was only a way to get out.  
Actually they...  
Wanted to drink the milk  
and keep the cream.

This, even/one knows!  
Do they?  
We do.  
Tell me something new.  
Should I?  
- Shall I pop it?  
Shhh!  
Inside the tower entered three.

**6:**

**6:**

**6:**

But, at 7, out come only two.  
So?  
So... arrest them.  
My foot! Arrest them?  
When Ms. Mala jumped from the tower  
where was Mrs. Bhaduri  
and her husband dear?  
Where?  
In school.  
Even/one knows it.  
You know?  
We know... we know... we know.  
If it happened, it did, but how?  
What did they do? And how?  
How?  
If it happened, it did, but how?  
What did they do? And how?  
How?  
How was one man  
in two places. How?  
How was one man  
in two places. How?  
How?  
How?  
How?  
If it happened, it did, but how?  
What did they do? And how?  
How?  
If it happened, it did, but how?  
What did they do? And how?

How?

How was one man  
in two places. How?

How?

How?

O How?

The sticker in the cereal pack  
is right at the bottom, whack!  
This ten-day wait bores to death.  
I have to eat the whole box  
for just a sticker.

My little fool.

First turn the packet upside down.

Now, open it.

The sticker at the bottom  
will now be on top.

So, what is the moral of the story?

When you can't figure  
something straight,  
turn it on its head and look.

When you can't figure  
something straight,  
turn it on its head and look.

It was bright and early in the morn  
Singi song dingi dong, lover's dawn  
Mr. Bhaduri and Ms. Mala.

Ms. Mala... Ms. Mala... Ms. Mala!  
One who met her even/day.

The lovers secret he would betray.  
He sent their love stone/ astray.

Mr. Milkman, and his foul play.  
Quietly, without uttering word,  
he flew to the lady like a bird.

He blundered it all,  
secrets, big and small.

Gave a sample of a snitch.  
Keeping quiet without a twitch.

Then, went for the big six.

Yes... your husband has some  
extra marital tricks.

He's a fraud, oh he's a quack.

He has stabbed you in your back.

The ship sank.

Even/thing is blank.

Take this, with thanks.  
Bouncy stride and head aflutter,  
Ms. Ma | a's off for coochie coo.  
Gritsy gutsy appears madam  
with her Kung Fu.  
Shameless, spineless twit!  
That's not me,  
it's you, you twit!  
WhV mV hubby, my man?  
Control love, who can?  
Cambodia, Colombia, Estonia, Algeria,  
Kulumeria,  
Veldoria, Kandetoh, Haribol!  
That's how this ston/ goes tra Ia Ia!  
Gon/ and dark,  
what cou | d've been gala.  
Lost in love and lost her life.  
Ms. Mala... Ms. Mala... Ms. Mala!  
Jagga, but we all saw Ms. Mala jump  
from the clock tower.  
The dead body fell with a loud crash!  
All were stunned with the smash.  
What happened in that fatal one hour?  
The secret is safe in the clock tower.  
Tick tock.  
Tick tock... tick tock  
The body lay in front of our eyes.  
Mrs. Bhaduri stood by with her lies.  
Her hands were stained  
with Ma | a's blood.  
Blood.  
Not like that...  
from the epiglottis... Blood.  
Blood!  
Blood!  
Tick Tock...  
- Blood!  
Tick tock...  
- Blood.  
Such moments leave you  
at loss for words.  
But, our Mr.  
Bhaduri was a sman sly bird.  
His wedding vows were now at stake.

Scratched his head for clarity sake  
and thought, what to do?  
Tick tock... what to do?  
He ran, distraught.  
From Humpu's garden a rope he got,  
and tied the corpse against the clock  
with a Magic knot.  
What?  
- Magic knot!  
Magic knot?  
Basically, this knot is used  
for mountain climbing  
and to tie horses.  
If you loop the rope once  
and pull a second loop from under  
the first one and pull tight.  
Basically, though this is ven/ tight  
it takes just a tug at the other end  
to undo the knot.  
Bid adieu to the corpse,  
and set the deathly tick tock.  
By the hands of the clock.  
Hands of the clock.  
Hands of the clock.  
Tick tock... Hands of the clock.  
Tick tock... Hands of the clock.  
Tick tock... Hands of the clock.  
What to do... Hands of the clock.  
What to do... Hands of the clock.  
What to do... Hands of the clock.  
Behind his smiling face, was hidden,  
a lonesome, lonely Jagga.  
Come summer, other kids would go away.  
Empty chairs,  
tables and beds would stay.  
And... a lonesome, lonely Jagga.  
There was a bridge connecting  
Jagga's present and past.  
Made of video tapes.  
On even] bihday, there would be  
a new tape added to this bridge.  
One that Tutifuti would send  
from some corner of the world.  
I do envy Jagga at times.

Tutifuti had taught Jagga  
the spirit of living,  
from miles away,  
just through these video tapes.  
which despite staying together  
most parents fail at.  
This one tape would bring Jagga  
his annual supply of oxygen.  
Happy binhday!  
HaPPV bihday, dear Jagga!  
There are only two kinds  
of people in this world.  
Nails and hammers.  
Which do you want to be?  
You decide.  
This is a magazine.  
Safety lock.  
Off spin... leg spin.  
Worries and googlies,  
spot them early,  
and you will hit a six.  
Else, you'll be in a fix.  
The human mind  
and a parachute are alike.  
Ifthey are open, it's great  
Else, you are dead.  
Stan from up.  
The other way... wrong.  
Not the other way.  
E-Minor.  
Life's biggest disease today  
is worn/ing about  
what people will say?  
Till the time a thief is not caught,  
he isn't a thief, he is an anist.  
If you want to punch,  
make a fist at the last minute,  
it will double the  
force at which it lands.  
This year,  
you will get no pocket money.  
Pay your school fees on your own.  
It's simple.  
Catch fish and sell it in the market.

Feluda, Sherlock, Ray,  
Ghatak, Hitchcock.  
Maradona, Sampras,  
Sir Don Bradman,  
Louis Armstrong, Elvis, Jackson.  
Hitler, Chinghis, Scarlett.  
Modern Times by Chaplin.  
Happy birthday to you.  
You...  
8T6...  
here... somewhere.  
Or then...  
you are nowhere.  
Yet again.  
Yet again.  
Dreams with broken wings,  
Vet again.  
Yet again.  
Yet again.  
Upset unfulfilled yearnings,  
Vet again.  
Yet again.  
Yet again.  
The cloud of doom.  
Why is my head,  
so filled with gloom?  
First you bond then break my heart  
Why did you come, if you had to pan?  
With some excuse as you depa,  
Vet again.  
Yet again.  
Photographs.  
Their death ceificates.  
VHS tape?  
You are a free man, Bagchi.  
Go back to life.  
So long, sir.  
Green light.  
Tutifuti and Jagga were miles apart  
Will his last tape ever reach Jagga?  
The answer can be found in here.  
What happened to Tutifuti?  
- Is he dead?  
Your answer is in this book.

But to get to this one,  
we must first read this book.  
The second book of the series...  
Jagga Jasoos and the  
Murder on the Giant Wheel.  
Look, look, so beautiful,  
look, look, so mesmerizing.  
These lands are so green,  
this town is like a jewel.  
By the way, we too are characters  
from a comic book.  
And He is the writer.  
The one with the office  
behind the clouds.  
Sometimes, for two estranged  
characters to meet,  
He creates a third twist in the plot,  
that no one can predict.  
From the Shirui mountains  
to Loktak lake,  
our motherland is so beautiful.  
This case isn't one of Jagga's best.  
But, it is my favourite.  
And...  
for ven/ good reason.  
Look, look, so beautiful,  
look, look, so mesmerizing.  
These lands are so green,  
this town is like a jewel.  
Look, look, so beautiful,  
look, look, so mesmerizing.  
These lands are so green,  
this town is like a jewel.  
Whose bags are these?  
Take the bullet out.  
Take the bullet out... fast!  
Hello!  
Is the ambulance here?  
- Not yet, sir.  
Look under that.  
Hey!  
Why are you touching it?  
Look up there.  
- Okay, sir.



Did you check thoroughly?  
Found anything?  
No, sir. Nothing.  
Ma'am, keep walking straight ahead.  
Do not turn to look back.  
The moment is right.  
The lovers unite.  
There is a scandal.  
One, you cannot handle.  
There is a scandal.  
One, you cannot handle.  
Can't we go somewhere else?  
It would be safest on the giant wheel.  
Their people are all around.  
I feel giddy in these rides.  
Hey! Are you crazy?  
What are you doing?  
What is the information?  
There is a scandal.  
One, you cannot handle.  
There is a scandal.  
One, you cannot handle.  
There is a scandal.  
One, you cannot handle.  
Move aside. Move!  
S... S... S...  
Some flowers, to bloom  
take a little time.  
My words, too, sleepily fall in line.  
Which is why I sing it out,  
you know, so it comes out smooth.  
Without consent,  
entered your den.  
I agree it's a mistake.  
I did it for good intentions sake.  
Need to find out  
what is behind this mystenj.  
What is your role in this?  
What is your histonj?  
The commotion in Ukhrul  
that you have created  
the solution for which  
is sincerely awaited.  
Hello! Help! Manager!

Not anyone else,  
only I can help you out.  
Just spill the beans  
to clear my doubts.  
Manager!  
Anyone there?  
He who is dead, who was he?  
What's the scam that he had done?  
Was what he did that killed him,  
the same one?  
How do you know all this?  
Did he have some scoop so grim?  
Something so deadly  
that it actually killed him.  
Why should I tell you, tell me please?  
Instead I'll just call the police.  
What?  
What?  
The police are already on their way.  
What will you say?  
How will you save yourself today?  
Let me tell you my love,  
the body's been found.  
The murder weapon  
has your finger prints abound.  
Can I h... he | ...?  
What's your name?  
J... J... J...  
Got it.  
No, listen. Can I h...?  
No, thank you.  
I can take care of myself.  
Ms. Shruti...  
I know you, Ms. Sh... Sh...  
The hotel register  
has your name as Sangeeta.  
But, your real name is Shruti.  
Isn't it, Ms. Shruti Sengupta?

**Age:**

Oops. Sorn].  
Schooled in London,  
your accent gives you away.  
"Help... Police!"

This accent is western, I say.  
From Calcutta, a journalist you are.  
Illegal arms form your stow, so far.  
Actually, it's not your fault,  
I'll blame it on your bad luck  
that's just not leaving you,  
it's badly stuck.  
Even on the bridge,  
you're followed by ill luck.  
In four steps... watch out!  
Your foot will get stuck.  
1,2,3.  
Stuck.  
Help.  
Where should I sta?  
F... F... From the beginning.  
Hello.  
Ma'am, I can't speak right now.  
Let's meet in the evening.  
I'll see you at the fair at 5.  
Poor Tumba, an ex-millitant,  
he just wanted to save his brother.  
He had to get the bullet taken out.  
Those who killed him  
were a dangerous and lethal lot.  
The local youth would be brainwashed  
and trained to become militants.  
In the last phase oftheir training regime,  
new recruits are tricked to trade in arms.  
Ifthey escape the army, they would be  
killed the moment the job is done.  
Tumba and his brother,  
escaped such an encounter,  
and became my informers.  
They wanted to blow the covers off  
this cross border arms movement.  
But they could not hide for long.  
I was charged with murder.  
And with them, the information on this  
secret route was silenced forever.  
What does this mean?  
I'm here with you because I want to.  
What are you doing?  
According to the police,

you... a... a...

are a murderer.

Thanks... for reminding me.

Hello. Hey!

Hey, Jagga!

Found her?

- Not yet.

Is she still here or left?

Hasn't left Ukhrul, for sure.

She better not have.

The girl,

her source, her investigation,

put an end to it all.

Okay.

- Let's go.

Just a minute.

A girl in our hostel?

How did she get in?

Hello.

Halt!

I'm from Jhumri Talaiya.

You are maybe from Timbuktu.

If we're meant to, we'll surely meet.

Even if after that, I never see you.

It's fate that made us two collide.

Our stories will surely coincide.

- F... F... Fire.

Fire!

- F... F... F...

Fire!

F... F... fire!

Fire brigade.

The world,

it suddenly seems more bright.

Out to please me with delight.

Tends to my whims, real polite.

The world,

it suddenly seems more bright.

Out to please me with delight.

Tends to my whims, real polite.

Are you angnj?

Are you angnj?

Are you angnj?

She asks me if I'm angn/l

Feluda got burnt, so did Sherlock.  
Hostel said, "No entnj",  
will be sealed with a lock.  
My stubble from my ven/ first shave.  
My binocs from Nainital,  
I couldn't save.  
My mouth organ,  
my little lamp,  
my tea kettle,  
my canvas cap,  
my underpants, my towel  
my bed burnt to rubble.  
I'm doomed!  
And, you ask, ifl am angn].  
I never wanted your help,  
never once did I ask.  
How dare you think  
you could take me to task?  
Older than you, am I.  
A little respect, you may tn].  
It's my case, I can handle it.  
You go your way, ta-ta, goodbye.  
And now don't you dare  
come following me!  
Why am I singing?  
My home is a burning desert  
Yours, maybe in the Norlh pole.  
But, if we do run into one another,  
the world will go out of control.  
I'll leave some songs for you to sing,  
some simple words to heal your soul.  
The world,  
it suddenly seems more bright.  
Out to please me with delight.  
Tends to my whims, real polite.  
The world,  
it suddenly seems more bright.  
Out to please me with delight.  
Tends to my whims, real polite.  
Is there a brave one amongst you all?  
The brave one to face a knife  
Will Win 1000!  
Face two to get 3000,  
and three to win 5000!

The brave one in the yellow shin.  
Come up on stage.  
Give him a big round of applause.  
He's brave indeed!  
It is much bigger than I thought.  
What will happen to me?  
The killer has escaped,  
now, the rest of my life in prison.  
Question mark?  
Now that you have been a silly fool.  
Who else knows that you are in Ukhrul?  
Just my editor.  
And A... A... Akash Vidyarlhi?  
Question mark?  
You and Akash are from  
the same profession.  
Always writing in collaboration?  
So what happened this time?  
Ego?  
Or a job switch?  
Professional rivalnj?  
Or a personal glitch?  
Personal glitch?  
Nothing like that.  
After our engagement,  
we decided not to work together.  
Engagement?  
Question mark...?  
Your world has gone haywire, askew.  
He's not bothered nor are you.  
Strange.  
Not even a call?  
He is with me,  
even when he is not.  
He understands it all.  
Whether spoken or not.  
This kind of love,  
in books you read.  
I'm nothing without him,  
he's my need.  
Understood?  
From the files you asked for...  
Here... December 2004...  
In the forest, 21 dead bodies found

under mysterious circumstances.  
They were all young boys  
between 16-25 years of age.  
This is from six month ago.  
15 bodies were found in Kamjong.

**Reason of death:**

Here's the book on Netaji.  
Netaji?  
Papa... W... W... who's this?  
Netaji... Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose.  
Do you know why his statue is here?  
W...W...Why?  
In the year 1944,  
the war was on in full force.  
The British were facing  
Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose.  
Via Burma he planned  
his army to attack.  
Hidden from the Brits  
through a secret track.  
Which track?  
Under the hills, hidden behind trees,  
was a small cave  
through which flowed a river.  
The cave passage is 20 kms long.  
On one end is Burma  
and on the other is Ukhrul.  
Walking for three whole days  
non-stop.  
Excess of calcium in even] drop,  
white feet, is what even/one got.  
After three days, they leave the cave  
on a track unsteady.  
They were in for a shock to see  
the Kayans waiting and ready.  
Kayan?  
Kayans are a tribe from this state.  
They have a unique trait.  
Away from the world  
a hidden life they lead.  
The men ofthe hamlet,  
elephants they breed.  
Makes sense.

To smuggle out all the weapons  
from this jungle,  
what better mode of transpon  
than elephants?  
The route that Netaji used  
is now used to smuggle weapons.  
We're late.  
The men are missing, elephants, too.  
Hum], that is enough!  
We are shod on time  
and have along way to go.  
Let's go.  
There! Look, who is there?  
Be careful. And make it fast.  
Echo...  
Isn't she the girl  
you've been searching for?  
Do I look like I've lost it?  
Echo...  
Shruti Sen...  
Shruti Sengupta?  
I read your anicles.  
They are good!  
There was one more repoer  
with you, right?  
What was his name?  
Akash.  
Hey, Churko.  
Yes, sir.  
Killed him in Chhattisgarh.  
Yes.  
Didn't we kill him  
in front of you at Billai?  
Still didn't get the warning?  
You've come here to die?  
Sad, huh?  
Why?  
Finish them off.  
Freeze!  
Don't move.  
(Bihu Folk Song)  
I can never get myself  
to do anything right.  
If it weren't for you...



C... C... Cool.  
| ...  
P... Ph... Phone...  
And...  
Happy binhday!  
I do a bit of snooping, too.  
Jagga.  
If you need me,  
I'm always there for you.  
I feel I felt a slight little shake,  
my life just stopped  
with a sudden brake.  
Why my head, are you confused?  
My advice I think you should take.  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
Dude!  
C'mon build your body.  
Pump your muscle.  
Your cheeks are too soft,  
grow a stubble.  
C'mon dude,  
get set.  
Give the deo some trouble.  
Make the girl next  
door pop your bubble.  
Take off one button  
or make it double.  
Bare your chest with  
the overgrown stubble.  
You were pushing around a cycle,  
now pick a bike that you can find.  
If the speed's getting you the chill,  
make a girl sit behind.  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.

This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
Dude!  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
This is just the age,  
to err a mistake.  
Hi, Santa.  
Son, your courier is not here.  
It's okay, it happens.  
Happy bihday.  
Sorn], sir.  
Sir, we've had no  
one here in 10 years.  
I wonder where  
these two have come from.  
You know what you are called  
in our circuit, don't you?  
Blackmail Sinha.  
You were to get goods woh millions.  
And all you've got is this scrap?  
Sinha!  
Sir, just hold on a second.  
This is just the appetizer.  
The main course is yet to come.  
And, by the way,  
this main course,  
is nothing but your death ceificate.  
Do you know what this is?  
This will expose you  
and your Godfather, Bashir Alexander.  
If this tape goes public...  
Happy bihday to you,  
Happy bihday to you,  
Happy bihday, dear Jagga...  
Just give me a second.  
Happy birthday to you.  
I really didn't get that joke, Sinha.  
Happy birthday to you.  
| ...  
It's a... mistake.  
This isn't that tape.

Actually,  
I do have the tape with me. I...  
It's just that...  
Happy bihday to you...  
Happy bihday, Jagga.  
Nothing has come.  
No package for you, son.  
It would've been here, if it had to.  
If it does arrive,  
I'll deliver it to the hostel.  
Jagga.  
H... H... H...  
He didn't even...  
tell me his name.  
Tu... Tuti...futi...  
B... Bagchi  
Badal Bagchi.  
Tutifuti Badal Bagchi.  
Sad, isn't it?  
- Yes!  
Anyway, let's take a break?  
We'll continue with the third book  
when we're back.  
Okay?  
- Yes.  
We'll meet after 15 minutes.  
Okay?  
Bye.  
If it wasn't for Bagchi's bad luck  
striking at the right time and place,  
no one would know about  
the Puru | ia's arms drop case.  
Such cases occur daily  
around the world.  
Yemen, Syria, Palestine, Libya...  
There is a common link  
between all these arms drops.  
This emblem... this isn't a emblem.  
It's two people - Basheer, Alexander.  
No one has ever seen them.  
Interpol's most wanted  
illegal arms smuggler and supplier.  
And India is their biggest market.  
And why not, there are

so many militant groups.  
How many could there be?  
AnV guesses?  
10?  
300?  
400?  
About 500.  
Ever wonder,  
people who are stan/ing away,  
where do they get these  
expensive guns from?  
Someone must be behind this.  
This is what our  
next book is all about.  
Bored, aren't you?  
Arms drop in Purulia.  
Why do we care?  
A bomb blows up  
on the Patna Express.  
Why do we care?  
Our door has a lucky charm.  
We're safe from all harm.  
Why do we care?  
Factories swallow even] field.  
Why do we care?  
Farmers commit suicide, no yield.  
Why do we care?  
Our door has a lucky charm.  
We're safe from all harm.  
Why do we care?  
A hospital, the village has none.  
Why do we care?  
But a sale in the mall, what fun!  
We're set, you bet.  
Thanks to our lucky charm.  
We're safe from all harm.  
Why do we care?  
The nation is trivial,  
only votes matter.  
Why do we care?  
Riots rampant,  
people out to slaughter.  
Why do we care?  
Thanks to our lucky charm.

Thanks to our lucky charm.  
Thanks to our lucky charm.  
We're safe from all harm.  
Happy birthday to you.  
What have you got?  
Their death certificates.  
VHS tape?  
You should've gotten a player, too.  
Anything else?  
Pope's Christmas  
gift to seven countries.  
"Airdropping cakes"  
Instead of cakes...  
- They will drop weapons.  
We can't do jack!  
There's the KGB and CIA.  
They'll sell it out.  
But sir, I'm this close to it.  
Would you like to bathe?  
You're a free man, Bagchi.  
Go back to life.  
So long, sir.  
Green light.  
Yes, sir.  
Dodged a 100 obstacles,  
on a banana peel, he slipped.  
Who else, but Bagchi,  
has a fate so flipped?  
His destiny is harmed,  
fails even the lucky charm.  
No charm, no gemstone,  
holds favor over his fortune.  
His stars align into a  
failed constellation.  
A stray arrow, too, cannot refuse  
his backside's invitation.  
It's a complicated situation,  
without explanation.  
His luck has severe constipation.  
Do you know what this is?  
This will expose you  
and your Godfather, Bashir Alexander.  
If this tape goes public...  
Happy birthday to you,

Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday, dear Jagga...  
I am Harsh Upadhyay.  
Chemistn/ Honors, '93 batch.  
It is because of Bagchi-sir that I...  
actually, many students like me,  
found our sense of purpose.  
This is not a time to mourn him.  
In fact, he was the youngest professor  
in our depanment.  
Bad Luck Bagchi.  
30f"!-  
Badal-sir.  
Bagchi-sir.  
He was probably the only professor  
who didn't take attendance in class.  
We, as students could never  
understand him...  
I am sorn]...  
I won't be able to speak fuher...  
thank you.  
Clouds rumbling in the sky;  
teeming rain.  
I sit on the riverbank,  
sad and alone.  
The sheaves Iie gathered,  
han/est has ended.  
The river is swollen.  
Jagga.  
Hello.  
My name is Kishan Pal Sinha.  
Bagchi was my colleague.  
I put this obituan/  
in the newspaper...  
to find you.  
As a matter of fact,  
I cremated him, too.  
Had I known he had a son,  
I would have waited.  
H... how...  
How... how...  
How did he die?  
Let's go to my office and talk.  
Come.

Sit.  
When I was a child...  
you left a note.  
What did you write?  
Oh, yes.  
To dad.  
Yes, I wrote a letter to Bagchi.  
Oh, you were there?  
Did your father ever tell  
you his full name?  
No?  
Why?  
He... was a nice man.  
He was a ven/ nice man.  
But, he was running from the Police.  
He was charged with murder.  
No. He was framed.  
In the letter, I made an offer to him,  
I told him that I would get the charge dropped...  
if he worked for us.  
Who is "Us"?  
I can't tell you that.  
It's confidential.  
Alright.  
Fair enough.  
We need to gain your trust.  
Isn't it?  
Okay.  
This lawyer's office that you see...  
It is just a facade.  
We work for the  
intelligence depanment.  
A government body.  
And Bagchi was working for us  
on a ven/ impoant mission.  
Six years of work.  
His hard work of six years  
was all on that one tape.  
But, Bagchi being Bagchi...  
he goofed up as usual.  
Do you know what  
his friends called him?  
Bad Luck Bagchi.  
Sad, but true.

Here... this is the tape he gave me.

This one.

But, this is your birthday tape.

And the tape that was to come to us,  
went to you instead.

Son, if you want this tape,  
you bring us our tape  
and take this one in return.

N... N... N...

No, I don't have it.

You do...

What proof do you have  
that he's dead?

Gupta.

- Yes, sir.

Sir.

The body was charred  
along with the car.

Look.

When did this happen?

It...

It happened on 3rd August.

Three weeks ago.

It was really a sad day.

I really...

He's alive.

| ... | ...

I got a call two weeks ago...  
from dad.

From Moombaka.

Here.

Hold this.

Write... write down your address.

What... do you wear to sleep?

What I mean is,

you'll have to stay here tonight.

Gupta!

S hrivastav.

- Sir.

Some water, please.

Hey, Gupta.

Catch him.

Don't let him escape.

Catch him!



Search even] nook  
and cranny of Kolkata.  
Even] street, even] hotel,  
even] bus stop, even] airport.  
I need Jagga.  
I need my tape... tape.  
Yes?  
Hi... I...  
Pany's over... no one's at home.  
Even/one's left.  
Jagga! What a pleasant surprise!  
It's Shruti's friend...  
Come.  
How many roads must a man...  
Guess who?  
Jagga.  
Jagga? Michael.  
Lights off.  
Sit... sit.  
My neighbor, Ganguly,  
is ven/ stuck up.  
Yes?  
No, the pay's over.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They've left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They've left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They've left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They've left.  
How come they left?  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They've left.  
Empty house, no song, no sonata.  
Empty house, no song, no sonata.  
Ramu's left behind,  
the rest have left.  
They've left.  
Banerjee, Ahuja and Khambatta.

Banerjee, Ahuja and Khambatta.  
Saying goodbye and ta ta.  
They've all left.  
They've left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
The philosophy of life,  
let me simplify.  
Life is too shod,  
live it before you die.  
It's a non-stop pay for all,  
I believe.  
| agree!  
You eat, you drink and then you leave.  
You eat, you drink and then you leave.  
A life is a good life only if...  
A life is a good life only if...  
Without a wince, you ate,  
you drank, you left.  
Empty house, no song, no sonata.  
Empty house, no song, no sonata.  
Ramu's left behind, rest have left.  
They've left.  
Really?  
They've left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They ate, they drank, they left.  
They've left.  
Do... Do... Do you know him?  
Professor Bagchi?  
Professor Bagchi is your father?  
Yes. He is... T... T...  
He is Tutifuti?  
- Y... Yes.  
You know...  
I don't believe it.  
'Puru | ia Arms Drop Bagchi'  
is your father?  
Such a small world.  
Step back. Move!  
A shower of weapons in broad daylight.  
17th December...

- We didn't call him  
Bad Luck Bagchi for nothing.

- With him around, you could be assured  
that trouble would follow.  
Not sure, if that was  
his bad luck or good luck.  
But, had he not have been there,  
the world would have never known  
about the Purulia arms drop episode.  
Once Bagchi set his mind  
on something; that was it.  
He said, this incident appeared  
in front of the world by accident.  
Otherwise, such cases  
would have continued undiscovered.  
Imagine, a single man alone,  
exposed an international conspiracy!  
And spilled it out  
on to the streets of Kolkata.  
A foreign aircraft enters  
Indian airspace  
openly drops arms  
and doesn't get detected?  
How can that happen without someone  
from the inside being involved?  
And you won't print it?  
Sir, I'll lose my job.  
And... the plane's pilot...  
Kim Davey.  
He crossed the border in a VIP car.  
Think about it.

- I'm sorry, sir.  
But, he is right.  
We need facts.  
And to print such a thing,  
we need some proof.  
Proof?  
I'll get you proof.  
Sir...  
-Sir...  
No, no. I'll get you the proof.  
Print the story after that.  
- Sir, please listen to us.  
And from then on Bagchi-sir

set out to find evidence.  
He would send his student, Samrat  
with the evidence.  
Which I kept publishing.  
As he got deeper into the case,  
names of bigger fish started emerging.  
Obviously, these powerful people  
had a problem with him.  
Then one day, Samrat didn't turn up.  
The Police turned up  
the next morning.  
The Sinha that you talk about,  
was an Investigating Officer.  
He was on the Purulia arms drop case.  
Yes, but he was thrown out  
of the bureau a while back.  
Corruption charges.  
So then, what secret mission?  
No, it was Sinha's  
conspiracy for treason.  
He handpicked seven,  
tested and tried men.  
Happy birthday to you.  
Happy birthday to you.  
All were bumped off, except Tutifuti,  
the thorn in his side.  
No, I'm sorry].  
But, how do you know  
Bagchi-sir is alive?  
The photograph  
of the charred body was fake.  
Never has Tutifuti worn  
canvas shoes to date.  
Moombaka's mention alerted Sinha.  
He was worried about  
exposing his mission.  
Like the Iie he sought  
had been caught.  
How do you know about Moombaka?  
ISD.  
The code?  
Whose murder was Bagchi charged with?  
Our friend, Samrat.  
Unfortunately, I was the one

to write out his last ston].  
Stop the car!  
Open the boot.  
It is open.  
Hey. hey. Stop!  
Don't let him get away.  
Gautam Buddha drew  
a red circle and said,  
"If two people are destined  
to be together,  
they will come into this red circle,  
meet and will never ever separate."  
Like us.  
This is me...  
This is you.  
Jagga, you don't need to convince me.  
If it weren't for you,  
I'd be in jail.  
If you need me, I'm there.  
Yes, sir.  
Really?  
Thank you.  
He said that the passport  
and visa would be done.  
Your clue?  
H... Hotel...  
Agapastala.  
And plan?  
Y...You.  
To search for a man in Moombaka  
with just his phone number...  
is like looking for the Taj Mahal  
in Kolkata.  
T... T... T...  
Taxi.  
Taxi.  
T... T... T...  
Tutifuti?  
T... T... Tutifuti.  
Come with me.  
How will I be of any help?  
Am I a genie?  
Taxi.  
No, a carbon copy.

- Carbon what?  
Of my dad.  
- Taxi.  
Taxi.  
Taxi.  
What do you mean that  
I'm a copy of your father?  
C... C... C...  
Cause you both  
are bad lucky.  
Just come along, Hun.  
A web of bad luck will be spun.  
And the Taj Mahal  
will come to Kolkata, it'll be done.  
Cause you both  
are bad lucky.  
Bad luck, huh?  
We won't find Tutifuti.  
Instead, you will be doomed  
with my bad luck.  
No... no!  
In Ukhrul, you got stuck.  
Your bad luck  
was my good luck.  
We were meant to meet.  
You'll take me to my dad,  
the journey... complete.  
Cause you both  
are bad lucky.  
I never thought  
you could be this illogical!  
I've studied the science of bad luck,  
through and through.  
Just trust in me  
and I guarantee.  
What nonsense!  
The banana peel,  
that made my father slip...  
Now, the same peel  
will make you flip.  
Cause you both  
are bad lucky.  
Cause you both  
are bad lucky.

Theon/ won't do.  
Prove it, practically.  
Then, I'll believe you.  
C... C... Cool.  
36 eggs, one is cracked.  
You will pick that one, I'm sure.  
My dad's bad luck is same as yours,  
you'll be drawn towards  
the broken egg's allure.  
Cause you are  
that bad lucky.  
Cause you both  
are bad lucky.  
Cause you both  
are bad lucky.  
No, sir.  
We've checked the school,  
hostel, even/where.  
No luck.  
Why am I not surprised?  
But, sir. I've got interesting news.  
Last month in Burma...  
- Sir, here. Have some hot tea.  
the arms racket bust,  
was Jaggafs 110N19-  
This means that the tape  
is definitely with him.  
And if he didn't have the tape,  
he would never have been able  
to figure out the Burma route.  
Anything else?  
And sir, a journalist from Kolkata  
was with him.  
Shruti. Shruti Sengupta.  
Shruti Sengupta, sir.  
Shruti Sengupta.  
Can't believe I'm doing this.  
If your bad luck theon/ backfires,  
don't blame me.  
Pray that the plane takes off safely.  
S... S... Seat-belt.  
30f"!-  
Sir.  
Sir, the tape.

It happens, sir.  
Welcome to Moombaka. | You want my gun?  
Hey! What is this?  
You are damaging my car!  
Will you buy me a new car?  
What is wrong with you?  
What are you doing?  
Shooting.  
What did I tell you to do?  
Did I ask you to shoot  
or follow them?  
Shoot.  
Huh?  
Follow?  
Where?  
Hotel Agapastala.  
Which Agapastala?  
What do you mean which Agapastala?  
Beside Labambala.  
You mean there are more than one?  
How many Agapastalas are there?  
100 total.  
In the Moombaka nation.  
What?  
No, no, 98.  
I hope you're joking, right?  
Even/thing's set.  
I swear to God.  
Oh, you're such a fraud.  
Just like even] African jungle  
has a deer named Impala.  
Come to the point.  
Similarly, in Moombaka at even] turn  
there's a Hotel Agapastala.  
Beside Labambala?  
Why didn't you tell me before?  
- You never asked me before.  
Hotel Agapastala?  
Yes, Agapastala.  
- Yes, Agapastala.  
Okay... okay.  
Yes. Tell me, Gupta.  
Sir, we've found the tape.  
What are you saying?



Are you sure it's the right tape?  
Did you check it?  
Sinha, Ahuja here.  
I saw your tape. All okay.  
Sinha, just get rid of these two kids.  
Sir, but...  
the deal was for the tape.  
Not to get rid of them.  
Your family is waiting  
for you in Nainital.  
And you want to play deal or no deal?  
Well you are absolutely right, sir.  
Alright.  
I will finish the job and then return.  
Give me the gun.  
The small one, please.  
Shall I go, sir?  
Last chance.  
Sir.  
Sit right here.  
No, I don't know.  
Passport  
These two?  
Money?  
In my b89-  
Why does it go where it shouldn't?  
This head's a fool.  
Why then/ a fractured destiny?  
This head's a fool.  
Why does it go where it shouldn't?  
This head's a fool.  
Why then/ a fractured destiny?  
This head's a fool.  
Senseless are its ways.  
Knowingly invites trouble grave.  
In a flash it comes and goes,  
this head is like small change.  
Why does it go where it shouldn't?  
This head's a fool.  
It's confused.  
It believes in friendship.  
Lost in the colors of friendship.  
Drenched in love.  
Can't escape it,

can't let it go.  
Makes castles in the air,  
this head's a king's lair.  
Why does it go where it shouldn't?  
This head's a fool.  
M... M... My lips were dn].  
Please get me one omlette.  
They have taken this route.  
I know where they are going.  
Shundi.  
Search the whole place.  
Across 56 hotels,  
the search is complete.  
20 more to go,  
the target is close.  
Just two days more!  
Sorn], Jagga-  
It's not going to work.  
I'm going back to India.  
You said that you'll be  
there for me when I need you.  
Live up to your promise.  
Just two days more!  
Listen, I'm here to help you.  
But, I have a problem with your ways.  
Okay?  
What about money?  
No problem, honey.  
The police are chasing us.  
They'll never catch us, no way.  
Jagga, they even shot at us.  
But failed miserably, didn't they?  
Do you think this is a joke?  
You think I'm going to spend my life  
dancing with you  
in the streets of Moombaka?  
If there is a slightest chance  
that Tutifuti is alive,  
then even that is good enough  
for me to find him.  
Who can understand better  
as to how I feel, other than you.  
You, who still celebrates  
your dead boyfriend's bihday, too.

S... S... S...  
30f"!-  
Don't be.  
It's true.  
Thanks.  
Sorn]... sorn].  
No one can replace Akash.  
Akash?  
| \ /I... me?  
What tangent.)  
What?  
One... day, please.  
24 hours.  
Not even 24 seconds.  
Then, tell me...  
What I have been saying all along.  
We don't know anyone here.  
So, let us go to the embassy first.  
Okay.  
Now.  
Now?  
O... O... Okay.  
S... S... S...  
Why don't you put a signboard there?  
Sorn], sir. Relax.  
Relax.  
R... R... Relax?  
There's no railing.  
Anyone can fall.  
No, no. Nobody falls.  
This city,  
all building, same architecture.  
Same style, same steps.  
Look.  
Only that Indian upstairs.  
- Sabaka!  
Indian, what?  
Sorn], madam. Relax.  
Are you making fun of Indians?  
No... no.  
No. I want to know.  
These boys say,  
they've been working for 20 years,  
no one has ever fallen down.

But this year, two people fell down.

Both Indian.

T... T... T...

No. Not this person.

That man had a beard.

Yes... yes.

From 3rd July to 20th July.

Mr. B. B. Bagchi.

From India.

He stayed here?

Strange man.

Went out and came back

at the oddest hours.

Where did he go?

Shundi.

Hey, freeze!

Yeah, okay.

It's been a long chase.

How you've made me run!

Did you find Bagchi?

You know what?

I shou | d've killed

you that day itself.

Cunning, aren't you?

You made a guess?

"Bagchi's a | ive."

Is he?

| ... | ...

I agree that I bluffed.

You, too, tried.

And fed me some lies.

With a fake photo that implied,

a living man is dead.

The one I seek,

is the one you want to find.

We both have only Tutifuti

on our mind.

I guessed it right.

Guessed it right.

Oh my, Bull's eye!

I guessed it right.

Oh my, Bull's eye!

Caught even] sin,

wiped off your grin.

Oh my, Bull's eye!  
You can't do jack!  
Your guess was right, I agree.  
Dead or alive,  
Bagchi is no use to me.  
You going back to India,  
is a threat to me.  
Hence, I won't let you go soot-free.  
Kill him.  
All of you...  
kill him, kill him, kill him.  
If you let us go,  
I will marn/ all of you!  
Should I make another guess?  
- Go ahead.  
Operation Weapons Drop was a sham.  
You needed six more like Bagchi  
to make a spy QTOUP.  
Yes, I had to scam.  
With information about the big fish,  
you planned to make money and scam.  
- Yes, true.  
Politicians, businessmen,  
Defence Ministers were blackmailed.  
But, this time your plan failed.  
The incorrect tape ended up wrong.  
And Bagchi flew along.  
Mistake.  
Our bones you want to break,  
cause your life's at stake.  
We both know Bagchi's  
alive and kicking.  
You're right, again.  
Your guess, and mine  
Oh my, Bull's eye!  
Your guess, and mine  
Oh my, Bull's eye!  
How much you sing!  
It's so irritating.  
Kill him, kill him, kill him!  
Kill him now.  
Your guess, and mine  
Oh my, Bull's eye!  
Your guess, and mine

Oh my, Bull's eye!  
Caught even] sin,  
wiped off your grin.  
Oh my, Bull's eye!  
What? Tick tack toe?  
Look in the back.  
Ludo?  
He was in a car accident.  
The car crashed into a tree. Boom!  
He left this behind when he left.  
To get to Bashir Alexander  
was our mission.  
But Sinha was actually  
using us to get information.  
If it weren't for these tribal folk,  
I'd be dead, like the rest of my team.  
And if I'm alive, it's because  
there is a purpose:  
I want to tell the world  
and expose this illegal arms racket.  
Bashir-Alexander are not two,  
but one man.  
In 1960, he was born in Afghanistan.  
He was a normal child  
but had two heads.  
He was a child when his father sold  
him to the traveling Russian circus.  
Soon he ousted the owner  
and became the boss - the king.  
No one has ever seen him since.  
He went underground.  
A foreign arms facton/  
was to be auctioned.  
There was just one bidder.  
Bashir-Alexander.  
CIA, KGB, RAW... none ofthem  
even have a picture of him.  
But even] three years,  
in an underground arms fair,  
people say, you can  
spot Bashir-Alexander.  
This time, this Fair of Death  
will be in Moombaka.  
He will come in his old circus train.

Next Saturday, from Tiktiki station.  
Come what may,  
I have to catch this train.  
They've come.  
Run... run!  
Get out of here!  
They are here!  
Come with me.  
Please come. Fast... fast!  
Excuse me.  
What time was the last train  
from here?

**10:**

To where?  
Moombaka border.  
When is the next train?  
- None... only one private train.  
Where has it reached?  
The circus train... must be here.  
He's saying it was a circus train.  
Yes, a circus train. Look.  
How much time do you need  
to get there?  
About one day's journey.  
Hey!  
That's my scooter.  
That's my scooter... my scooter!  
Oh my God!  
I'll kill both of you!  
S... Sit in the front.  
T... T... The controls on this plane  
are in the back.  
Where did you learn to fly a plane?  
| ... | ... | ...  
In the Iibran].  
- What?  
Oh, no!  
To your left.  
- What is it?  
Accelerator.  
- My left?  
Yes, your left.  
- Where?

Not there?

- Got it.

Next?

Pressure check.

- Done.

Push the rudder?

- Pushed.

Up stick.

- What stick?

That stick?

- Yes, stick

Get it?

- Got it.

Rocket.

- Rocket?

Incoming!

- Oh no, we're dead.

How does this fly?

- 120.

How does this fly?

- At 120.

What at 120?

- It flies.

F | y, fly!

Fingers and toes crossed.

Take off! Take off!

How will we land now?

I'll just turn even/thing off.

Hurn/ up! Come out!

What were you doing inside?

Is this a joke?

Special mention for India,  
a flourishing market.

Thank you, Mr. Sameer Jung.

- Cheers!

Our ven/ active agent

in the Indian subcontinent.

Congratulations!

Where had we reached

in this search for Tutifuti?

In the Fair of Death,

an exhibition of weaponn].

No friend, no foe,

just simple principles.



Get the world to fight,  
as they grease their pockets.  
Divide to sell arms,  
sell arms to divide.  
One day we will be extinct  
like the dinosaurs.  
9/11, World Trade Center,  
New York City.  
26/11, Mumbai Terror Attacks.  
Idi Amin, Saddam Hussein,  
Hafeez Saeed, Mugabe,  
ISIS, LTTE, Laskar-e-Toiba,  
Boko Haram, Casa Al Qaida, Fatwa.  
Atomic Bomb, TSA, RN-Hydrogen,  
Bio-Chemical War, Mass Destruction  
Iraq, Kashmir, Yemen, Syria  
Palestine, Libya, Egypt...  
In this Fair of Death,  
Tutifuti was somewhere.  
Did he even come here?  
We were unaware.  
Jagga was faced with two options:  
Either continue to search for Tutifuti  
which was his mission.  
Or complete Tutifuti's mission.  
Let's go.  
Tutifuti?  
If... If it was him here, he would...  
Let's go.  
Hands up!  
Hands up! Freeze!  
Do you still have faith  
in your bad luck theon]?)  
Y...Y...Yes.  
Run... run!  
Hey, stop.  
He's Qone crazy!  
T... T... T...  
T... T... T...  
T... T... T...  
J... J... J...  
Ch... Chocolatey Chunnu...  
He's an imp, a moppet...  
A goafs furn/ poppet-

He's got tiny...  
Biscuita Bunu  
He's Chunu's paPPV,  
he's tall n strappy.  
With button-y eyes  
and a moustache that's quite sappy.  
T... T... T... Tuti...  
In breaking news...  
an anonymous video  
surfaced last night...  
Bashir-Alexander, the most dreaded  
arms dealer in the world...  
Bashir-Alexander...  
The source of the video  
is not known yet.  
But the video is genuine,  
and so is our intention  
to fight global terrorism.  
I want to travel,  
with you as my guide.  
My destination  
is where you reside.  
May your glow,  
Iight up my 1133/5-  
Wherever you are,  
is where my head stays.  
Not a soul around,  
we are all alone.  
Don't ever leave me,  
don't leave me Iovelorn.  
Jagga, We love you!  
How wonderful it would be,  
if sweets came out of a box of guns?  
And bombs were filled with  
chocolate cream?  
One box had cakes, the other guns.  
Jagga just switched the covers  
and won this war!  
What happened to the lights?