

HUNGAMA HAI KYON BARPA

From the Netflix anthology 'Ray'

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Based on Barin Bhowmik's Ailment by Satyajit Ray

EXT. BHOPAL RAILWAY STATION, PLATFORM - DAY

MEET Raju Shahwani aka MUSAFIR ALI (42). Medium build, dressed in traditional *Lakhnawi* kurta-payjama and shawl with a smart sharp moustache.

Humming a tune to himself, Musafir is about to enter the First Class Compartment when he spots -

A small group of YOUNG WOMEN, twenties, getting off the train. The women see him and whisper amongst themselves.

Musafir poses for them as if lost in the ghazal and the reservation chart. He succeeds.

The women turn around and come closer to him.

WOMAN 1

Haaye.. ye to vohi hain.

Musafir smiles in style.

WOMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Aap... Musafir Ali hai na?

MUSAFIR

(poetic)

*Poochhte hai voh ki Ghalib kaun
hai, koi batlaye ki hum batlaye
kya...*

WOMAN 2

Maine to avaaaz se hi pehchaan liya
tha.

WOMAN 1

85 mein aapka Ravindra Bhavan mein
concert hua tha tab se aapke fan
hain.

WOMAN 2

Aap ki har cassette hai humare
paas.

MUSAFIR

Zarra-nawazi ka shukriya...

Woman 1 fishes in her bag and comes out with her railway ticket. She offers it to Musafir to sign his autograph. Musafir obliges - he takes out a fancy fountain pen and signs his name in Urdu.

The other woman feels a bit jealous - she offers her hand to him.

Musafir holds her hand and signs on it, all the while staring flirtatiously at her eyes through her *niqab*.

The women start to leave.

MUSAFIR (CONT'D)
Zindagi rahi to phir kahin mulaqat
hogi.

FEMALE2
Aamin!

FEMALE1
Summa Amin!

The train whistles. Musafir gets into his cabin.

INT. TRAIN, FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

Musafir enters the cabin still blushing because of the encounter with the women. He puts his luggage on the berth and looks at the mirror inside the cabin.

Checks himself out. Runs his hand through his hair as he hums the melody. Then all of a sudden -

He addresses the mirror as if he is in front of his audience -

MUSAFIR
Khawatin-o-hazraat, aaj ke Bhopal
se Delhi tak ke iss mubarak safar
mein, main Musafir Ali aapka
istaqbaal karta hu...

Applause! It transports him into a surreal concert -

TRANSITION TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Applause of a large audience. The two women we just met are in the front row. Musafir walks to the microphone on the stage. The tabla and sarangi player sit behind.

MUSAFIR
(to his audience)
Aaj ki is haseen-o-jameel mahefil
ka aagaz mai Faraz saab ke ek sher
ke karna chahunga... ki...
*Kisi ko ghar se nikalte hi mil gayi
manzil...*

(MORE)

MUSAFIR (CONT'D)

*Koi humari tarah, umr bhar safar
mein raha...*

Applause again -

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

Musafir comes out of his trance and starts to arrange his luggage.

He seems to be a man with good taste. The objects in his case are rather unique and expensive - an imported cigarette carton, snazzy zippo lighter, Hotshot camera, sunglasses etc.

Just as the train moves, the door of the cabin opens and his fellow passenger walks in - BAIG, 54, strong, heavy and muscular.

Musafir smiles at him casually at first and then stops. The man seems familiar. Baig too, looks at Musafir as if he has seen him before.

Baig and he stare at each other, struggling to remember in silence. Finally -

BAIG

Hi, myself Aslam Baig...

MUSAFIR

Musafir Ali...

BAIG

Lagta hai... aapko...

MUSAFIR

Mujhe bhi lag raha hai... aapko kahin...

BAIG

...zaroor dekha hai.

MUSAFIR

Kahan dekha hai?

Musafir strains hard to remember -

MUSAFIR (CONT'D)

Kahan...

(chutki baja ke)

Ravindra bhavan mein!

BAIG
Arre nahi sahab, udhar kabhi gaya
hi nahi main.

MUSAFIR
Toh phir...?
(confidently)
Shadaab bhai! Bhopal housing board
wale! Hai na?

BAIG
Kuchh galatfehmi ho ri hai miyan...
Bhopal se nahane nichodne ka bhi
vasta ni hai mera.

Musafir nods and gives up.

MUSAFIR
Khair, safar-e-taveel me yaad aa hi
jayega.

BAIG
Kahan yaad aa jayega?

MUSAFIR
Safar-e-taveel, matlab lambe safar
mein yaad aa hi jayega.

BAIG
Haan to aise urdu me boliye na...

MUSAFIR
(smirks)
Vaise kahan tak jaa rahe hai aap?

BAIG
Dilli.

MUSAFIR
Phir toh saath mein hi hain...
mozoon waqt hai...

BAIG
(sarcastically)
Mozoon ka toh pata nahi, par time
hai kaafi...

They smile at each other and get comfortable on their berths.

The ATTENDANT walks in with the blankets. He recognizes
Musafir -

ATTENDANT

Huzur, gustakhi muaf... aap vohi
hai naa...
(sings)
Kal chaudvin ki raat thi...

MUSAFIR

(obliging)
Shab bhar raha charcha tera...

ATTENDANT

(fanboying)
Takiye se le ke tequila tak kisi
bhi cheez ki zaroorat ho toh bas,
yaad kar lijiyega...

BAIG

Filhal sirf chai le aana... doodh
separate.

Attendant doesn't like it. Scowls at Baig as he leaves.

BAIG (CONT'D)

(to Musafir)
Toh tum vohi ho miyan, voh cassette
wale...

MUSAFIR

(does an *adaab*)
Janaab.

BAIG

Begum badi fan hain tumhari. Sara
din tumhari ghazalein suna karti
hai.. voh kya cassette hai tumhara -
paakhana...?

MUSAFIR

Paimana.

BAIG

Han vohi vohi...

MUSAFIR

Vohi nahi janab, paimana sharab ke
liye hota hai aur paakhana pashaab
ke liye... alag hai dono.

BAIG

Arre baba, jo bhi ho avaaaz toh
tumhari hi hai na? Aur voh vala to
hum bhi rum ke sath sunte hain...
voh kya hai? Main takra ke pi
gaya... chakra ke pi gaya...

MUSAFIR

Mai talkhi-e-hayaat se ghabra ke pi gaya, gham ki siyaah raat se ghabra ke pi gaya.

BAIG

Yaar... ye kuchh bhi kar ke PI JAANE ka jazba humein bada pasand hai... favorite gajal hai humari.

MUSAFIR

Aap akele nahi hai, humari ye ghazal Ghulam Ali saab ko bhi badi pasand hai... Unhone jab Dilli me humein live suna tha, toh backstage pe aa kar gale laga liya...

He puts his hand inside his bag and takes out a little box.

MUSAFIR (CONT'D)

Aur phir, khud Ghulam Ali saab ne khush ho ke apni angoothi nikal ke de di humein.

Baig looks at the ring and smiles.

BAIG

Ghulam Ali, voh Pakistan ka fast bowler na? Outswing acchi maarta hai...

MUSAFIR

(sarcastic smile)

Ji outswing ka toh pata nahi, ghazalein achhi gaate hain...

BAIG

(smiles, extends his hand)

Chaliye, glad to meet you. Begum sunegi toh khush ho jayegi.

Musafir smiles and shakes his hand.

Just then attendant comes in with the tea. Two cheap cups and one tea pot, with milk on side.

Baig takes out a magazine - *Bhartiya Kushti Patrika* - from his bag and puts it on the table. Then pours his tea in a cup and takes out a small rusted metal box from his bag. It has dried lime slices. He puts it in his black tea.

Musafir watches this as if trying to remember something.

MUSAFIR

Ye... kya... cheez hai?

BAIG

Arre ye? Chai noomi basra...

MUSAFIR

Chai noomi...?

BAIG

Arbastani chai... Chai me sookhe
nimbu ke tukde dalte hai... tum
logay? Arre lo na... try toh karo.

Baig offers him the dry lemon slices but Musafir freezes.

FLASH CUT

Baig, younger, from ten years ago, offering him the dried
lime pieces -

YOUNG BAIG

Arre try toh karo... Humari Ammi
bade chaav se piya karti thi... tab
se humein bhi chaska lag gaya...
tum bhi lo... try karo.

BACK TO:

PRESENT

The memory makes Musafir uncomfortable. He glances at Baig
sheepishly.

Baig has poured the tea for him. He takes the cup and
mindlessly sips it. Keeps the cup on Baig's magazine.

BAIG

Arre kya kar rahe ho miyan? Chai
rakhne ki tikli nahi hai...
Hindustani kushti ka sab se famous
magazine hai...

MUSAFIR

Er... muaaf kijiyege.

BAIG

Lagta hai kushti se zyada pyar nahi
hai tumhe...

MUSAFIR

Ji nahi... magar lagta hai aapko
bada shauq hai...

BAIG
(smiles)
Jenga ka naam suna hai?

MUSAFIR
Jenga?

BAIG
Rustam-e-patparganj, Karkardooma kesari - Jenga Pehelwan.

MUSAFIR
(controlled panic)
J...? Ji... hum to suron ke sath kushti khelte hai. Jismani kushti se zyada paala pada nahi kabhi...

BAIG
Ye humara hi naam tha. Voh kya kehte hai... voh apne kya bolte hai... takalluf...

MUSAFIR
Takhallus -

BAIG
Exactly miyan, takalluf tha humara... nickname. Ye Baig toh hum baad mein bane. Duniya toh humein Jenga Pehelwan ke naam se hi jaanti thi. Dilli se le kar Aagre tak charche thay humare dhobhi pachhaad ke... lekin miyan... waqt jo hai na... badi kutti cheez hai... aise palat-ta hai ki poori baazi palat deta hai...

Suddenly Baig turns to Musafir, stares into him with a furious intensity.

BAIG (CONT'D)
Lekin tu ye mat samajh ki dus saal guzar gaye hain toh ye Jenga tujhe pehchaan nahi payega. Arre tere jaise ghaleez insaano ki toh main rag rag se waakif hu saale... toonay sirf mere jigar ke tukde, mere *Khushbakht* ko mere se judaa nahi kiya, toonay toh meri kismat mein sendh maari hai bhen-ke-take!

Baig grabs Musafir angrily as he cowers -

BAIG (CONT'D)
Teri maa ka...

As he lands a heavy punch on Musafir's face -

BACK TO:

Musafir recovers from his waking nightmare. He feels uneasy - breathing heavily, beads of perspiration on his forehead.

MUSAFIR
Er... voh... main abhi aata hun.

Musafir rushes out. A beat on Baig.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Musafir walks through the passage and locks himself up in the washroom.

Washes his face and looks into the mirror.

MUSAFIR
Khawatino hazaraat, ye to vohi
mohtaram hai jinki Khushbakht humne
aaj se 10 saal pehle uda li thi...
Agar aapko ye lagta hai ki ye unki
beti ya begum ka naam hai toh aisa
nahi hai... Waise bhi mera itni
gustakhi karne ka gooda bhi nahi
hai. Goya... Khushbakht unki GHADI
ka naam hai..

Camera goes around him, as we -

TRANSITION TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Musafir talks to his audience from the stage.

MUSAFIR
Aur voh ghadi... arre kya kahun kya
ghadi! Aisi ghadi jiski dhadkan
sunn ke aapke dil ki dhadkane tham
jaayen. Khuda na kare, par Baig
saab ko gar voh vaakya yaad aa gaya
toh... toh koi baat nahi... Bas ye
hai ki jaan ka khatra hai...

(MORE)

MUSAFIR (CONT'D)

Lekin hum 10 saal pehle jo thay voh
 ab nahi hai... tab humein ek la-
 ilaaj rog tha... kya naam tha uss
 namakool-o-manhoos marz ka? Yaad
 nahi aa raha... Voh kehte hai na,
 ki -

(poetic)

*Jinko sochte thay subah-o-shaam, ab
 voh yaad nahi,
 kya tha uss marz ka naam, ab voh
 yaad nahi...*

Applause.

Adjacent to the microphone is a door, just like the door of
 the bathroom in the train. Musafir finishes his piece and
 opens the door -

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT, WASHROOM - FLASHBACK

Musafir comes out of the washroom and walks to the first
 class cabin.

This is a YOUNGER Musafir, from TEN YEARS AGO. He looks
 radically different - a *haji* beard and traditionally attired
 in a skull cap and pyjama up to his ankles.

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT, CABIN - DAY

Young Musafir enters the cabin which looks like it could do
 with some maintenance work.

A YOUNGER Baig is making his lemon tea.

YOUNG BAIG

Hi, myself Aslam Baig...

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Raju Shahwani...

YOUNG BAIG

Toh Raju miyan, aap ye chai noomi
 basra piyenge?

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Chai kya?

YOUNG BAIG

Arbastani chai... Chai me sookhe
 nimbu ke tukde dalte hai... lo try
 karo.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Ji nahi... shukriya.

YOUNG BAIG
(shrugs)
Ok... Vaise karte kya ho?

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Koshish...

YOUNG BAIG
Bahut achhe, kaahe ki koshish?

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Bas yoon samajhiye ki tapte
registan mein naukri naam ke
darakht ko dhoondhne ki kavayat
chal rahi hai.

YOUNG BAIG
(puzzled)
Naukri hi dhoondh rahe ho na?

Musafir nods.

YOUNG BAIG (CONT'D)
Toh registan me kyu dhoondh rahe
ho? Sheher me dhoondho, batheri
padi hain.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
(smirks)
Sheher bhi toh ek registan hi hai.

YOUNG BAIG
Kaan hota hai na? Kaan... usse aise
hi pakdta jata hai...
(holds his ear)
Agar aise pakdoge...
(holds the other ear round
his head)
Toh nahi milegi naukri... tajurbe
se bata rahe hain.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Ji shukriya.

Musafir takes out a book from his bag - *Saare sukhan humare*
by Faiz Ahmed Faiz. Baig observes him and takes out -
Bhartiya kushti patrika.

YOUNG MUSAFIR (CONT'D)
Vaise aap kya karte hai?

YOUNG BAIG
 (shows him the magazine)
 Sports journalist... kushti ke
 baare mein likhta hun.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 Haan.. ye magazine dekh ke laga ki
 aapko kushti ka shauq hoga...

YOUNG BAIG
 Amaa shauk kaha miyan, junoon
 kahiye junoon.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 Achha?

YOUNG BAIG
 Jenga ka naam suna hai?

Musafir shakes his head.

YOUNG BAIG (CONT'D)
Rustam-e-patparganj, Karkardooma
kesari - hum Jenga Pehelwan ki baat
 kar rahe hain.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 Ji hum to mausiqi ke aadmi hai, voh
 koshish bhi chal hi rahi hai
 hamari. Pehelwano ke baare mein
 zara kam hi suna hai humne.

YOUNG BAIG
 Baig to hum baad me bane, duniya
 toh humein Jenga Pehelwan ke naam
 se hi jaanti thi. Dilli se le kar
 Aagre tak charche thay humare
 dhobhi pachaad ke.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 To phir aap kushti chhod ke
 journalism mein kaise...?

YOUNG BAIG
Rustam-e-hind Dara Singh ki
 meherbani se.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 Achha...

YOUNG BAIG
 Unn se match ho gaya tha humara.
 Ring me aaye toh unko dekh ke laga
 ki koi imaat khadi hai.

(MORE)

YOUNG BAIG (CONT'D)

Gaur se dekha... toh jaana ke
khidki-vidki toh hai hi nahi -
matlab insaan hi hai...

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Phir?

YOUNG BAIG

Maine toh unhe insaan maan liya,
par Dara Singh ne mujhe insaan nahi
mana...

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Matlab?

YOUNG BAIG

Unhone shayad mujhe kisi khatoon ka
ghaghra maan liya tha.

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Kya?

YOUNG BAIG

Ghaghra... dhobi jaise ghaghre ko
patthar pe patakta hai, vaise Dara
singh ne humein ring me patka
aur... KADAAAANK! Aisi aavaz aai...
Reedh toot gayi aur kushti chhoot
gayi... lekin chull nahi chhooti.

YOUNG MUSAFIR

*Chhoot-ti nahi hai kaafir, ye muh
se lagi hui...*

YOUNG BAIG

Ye baat!

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Waqt *istree* ki tarah hota hai Baig
saab... dheere dheere ranjisho ki
sari silvato ko mita deta hai...

YOUNG BAIG

(chuckles)

Waqt *istree* ki tarah nahi, *stree* ki
tarah hota hai... Khoobsurat.

Baig puts his hand in his bag and takes out a gorgeous
antique pocket watch.

Intricate design, golden chain and inscribed with Persian
numbers, the watch is a sight to behold.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
(stunned)
Mashaallah !

YOUNG BAIG
Khushbakht kehte hain issay.

Musafir is mesmerized by the beauty of the watch.

The opening lines of the ghazal, '*Hungama hai kyun barpa' - Main teri masst nigahon ka bharam rakh loonga, hosh aaya bhi toh keh doonga mujhe hosh nahi'* - play in Musafir's head.

YOUNG BAIG (CONT'D)
Kisi nazneen se kam nahi hai ye
miyan. Raaz ki baat ye hai ki ye
sirf waqt dikhati nahi, waqt
badalti bhi hai...

He gives the watch to Musafir. As Musafir holds the watch -

FLASH CUT

SURREAL AUDITORIUM

The opening lines of the ghazal is followed by a symphony in harmonium. Musafir is transported to a dark spotlit stage and the pocket watch - his muse in his hands.

He holds the dial of the watch in his left hand and the chain extends to his right hand and he waltzes to the tune.

The lights come on the stage. It is dressed up like a first class cabin. Baig sits on his 'berth' as he narrates his story -

YOUNG BAIG (V.O.)
Reedh ki haddi mein daraar thi,
Jenga Pehelwan ko zindagi ne dhobi
pachhad de diya tha. Doodh ke badle
sharaab peene laga tha. Aise buray
waqt mein purana khandani ghar bhi
khali karna pad gaya... Ghar khali
karte waqt, tahkhane se abbu ka ek
purana sandook nikla... aur uss
sandook se nikal ke ye Khushbakht
meri zindagi mein aayi..

Baig takes the watch from Musafir who parts with it reluctantly.

YOUNG BAIG

Aur Khushbakht ne mera waqt badal
diya.. mujhe naya rasta dikha, main
sports journalism mein aaya aur
kismat phir se patri par aa gayi..

Musafir sits on his berth. Still looks at the watch with the
eyes of a young lover.

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Gulzar saab hotay to unke mooh se
nikal jata - *Ghadi re ghadi, kaisi
gale mein padi..* kya aala-tareen
cheez hai ye. Subhan allah!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT, WASHROOM - DAY

The young Musafir splashes water on his face.

Suddenly the train comes to a halt with a jolt.

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT, PASSAGE - DAY

Musafir comes out of the washroom and bumps into Baig.

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Kya hua?

YOUNG BAIG

Lagta hai kisi kambakhat-maare ne
chain khinch li hai... main zara
dekh ke aata hun.

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Main bhi packing kar leta hun train
chali to 2 minute mein station aa
jayega.

Baig nods and goes to the door. Musafir goes to the cabin.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Musafir starts to pack.

He stops, looks at Baig's bag on his berth. The one with
Khushbakht in it.

Without wasting much time thinking over it, Musafir opens the bag and fishes for the watch.

INTERCUT

AGRA OUTER

Baig walks back to the compartment. He climbs up.

BACK TO:

CABIN

Musafir finds the watch. He hesitates for a second.

PASSAGE / WASHROOM

Baig washes his hands at the washbasin.

CABIN

Musafir decides against stealing and puts the watch back in Baig's bag. Sweat beads on his forehead.

PASSAGE

Baig gets out of the washroom and walks to the cabin.

CABIN

Musafir was about to zip up his bag but makes a swift last minute decision. He jumps into Baig's bag, takes out the watch and keeps it in his bag. Just then, Baig walks in.

Musafir looks visibly nervous.

YOUNG BAIG

Kya hua?

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Er... v... voh aa gaya.

YOUNG BAIG

Kaun?

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Station... aa gaya...

YOUNG BAIG
Tumhe dekh ke toh lag raha hai ki
qayamat ka din aa gaya.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
(nervous chuckle)
Hehehe... Achha chalta hun.

He starts to leave.

YOUNG BAIG
(stern)
RUKO!

Musafir freezes.

YOUNG BAIG (CONT'D)
Kuchh bhool toh nahi rahe ho?

YOUNG MUSAFIR
K... kya?

Baig turns him around. Musafir is shivering.

YOUNG BAIG
(jovially)
Arre bhai kuchh goodbye, tata,
alvida, shabba khair bologe ki aise
hi muh utha ke chale jaaoge?

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Er... haan... Alvida...

He leaves with a nervous smile.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAY

Musafir is walking out of the station but the excitement of the recent event seems to be getting to him. He perspires heavily, so much so that his kurta seems soaking wet.

As he exits the station building, Musafir starts to wheeze uncontrollably.

The world dims in his eyes as Musafir collapses.

INT. JALAALI SHIFAKHANA - DAY

ECU of Musafir's eye. A torch light on it.

HAKIM SAAB, sixties, dignified, long grey beard and Gandhi glasses on his nose, finishes examining Musafir.

HAKIM

Hmmm... Toh aapne voh ghadi utha li
aur apne paas rakh li...

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Huh... haan...

HAKIM

Aise hi?

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Aise hi? Matlab?

HAKIM

Matlab miyan ek cheez hoti hai -
KHUDA ka KHAUF... voh nahi hua?

Musafir is embarrassed.

HAKIM (CONT'D)

Khair, ye jo hadsa hua hai, churane
ka... ye pehli baar hua hai? Ya
pehle bhi kabhi aisa karnaama kar
chuke ho...

Musafir looks away.

HAKIM (CONT'D)

Zubaan ko lifafe se nikal ke sach
ka mazmoon pesh kijiye.

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Voh... pehle bhi ek do baar...

HAKIM

Mashooq se, maulvi se aur hakim se
jhooth nahi bolte varna kayamat ke
din shaitan kulhe pe koday marta
hai... kya marta hai?

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Kulhe pe kode...

HAKIM

Han toh batao sach...

YOUNG MUSAFIR

Bachpan mein hum Koh-e-fiza ke paas
rehte thay. Maali halaat theek nahi
thay humare, khilaune milte nahi
thay...

(MORE)

YOUNG MUSAFIR (CONT'D)
 pehli baar humne humare dost Gopal
 ke paas ek naachta hua bandar dekha
 toh chakachaundh ho gaye...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK OF FLASHBACK - MONTAGE - VARIOUS

BOY MUSAFIR, 9 stares at TOY MONKEY with wonder.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 uske paas kai khilaune thay... ek
 bandar kam hoga toh fark nahi
 padega ussko aisa hi kuchh socha
 tha humne...

At his home, Boy Musafir walks into his room with the toy.

YOUNG MUSAFIR (V.O.)
 Gopal ke alava doosre dost bhi thay
 jinke paas doosre jaanvar bhi
 thay... Jungle badhta gaya...

Boy Musafir's collection grows - Monkeys, snakes, horses,
 tigers...

YOUNG MUSAFIR (V.O.)
 Pehle thoda bura mehsoos hota tha,
 lekin phir toh aadat si ho gayi...

At a *kirana* shop, he steals TOOTHPASTE.

At a poultry store, he asks the shopkeeper for something and
 as the man turns, Teenage Musafir effortlessly puts in a few
 EGGS in his bag.

TEENAGE MUSAFIR, now 15, sneaks away with a FOUNTAIN PEN from
 his teacher's desk.

YOUNG MUSAFIR (V.O.)
 Kabhi kabhi achanak se khayal aata
 tha ki ye galat hai... kal se nahi
 karenge... lekin doosre din pataa
 nahi kaise apne aap hi haath kahin
 pe chale jaate thay aur kuchh na
 kuchh utha lete thay. Aisa ki jaise
 mere haathon pe mera kaboo hi nahi
 hai, apne aap chal rahe hai...

Musafir stealing audio cassettes, agarbattis, sunglasses,
 cigarette boxes...

YOUNG MUSAFIR (V.O.)
 Kabhi kabhi aisa bhi mehsoos hota
 tha ki yahi mera hunar hai aur
 issliye mera haq hai voh cheezo ko
 churane ka...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JALAALI SHIFAKHANA - DAY

Silence. Hakim saab clears his throat finally.

HAKIM
 Toh miyan, ek baat batao. Ek cheez
 hoti hai, sharmindagi... mehsoos ho
 rahi hai?

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 (looking down)
 Haan...

HAKIM
 Toh phir ilaaj kar sakte hai...

Musafir looks up. There's hope.

HAKIM (CONT'D)
 Pehle toh tumhe naam batate hain
 iss marz ka. Thoda mushkil sa naam
 hai par *Anand* mein Rajesh khanna ko
 jo bimari hui thi usse toh aasan hi
 hai.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 Kya naam hai?

HAKIM
 Isse dil-soz marz ka naam hai...
 bolo mere sath - Ki-le-pato -

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 Ke-le-pato -

HAKIM
 Abey Kele nahi... Ki-le pato -

YOUNG MUSAFIR
 Ki-le pato -

HAKIM
 Ma-ni-ya.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Ma-ni-ya.

HAKIM
Han... ab poora bolo.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Poora.

HAKIM
Poora naam bolo bimari ka...

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Ki-le-pato... ma-ni-ya.

HAKIM
Haan ye hui na baat! Ye hua hai
tumhe...

ALAM UNCLE
Lekin iski koi dawa toh hai na?

HAKIM
Hai...

ALAM UNCLE
Batayen...

HAKIM
Ek bimari ko doosri bimari se marna
padega. Koi doosri bimari chun lo.

YOUNG MUSAFIR
Doosri bimari?

HAKIM
Arre bhaiya, churaane ki bimari ko
bhoolne ke liye shayari aur
mausiqui ki bimari lagani hogi
tumhe... gaate toh tum achha ho
hi... ek baar voh bimari lag gayi
to ye bhool jaaoge...

Musafir's eyes light up -

HAKIM (CONT'D)
Aur haan... Zara idhar aao...

Musafir comes close -

HAKIM (CONT'D)
Ye maulana bane kaahe ghoom rahe
ho? Public mein ghazal gaani hai
tumko, deedar theek karo apne...
(MORE)

HAKIM (CONT'D)

Thodi Mehdi Hassan saab jaisi
 katili moochh, thode Ghulam Ali
 jaise kurte... kuchh tashan dikhao
 miyan.. Aur haan.. ye Raju naam
 kisi jhinge ke thele wale ka lagta
 hai.. koi accha sa shayrana naam
 bhi rakh lo.

YOUNG MUSAFIR

(smiles - thinks)

Ji... Musafir kaisa rahega?

Hakim smiles in agreement, Musafir is elated. He thanks him profusely and walks out of the clinic. As they are about to leave, Musafir remembers something and runs inside.

He comes into the clinic and keeps the paperweight that he had stolen back on the table. Hakim Sahab laughs and the song, '*Hungama hai kyun barpa*' starts on the soundtrack.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Young Musafir in a new look - looking energetic and radiant.

He walks into a room where a mehfil awaits him. He sits by the harmonium and sings the ghazal for the intimate gathering. They love it.

He takes in their praise and gets up to go. A friend helps him into a jacket as he walks into -

A HALL - where his latest fans await him. They cheer his arrival and he soaks in the acclaim.

He stands by the harmonium and sings them a few lines of the song. The fans are in thrall.

As he steps down the stairs to leave - a large group of female fans rush to him for autographs. He turns around to go back up the stairs -

SMASH CUT TO:

He climbs the stairs to the stage of an auditorium. He accepts the applause and begins to sing -

MUSAFIR

(sings)

*Daaka to nahi daala, chori to nahi
 ki hai...*

Audience goes *waah waah*. Applause.

One from the back rows gets up -

MAN

Musafir saab.. O hello excuse me..

Musafir stops singing. The music stops abruptly.

MAN (CONT'D)

Musafir saab, time kya hua hai?

Confusion. Musafir strains to see who it is. He is shocked to see -

FLASHBACK END

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Baig. Looking at Musafir intently.

BAIG

Musafir saab, time kya hua hai?

Musafir is back on mother earth. The rumble of the train.

BAIG (CONT'D)

Musafir saab, kitne baje hai?

MUSAFIR

Er... hmmm? Haan...

(looks at his watch)

Nau...

BAIG

HMT?

MUSAFIR

Haan.

BAIG

Meri bhi HMT hi thi, aaj subah hi toot gayi...

MUSAFIR

Oh...

BAIG

Ghadiyo ke maamle mein kaafi badkismat hu main. Pataa hai mere paas ek nayaab ghadi hua karti thi... Khushbakht...

The mere name of the watch puts Musafir in panic mode. He gulps, his hands start to shake.

He does his best to cover up for it. Turns around and opens his bag, pretending to look for something.

MUSAFIR

Hmmm..

BAIG

Chori ho gayi thi voh...

MUSAFIR

(coughs)

Uhhu... k... kya?

BAIG

Meri Khushbakht, meri ghadi, chori ho gayi. 10 saal pehle aise hi train ke compartment me jaa raha tha, aur ek haraamzade ne meri...

(emotional)

Khushbakht ka matlab hota hai, lucky. Janaab uss chor ne meri ghadi kya churayi, jaise mera naseeb hi chura liya... naukri chhoot gayi, article reject honay lage... Begum ko bachcha chahiye tha, lekin laakh koshish karne ke baad bhi... pataa nahi... aisa lagta tha ki jaise ghadi ke sath mardangi bhi chali gayi hai humari... voh ghadi... chura li... chura li kaminey ne.

Baig chokes. Musafir, pretending to be distracted, is turned away from Baig but is all ears listening to Baig's story. And he is wracked with guilt.

BAIG (CONT'D)

(angry)

Ek baar... sirf ek baar mere haath mein aa gaya na voh toh kasam khuda ki dono haathon se jabde phaad dunga usske...

Just then, the melodious sound of an alarm on a watch. Baig looks around to figure out the source of the sound. Musafir know it all too well.

Deep in the recesses of his bag, packed safely between his underwears, lies Khushbakht. And it is Khushbakht's alarm that has gone off.

Musafir fishes his hand further inside the bag to stop the alarm all the while trying not to have a nervous breakdown.

He covers up for the sound by launching a coughing fit. And coughs all the way until the alarm stops.

Baig is alarmed at Musafir's fit and gets him a glass of water. Musafir stops coughing and wheezes heavily. He takes the water and gulps it down.

BAIG (CONT'D)
Tum theek toh ho na?

Musafir nods but looks in bad shape.

BAIG (CONT'D)
Waise humein pataa hai tumhari
bimari ke bare mein..

MUSAFIR
Ji? Aapko pataa hai?

BAIG
Hmmm... humare paas uska ilaaj bhi
hai uska.

He comes close to Musafir who thinks he is going to get beaten up.

BAIG (CONT'D)
Abhi ilaaj karte hai aapka.

Baig turns around swiftly and starts rummaging for something in his bag.

MUSAFIR
Ye... kya dhoondh rahe hai aap?

BAIG
Kataar.

MUSAFIR
K... kataar..?

Baig takes out a bottle of whiskey.

BAIG
Ye... seedha kaleje pe chalti hai.
Har marz ki dawa.

Musafir is so relieved that he passes out momentarily.

BAIG (CONT'D)
Arre... kya ho gaya... uttho bhai..

LATER

CHEERS!

Some of the whiskey spills as the co-passengers down another drink. They are through about 80% of the whiskey.

Musafir is wrapped in blanket while Baig has unbuttoned his shirt.

BAIG (CONT'D)

Shabbash, ye quarter final khatam..
ab semi final...

He pours in another glass for for Musafir -

BAIG (CONT'D)

Musafir saab, jab main pehelwani
karta tha tab bade dand baithak
pelta tha, ghee badaam khaata tha
jisse baazuen mazboot ho, chhaati
mazboot ho, jaanghe mazboot ho. Hum
insaan tann ko durust rakhne ke
liye kya kuchh nahi karte... lekin
rooh ka kya?

MUSAFIR

Haan... kambakht rooh ke liye koi
dand baithak bhi toh nahi hotay.

Musafir stares at him. Baig gets emotional, looking beyond
Musafir -

BAIG

Exactly. Ek aadmi jab kisi doosre
ki manpasand, beshkeemti cheez
churata hai, toh iska ye matlab hua
ki voh zindagi bhar us aadmi laanat
aur badduayein bhi lega. Hai ki
nahi?

MUSAFIR

Ji... hai...

BAIG

Toh kya woh khud kabhi bura mehsoos
karta hai ki nahi?

MUSAFIR

Bura kya, bahut bura mehsoos karta
hai Baig saab. Lekin shayad voh
andar se achha aadmi hai. Sirf uske
haalaat buray hain.

BAIG

Apne kare ke liye haalaat ko dosh dena hum Hindustaniyo ki purani aadat hai...

MUSAFIR

Ji lekin ye bhi to ho sakta hai ki chori karne ki bimari usse haalaat ki wajah se bachpan me lag gayi ho...

BAIG

(slightly shocked)

Bimari?

MUSAFIR

Hai... ye bhi ek tarah ki bimari hi hai...

BAIG

Hai, bimari toh hai, maana. Par gairat bhi koi cheez hoti hai miyan. Zehen ki pechida galiyo me kahin to rooh-saffa kar hi sakta hai... apne gunaho ko dhone ke liye.. voh kya kehte hain...

MUSAFIR

Prayashchit...

BAIG

Han vohi karne ke liye.

MUSAFIR

Lekin maan lo vo chor gunah kubul karne karne se darta ho toh?

Baig looks deep into Musafir.

BAIG

To phir usski ek hi dawa hai... Kutayi... jamm ke. Aur hum pehelwan hai saab, kutayi karna achhe se jaante hai.

MUSAFIR

Theek hai saab, aap jeete aur main haara, lijiye kariye kutayi...

(stands up)

Mulzim hazir hai.

BAIG

Aapki kis baat ki kutayi karein?

MUSAFIR

Maine bhi koi na koi gunaah toh
kiya hi hoga... toh kariye kutayi.

BAIG

Theek hai.
(lifting his glass)
Aap ki kutayi ye hai ki aap ye
bottoms up kijiye...

MUSAFIR

Sar aankhon par...

Musafir does a bottoms up. Baig too.

The train whistles loudly in the dead of the night.

CABIN - LATER

The cabin is bathed in cold grey light. Both the passengers are asleep. Or so it seems.

While Baig is passed out, mumbling incoherently in his stupor, Musafir is wide awake, staring at his co-passenger.

Musafir digs into his bag and takes out Khushbakht. He looks at the watch and then moves towards Baig.

He takes a deep breath and slowly zips open the bag that lies next to Baig. He starts to put Khushbakht inside when -

Baig changes his position and his heavy hand falls on Musafir. The watch slips from Musafir's hand but he manages to grab the chain with his fingers.

The watch dangles between the two men like a pendulum.

Musafir uses his right hand to hold the watch still. As he moves, Baig turns on the other side relieving Musafir's left hand but now has Musafir's right in a hug.

Musafir transfers the watch back to his left hand and slowly pulls his right hand out of Baig's grip. Just as he is about to get free, Baig turns around and looks straight at Musafir.

Musafir is nonplussed. The watch hides behind his back and he struggles to come up with an excuse. But Baig's eyeballs roll up in his eyes and he renews his snoring.

Musafir gets his breath back. He staggers up and looks at himself in the mirror. The imaginary audience laughs.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DELHI OUTSKIRTS - MORNING

The train snakes into the city.

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Musafir is passed out sitting on his berth. He comes to when the attendant walks in to serve tea.

ATTENDANT

Baig saab ki ghadi wapis de dijiye.

MUSAFIR

Kya? Kya kaha?

Musafir wakes up again. He just had a false awakening.

ATTENDANT

Musafir saab! Maine kaha chai rakkhi hai... pi lijiye. Nayi Dilli bas aane wala hai dus minute mein.

MUSAFIR

O.. haan... theek hai. Er.. Baig saab?

ATTENDANT

Woh gusalkhane gaye hain.

Attendant leaves. Musafir follows him out and then heads towards the washroom. He puts his ear on the door of the washroom and satisfied, runs back to his cabin.

He takes out Khushbakht from his bag and quickly puts it inside Baig's.

Just then Baig returns from the washroom. From his POV, Musafir looks like a thief stealing into Baig's bag.

Baig steps in and grabs Musafir's hand.

BAIG

Ye.. ye.. kya hai?

MUSAFIR

J... Ji... K... Kya?

BAIG

Tumhare haath mein... kya hai?

MUSAFIR

(sheepish)

Hehe... haath mein kya hota hai...
ungliya...

BAIG

Haath mere bag se bahar nikalo...
NIKALO!

Musafir takes his hand out of the bag, revealing Khushbakht. Baig is not sure if he is hallucinating.

MUSAFIR

(contrite)

Muafi chahta hun..

Baig finally turns to look at Musafir. Stunned, and in desperate need for an explanation.

MUSAFIR (CONT'D)

10 saal pehle... jo ghatiya,
chhichhle imaan, maili fitrat wala
aadmi tha... voh main hi tha. Maine
hi aapse aapki Khushbakht churai
thi.

Baig looks at Musafir dumbly. *How could he not tell?*

MUSAFIR (CONT'D)

Muafi Baig saab, paise ka sawaal
hota toh louta bhi deta... lekin
maine toh aapke hisse ka naseeb hi
chura liya. Aapka achha waqt, aapki
khushiyan, tarakki... sab... Lekin
hum paidaishi kaminey nahi hai
saab. Ye churane ki bimari lagi thi
humein lekin ab nijaat paa chuke
hain... Hakim saab ne kuchh ajeeb
sa naam bhi bataya tha bimari ka..
yaad hi nahi aa raha...

(apologetic)

khair, ab ye aapka gunehgaar haazir
hai. Bimari ki dawa ke ya mere
gunaah ki sazaa ke taur pe jitni
bhi kutayi karna chahte ho kijiye.

Baig hears the confessional and simply lets him go. He turns away from Musafir.

MUSAFIR (CONT'D)

Sorry.. har cheez ke liye.. ho sake
to muaf kar dijiyega..

Baig doesn't say a word. Musafir puts the watch in his hand and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIZAMUDDIN RAILWAY STATION - DAY

Musafir gets down and is walking away. Baig stops him.

BAIG
Musafir saab!!

Musafir turns. Baig walks up to him and puts the clock in his hands. Musafir is confused.

MUSAFIR
Baig saab.. ye?

BAIG
Kal dopaher 3 baje purani Dilli
mein. Gali Qasim Jaan, mohalla
Ballimaran -

MUSAFIR
Ghalib ki haveli hai jahan?

BAIG
Uska toh pata nahi, par Ghalib
chaat wala hai wahan. Usske bagal
mein ek kabadiwale ki dukaan hai
'Rooh Saffa'. Wahan jaa kar de
dena...

Before Musafir can say anything, Baig rushes away.

EXT. BALLIMARAN - DAY

The shop 'Rooh Saffa' next to 'Ghalib Chaatwala'. An portly gentleman, the SHOPOWNER sits in his antique shop full of junk, old books, odds and ends.

His ASSISTANT, JUMMAN, is cleaning up inside.

Musafir walks up and gives the clock to the Shop owner. He takes it without a question.

Musafir waits awkwardly as the Shopowner sizes him up. He then takes out a crumpled up diary and an equally old pen.

SHOPOWNER
Naam?

MUSAFIR
 Ji bande ko Musafir kahete hai

SHOPOWNER
 (shakes his head)
 ...jisse churai hai usska naam

Musafir is taken aback. The Shopowner smiles.

SHOPOWNER (CONT'D)
 Churayi hui hi hai na? galat jagah
 to nahi aaye?

MUSAFIR
 Er... voh...

SHOPOWNER
 (chuckles)
 Sharm aati hai? Pehli baar aaye ho
 yahan?

Musafir nods, a little ashamed -

SHOPOWNER (CONT'D)
 Dekho miya, ye dukan nahi hai,
 hamaam hai... Aur hamaam mein sab -

MUSAFIR
 Nange hote hai..

SHOPOWNER
 Han... toh jhooti sharafat ki
 sherwani baahar utar ke aao...
 (to Jumman)
 Jumman, ye rakh doh andar...

Jumman picks up the watch and takes it in to catalogue.

MUSAFIR
 Toh aap churayi hui cheezein
 kharidte bechte hai?

SHOPOWNER
 (annoyed)
 Chor bazaar samajh rakkha hai kya?
 Hum khareedte nahi hai, log apne
 aap de ke jaate hai...

MUSAFIR
 Apne aap...? Kyun?

SHOPOWNER
 Ek bimari hai... Jo insaan se chori
 karvati hai...

(MORE)

SHOPOWNER (CONT'D)

kuchh utpatang sa naam bhi hai
usska... Yaad nahi aa raha...
kele... kele...

(to Jumman)

Arre Jumman... kya naam hai uss
bimari ka...kele kya?

JUMMAN

Kleptomania.

MUSAFIR

Haan haan... ye bimari to humein
bhi hai.

SHOPOWNER

Tum akele nahi ho... bade-bado ko
hai ye bimari...

MUSAFIR

Achha? Kis kis ko?

SHOPOWNER

William Sheikhpeer, Wajid Ali Shah
aur apne Dada Muni...

MUSAFIR

Sach mein???

SHOPOWNER

Agar jhooth hoga toh bhi tum kaunsa
unnko poochhne jaane wale ho.

The Shopowner and Jumman share a laugh.

MUSAFIR

Lekin jo bhi log hai... voh apni
cheezein yahan aa kar vapis kyun
karte hain?

SHOPOWNER

Ghairat! Ghairat kabhi toh kaat-ti
hogi na... Insaan kitta bhi kutta,
kameena, namakool ho, aakhir hai
toh khuda ka hi banda.

Musafir is reminded of his chat with Baig. It is beginning to
make sense to him now.

SHOPOWNER (CONT'D)

Koi Wajid Ali Shah ki chillam de ke
gaya hai, koi Lord Mountbatten ka
pajaama de ke gaya hai, koi Ray
saab se churaye huay afsane bhi de
ke gaya hai...

(MORE)

SHOPOWNER (CONT'D)

voh pade hai udhar... toh ab tum batao ki tumne ye ghadi kisse churayi?

MUSAFIR

Hai koi...

SHOPOWNER

Arre miyan, jisse churayi hai usska naam nahi bataoge to rooh ke diwaan-khana maila rahe jaega... sirf gusalkhana saaf kar ke kya karoge?

MUSAFIR

(hesitant)

Baig... Aslam baig...

SHOPOWNER

(surprised)

Baig...? Voh Jenga pahelwan??

MUSAFIR

Ji haan...

SHOPOWNER

Karkardooma Kesari, Rustom-e-Patparganj? Pisa ke minaar ki tarah thoda tedha... voh?

MUSAFIR

Haan vohi vohi...

SHOPOWNER

Regular customer hai... pehelwani achhi karta tha, lekin vohi bimari... kele kele wali...

(to Jumman)

Arre Jumman, Jenga Pahelwan vala dikhana toh zara.

Jumman brings a framed gold medal.

SHOPOWNER (CONT'D)

Ye... Dara Singh ka medal! Ye chura liya, bataiye... Sher ki ayaal koi churata hai kya? Fir Dara Singh saab ne ye dhobi pachhad di, ye dhobi pachhad diya ki -

MUSAFIR

- KADAAK ki aawaz aayi thi!

SHOPOWNER

Tum bhi thhe kya vahan?

MUSAFIR

Nahi mai tha nahi, lekin uss aawaz
ko mehsoos kiya hai maine...

SHOPOWNER

Goya issi chakkar me to kushti
chhodni padi Jenge ko...

Jumman brings something wrapped in paper.

SHOPOWNER (CONT'D)

Aur dekhiye... ye bhi hai - Ghulam
ali ki angoothi. Kal ye de ke gaye
hai

Musafir looks at the ring and smiles. Shop owner gives him a
2000 year old diary and pen. Last entry is -

'Ghulam ali ki angoothi' - Raju Shahwani urf Musafir

Musafir looks at it and writes-

'Khushbakht - Aslam Baig urf Jenga pahelwan

As he is writing, the ghazal starts on the soundtrack -

CUT TO:

INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY

Baig stealing the ring when Musafir is in the loo. He looks
at the ring and turns to the mirror -

BAIG

(to the mirror)
Chori ki cheezon se kabhi humein
mohabbat nahi rahi...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AKHAADA - DAY

We see Baig in a wrestling ring - *akhaada*. A wrestling match
in the background.

BAIG

Ab aap poochenge ki humne hamari
Khushbakht musafir ko vapis kyu kar
di? Voh yoon ki dar-asal hum khud
bhi usse kabhi Rooh Saffa mein de
nahi paye...

(MORE)

BAIG (CONT'D)

Kai saal iss baat ko lekar hamare zehen mein kushti chalti rahi aur aakhir jab hamne Khushbakht ko vaapis karne ka faisla kiya tabhi - yakeen maniyega - theek ussi din Musafir ne usse hamse chura liya. Aur aaj dass saal baad jab Musafir ne usse vapis kiya, to imaan to fir se hil-dul gaya tha humara.. lekin fir socha ki...

CUT TO:

INT. MUSAFIR'S HOUSE - DAY

Musafir opens a room in his house. The room is a shrine to his days as a thief. Rows after rows of objects that he had stolen in the past.

BAIG (V.O.)

Musafir bhi to apne hi gabeele,
apni hi biradari ka hai...
kele kele wali...

EXT. BALLIMARAN - DAY

BAIG (V.O.)

Toh phir... apne paapo se nijaat paane ka... voh kya kehte hai - prayashchit! Voh karne ka mauka jab sab ko milna chahiye... Toh Musafir ko kyun nahi!!!

Musafir with a sack full of the stolen objects at Rooh Safa. The shopowner and Jumman start making an inventory.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Musafir sings in front of the crowd.

MUSAFIR

*Daaka toh nahi daala, chori toh
nahi ki hai...
Hungama hai kyu barpa, thodi si jo
pi li hai.*

Crowd cheers - applause!

FADE OUT.