

Forbidden Steps

By

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All *italicized* dialogue is in Urdu, unless otherwise stated.

FWA - India, WGA (W) Registered: 1650617

US Copyright Office case #: 1-2457355381

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Forbidden Steps is a story of Majeed Khawar, a Muslim cop in Chicago, who battles the generational gap between his American-born ballerina daughter and his orthodox father. Majeed is challenged to define his ties to ideology, tradition and America when his estranged father lands on his doorstep at the same time as he is asked to go undercover at the local mosque. Further, in order to protect his daughter, he must finally reveal a familial secret. This film is drawn from my personal experience of being in a family that experiences being Muslim in a post 9/11 world. I wrote it in an effort to better understand my sister who taught me how to dance when I was five but now believes that dancing is sinful.

-- Iram Parveen Bilal

OVER BLACK

The AZAAN (Arabic call to prayer) starts and continues under the following sequence.

AZAAN
(in Arabic)
*Hasten to prayer. Hasten to
salvation.*

FADE IN

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOUSE, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - DAWN

The *azaan* continues under.

SLOW MOTION: The silhouette of a sleek, elegant dancer.

We reveal: DUA, 17, Pakistani, strong, eyes that could swallow you. Heart-stopping. Beautiful.

Dua is sealed in a black leotard. Her body flows like the union of wind and water. Spell-binding.

INT. MOSQUE - SAME TIME

The AZAAN continues under.

AZAAN
(in Arabic)
Prayer is better than sleep.

Rows of MUSLIMS go through the motions of prayer. Rise from prostration, stand up, bow down.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOUSE, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO

Dua does a plie and an arabesque.

We catch the room surrounding her. Various posters of JUILLIARD, DANCERS, INSPIRATIONAL QUOTES, WHIRLING DERVISHES and then, right behind her, we catch a glimpse of a slightly faded photograph: black and white, a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, late 20's, poses in a traditional KATHAK (INDIAN CLASSICAL DANCE) outfit. This is FATIMA.

INTERCUT BETWEEN INT. MOSQUE

The congregation prays in the same rhythm as Dua. Their

movements blurring into one another.

They end prayer in disciplined unison. Looking to the right, looking to the left.

INT. DUA'S DANCE STUDIO

As Dua finishes, she turns to Fatima's picture.

DUA
Happy Birthday Ma!

Fatima's faded picture stares back at her.

EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

The mosque could be any mosque in South Asia. Men in traditional clothes stream out into increasingly populated streets.

A bustling congestion of shops. A mixture of HINDI, URDU and ENGLISH on the shop signs and billboards.

- KHAN'S SWEETS AND SAMOSAS. A line of people at this shop. A sweaty, overweight man, wearing an oil-stained wife-beater and a *SHALWAR* (traditional pants) fries *samosas* in a giant vat of boiling oil.

- A billboard of PRIYANKA CHOPRA, a Bollywood star, posing for a shampoo ad stares down at the crowds of people.

- Some "Aunties", dressed in Shalwar Kamiz (traditional attire) and running shoes, perform a perfunctory jog, gossiping and checking out the neighborhood.

- THEN...something out of place: A homeless BLACK MAN, 60s, at the corner carries a sign "A FEW CENTS FOR MY AMERICAN DREAM".

- Something else: A few AMERICAN COPS stand on one side of the street, watching the chaotic morning routine. They seem exceptionally alert.

A7

INT/EXT. MAJEED CAR - CONTINUOUS

A7

- A COP car drives by. In plain clothes, MAJEED KHAWAR, 40s, officer of the law, old soulful eyes, rides with his window rolled down. JOHNNY CASH's "HURT" blares out of his radio.

A similar picture of Fatima, as we saw behind Dua earlier, hangs by his rearview mirror. He whistles under his breath to the song. He nods at the cops. Mutual respect and recognition.

EXT. MAJEED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Majeed takes a turn around the corner. We see more Americans, of all colors and social strata, mixing with the many South Asians. The neighborhood starts changing. A lot more order, cleaner streets, big brown apartment buildings. Less color.

We just exited a bubble - an immigrant bubble. A train crosses the frame.

TITLE: CHICAGO, PRESENT DAY.

EXT. SUNNY HORIZONS, TUSCAN GARDENS - DAY

We hear LOUD LAUGHTER as we see Dua, now in a tank top and yoga pants, plugging her iPhone into a speaker on what looks like a park bench.

She turns around to face a GROUP OF SENIORS voluntarily laughing, as if to clear their lungs.

Loud BOLLYWOOD MUSIC starts.

DUA
(yells over the music)
Let's stretch!

A CAUCASIAN WOMAN, CAROL - 80s, visibly grumpy at the interruption; and her partner, YA'IR, African American, 80s, jovial and loving the music moves next to Carol.

Dua lifts her arms up and then down. She bends her knees as well.

The seniors have a hard time initially.

Dua's enthusiasm annoys Carol who rolls her eyes. Dua approaches her.

DUA (CONT'D)
How're you doing Carol?

CAROL
Ya' think I can move like you?

YA'IR
(laughs)
I seen you shake your booty before,
Carol!

CAROL
(playfully)
You hush now!

Dua bends down to get eye level with Carol.

DUA
Flow is natural. It's not exercise.
How are your knees today?

CAROL
What d'ya think?

Dua lifts her leg to straighten it. Carol winces in pain.

DUA
Give me six weeks and you'll walk.

CAROL
Impossible.

Dua takes Carol's arms and helps her stretch. Up, down. Up, down.

DUA
You just have to believe.

CAROL
I do believe. In Christ.
(beat)
What's this terrible music?

DUA
Bollywood!

CAROL
If I'm dancing, I'm only Waltzing.

YA'IR
Oh come on Carol. Try something new
for once.

CAROL
I tried you, didn't I?

YA'IR
Don't listen to her. This is great
music!

SHONALI, South Asian, late 30s, worldly wise, strikingly radiant walks by towards the main building behind.

SHONALI
New girl bugging you Carol?

Carol shoots a grumpy look at Shonali.

DUA
Hey, Shona Aunty!

Dua smiles at Shonali.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, MEETING ROOM - DAY

CAPTAIN CLARISSA CLOYD, 40s, velvet hammer, female, leads a meeting.

The BLACK HOMELESS MAN from the streets before, takes a seat, he nods at another officer opposite him. Undercover cop. Officers, mostly men but a few women, in uniforms and plain clothes sit almost classroom-style.

Majeed enters the room.

MATT NIEMAN, Caucasian, early 40s, gelled hair, laid back, a definite gym rat, slaps Majeed's shoulder in familiarity.

CLOYD
The FBI has asked for our support.
And it starts right after this
meeting.

A few, unhappy murmurs at the mention of the "FBI".

CLOYD (CONT'D)
I know, I know, but
interdepartmental cooperation is
important...

We can tell she's not a fan either, but saying the party line.

CLOYD (CONT'D)
The recent bombings will see higher
surveillance. They're increasing
patrols, allowing more overtime...

Several officers smile - Cloyd notices.

CLOYD (CONT'D)
*...limited overtime, in higher risk
 areas, low-income neighborhoods,
 ethnic districts.*

Majeed leans in to Matt.

MAJEED
 (whispers)
 Patriot act takes over, yet again.

Right then, Majeed's phone rings. He pulls it out. "SHAN BHAI
 (brother)" calling. He declines.

MATT
 (elbows him)
 You better watch out! Calls from
 Pakistan 'n all!

MAJEED
 Shut up Nieman.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, HALLWAY - LATER

Cloyd walks with other SENIOR OFFICERS. Majeed tries to catch
 her.

MAJEED
 Captain, a quick second?

Cloyd asks the others to carry on.

CLOYD
 What's cookin' Khawar?

MAJEED
 I wanted to volunteer...for the
 assignment.

CLOYD
 Chasing that overdue promotion?

MAJEED
 Who'd wanna miss a chance to work
 with the FBI?

Cloyd clocks Majeed's crafty sarcasm with a smirk.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CUBICLE AREA - LATER

Majeed drowns in a case file. He sits next to Matt, also fully occupied. Majeed's phone buzzes again. He sees who's calling. SHAN BHAI (brother). He rejects the call.

MATT

You're killing me Khawar. Take the damn call!

MAJEED

It's my brother.

(beat)

He only calls when he needs something.

MATT

Tell him that!

MAJEED

Kidding me? Brown people NEVER say what they mean.

MATT

Super healthy.

Another call. Another call rejection.

MAJEED

I signed my name on the special assignment roster.

MATT

FBI? Really?

MAJEED

Tired of these small time jobs.

MATT

Small paychecks is what you're tired of.

MAJEED

Dua chose out of state. Juilliard.

MATT

Damn! She get in?

MAJEED

Not yet but I can feel it. The kid's doing her part, she's the best you've seen. Now it's on me.

Matt turns to face his friend.

MATT

Give yourself some credit, man.
You're raising her. Alone.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOUSE, DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dua brings a a chocolate cake and a lighter, and places them precisely in the middle of two place mats.

She heads to a chest of drawers by the door. Looks for something in all the drawers. Nothing. Then, she notices some unopened mail by the door.

She looks through it. Suddenly, her eyes light up. A letter from JUILLIARD. She hurriedly opens it. The following sentences pop at her.

LETTER

You've been selected for the final
audition [...] May 2nd [...] we
encourage applicants to lean on
their cultural heritage in their
choreography.

The entrance door opens. Majeed enters.

DUA

Pops! Where are the-

Majeed raises a packet of birthday candles. Dua smiles and blows him a kiss.

Majeed looks at the table. A distant sadness washes over.

MAJEED

Isn't that special!

He grabs his daughter in a hug.

JUMP CUT

Dua lights the candle. They both close their eyes and blow at the same time. We can tell, it's tradition.

MAJEED (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday *jaan* (dear).

Silence.

DUA

Why were you hiding the mail?

Majeed doesn't respond.

DUA (CONT'D)
I've been short-listed for the
final audition.

MAJEED
That's amazing!
(beat)
So, you're really going?

Dua cuts him a slice of cake. Majeed indulges. Dua notices her father.

DUA
I'll miss...this.

MAJEED
We *do* have fantastic state schools
you know.

DUA
They aren't Juilliard!

MAJEED
How much do we owe?

DUA
I started working at Shona Aunty's
senior home.

MAJEED
You'll will this into motion, won't
you?
(beat)
An artist's life has extreme highs
and lows. That's all I'm saying.

DUA
I'd know...*I'm* the artist here!

MAJEED
(points to the cake)
You're such a snob like her. She
always reminded me how un-artistic
I was.

Dua smiles at her father's humor. Then.

DUA
When are we visiting her grave?

Majeed wasn't expecting this.

MAJEED

Juilliard or Pakistan? Make a choice.

DUA

Not fair!

Majeed's shrugs his shoulders teasingly and pushes his plate forward for seconds.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - LATER

A sunny room with warm energy, shawls draped on its walls. A mahogany chest of drawers sits under a GIANT sculpture of the HINDU DANCING GOD, the NATARAJA. Four arms, exquisite dancing pose, conquering demons in the circle of life. A pair of *ghungroos* (ankle bells) sit on the chest of drawers, next to an *arti* (religious prayer plate with incense burning).

Shonali, bows in front of the Nataraja, hands clasped in "namaste", serene. Dua arrives by her side and excitedly does a casual namaste to follow her.

Dua notices the *ghungroos* on the table.

Shonali opens her eyes and bows her head to the Nataraja. Dua doesn't.

Shonali quietly takes everything from the table and puts it away. The *ghungroos* as well.

They both face each other and Dua starts stretching on a ballet bar.

SHONALI

Carol let you touch her. That's flattering!

DUA

She *will* walk.

SHONALI

I've learnt to never doubt you.

DUA

So about the audition. What shall we mix with ballet?

SHONALI

How about Salsa?

DUA
Salsa isn't Eastern. Classical with
non-classical?

Shonali continues stretching.

DUA (CONT'D)
This...

Dua does a sharp, rigid ballet turn.

DUA (CONT'D)
with this?

Dua does a sloppy hip shake.

DUA (CONT'D)
How about Bharatnatyam, Odissi,
Kathak...

Shonali continues calmly.

Dua bends down forward, catches Shonali's eyes, prodding an
answer.

SHONALI
We've been over this before.

DUA
Why? It's in my roots. And since
it's Ma's birthday, I think I
deserve to know...

Shonali won't budge.

SHONALI
Your father and I had a deal. No
Indian Classical. Especially not
Kathak.

DUA
But-

SHONALI
He just wants to protect you.

DUA
From what?

Dua gives her a pleading look. Shonali smiles but doesn't
budge.

EXT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME'S STREET - EVENING

Majeed, in running clothes, walks with groceries.

As he looks up, he stops dead in his tracks. His face turns white in shock.

An old, frail, SOUTH ASIAN MAN, BABA, 70s, dressed in traditional wear, sits on a couple of aged suitcases right in front of their doorstep. He keeps checking a weathered piece of paper and looks around. Lost. Curious.

Majeed squints his eyes. Is it really who he thinks it is? It is!

Baba gets up from his suitcase, as he notices Majeed in the distance. Excitement washing over him. He waves at Majeed frantically.

Majeed smiles hesitantly, nods and waves back as best he can with his hands full. He then slowly begins to approach the man.

Majeed arrives. Baba has tears in his eyes.

<i>BABA</i>	<i>BABA</i>
<i>So much time has passed.</i>	<i>Kitna waqt guzar gaya.</i>

Baba takes him into a hug. Majeed drops the bags, slowly hugs him back.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Majeed helps Baba with the giant suitcases.

MAJEED	MAJEED
<i>Water?</i>	<i>Paani?</i>

Baba nods. Majeed goes into the kitchen.

Baba takes in the house. He notices a giant picture of Fatima framed in the living room. He collapses onto the couch. Tired. Eyes closed. Big sigh of relief.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Majeed walks into the kitchen and immediately texts SHAN BHAI (brother).

TEXT: Why didn't you warn me?

He fills the glass of water. Waits for a response impatiently.

TEXT FROM SHAN: Have you seen your texts recently?

Majeed scrolls up and sees around ten messages before his text message, each outlining Baba's arrival.

Majeed picks up the glass of water and takes a deep breath.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Majeed returns with the glass of water. He stares at his old man, waiting for him to open his eyes.

BABA	BABA
<i>Oh, thank you beta (child).</i>	<i>JazakAllah.</i>

Majeed quietly watches as his father thirstily drains the glass into himself.

Majeed stays standing.

MAJEED	MAJEED
<i>Did you get here okay?</i>	<i>Safar theek tha?</i>

BABA	BABA
<i>They questioned almost everyone on the plane.</i>	<i>Immigration ne Pakistaniyon se itne sawaal pooche, mera tho dimaagh kharaab kar diya.</i>

MAJEED
There's been a travel ban.

BABA	BABA
<i>But Pakistan is not on the list.</i>	<i>Lekin Pakistan tho oos list par nahin hai.</i>

MAJEED
Pakistan's always on the list. The invisible one.

BABA	BABA
<i>And you still like it here!</i>	<i>Phir bhi tumhe tho ye mulq pasand hai.</i>

Majeed takes the empty glass of water to get away.

Baba's eyes never leave him.

BABA (CONT'D)	BABA (CONT'D)
<i>Where's Dua?</i>	<i>Dua beti kahan hai?</i>

MAJEED
Probably at a study group.
Midterms are around the
corner.

MAJEED
Parrhne gayi hai. Midterms aa
rahe hain.

PRE-LAP: A THUMPING EDM BEAT under the next scene.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

WE ARE NOW AT THE SOURCE OF THE EDM BEAT.

Keg stands, smoking, dancing, teenage boys and girls
romancing. A typical high school party. Mostly Caucasian.

Dua dances wildly. We see her phone light up in her back
pocket. She is intimate with AIDAN, 18, Beverly 90210-type.
He kisses her, she kisses back passionately. He gives her his
cigarette to smoke; she takes it.

SARAH, also Pakistani, 18, but more traditional, notices all
this from afar and waits for Aidan to leave. As soon as he
does, Dua comes over to Sarah and starts wildly grinding all
over her.

SARAH
What's wrong with you today?

DUA
I've got a shot at Juilliard!

SARAH
No way!

DUA
Yes way!

A BOY with a SIKH turban passes by Dua, shaking his head in
explicit disapproval.

DUA (CONT'D)
(shouts over loud music)
We're brown and we like to dirty
dance!

SARAH
Yeah, she likes dirty dancing AND
white men!

DUA
Hey, no one said anything about
liking him.

SARAH
You almost swallowed his face. I'd
think that's some indication.

DUA
I only have time for one love right
now and you know what it is.

Dua strikes a ballet pose. Sarah shakes her head at Dua.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY, PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Off the dance floor. All sipping drinks but Sarah. Dua still
smokes the cigarette.

FAISAL, South Asian, 18, a chiseled line beard, almost
handsome, tips his head at Sarah as he walks into the house.

Sarah nods back at him. Dua gives Sarah a curious look.

SARAH
Faisal.

DUA
The Imam's son? Partying? What a
rebel.

SARAH
I'm here and not a rebel. Like you.

Sarah snatches Dua's cigarette and steps on it.

DUA
Hey!
(notices Sarah's shiny
pendant)
That's beautiful.

SARAH
I just got it from Karachi.

DUA
What does it say?

SARAH
Masha'Allah. A protection from the
evil eye.

DUA
Karachi...what is it like? The
streets? The sounds early in the
morning? The smell of the dirt? Of
the people?

We can't tell if Dua is high on life or alcohol.

Aidan across the dance floor still checks her out.

SARAH
Pure and instant magic.

DUA
(still seemingly high)
Maaaaaagaaagic!

Dua tries to drag Sarah inside.

SARAH
I'll join you in a bit.

Sarah still eyes Faisal who makes his way to her.

DUA
Oooooo!

Aidan gravitates towards Dua slowly, he takes her in her arms.

Her phone buzzes again.

AIDAN
You're vibrating.

Dua picks up her phone.

DUA
Shit!

EXT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME - LATER

Dua walks back home. She smells her breath and pops in some mints. She makes a call. Majeed emerges from the house.

DUA
Why did you ask me to call before I came in-

MAJEED
Your grandfather is here.

DUA
From Pakistan?!!

Majeed nods. He pulls her away from the entrance. He sniffs her breath.

MAJEED
Are you drunk?

Dua nods and giggles.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
Unbelievable!

DUA
It's ok dude.

MAJEED
He'll be staying in your studio. I
need you to clear anything that
screams dance.

DUA
You haven't seen him in a hundred
years. Maybe he's more chill now!

MAJEED
Just listen to me, please?

DUA
Okay. Okay. Let me meet him first!

MAJEED
Take another mint.

Dua giggles.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Majeed and Dua enter the house.

Baba, sits on the carpet, surrounded with his belongings, and
a random, giant stack of brightly-colored scarves.

His heart explodes at the sight of Dua. He gets up in
excitement and almost trips, Dua catches him.

BABA
Salam, beta. Kitni bari ho gayi?

He pats her head. Dua hates people touching her hair. She
ducks down to fix her hair again.

DUA
(a bit shy)
Salam.

Dua notices the giant stack of scarves behind him.

BABA

They are scarves. I brought them to
sell for my NGO. We help women from
the villages sell their
handicrafts.

Baba grabs one of the scarves and brings it over to Dua. She
takes it in her hands, feeling the texture.

BABA (CONT'D)

(puts it on her head)

Like...this.

Dua pulls it down from her head immediately. Majeed frowns.

DUA

(to Baba)

I've got a bit of a headache. I'll
see you in the morning. Good night.

Majeed carefully leads Dua to the stairs. Baba watches her
curiously.

BABA

*She's a young woman already.
Just like her mother.*

BABA

Kitni badi ho gayi hai.
Bilkul apni ma par gayi hai.

MAJEED

Let's get you some rest now.

MAJEED

Thak gaye hon ge. Aap ka
kamra dikha deta doon.

Majeed gets up to help his father.

MAJEED (CONT'D)

One more thing.

(beat)

*Nobody speaks of Fatima in
this house but me. Dua
doesn't know...exactly what
happened.*

MAJEED (CONT'D)

Aur haan. Aik aur baat.
Fatima ke baarey mein aap koi
baat nahin karein ge.

Baba seems a bit taken aback. He eventually nods.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Dua removes the Juilliard posters, ballet shoes, outfits. Her
exercise mats.

In her hurry, and drunkenness, as she pulls a poster off the
wall, she rips it. Upset.

The room is bare, lifeless. She doesn't like it.

EXT. CPD OFFICE - MORNING

Majeed and Matt walk up to the office.

MAJEED

These were my last few months with
Dua before she went off to college.

MATT

How long is he here for?

MAJEED

A month.

MATT

Damn.

MAJEED

It's a brown thing.

MATT

I'm glad I'm not brown.

Majeed laughs. Then...

MAJEED

You know...it's crazy how old and
tiny he is. I remember him so
strong. So huge.

MATT

We outgrow them fast.

(beat)

How long since you saw him last?

MAJEED

12 years.

Matt stares at Majeed in shock. And a bit of judgment.

MAJEED (CONT'D)

I didn't want to see his face after
my wife died.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - MORNING

Dua pushes the ajar door fully open. The room is slowly being transformed. A few pairs of Baba's worn-out shoes line the floor by the wall. His prayer mat and prayer beads sit on the bed. His piles of scarves make neat and tall towers in the closet. Five sets of Pakistani wear hang neatly in the closet.

Baba struggles as he drapes one of his scarves over the giant windows.

Dua notices that the mirror has also been draped with scarves.

DUA
You don't like light?

Baba at first, jumps. He then notices Dua.

BABA
Ah, Dua beta. Come. Come.
Assalamualaikum. I hope you are
feeling better?

DUA
(low and shy)
Wa'alaikum as salam.

Dua helps the old man tuck the shawl over an old nail by the window.

BABA
How come you have no curtains in
this room?

DUA
It was my...study. I like lots of
light.

BABA
I'm sorry. I took your study away.

He then suddenly holds his lower back and winces in pain.

DUA
Are you okay?

BABA
Just my lower back. Must be the
long flight.

DUA
You should stretch.

Baba lifts his hand up.

BABA
I'm too old for all that.

Dua still proceeds to work on his back.

DUA
You're not old! I teach people way
older than you.

BABA
You teach?

DUA
Body movement. You should come. We
have fun...dancing...exercising.

BABA
I don't dance.

Dua ignores the comment. She runs her fingers on Baba's back
and then presses certain pressure points.

He straightens up much better.

BABA (CONT'D)
Ah! You've got magic.

DUA
Our bodies have the magic.

Dua sits on the bed by the prayer mat and the prayer beads.
She picks up the prayer beads. Small, polished wooden beads.
Enchanting. Each bead has an Arabic word carved on it.

BABA
99 attributes of Allah.

Dua looks up at him.

DUA
It's beautiful.

BABA
It's a *tasbeih*. You can keep it.

DUA
Oh, no. I'm just admiring it.

BABA
It's very quiet here. No one honks
on the streets!

They both laugh.

BABA (CONT'D)
Pakistanis get to see a lot about
this country. Their movies, their
culture.

(MORE)

BABA (CONT'D)

But Americans don't see much about
our country...except the
propaganda.

DUA

What propaganda?

BABA

(gets animated)

That we are the world's "most
dangerous nation".

DUA

I don't think that.

BABA

You're Pakistani, not American.

DUA

Technically, I *am* American.

Baba notices her push back.

BABA

In Karachi, life spills out on the
streets. When you go out, even for
a walk, you never feel lonely.

Silence.

DUA

I can tell Pops misses Karachi a
lot.

Baba takes the prayer beads from her.

BABA

Does he?

Dua finds an in.

DUA

Do you remember my mother?

BABA

She lived with us for five years.
Of course I remember her.

(changes the topic)

Do you know what this one says?

Baba points to one of the prayer beads. Dua shakes her head.

BABA (CONT'D)

Al-Nur. The Light.

INT. CPD BUILDING, CUBICLE AREA - DAY

Majeed walks through the organized chaos of officer cubicles into Cloyd's office.

INT. CPD BUILDING, CAPTAIN CLARISSA CLOYD OFFICE - DAY

Cloyd sits at her desk. A serious-looking FBI agent, MALE, 40s, sits by her: AGENT WELLER. Majeed sits across from them.

CLOYD

Agent Weller, Officer Khawar.
Officer Khawar, Agent Weller of the
FBI. Officer Khawar is one of our
best.

Agent Weller nods. Majeed nods back.

MAJEED

What can I do for you?

CLOYD

We've received information of
possible suspicious activity at the
Jinnah Mosque.

MAJEED

In Devon? From where?

Weller isn't here to *give* information.

WELLER

Reliable sources.

Majeed clearly wants more information.

MAJEED

May I ask...what kind of...
suspicious activity exactly?

WELLER

Money laundering, to possible
terrorist related organizations.

CLOYD

We'd like you to start attending
the mosque regularly, use your ties
to the community... report back any
specific clues you see that might
help the investigation.

MAJEED

I don't go to mosque.

WELLER

Well...we'd like you to find a reason to go. Start off by getting a list of charities they support.

Majeed takes this in.

MAJEED

I live in that community.

Weller doesn't give a shit.

WELLER

The less reason for suspicion.

CLOYD

We appreciate your cooperation Khawar. This would be a high visibility role for you.

Majeed nods at Cloyd.

EXT. KHAWAR HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Majeed absorbs the assignment he has just been given. As he arrives home, he consciously tucks his emotions away.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Majeed enters the house, notices the house looks tidied up.

He puts his holster up and walks into the kitchen, something smells delicious. The kitchen looks like it's been hit by a hurricane.

A kitchen alarm sounds. Dua comes rushing in to switch off the heat.

DUA

Back early?

MAJEED

You made this? It smells great!

DUA

Contrary to popular belief, I *can* cook.

Majeed gives her the look "right".

DUA (CONT'D)

But *this* was made by Baba.

Majeed lifts the lid off the pot. Mutton *biryani*.

MAJEED
He cooks now!

DUA
See. Things change.

Baba comes in behind them.

BABA
Oh, that smell! Mmmm.

BABA
Oof kya khushboo hai!

INT. KHAWAR HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

Baba, Majeed and Dua eat. Majeed at the head of the table.

Awkward silence. Dua sips water. Watches Majeed and Baba just staring down at their plates. She kicks Majeed under the table to say something.

MAJEED
So...how long have you been
cooking?

BABA
Why? Does it taste bad?

MAJEED
(smiles)
Still answering questions with
questions, I see.

DUA
It's just a tad bit too spicy for
me.

BABA
That's because you've not been
eating Pakistani food.

MAJEED
We're in America. We can eat the
best of the best in the world.

Silence. Dua pours more water.

DUA
I really like it though.

BABA

Majeed, I was wondering if you
could take me to the mosque
tomorrow morning? For *Fajr*?

Majeed wasn't expecting this. He then realizes this is his
"in".

MAJEED

(a beat)

Sure.

Dua is surprised.

DUA

Don't you have your morning
meeting?

BABA

Prayers are meant to fit one's work
schedule. *Fajr* (morning prayer) is
right at sunrise. I doubt Majeed's
meeting is at sunrise.

DUA

I'll come too.

Now, it's Majeed's turn to be surprised.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, KITCHEN - LATER

Majeed and Dua clean up.

DUA

So...when's the last time you went
to the mosque?

MAJEED

Shhh.

DUA

He's upstairs!

MAJEED

More recently than you, might I
add.

DUA

He's kinda cool.

MAJEED

It's called the honeymoon period.

DUA
What's his issue with dancing
again?

MAJEED
It's "sinful".

DUA
That's ridiculous.

MAJEED
I agree.

DUA
Maybe he's changed!

MAJEED
I love your generation. You know
why?

DUA
Why?

MAJEED
You're raised to think that
everything is possible. And the
best part is, you genuinely believe
it.

DUA
Don't be jealous.

Majeed rolls his eyes at his daughter playfully.

INT. MAJEED'S CAR - DAWN

Majeed, Baba and Dua ride in the car. Dua, one of Baba's
scarves on her shoulders, watches the sleeping Chicago pass
by.

EXT. JINNAH MOSQUE - MOMENTS LATER

Majeed helps Baba on the stairs. Dua follows right behind.

BABA
You have to drive so far for the
mosque. At home, there's one at the
end of every other street.

A GUARD stands at the top of the stairs. He signals to Dua to
cover her head.

Dua abides nervously.

MAJEED

(to Dua)

You'll have to go through the
separate door.

INT. MOSQUE, RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

A vast, marble hall. Mostly men scurry in. "WELCOME TO JINNAH MOSQUE" in bright gold letters.

Majeed and Baba enter through one door and Dua through a separate door.

Dua notices a sign that says "SISTERS". She unabashedly cuts through the steady stream of men to get to the sisters side of the entrance. Her confidence stands out to the men. A few pairs of shoes. She takes hers off.

INT. MOSQUE, PRAYER HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dua enters the prayer hall. She gazes with awe at the high ceilings. Her eyes follow the Arabic calligraphy that lines the ceiling. She notices the bare walls. She notices the carpet. It points to one corner of the hall, with delineated arches all pointing towards the same corner.

In the far corner, there is a wooden altar with a gorgeous ornamental image of a book - the Quran.

Dua touches the wooden mesh in front of her, almost with nostalgia. It reaches just higher than her waist when she stands. A giant partition if you will, from the men's side. She notices Baba, Majeed and the rest of the men beyond the mesh.

In the women's section behind her, three women, two together and one separate sit quietly, chanting prayers under their breath.

The WOMAN, 40s, who sits separately smiles at Dua, gesturing her to sit next to her. Dua abides. As she sits down, the men's section slowly disappears behind the wooden mesh. Dua seems disappointed at this. She still tries to notice Majeed through the mesh. Majeed drops Baba off and walks out of the hall.

INT. MOSQUE, MEN'S ABLUTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Majeed enters the ablution (prayer bath) room.

Another MAN, 20s, is also about to start his ablution.

Majeed rolls his sleeves up and begins.

He closes his eyes to remember. Takes a deep breath.

He cups some water into his mouth and spits it out three times. Then his nose. Then his face. It's all coming back to him.

Then...

He opens his eyes to look to the other MAN. The man cups water in his right hand and drops the water down his right forearm to his elbow. Majeed follows.

The MAN notices Majeed has forgotten. He slows down on purpose and lets Majeed follow.

The MAN finishes his ablution. So does Majeed.

MAN

Salam brother. Ali.

MAJEED

Majeed. *Wa'alaikum us salam*. It's been a while since I...

Ali raises his hand. No worries. No judgment.

INT. MOSQUE, PRAYER HALL

Ali and Majeed walk in together. Majeed looks towards the woman's section. He can only see the wooden partition.

He notices Baba chatting up with the IMAM, 50s, a kind face and another MAN, 50s, by his side, and Faisal. Majeed and Ali approach.

BABA

Majeed, this is Jaffar Sahib. The Imam.

JAFFAR

Welcome. Salam. Salam. I see you already met brother Ali. He is new to this country. We must help him. And here is brother Sahil. And my son, Faisal.

Majeed shakes hands with SAHIL, the other man standing in the group.

MAJEED

Salam.

(then; to Faisal)

You're in school with Dua, right?

Faisal nods but before he can say much.

JAFFAR

He is going to Hancock High.

Baba brings the conversation back to Sahil.

BABA

Sahil sahib is a doctor. A cardiologist.

SAHIL

Your father just told me he's had heart trouble in the last year. Here's my card. I hope I can help.

Majeed eyes Baba with confusion. Majeed takes the card, slightly embarrassed.

JAFFAR

(to Majeed)

This is what community is for. We are here to help each other. I hope you and your father continue to come to our humble mosque.

Once the men disperse, Majeed looks at Baba, a bit confused.

MAJEED

You didn't tell me...

MAJEED

Aap ne pehlay bataya kyon nahin...

BABA

I didn't want you to worry. I'm fine, don't worry about it!

BABA

Pareishaan na ho. Sab theek hai.

Majeed shoots him a look of concern.

INT. MOSQUE, PRAYER HALL, WOMEN'S SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Dua and the women wait quietly.

Dua feels some pain in her shoulder, she starts stretching it and rolling her neck. The women notice her as she expands, taking space to stretch. As she stretches her hands above her head, her shirt rises exposing her mid-rif.

The WOMAN next to Dua tugs her shirt down. Dua looks at her shocked. The woman smiles at her instead. Dua seems annoyed.

The AZAAN begins. The women rise and stand shoulder to shoulder. Dua feels crowded. ANOTHER WOMAN notices her confusion. Explains.

ANOTHER WOMAN
Our shoulders must touch. So we
feel the strength of community.

The prayer begins. Dua looks in front at the rows of men, also standing shoulder to shoulder.

INT. MOSQUE, PRAYER HALL, MEN'S SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The azaan continues. Beautiful voice.

Majeed, supported by men on each side, looks at the towering chandelier above him, the giant calligraphy on the walls staring down at him. Majeed closes his eyes.

The sound of distant ankle bells.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - LATER

Dua, pokes around in the chest of drawers, checking the door for Shonali.

She looks sheepishly at the giant *Nataraja* (idol) staring down at her with his vacuous eyes.

She finally touches something that jingles in the drawers. She pulls it out. She has the *ghungroos* (ankle bells) in her hands. She hints to the *Nataraja* to keep quiet.

She haphazardly ties them on her ankles. She then stomps on the ground.

She does ballet turns but tries to incorporate feet stomping in between.

As she does her next turn, she sees Shonali, arms folded staring at her from the door way.

Dua stops.

DUA
Just for the audition? It's only
three weeks? Please?

SHONALI
You're just like your father.

DUA
Good looking?

Shonali looks at her, almost blushing.

SHONALI
Stubborn!

Shonali pulls Dua down in front of her and starts untying her bells.

SHONALI (CONT'D)
If he finds out, you realize you
won't ever see me again, right?

Dua nods, sad her plan didn't work.

Shonali straightens the bells on the floor. She looks up at Dua.

Then, she intricately begins to tie them on Dua's ankles. Dua almost can't believe it.

SHONALI (CONT'D)
Ghungroos are a dancer's guide.
They not only release the music.
They release a dancer's soul as she
dances. So every time you stomp,
it's a conversation. Between you.
And your soul. You respect them.
When they are on your feet, nothing
else should touch your feet but the
ground. So no shoes, just mother
earth.

Shonali finishes tying the ghungroos. Dua beams with excitement.

EXT. SHINBONE ALLEY - EVENING

Dua and Sarah walk, backpacks and school folders in hand. Dua's bag jingles every time she takes a step. Sarah notices and seems annoyed.

SARAH
What's that sound?

DUA
Oh...those are my *ghungroos*.

Sarah is confused. Dua stops to pull out her ankle bells.
Sarah's eyes widen.

DUA (CONT'D)
I'm learning *Kathak*!

SARAH
Why?

DUA
Juilliard wants us to incorporate
something from our culture.

SARAH
(looks at the ghungroos)
This isn't your culture.

DUA
My mother was a Kathak dancer.

SARAH
Oh...

Sarah becomes quiet.

DUA
What do you mean oh?

SARAH
Nothing, let's go. I'm hungry.

DUA
Sarah?

Sarah doesn't want to say anything but Dua won't give in.

SARAH
It's just that, in Pakistan, a lot
of the Kathak dancers are not
considered...good.

DUA
What does that mean?

SARAH
Most of the women who did Kathak
were from the red light area.

Dua doesn't get it.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Prostitutes.
(she notices Dua's
concern)
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm not saying everyone who danced Kathak was a prostitute. But that's why there's a stigma.

DUA

That makes no sense. Why would they use Kathak?

SARAH

It's sensual?

Dua seems troubled.

EXT. KHAN SWEET HOUSE - DAY

Majeed and Matt sit at a brightly painted yellow table, sipping "chai".

MATT

So you're spying on your dad now?

MAJEED

When you put it like that...I'm just using him I guess. Look, it's all going to check out anyway.

Right then, Ali comes by. He greets Majeed. Matt notices.

MAJEED (CONT'D)

This is Matt, my partner.

ALI

I didn't realize you were a police officer.

MAJEED

I didn't realize you *owned* Khan sweets!

ALI

Oh, I'm just a temporary manager.

MAJEED

(to Matt)

Ali just moved to the US.

(to Ali)

How are you liking it?

ALI

It's different on your own soil.

It sinks in for Majeed. Ali leaves.

MAJEED

Just met him at the mosque...you
know the one I'll be spying on?

Matt notices Majeed's discomfort.

MATT

You can always say no.

MAJEED

Can I?

MATT

I don't envy your situation.

Majeed signals to Ali for the check. Ali smiles and shakes his head. It's been taken care of. Majeed waves back at him in gratitude. He feels worse.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Dua puts her jingling bag down right outside the door.

Baba sits in a corner doing Arabic calligraphy in a large white notebook. Dua comes in.

DUA

What does it say?

Baba looks at her surprised.

BABA

Can't you read it?

DUA

I can't read Arabic.

BABA

Have you never read the Quran?

Dua shakes her head. Baba is shocked. Disappointed.

BABA (CONT'D)

Not even the translation?

DUA

The "words of God"...seem a bit too
heavy. Scary.

BABA

Scary? How do you know they are
heavy without ever reading them?

Dua shrugs.

Baba starts drawing two hands, cupped to the heavens in prayer.

DUA
Prayer?

BABA
Dua. It means prayer in Arabic and Urdu.

DUA
My name means prayer?

Dua takes the sheet, stares at it and smiles. She turns the sheet to its side.

DUA (CONT'D)
It looks like a ballerina if you look at it this way!

Baba snatches the paper back from her.

BABA
Where?

DUA
Just kidding!

Dua sits by him. Baba continues working. Dua looks for an opening.

DUA (CONT'D)
Baba?

BABA
Hmmm.

DUA
I don't remember sitting in a separated area in the mosque when I was a little girl.

BABA
You're a young woman now.

DUA
And?

BABA
As women grow older, they must guard their bodies.
(MORE)

BABA (CONT'D)

When we go to pray, we must not be thinking of anything but Allah.

DUA

That's on the men then. Why do they look at us?

BABA

It goes both ways.

DUA

How does segregation in the mosque really do anything when we live in a co-ed world outside?

Baba puts his calligraphy down.

BABA

Then we must segregate the whole world.

Dua looks at Baba. Is he serious? He isn't. They both start laughing.

BABA (CONT'D)

My child. It is just a matter of half an hour. If you are reminded of modesty and focus during that time, what's the harm?

DUA

That's too much pressure on women. To guard their bodies.

BABA

You're really guarding your soul by guarding your body.

DUA

My seniors use dance to guard their souls.

BABA

But dance is just a thing of the body.

DUA

Of the soul. There's this woman, Carol. She's been using body movement to cure her inner hang ups. I think she is finally going to be able to stand today. After years. You should come see it.

MAJEED (O.S.)
Dua! Let's go.

Baba isn't going to win this one. He just smiles at his granddaughter instead.

BABA
Not today.

INT. MAJEED'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Majeed and Dua drive along.

DUA
How come you never told me my name meant prayer?

MAJEED
Of course I did.

DUA
I don't remember.
(beat)
Why did you name me that?

MAJEED
Raising you became my way to pray.

DUA
Aha! You named me Dua to get out of the mosque!

Majeed cracks up.

DUA (CONT'D)
And, why haven't I read the Quran yet?

MAJEED
Baba's really laying it heavy.
You've got your life ahead of you to read it.

DUA
But shouldn't we read guidance before we start our lives?

Majeed changes the subject.

MAJEED
How's the audition coming along?

Dua breaks into a smile. This is an area she's mastering.

EXT. SUNNY HORIZONS, DAY

They get to Sunny Horizons. Shonali stands at the door way.

DUA
It'll be great...unique!

MAJEED
How so?

DUA
I just know it.

Majeed and Shonali share a deep look. She waves at him.
Undeniable chemistry here.

MAJEED
(looks at Shonali)
Well...you're in good hands.

EXT. SUNNY HORIZONS - CONTINUOUS

Dua rushes by Shonali. Shonali waits for Majeed at the entrance.

SHONALI
(to Dua)
I'll be in!

Majeed approaches Shonali. She straightens herself. Arms still folded, almost guarded from the vulnerability she is about to feel.

SHONALI (CONT'D)
Hey.

MAJEED
Sorry it's been a while.

SHONALI
I know you're busy. How's Baba?

MAJEED
He's good. Listen, thanks...for taking care of the audition. And the job.

SHONALI
Are we going to be so formal now?

Shonali and Majeed lock eyes.

Majeed puts his hand on hers. She craves the contact. But he pulls back too soon.

He walks back towards his car. Shonali's face slowly turns to longing.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dua is already booted up in her ankle bells. Shonali comes in, also booted up, but more so, emotionally.

Shonali sits in front of Dua, and starts clapping for rhythm.

DUA

Shona Aunty. I was wondering if a bunch of us could hang out here tonight after school.

SHONALI

Why? What's up?

DUA

Need some chill time after midterms.

SHONALI

Just keep the noise down.

Shonali starts clapping again. Dua starts stomping her ankles. She seems to be distracted.

DUA

Shona Aunty.

SHONALI

Yes?

DUA

...was Kathak a dance of the whores?

SHONALI

These dances are divine.

DUA

Not in Pakistan.

SHONALI

Some have used the enticing nature of the dance for different ends but that doesn't change the intention of the dance.

DUA
Of worship?

SHONALI
Kathak did evolve as a court dance,
for the pleasure of kings. But both
the dancers and the audience knew
that the yearning in the dance is
the yearning of the spirit to be
reunited with God.

Dua seems momentarily relieved. Shonali notices the new scarf
around her shoulders.

SHONALI (CONT'D)
That's nice.

DUA
Baba gave it to me.
(looking at the scarf)
I wish I could share all of this
with him. And Pops.

Shonali stands up.

SHONALI
The time will come.

Shonali starts teaching Dua some intricate hand gestures.

The both start stomping on the ground. The ankle chimes lead
us to...

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, HALL - LATER

The ankle chimes continue under this scene.

Dua, ankle bells off, works with Carol. Ya'ir watch her work.
A FEW OTHER SENIORS come to the room to watch in awe.

SHONALI (V.O.)
Dance is a healer of trauma. Both
mental and physical.

Dua holds Carol's arms as she attempts to get up from the
wheel chair.

The seniors start clapping. Carol makes it out of the chair,
barely at first. The claps get louder. She hasn't been able
to do this in years. It's clear she is in shock, as are the
seniors.

Carol looks up at the Lord in gratitude.

Carol trembles into a standing position, Dua firmly grasping her, beaming with pride. The ankle chimes crescendo out.

EXT. MOSQUE, STAIRS, EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Majeed, in his police uniform, helps Baba up the stairs. There is visual synonymity in how he helps his father and how Dua helped Carol.

INT. MOSQUE, MEN'S SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Majeed absorbs the mosque differently today. He notices people around him in more detail.

Ali and Jaffar hug each other. Ali notices Majeed and gives him a wave.

A group of men in the distance shoot abrupt looks at Majeed. He nods back at them. People don't react to his police uniform that well. Is it his paranoia? Or do people look at him funny today?

The azaan begins. Majeed raises his arms for prayer. His expression is anything but calm this time as he looks at the towering calligraphy over him. Majeed closes his eyes.

INT. MAJEED CAR - LATER

Baba delightfully watches Chicago pass by. Then...

BABA
Where are we going?

BABA
Kahan le kar jaa rahe ho?

MAJEED
It's my day to pick Dua from the old age home.

MAJEED
Aaj Dua ko senior center se pick karna hai.

BABA
She's been asking me to come watch her teach.

BABA
Acha hua. Kai dinon se mujhe jagah dikhana cha rahi hai.

EXT. SUNNY HORIZONS - NIGHT

Music blasts from the building.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dua, ankle bells on, but in a skimpy summer dress. Baba's scarf flies loosely around her neck as Aidan leads her through a tango routine. A FEW HIGH SCHOOL students mesmerized, clap. Dua and Aidan are a true delight to watch. The chemistry, the moves.

As Aidan pulls her close at the end, she makes out with him. Passionate.

Sarah and Faisal talk in the corner. Every once in a while, Sarah looks at Dua, concerned. Almost gets up to "save her" when Faisal pulls her back.

Right then, the front door opens. Majeed and Baba enter. Shell shocked.

Sarah notices and gets up. This time Faisal doesn't stop her.

Sarah walks up to Dua, still lip locked with Aidan. She shakes her awake and points subtly towards the door.

Dua looks towards the entrance, horrified to see Baba and Majeed.

EXT. SUNNY HORIZONS - CONTINUOUS

The music continues to blare inside.

Majeed forcibly drags Dua out. Dua holds her shoes in her hands, walking barefeet with her ghungroos. Baba follows.

Sarah, Faisal and Aidan stand by the door way, quietly peeking.

Dua forces her arm out of her father's grip. She starts taking her ghungroos off and puts on her shoes. Majeed, fixated on her ghungroos.

DUA
(to Majeed)
I texted you I'll be home myself
tonight.

BABA	BABA
<i>Indecent. Just like Fatima!</i>	Besharam, behaya. Bilkul apni maan ki tarha.

Majeed and Dua look at Baba with shock.

MAJEED
Keep Fatima out of it!

MAJEED
 Fatima ko iss main na
 ghaseetiye.

DUA
 What about Ma?

BABA
 (to Dua)
 She didn't understand our ways.

MAJEED
 (to Baba)
 What ways?!

Baba doesn't want to respond to Majeed. He turns to Dua.

BABA
 Why are you with na-Mahram men like
 that?

Aidan hides behind Sarah.

DUA
 Na-what?

MAJEED
 (pointing at the
 ghungroos)
 Who gave you those?

DUA
 I use them in my choreo-

MAJEED
 I told you anything but Kathak!

DUA
 You never told me why-

MAJEED
 (shouts back)
 Because Kathak killed your mother!

Baba is silent. Dua doesn't take the yelling or the
 information well. She walks into the car and slams it shut.

Dua's coterie watches this.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DINING TABLE - NEXT MORNING

Baba sits at the dining table, reading an Urdu newspaper and
 sipping chai.

BABA
Salam beta.

Dua rushes down the stairs, avoids eye contact and slams the door behind her.

Baba sighs.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS - RECEPTION - DAY

Shonali, facing away from the entrance, takes some papers from Carol.

Majeed enters. Carol notices him.

CAROL
I'm glad handsome men are checking in too.

SHONALI
What?
(she follows Carol's eyes behind her)
Oh. Hey!

Majeed nods at Carol.

SHONALI (CONT'D)
This is Dua's father.

CAROL
(to Majeed)
You can't say no to that girl.
She's determined to make me walk.

Majeed smiles at that.

MAJEED
A pleasure to meet you ma'am.

CAROL
(to Shonali)
Please take him in.

Shonali blushes. Carol wheels away.

SHONALI
I wasn't expecting-

MAJEED
(interrupts)
Did you start teaching her Kathak?

SHONALI

I should've told you. It's just for the audition.

(beat)

I wish you could see her. She's so good. I'm sorry...

MAJEED

I'm sure she is. But we had a deal.

SHONALI

It's a different world, she's a different woman. It's now, not then.

MAJEED

She's all I have.

SHONALI

She's not going anywhere.

(beat)

We can't move forward until she faces her past.

Shonali isn't just talking about Dua. She pierces Majeed's eyes. He looks into her eyes, then pulls back.

MAJEED

I'm not ready.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dua enters. Baba is still at the table where she left him this morning.

BABA

Salam, beta!

No response.

BABA (CONT'D)

Come. Sit.

Dua puts her bag aside and comes to sit at the table as far away as she can. Baba's prayer beads lie on the table, at a stopping point. She picks up and studies the next bead in line.

BABA (CONT'D)

I left it at Al-alim. All-knowing.

DUA
(looking to the heavens)
Does He know how my mother died?

BABA
Of course he does.

DUA
Does He know why you don't like
her?

BABA
I never said that.

DUA
Why don't you like dancing?

BABA
It's against my principles.
(beat)
I'm not here to tell you what to
do, I promise.

DUA
But she was so beautiful when she
danced.

BABA
There are more beautiful things to
do.

DUA
Like?

BABA
The body has its own desires and
can lead you down the wrong path.

DUA
That's what I'm saying! It's not
just the body.

BABA
You are not a child any more,
you're a woman. And when you flaunt
your body in front of men, they
will see your body, not your soul.

DUA
I feel connected to God when I
dance.

BABA

That may be so my child but the
Quran forbids women from dancing in
front of men. Go read for yourself.

Dua considers this.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

Majeed follows the same group of suspicious men who were
staring at him in the mosque, keeping distance.

They turn a corner. He does too. One of them looks back. Just
in time, Majeed ducks away.

EXT. KHAWAR HOUSE, EVENING

Dua walks home, lost in thought.

INT. ATTIC - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Dua switches on the light. A row of childhood trinkets in
front of her. Ghosts from the past.

- first ballet shoes, first ballet outfit.
- first bicycle.
- a hand-painted trunk.

Dua opens the trunk. It is full of her mother's *Kathak*
outfits. She lifts one out carefully and sniffs it. She lays
her cheek against the silk.

QUICK FLASH: Fatima dances in that costume.

BACK TO PRESENT: Dua reaches between the costumes to pull out
something carefully wrapped in silk. Dua unwraps it. It's a
Quran, with a page-by-page English translation.

She takes a deep breath and then opens the book. She follows
the page to the book marker. A passage highlighted.

DUA

So righteous women are devoutly
obedient, guarding in [the
husband's] absence what Allah would
have them guard. But those [wives]
from whom you fear arrogance -
[first] advise them;

(MORE)

DUA (CONT'D)
 [then if they persist], forsake
 them in bed; and [finally], strike
 them. Chapter 4, verse 34.

Dua's phone buzzes. A text from Majeed.

TEXT: Father daughter date at Khan's?

Dua sighs. She shuts the Quran.

EXT. KHAN'S SWEET HOUSE - NIGHT

Majeed and Dua sit at a table across from each other. Majeed sips chai. Dua scrolls on her phone, avoiding eye contact.

Right then, the same group of men that Majeed was following earlier, walk in. The man who looked back notices Majeed's uniform. They sit at a table as far away as possible.

Ali brings two bowls of steaming sweet noodles. Dua's eyes sparkle at the sight of them.

Majeed catches her excitement and gives her a smile. She immediately pulls back.

ALI
 Salam brother. We are becoming your
 second home now.

MAJEED
 Wassalam.

ALI
 Your daughter?

Majeed nods. Ali leaves them. Dua starts eating her noodles quietly.

MAJEED
 Shonali told me it'd help your
 chances at Juilliard.

Dua doesn't look up.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
 I shouldn't have yelled at you like
 that-

DUA
 How did Kathak kill Ma?

Dua stares at Majeed. Silence at first. Then...

MAJEED

The judgments were crippling. She stopped living once she stopped moving.

DUA

Who judged her? Baba? I can't see him-

MAJEED

He's not the man I knew once.

Silence.

DUA

I started reading the Quran today.

MAJEED

What did you read?

DUA

The verse about striking women.

MAJEED

Chapter 4, verse 34. You know that strike is often misinterpreted to mean "hitting". It really means to go on strike.

Dua is impressed.

DUA

Why did you stop going to the mosque?

MAJEED

I stopped believing in the power of prayer.

DUA

Why did you name me prayer if you wanted to avoid it?

Majeed doesn't have a comeback. He smiles, defeated.

INT. MOSQUE, MEN'S SIDE - DAY

Majeed, in uniform, is at the mosque without Baba.

After prayer, he notices Ali handing Jaffar a hoard of cash.

Majeed watches Ali look around as if he is searching for someone. He then walks out.

Once Ali has left the mosque, Majeed walks towards Jaffar.

JAFFAR
Where's Baba today?

MAJEED
He's resting.

JAFFAR
Please give him my regards.

MAJEED
May I ask you something?

JAFFAR
Yes, please.

MAJEED
You support a lot of international
charity work. Right?

JAFFAR
Yes, brother.

MAJEED
Have you had problems with moving
money abroad?

Jaffar seems guarded.

JAFFAR
Why?

MAJEED
My brother in Pakistan has been
complaining about money transfers.
He says it's getting really hard.

JAFFAR
We have to manage. When money is
needed, it's needed.

MAJEED
If there's anything I can do to
help. Do let me know.

JAFFAR
What would you be able to do?

Majeed is caught off guard.

MAJEED
Well...I could find out how they
are obstructing. To begin with.

Jaffar is interrupted by a group of MEN who want to greet him.

JAFFAR
That'd be great help to the
community. Thank you brother.

Majeed nods at him. Jaffar is engulfed by his congregation.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A typical, clinical cold examination room. Baba lies on the examination gurney. He stares at the ceiling trying to avoid Majeed's eyes. He also prays on his prayer beads.

Majeed sits in a corner staring at his father.

MAJEED
*You asked Dua to start
reading the Quran?*

MAJEED
Kya aap ne Dua se Quran
parrhne ko kaha hai?

BABA
*Am I banned from talking
about Islam as well now?*

BABA
Tho kya ghalat kaha hai? Ab
Islam ke baarey me bhi kuch
nahin keh sakta kya?

MAJEED
That's not what I'm saying.

MAJEED
Mera matlab yeh nahin tha.

BABA
*Is it that bad for her to
learn more about her
religion, her people.*

BABA
Apne mazhab, apne logon ke
baarey main seekhna acha hai
oos ke liya.

MAJEED
*"Her people" are where she
lives now.*

MAJEED
Apne log, oos ka ghar yeh
hai. Jin main woh bari hui
hai.

BABA
*But she is still Muslim. Or
is there something you want
to tell me?*

BABA
Musalmaan tho hai na aabhi
thak?

Right then, Dr Sahil Khan walks in with a medical folder.

DR SAHIL KHAN
Assalamualaikum! What a pleasure to
see you both.

Salam MAJEED BABA
Likewise. Wa'alaikumassalam.

DR SAHIL KHAN
Good news and-

MAJEED
Bad news first.

DR SAHIL KHAN
Seems like we'll need an
angioplasty.

MAJEED
What's that?

DR SAHIL KHAN
One of his arteries is severely
blocked.
(off Majeed's concern)
Good news. It's a standard
procedure. He'll be okay.

MAJEED
When?

DR SAHIL KHAN
As soon as possible. How are we
looking with the blood pressure?

Majeed pulls up a note on his phone.

MAJEED
These are his readings from last
week.

DR SAHIL KHAN
That looks great.

MAJEED
We've been making sure he is eating
low cholesterol foods.

DR SAHIL KHAN
Good son you have Mr. Khawar.

Baba doesn't respond to that. Majeed notices.

Majeed's phone rings.

MAJEED
Excuse me one second.

Majeed leaves the room.

DR SAHIL KHAN
You're a man of God. You've done a
lot right in your life.

BABA
Not like you. All your charities.
Jaffar was telling me.

DR SAHIL KHAN
You're also doing a lot in
Pakistan.

BABA
I still haven't gotten around to
asking him where I can stock my
scarves.

DR SAHIL KHAN
We have a store on Devon. We'd be
happy to stock them there.

BABA
Really?

DR SAHIL KHAN
Of course!

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CLOYD OFFICE

Agent Weller and Captain Cloyd sit across from Majeed.

MAJEED
He's just beginning to gain my
trust.

WELLER
There is a lot at stake if this
money gets in the wrong hands.

MAJEED
I'm moving as fast as I can.

Weller doesn't believe him.

WELLER
(to Cloyd; avoids Majeed)
Once we have the list of charities,
we can make the connections fairly
quickly.

MAJEED
If there are any connections.

Weller gives him a smug look.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S ROOM - DAY

Dua reads the Quran, high-lighter in hand.

QURAN:

"And tell the believing women to reduce [some] of their vision and guard their private parts...and to wrap [a portion of] their headcovers over their chests[...]. And let them not stamp their feet to make known what they conceal of their adornment. Chapter 24, Verse 30."

Dua highlights "headcovers over their chests" and "not stamp their feet to make known what they conceal".

EXT. DR SAHIL KHAN'S STORE, DEVON STREET - DAY

Baba's scarves neatly folded on a table in the display window, next to mannequins with sequined clothing. A sign says "AUTHENTIC SCARVES FROM SINDH -- ONLY \$20".

Dua and Baba admire the display.

BABA

Let's see how much money we will make! Insha'Allah.

They begin to walk away. Dua gathers courage to speak.

DUA

Baba, I've been reading the Quran and nowhere does it directly say that people shouldn't dance...

BABA

I am pleased that you are taking the time to read the Quran.

DUA

There *is* a verse about stomping your feet...

Baba notices Dua's misery.

BABA

The verse that is generally quoted as being against music and dance is Lukman 6, which says those who pursue amusements that lead people away from God will be humiliated.

(MORE)

BABA (CONT'D)

So. Does your dancing excite men or
does it celebrate God?

Dua considers this for a moment.

DUA

It celebrates life.

BABA

You either believe in the word of
God. Or you don't. Ask yourself.
Begin your jihad.

DUA

Jihad? Me?

BABA

Yes. All jihad means is your
internal war, your struggle.

DUA

What war?

BABA

With your *nafs*. Your ego. It is
your inner war to cast out sin, to
do good deeds and to love God with
your heart and soul.

Dua listens to Baba intently.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Dua's bare feet move swiftly on the grass. She practices
some Kathak moves. With music in her ears. She notices the
leaves of the tree above swaying in the wind. She switches
off her music.

She hears the leaves rustle aloud. She continues her
stretching. Eyes closed. The leaves rustle even louder. She
smiles.

She lets herself go, falling back gently. Her head hangs
back, her heart opens to the heavens above.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

Dua pulls Baba's scarf out of her bag. She is about to pull
her *ghungroos* out as well but then stops herself.

She wraps Baba's scarf neatly but is careful to cover her
bosom.

SHONALI
A new style today?

DUA
Just trying to mix it up.

Dua strikes her pose. Shonali looks at Dua's bare ankles.

SHONALI
Where are your ghungroos?

DUA
I just wanted to hear my feet
today.

SHONALI
We are two weeks away from the
audition. The ghungroos guide your
movement. You need them.

Shonali notices Dua's uneasiness.

DUA
I just have a headache. They get
too loud.

Shonali looks for more but Dua just avoids eye contact as she
begins moving.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dua, in a tank top and jeans, puts make up on.

She looks at herself in the mirror. She takes a dress shirt
and wears it on top of her tank top. More coverage.

She then takes Baba's scarf and ties it in a way that it
looks fashionable, and also drapes over her bosom.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

High school students hang out drinking and listening to music
on speakers.

Dua sways from side to side to the great music.

Aidan pulls her to the dance floor. They fool around on the
dance floor. Funny dance moves. Dua slowly tries to extricate
herself from the dance floor but then Aidan pulls her back,
this time serious. He moves in for a kiss, she pulls back and
continues to just look at him. He looks back at her.

Dua pulls herself away from him.

Aidan re-approaches. He leans in for a kiss again, she playfully pushes him back. He offers her a drink, she shakes her head. His cigarette, she takes it.

He watches her take a puff. She avoids his eyes.

AIDAN

What's gotten into you lately?

DUA

I'm trying an extreme cleanse...I just want to connect to my soul more. Make sense?

It doesn't.

AIDAN

Who's telling you all this?

Dua turns to Aidan, takes his face in her hands. Then, straight into his eyes.

DUA

It's nothing personal. I'm sorry.

Dua gives him his cigarette back. Kisses his forehead and leaves.

Aidan doesn't know what just happened.

INT. JAFFAR'S OFFICE - MOSQUE - NEXT DAY

Majeed scans a list on the table. Jaffar is in the next room.

MAJEED

(calls out to Jaffar)

So all these transfers are blocked now?

JAFFAR (O.S.)

They let all those through before the attacks.

Majeed keeps looking back at the door. He folds the list and puts it in his pocket. He then takes out his phone and starts taking pictures of various documents in the room.

Jaffar emerges with a tray of tea and cookies.

Majeed quickly hides his phone.

JAFFAR (CONT'D)

Now it's just slowed to a crawl, or sometimes, they won't accept the transfer at all.

MAJEED

That's frustrating.

JAFFAR

I've been talking to other mosques as well. It seems like a blanket shut down. They act as if we're sending funds to terrorists or something.

Jaffar looks at Majeed.

Silence.

MAJEED

Maybe they need to be shown otherwise.

JAFFAR

It's not like they give us a warning before they do anything! If they asked, I could show them full paper trails and vet each of these charities.

MAJEED

You have sugar?

JAFFAR

Oh, I'm sorry. Let me get some.

Jaffar leaves.

Majeed gets up and starts poking around other paperwork lying around the office.

EXT. SUNNY HORIZONS, TUSCAN GARDENS - DAY

Dua walks up to the front in a *shalwar kameez* (traditional outfit). Baba's scarf is tied around her shoulders and bosom again.

Carol notices her new attire.

CAROL

Aren't you going to get hot in those?

DUA

This is what people wear in
Pakistan everyday. In the fields,
in the heat.

CAROL

But you're not in Pakistan, or the
fields.

DUA

I am Pakistani.

CAROL

I thought you were Indian.

Dua rolls her eyes.

YA'IR

Don't listen to her. You look
mighty fine, Ms. Dua.

DUA

Thanks Ya'ir. Now, I have a
surprise for you.

Dua heads to plug her iPhone in.

Carol and Ya'ir share a look of curiosity and perhaps
judgment.

The iPod starts blurting out sounds of nature - birds, ocean
waves, wind.

DUA (CONT'D)

I thought, we could start with
nature's music today.

Carol and Ya'ir seem confused. They're not buying this.

DUA (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go. And a 1,2, 3 and
a 4.

Dua sways her arms up and down to stretch. Carol slowly gets
up from her wheel chair and holds her walker as she begins
her exercises. Dua watches her progress with pride.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - LATER

Shonali practices some steps in front of a mirror. She turns
when Dua comes in.

SHONALI

Shalwar kameez (the traditional attire)? Did the oldies like it?

DUA

I don't think they did.

Dua starts stretching. As her hands hit her bare ankles. Shonali notices in frustration.

SHONALI

You can't learn Kathak without ghungroos.

DUA

I forgot them. I'm so sorry!

Shonali goes to her chest of drawers and brings out another pair.

Dua's shoulders drop. Busted. She begins to tie the new pair.

SHONALI

We will be working on *abhinaya* today. Expressions.

Shonali sits in front of Dua.

SHONALI (CONT'D)

First. You have to use your eyes in mysterious ways. Awakening the desire, flirting with the soul.

DUA

How is flirting ok for a pure dance form?

Shonali shoots a confused look at Dua. Where is this coming from?

DUA (CONT'D)

It's so easy being Hindu. You even have gestures in the dance communicating directly with God.

(points to Nataraja)

You even have a dancing God!

Nothing connects Kathak to Allah.

I've been searching the Quran.

SHONALI

God is one. You believe that, don't you?

DUA

Can we not flirt, when we dance?
Can't we be modest?

SHONALI

Modesty is in your intention.

DUA

Do you think you're modest?

SHONALI

I think you're done for today.

Dua doesn't buy it. She looks at her ghungroos. She stretches slowly towards them, bowing her head to Shonali.

Shonali watches her with more concern.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CUBICLE AREA - EVENING

Matt and Majeed study the list of charities.

Majeed notices a few familiar names. He circles Dr. Khan.

MAJEED

I didn't know he had a charity.

MATT

You know him?

MAJEED

Nice man. Treating my father.

Matt notices the complexity of the situation.

MATT

Look at all these countries.

Matt tracks the countries with his finger. Pakistan, Libya, Somalia, Yemen, Saudi Arabia.

MATT (CONT'D)

I can see why they're worried.

MAJEED

Really? Just because someone's
sending hoards of cash to Yemen,
doesn't mean the Yemeni terrorists
are involved.

MATT

Did you just hear yourself?

MAJEED
Wow...Nieman.

Majeed's phone rings. It's Shonali. Matt notices and nudges him teasingly.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
Hey. What a surprise.

SHONALI
(phone; filtered)
Hi. Yes, I hope I didn't disturb you.
(beat)
I was just wondering if you could stop by sometime today?

MAJEED
Is everything okay?

SHONALI
I just wanted to talk.

MAJEED
Sure, I'll be there.

Majeed hangs up. Matt picks up some mints from his desk and offers them to Majeed.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
I don't have the balls to kiss her yet.

Majeed grabs his jacket.

MATT
(points to the list)
When are you handing this over to them?

MAJEED
I need to study it a bit more.

Majeed walks out.

EXT. SUNNY HORIZONS STREET - EVENING

Shonali and Majeed walk.

MAJEED
She's very excited about the audition.

SHONALI

The choreography is great. We've been practicing too...but she's been a bit confused lately.

MAJEED

About?

SHONALI

She keeps trying to get permission to dance.

MAJEED

From?

SHONALI

The Quran.

Majeed sighs

MAJEED

Baba...

SHONALI

She will go towards everything you kept her away from. Baba, Kathak, Islam...

MAJEED

I never *tried* to keep her away from Islam.

Shonali looks at Majeed with disagreement.

SHONALI

I just wish there were no distractions right now. You know how long she's dreamt of this.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Majeed and Dua cook dinner together. Dua's the cook, Majeed the sous-chef. He chops potatoes.

MAJEED

Lucky man! You hardly cook for me.

DUA

He's a lonely old man.

MAJEED

So am I!

DUA
Potatoes please!

Majeed hands her the potatoes.

DUA (CONT'D)
I wanted to congratulate him. He
finally stocked his scarves.

MAJEED
Really? Where?

DUA
Some Dr. Khan?

Majeed's eyes widen.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CUBICLE AREA - NIGHT

Majeed rushes through his desk. He looks for the charity
list. It is gone. Matt comes up to the cubicle area.

MATT
Didn't you leave for the day?

MAJEED
Where's the charity list?

MATT
Where you left it?

MAJEED
It's gone.

MATT
Calm down. I'm sure it is here.
Didn't you back it up.

Majeed shakes his head.

MAJEED
Rookie mistake.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
Baba has put up his scarves at Dr
Sahil Khan's store.

MATT
Who's Dr Sahil Khan? What scarves?

MAJEED
He was on the charity list. I have
to warn Baba.

MATT
It's an FBI investigation. You'll
get yourself in trouble.

MAJEED
He's my father.

MATT
I'm sure he'll be fine. It's just a
few scarves you said?

Majeed isn't convinced.

Right then, Cloyd walks up to him.

CLOYD
Khawar, my office please?

Majeed and Matt share a look.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CLOYD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Captain Cloyd and Majeed. FBI Agent Weller comes in.

CLOYD
Close the door behind you.

Weller abides.

CLOYD (CONT'D)
Weller gave me the charity list you
submitted.

Majeed looks at Weller. Weller has a smirk on his face.

WELLER
Very thorough work, Officer.
Despite blocks on these charities,
money's still getting through.

CLOYD
How?

MAJEED
Underground banks, running through
China into Pakistan. It's highly
sophisticated-

WELLER
...run by crime syndicates.

MAJEED

They only went to those banks
because the government held up
their legal options.

WELLER

Either way, these are great leads.

MAJEED

Thanks. But I still don't have
anything concrete.

WELLER

The FBI will connect the dots from
here on.

CLOYD

Great work, Khawar. We'll be in
touch for anything further.

WELLER

(reaches his hand out)
Thank you for your service.

Majeed feels dirty about this handshake. But he has to extend
his hand.

INT. MOSQUE, MEN'S SIDE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Majeed, alone in the prayer hall.

A YOUNG FATHER, 30s, walks in with his son, 6. Majeed watches
them.

The father begins to pray, the son copies him. Sweet. Majeed
watches as the son looks up to his father. As the father bows
down, he puts his hand on his son lovingly.

Majeed closes his eyes and prays, like we haven't seen him
pray before.

Jaffar emerges from his office. He walks to Majeed, nods a
symbolic salam and seats himself by him quietly.

After a moment of silence.

JAFFAR

May I ask you why left the mosque
in the first place?

MAJEED

When my wife died, I didn't care to
ask for anything else.

JAFFAR

Those who die, are merely returning back to where they came from. It isn't something to hold against Allah. You will be reunited, *Insha'Allah* (God-willing).

MAJEED

How do we know in every instant if we are taking the right or wrong step?

JAFFAR

We don't. The outcome of every step is not in our control. But what is in our control is our intention. *Innamal aamalu bin niyaat*. It's a saying of the Prophet. All actions are judged by intentions. So in this step you ask of, is your intention good?

Majeed looks down at his hands. Jaffar stares at him with compassion.

JAFFAR (CONT'D)

You're a good man Majeed. Helpful to your community, your father. Allah will reward you.

Majeed looks at Jaffar, even more disturbed.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - EARLY MORNING

Majeed helps Baba pack for the hospital.

A pair of clothes, a towel. Baba brings his prayer mat to Majeed.

MAJEED

I don't think you'll be able to sit up for a day or two.

BABA

Just in case.

Baba stuffs the prayer mat in the bag.

MAJEED

You didn't eat anything since midnight right?

BABA

No. No.

(beat)

Do we have time to go to the mosque?

MAJEED

We're cutting it close.

Dua walks into the room with her backpack.

BABA

Oh my beta. Salam. We're going to the mosque. Want to join us?

DUA

(hugs baba)

I have to be at Shona Aunty's. I'll see you at the hospital.

BABA

My hardworking child.

INT. MOSQUE, MEN'S SIDE - EARLY MORNING

Majeed, Baba and a few men are led in prayer by Jaffar.

The men bow down, they rise up.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - SAME TIME

Dua, decked in her Kathak outfit and ghungroos, closes her eyes and rises up in frame. She starts stomping her feet. The ghungroos chime loud.

Shonali claps to keep her rhythm.

INT. MOSQUE, MEN'S SIDE - SAME TIME

The men prostrate, they rise up. Right then.

FBI AGENT (O.C.)

Hands up! It's the FBI!

The men startle. They "end" their prayer in urgency. Looking to the right, to the left, and raise their hands above their heads. Majeed looks back in horror.

He sees a stream of FBI agents running up to the men and arresting them. He notices Weller right behind them.

BABA
What's going on?

MAJEED
You'll be fine, Baba. Just stay
with me.

An FBI agent comes for Baba. Majeed instinctively jumps in front of him.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
I'm an officer. He's a heart
patient. I'm taking him to the
doctor right now.

Majeed flashes his badge.

FBI AGENT
Sorry Sir, orders from the top.

The agent proceeds to handcuff Baba.

BABA
Majeed!

MAJEED
I'll take care of it. Just go with
them now.

Majeed looks at Weller. Weller nods at Majeed from the back.

WELLER
(loud and clear)
Officer Khawar!

The whole mosque notices this exchange. Majeed shrinks with guilt.

IN SLO-MOTION:

Jaffar, handcuffed, is dragged out of the mosque. A look of disbelief and betrayal at Majeed.

Majeed sees his father, also handcuffed at this point, being dragged out.

The mosque drains of men. Majeed stands back in shock.

Baba looks at him in fear. And heartbreak.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - SAME TIME

IN SLO-MOTION:

Dua takes a few turns and then stops. She bends down, breathing heavily.

SHONALI
What's wrong?

She pushes Shonali away, tries to catch her breath.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME - LATER

Dua, still in her outfit, enters. She stops in her tracks.

In front of her, Majeed shell-shocked, sits staring in space. He looks at her, sees FATIMA standing in a Kathak outfit.

MAJEED
Fatima?

Dua rushes to him. Tries to shake him out of it.

DUA
What's wrong?

No answer.

DUA (CONT'D)
Where's Baba? Pops? Baba? Baba?!

Majeed slowly looks at her, realizing its Dua.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Dua enters Baba's room, shuts the door and throws her backpack as hard as she can.

The bag collides with the wall and her *ghungroos* fall out. One of them tears. Hundreds of ankle bells scatter on the floor. A deafening cacophony of chimes emanates.

Dua slaps her hands onto her ears and slides down the door, all the way to the floor.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Baba sits alone, staring into space in an empty, dark cell.

EXT. KHAWAR HOUSE - DAY

Majeed attempts his usual morning jog but just doesn't have the energy to carry on. He stops amid jog and rests.

EXT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Majeed, sits on a bench, tired and slouchy. Matt walks in with a tray of breakfast and sits by him. He nudges Majeed to eat.

MAJEED

I could've done more to protect him.

MATT

It was an investigation.

MAJEED

It was a pre-emptive raid!

MATT

The FBI doesn't ask for permission.

Majeed sees Ali walking out of the building with ANOTHER OFFICER in tow.

MAJEED

They got him too!

Majeed then notices his hands. No handcuffs.

MAJEED (CONT'D)

Wait a minute...

MATT

I guess he was their informant.

Majeed's eyes widen.

MAJEED

(shouts to Ali)

Hey!

Ali looks back at Majeed and immediately looks away as he hurriedly walks on.

MAJEED (CONT'D)

Un-believable!

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CLOYD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Majeed faces Cloyd. He doesn't sit.

CLOYD

You failed to mention specific charity money being generated from your own family.

MAJEED

Ma'am.

(elevated)

He sold a few scarves to help weavers in Pakistan! *And* the money hasn't even been transferred yet.

CLOYD

But were you aware that he sold these at the time of the raid?

MAJEED

The focus, I thought, was on the *methods* of money transfer.

CLOYD

It is still deemed as obstruction of information.

MAJEED

How does arresting everyone at the mosque justify this investigation?

CLOYD

Preliminary investigation.

MAJEED

He's a heart patient. His angioplasty was scheduled a few hours after you...the FBI took him.

CLOYD

They're going through S.O.P.

MAJEED

Which we both know can take months.

CLOYD

The FBI wants full control over the case.

MAJEED

Right after they used us for all their dirty work. Of course.

Majeed nods and walks out of the office. Cloyd shoots him a look of concern.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Dua sits quietly on Baba's bed next to an empty tote bag. His prayer mat and his prayer beads in hand.

She notices the emptiness of the room.

Baba's worn out shoes stare at her from the corner of the room.

INT. JAIL, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Dua observes the visiting room. She holds the tote bag. Baba's gifted scarf draped over her shoulders.

An OFFICER at the reception looks at her.

OFFICER
For Mr Khawar?

Dua walks up to him. He points to the bag. She hands it over. He takes out a bowl of biryani. Shakes his head. He takes out a prayer mat. Shakes his head again. Takes out the beads and studies them.

DUA
It's like a rosary.

OFFICER
But this is Arabic.

Dua tries to take it from him.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Your grandfather?

Dua nods.

JUMP CUT

Dua and Baba sit across from each other. Baba, tired-looking and exhausted, fidgets with his hands. He looks at Dua, defeated. Dua tries to stay strong. She gives him the beads.

He looks up at her, tears in his eyes.

DUA
I brought you some biryani and your prayer mat but they only let me give you these...

BABA
Mera beta. This is all I need.
(beat)
You must think so low of me now.

DUA

That day, I chose to go to dance practice over coming with you to the mosque.

Baba realizes what she's saying.

BABA

So you think it's all your fault?

DUA

I *know* you're innocent.

BABA

We all make our own fortune. Don't blame yourself.

DUA

(in an anglicized Arabic accent)

All actions are judged by intention.

BABA

Ah. Reading the Prophet's sayings too now?

DUA

I'm sure you didn't know they were sending money to the bad guys.

BABA

As I'm sure you didn't intend for me to be here either.

Baba raises his heavy hands to stroke Dua's hair. She doesn't duck down this time.

DUA

We'll get you out of here.

INT. JAIL MEETING ROOM - LATER

Majeed, in plain clothes, takes in the visitation room. Bare, clinical, cold. A TATTOOED MAN, late 30s, sits waiting in the far corner. The WOMAN, sobbing and holding on to her handcuffed LOVER's hands. He calms her down.

A door opens on the far side and Baba walks with an officer towards him.

Silence.

Baba sits. Majeed follows.

MAJEED

Are they giving you food and water.

BABA

Dua got me my tasbih. That's enough.

MAJEED

When did she come?

BABA

I came to this country to be out there with her, not here.

MAJEED

We have to figure out all ways to get you out of here. Based on medical or-

BABA

I am innocent. Isn't that enough?

Majeed leans in.

MAJEED

(whispers)
Did Jaffar ever speak to you about... ways to help get your money, to Pakistan... more easily?

Baba looks at Majeed shocked.

BABA

I come to your country to see you, and they throw me in jail like a terrorist! Is this what you left your country for Majeed? You were far better off there.

MAJEED

There's no need to get mad.

BABA

Why are you talking to me like I'm a criminal.

MAJEED

Aap ne khaana khaya?

BABA

Dua meri tasbih le aayi thi. Aur kuch nahin chahiye.

MAJEED

Woh kab aayi?

BABA

Main yehan sirf oos ke saath waqt bithaane aya tha.

MAJEED

Aap ko riha karne ke saare raastey sochne parein ge-

BABA

Main begunah hoon. Kya woh kaafi nahin hai?

MAJEED

(whispers)
Jaffar ne Pakistan paise bhejne ki ya koi aisi waisi baat kabhi aap se ki?

BABA

Main tumhare mulk tum se milne aaya tha aur kuthe ki tarha yehan mujhe jail main phaink diya. Iss sab ke liye tum ne apna ghar chora tha? Iss sab ke liye? Wahan par izzat tho thi kam az kam.

MAJEED

Ghussa thanda kijiye.

BABA

Mujh se mujrimon ki tarha kyon baat kar rahe ho?

MAJEED

*If there's nothing to hide,
there's nothing to fear.*

BABA

*"If" there's nothing to hide.
Listen to yourself Majeed.*

(beat)

I raised you a coward. All
you could do was become a
garbage collector for a
fascist state.

MAJEED

Agar kuch chupane ke liye
nahin hain, tho phir darne ki
koi-

BABA

(interrupts)

"Agar" kuch chupaane ke liye
nahin hai? Zara apne alfaaz
par ghor karo! Aik buzdil
mulk ki farmaabardari karta
hua mera na ahl, na kaam,
buzdil beta. Keh kya raha
hai.

Majeed can't take it, snaps.

MAJEED

I try so hard to protect your
people, our people, but they
break the law.

MAJEED

Main ne bauhat koshish ki.
Lekin aap ke log, humaray log
qanoon thorthen hain. Yeh tho
maanna parega aap ko.

BABA

You are so quick to judge
your own people.

BABA

Aur aik dafa phir, meray
betay ne kitni asaani se apne
logon ko radh kar diya.

MAJEED

It's my job to defend the
innocent.

MAJEED

Sab maasoomon ke haqooq ki
hifaazat karna mera kaam hai.
Sirf Musalmaanon ki nahin.

BABA

And you think you've done a
good job?

BABA

Aur kya tumhain lagta hai ke
tum apni zimmedaari sahi
tarha nibha rahe ho?

Majeed doesn't respond. Baba leaves.

Majeed hangs his head low. The door slams. Majeed looks up.

He sees Jaffar enter the visitation room now. Faisal goes up
to meet him, both shoot a dirty look at him.

Majeed continues to stare at Jaffar. He gets an idea.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CLOYD OFFICE - DAY

Majeed paces around Cloyd's office.

MAJEED

What if I help get to the bottom of this?

CLOYD

The FBI doesn't want our help anymore.

MAJEED

But what if I can prove the innocence of these charities?

CLOYD

How?

MAJEED

I know someone who can help. I just hope I can convince him.

CLOYD

No promises.

MAJEED

I'm not asking for a charge number. I'll do this on my own time.

CLOYD

You're a free citizen then.

INT. DANCE AUDITION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

A strict looking, Juilliard dance judge sit at a long table.

A LANKY BOY, 16, delivers his ballet audition. He's deathly good.

Shonali watches him keenly from the stands. She takes a deep breath as he finishes.

An ASSISTANT scurries back and forth from the entrance door. She guides the boy out.

INT. DANCE AUDITION, HALLWAY - DAY

The lanky boy walks back towards Dua and another GIRL, both the same age sit anticipating the audition.

Dua clutches the bench, eyes closed, breathing heavily.

ASSISTANT (O.C.)

Dooa. Dooa Khaa-war?

INT. DANCE AUDITION HALL - CONTINUOUS

The oldest JUDGE, a mean-looking MAN, 60s, looks up through his glasses.

The assistant comes back in with Dua. Shonali straightens with pride. But she notices the missing ghungroos.

Dua takes her beginning stance.

The music begins. Dua doesn't move.

Shonali is confused. The judges look at one another.

After a prolonged stationary stance, Dua does perfect turns straight towards the table, stops, stomps her feet and gracefully does a Kathak bow in front of the judges, an apology and thank you in Kathak gestures. She then runs out.

The judges watch her go. Flabbergasted. Shonali runs out through the back door as well.

EXT. DANCE AUDITION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Shonali runs out. She looks around. No Dua.

SHONALI
(shouts)
Dua! Dua!

She walks up through an alley.

Dua sits on the ground, leaning against Shonali's car trunk. Her white Kathak outfit, compromised.

Shonali sits by her and pulls her in a hug.

INT. JAIL MEETING ROOM - DAY

Majeed sits waiting at a table. Matt sits behind him.

Jaffar walks in. He looks at Majeed with curiosity.

Majeed gets up to receive him.

MAJEED
Salam Jaffar.

Jaffar sits.

JAFFAR
Wa'alaikum as salam.

MAJEED

Thank you for meeting me.

JAFFAR

(points to the Heavens)

If He can be Ever-forgiving, who am I?

MAJEED

I never thought they would do a raid.

JAFFAR

But you knew they were investigating us?

MAJEED

Not initially.

JAFFAR

But at some point.

MAJEED

I was doing my job.

JAFFAR

You threw your community under the bus.

MAJEED

That's the thing...this raid was pre-emptive.

JAFFAR

So I'm an innocent man breaking jail bread?

MAJEED

Under the Patriot Act, the FBI can basically do whatever they want. I believe they don't have anything. And I know you can help me with that.

Majeed looks at the guard standing a few feet behind Jaffar. He leans in to Jaffar.

Matt leans in to watch.

MAJEED (CONT'D)

You told me once that if you ever had warning, and needed to, you could stand behind all the charities you support.

Jaffar is intrigued.

JAFFAR

I can.

MAJEED

I need your help. To get you all out of here.

JAFFAR

How can I trust you?

MAJEED

You don't have another option.

Jaffar and Majeed continue to look at each other.

Matt watches at the edge of his seat.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, RECEPTION - NIGHT

Majeed looks dejected. Shonali watches him. A tea kettle boils in the background.

SHONALI

Everything just happened at the same time.

MAJEED

No wonder she's been so depressed lately. I've seen these patterns. Every time she is away from dance...just like Fatima.

SHONALI

Did she have these patterns as well?

MAJEED

Instability?

SHONALI

Sensitivity.

Majeed nods.

SHONALI (CONT'D)

Maybe she can learn from her mother's mistakes. If she knew what they were.

Shonali reaches across the table to Majeed and squeezes his hand.

SHONALI (CONT'D)

I've watched you through the years,
waltz with life. You'll get through
this too.

(beat)

I'll get you another cup of tea.

As Shonali walks by Majeed, he pulls her close and holds her tight. Hugging her, his head on her belly.

She cradles him like a lost child, he looks up at her. She looks down at him, holding his face in her hands. She bends down to meet his lips.

They kiss passionately. The wait through the years heightens the earned pleasure of this moment.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, ATTIC - NIGHT

Majeed pulls out a silk bag from a hidden nook. It looks like the Quran's silk cover. The bag jingles.

Majeed pulls out, aged ghungroos from the bag. He touches his forehead to the bells.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Dua tries her hand at calligraphy on the table.

Majeed approaches her with the silk bag in hand.

MAJEED

May I join you?

Dua nods. Majeed peeks at the paper.

MAJEED (CONT'D)

(reads the word Dua has
written)

Al-Adl

DUA

The ever just.

Majeed smiles at her. He sits at the table. Dua continues her calligraphy. Her eyes well-cried.

MAJEED

Shonali told me.

Dua takes a deep breath.

DUA
I can't dance if I don't feel it.

MAJEED
If you don't dance, you don't feel anything. I know you.

DUA
I just need Baba to be ok.

MAJEED
We're trying.

DUA
You know, for the first time in years. I felt we had a family.

Majeed looks hurt.

DUA (CONT'D)
I meant, a complete family.

Majeed lets her words sink in. Then...

MAJEED
I have something for you.

Majeed puts the silk bag in his hands on the table. They jingle. Dua notices the sound, intrigued.

Majeed pulls out the ghungroos. Beautiful, aged.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
These were Fatima's.

Dua looks at them in disbelief.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
I want you to have them.

DUA
Pops?

Dua takes the ghungroos. She touches the bells to her eyes, like a blessing.

MAJEED
I'm sorry I didn't give them to you earlier.

Dua looks up at her father.

Silence. Then...

MAJEED (CONT'D)
Your mother jumped in front of the
moving car. It wasn't an accident.
She took her own life.

Dua processes this. Her face unravels with vulnerability.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
All these years, I didn't want to
share that burden with you. I
thought that keeping the truth from
you, would protect you.

DUA
Why?

MAJEED
Because dance was her life. When
she stopped moving, she just
stopped...

Dua lets the words sink.

DUA
Living...

MAJEED
Which is why, I begged you not to
do Kathak. You are just like her. I
wish I could've saved her.

Dua holds a heartbroken Majeed tight in a hug.

She looks at the ghungroos on the table. Her mother's spirit
lies in front of her. Bare.

Dua shows renewed visible strength.

VISUAL MONTAGE:

I/E. MAJEED'S CAR / EXT. MOSQUE - NIGHT

Majeed drives by the Jinnah mosque. A police tape surrounds
it.

INT. BABA'S CELL - LATER

Baba prostates on a black plastic bag in an empty, dark cell.

He sits up, ends his prayer and raises his hands to the
heavens, his prayer beads in his hand.

INT. CPD MEETING AREA - DAY

Majeed meets Jaffar. Dua meets Baba.

Majeed looks at his father with longing. Baba doesn't meet his eyes.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLE AREA - NIGHT

Majeed's cubicle is the only lit one in a sea of cubicles.

He types a charity name on his computer, gets the contact number and makes a call on the phone.

He paces around his cubicle as he talks. He ends the call with a look of satisfaction.

He crosses another name off his list of charities.

Matt brings him a cup of coffee and sits by him, listening to him share.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS - DAY

Shonali tries to work on Carol in a similar manner like Dua would. Carol rejects it. Is visibly sad.

Shonali notices. As does Ya'ir.

INT. DUA'S ROOM - DAY

Dua pulls her mother's ghungroos out of the silk bag and feels each bell, almost releasing her mother's soul.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

Shonali absorbs the empty practice room. Majeed comes up behind her suddenly and hugs her. She turns back to kiss him.

INT. CPD OFFICE, CUBICLE OUTSIDE CLOYD OFFICE - DAY

As they pass by, Matt and Majeed watch a very animated disagreement between Weller and Cloyd in her office.

Cloyd notices the eyes on her and draws the blinds shut.

Matt and Majeed share a look.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CLOYD OFFICE

Cloyd and Majeed huddle over her desk.

MAJEED

All these have been verified charities by Charity Navigator and Charity Watch. I've established contact with some of their big organizational donors. I stayed away from individual donors because-

CLOYD

(invested)

Hard to vet. Carry on.

MAJEED

There's proof of work and expense sheets on the ground, hundreds of backers and international audits. Minus these two. I couldn't find anything on them.

CLOYD

Al-Amin in Yemen. Sadaqah in Nigeria.

MAJEED

They are recent. Transfers don't even match to \$5K.

Cloyd walks around the desk and takes a seat.

CLOYD

I'll forward this on. But as I said. No promises.

MAJEED

That's all I ask.

Majeed grabs his sheets of paper and heads out.

CLOYD

Khawar...good work!

Majeed nods.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Dua jogs. She hears a bird cuckoo. Again, again. She searches for it in the sky.

Dua stretches her hands out. Then her hand starts moving, matching the bird's beat. She forcibly stops her hand. It starts again.

She watches her body get possessed with the sounds of nature.

She turns around once. She turns around twice.

She dances quietly, in starts and stops. A slow smile creeping into her face.

EXT. KHAWAR HOUSE - EVENING

Majeed, in his uniform, comes home with a work file. Connections form in his mind.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CLOYD OFFICE - DAY

Majeed literally sits on the edge of his seat.

Cloyd finishes up a call. She hangs up.

CLOYD

So...your work checked out.

MAJEED

Did Weller-

CLOYD

He's been reassigned to another case by the FBI. I had to go to his boss for you.

MAJEED

So what happens now?

CLOYD

They're free to go. But they need to watch the mosque for a few more weeks.

MAJEED

For what?

CLOYD

For the two charities that haven't checked out yet.

MAJEED

The ones I couldn't check out.

(beat)

(MORE)

MAJEED (CONT'D)

So...had I not taken the time to prove this, they'd all have rotted in jail?

CLOYD

This system isn't perfect, Khawar.

MAJEED

Far from it.

CLOYD

Everyone is free to go. Immediate effect.

MAJEED

And the lost time?

CLOYD

I did my best Khawar.

Majeed nods. He gets up to leave.

CLOYD (CONT'D)

Khawar. In light of your work, I think we can justify that promotion.

MAJEED

A few weeks ago, those were the exact words I wanted to hear. But right now, I can only think of what my father's been through because of a system I work for.

CLOYD

Are you saying you don't want the promotion?

MAJEED

I need to think about it.

Cloyd watches him go.

INT. JAIL MEETING ROOM - DAY

Majeed signs some documents at the window. Right then the door opens, Baba enters.

He watches Baba being led out. Baba seems to have aged a year. He limps in pain.

MAJEED

Assalamualaikum.

Baba weakly nods back. No words.

As Majeed takes him out, he notices Faisal sitting at the waiting bench.

OFFICER
Mr. Shahab.

Faisal rises. Jaffar emerges from a door behind the officer. Father and son embrace.

Jaffar notices Baba and Majeed. He tells his son to wait.

Jaffar pulls Baba into a hug.

JAFFAR
Baba, please take care of yourself.

He then pulls Majeed into a hug. Majeed is taken by surprise.

JAFFAR (CONT'D)
(to Baba)
He is a good man.
(to Majeed)
You're a good believer.

MAJEED
A good policeman is a good
believer.

Jaffar gives him a playful pat on the back. Fair enough.

JAFFAR
I'll tell you one thing, brother.
I'm never taking my freedom for
granted anymore!

OFFICER
Clear the hall please!

INT. MAJEED CAR - LATER

Majeed drives Baba. Complete silence.

Majeed notices bruises on Baba's wrists.

MAJEED
Did they hit you?!

Baba doesn't respond. He pulls his shirt over his wrists.

MAJEED (CONT'D) MAJEED (CONT'D)
They offered me a promotion. *Mujhe promotion mil gayi hai.*

Baba looks straight at the road. No reaction.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
Do you really think I'm a
garbage collector?

MAJEED (CONT'D)
Kya aap ko waqai mai ab bhi
buzdil lagta hoon?

Baba finally turns to him. Silent. Majeed doesn't know how to react. Then...

BABA
Do you really think she died
because of me?

BABA
Kya tumhain ab bhi lagta hai
woh meri waje se...?

MAJEED
Your dismissal pushed her
into depression.

MAJEED
Aap ki sakhti ne oos ka dil
thor diya tha.

BABA
I never wanted her to hurt
herself.

BABA
Jo kuch hua, woh tho main ne
kabhi nahin chaha tha.

Majeed and Baba see each other. For the first time in years.

Fatima's photo dangles between them from the rearview mirror.

BABA (CONT'D)
I want to go home.

BABA (CONT'D)
Mujhe waapis jaana hai.

Majeed looks at Baba. Baba looks out the window.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME - DAY

Majeed, Baba and Dua sit as a family and eat. Dua, visibly relieved, presses her grandfather's hand.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, HALL - DAY

Dua leads Baba to the hall. He is in obvious pain. She helps him sit in one corner.

DUA
I'll be right back.

Dua leaves.

Baba takes in the sunshine and warmth of the giant space. The sound of the trees rustling in the wind seeps from the window.

He then sees Dua wheeling in Carol.

CAROL
Ah, you must be Baba.

Baba tries to stand up.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Please sit. Sit.

Baba sits back down.

BABA
Nice to meet you. Dua has told me
so much.

Dua wheels Carol away from Baba.

CAROL
Oh! Where are you taking me child?
Slow down. I was talking to him.

Dua takes Carol to the far corner of the hall. Baba watches intently.

Dua bends down in front of Carol. Squeezes her hands.

DUA
Close your eyes with me.

They both close their eyes. Dua smiles, takes a few deep breaths. Carol follows.

She then holds Carol from her torso as we've seen before. She wants Carol to stand.

Carol lets Dua help her and she slowly rises.

Baba leans in to watch this.

Once they are in standing position.

DUA (CONT'D)
Now Waltz with me.

CAROL
Waltz? There's no music!

DUA
Shhh. Listen.

Dua points to the window. Carol hears the trees swaying in the distance.

Dua carefully leads Carol through tiny movements. Carol's joy slowly erupts.

They make their way to the center of the hall. Carol's body unravels like a free flowing scarf.

Baba watches in amazement.

Dua and Carol, both smile widely, eyes still closed. Waltzing. To no music.

EXT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, BACK PATIO - DAY

Dua massages her grandfather's feet. They smile at each other. Quietly.

BABA

You're a champion granddaughter.

DUA

Hardly. I don't listen to you always.

Baba sits up and signals to Dua to sit closer. He takes her hand in his.

Baba recites an Arabic prayer.

BABA

Innamal aamaalu bin niyaat. You brought this saying back to me. *Actions are judged by intentions.* So, as long as you're pure in your heart for why you want to do something, go ahead. Do it.

Dua smiles. Is he saying she can dance?

BABA (CONT'D)

Just be sure to accept the consequences.

Dua pulls a rolled piece of paper from her bag.

DUA

I made this for you.

Baba pulls it open. It is a sketch of a girl dancing in a free flowing hijab. Unbound. With a calligraphy that says **Baba.**

BABA

It's beautiful. I'll put it where it's the first thing I see every morning!

DUA
Can't you stay?

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - EVENING

Baba finishes last touches of packing.

Majeed helps him.

BABA	BABA
<i>I still need space for Dua's sketch.</i>	Dua ki sketch ke liye jaga banani hai.

Baba shows him. Majeed smiles at it.

MAJEED	MAJEED
<i>You've taught her well.</i>	Sahi sikhaya hai aap ne.

BABA	BABA
<i>She's like you. Excels at whatever she tries.</i>	Tumhari tarha hai. Jab datt jaye, tho aisa koi kaam hi nahin ho sakta joh woh nahin kar sakti.

MAJEED	MAJEED
<i>That's hardly like me.</i>	Meri tarha kahan.

BABA	BABA
You're a good father. Better than I was.	Achey baap ho. Bauhat achey. Meray se kahin zyaada achay.

Words Majeed has wanted to hear forever.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Baba hugs Dua. He kisses her forehead.

Dua tears up. Baba wipes her tears off.

Baba walks to Majeed. Majeed quickly wipes his tears himself. He takes his father into a hug.

MAJEED	MAJEED
I wish you'd gotten treatment.	Treatment kara lethay tho accha hota.

As they pull out of the hug.

BABA	BABA
Come home.	Ab tho ghar aa jao.

Baba walks away. We stay on Majeed and Dua as they visibly crumble.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shonali and Majeed sit on the stairs, embraced.

Majeed's pain is visible. Shonali tries to soothe him.

INT. KHAWAR HOUSE, DANCE STUDIO - DAWN

Dua walks through Baba's room. She notices the neatly made bed, the calligraphy of her name pasted on the wall. Then, something at his night stand. She approaches it.

They are Baba's prayer beads! She picks them up, feeling the beads, just like she felt her mother's ankle bells. Each bead reminding her of Baba, of God, of the universe. She smiles as if she has decoded the secrets of her universe.

MONTAGE

- Dua slowly transforms the room back into her dance studio.
- The bed removed. A full length mirror restored.
- The calligraphy stays on the wall, but joins the other dance-related artwork.

Dua, sweating and excited, takes in her new dance studio.

EXT. DEVON STREET - NIGHT

Majeed walks alone. He watches the community go by. A cop car passes by with its sirens on. He turns to look at it.

A charming old man, almost like Baba, collides with him by mistake.

MAJEED

I'm sorry!

Majeed keeps looking at the sweet old man.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DINING ROOM - MORNING

Majeed and Dua eat silently at the table. Baba's empty chair looks like a mountain next to them. Finally...

DUA
Why aren't you at work yet?

MAJEED
I can ask you the same question.

Dua doesn't respond. Hides back in her plate.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
I got the promotion. But I'm not
sure if I'm going back.

DUA
But isn't that what you wanted?

MAJEED
I can't help you get into Juilliard
anymore.
(beat; Dua withdraws
momentarily)
Or can I?

Dua doesn't respond.

MAJEED (CONT'D)
Cloyd asked for a special community
outreach department. She wants us
to engage *more* with our district
culturally.

DUA
(unsure how to react)
And that's good, right?

MAJEED
I guess.

DUA
So this task force is because of
you. They all got released, because
of you.

MAJEED
They got thrown in jail because of
me. Baba was tortured because of
me. He'll probably die...because of
me.

Silence. Dua looks at Baba's empty chair again.

DUA
Who else could have gotten them
out?

Majeed takes a bite, shakes his head.

DUA (CONT'D)

You keep telling me I'm just like
Ma. But you know what I get from
you? You're a fighter.

MAJEED

So do you still have a shot at
Juilliard?

Dua smiles at him. She then takes in Baba's empty chair.

DUA

When will we visit?

Majeed smiles.

INT. MAJEED KHAWAR HOME, DUA'S DANCE STUDIO - EVENING

Dua prays alone, her face buried in her palms, rocking back
and forth. She looks up to the heavens. A resolute strength
washes over her face.

She raises the prayer beads in one hand. In the other, she
raises the ankle bells. She looks at them both.

EXT. KHAWAR HOUSE - DAWN

Majeed jogs with determination.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, PRACTICE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dua carries Fatima's dancing picture and Baba's prayer beads.
She puts both items right under the Nataraja and does a
"namaste" to all the items on the chest.

She is a vision in her Kathak outfit. She puts on her
ghungroos. She perfects her jewelry. As she dresses herself,
a hand adjusts her outfit.

We see Fatima. Dua smiles at the vision of her mother, in the
same outfit as the living room picture. Classic.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dua steps to the center of the room. Eyes closed. The music
starts.

What follows is the **performance of a lifetime.**

Shonali enters the room with the JUILLIARD JUDGE. Dua sees them amid turn but doesn't stop. Shonali watches Dua proudly. The judge absorbs the spectacle.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CLOYD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Majeed, in uniform, right hand raised, is reaffirmed by Cloyd. Matt and other officers witness.

CLOYD

As per his request, Sergeant Majeed Khawar will now renew his oath.

MAJEED

I, Majeed Khawar, do solemnly swear that on my honor, I will never betray my badge, my integrity, my character or the public trust.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, HALL

Dua twirls in fluid movements, connecting technique and emotion.

MAJEED (V.O.)

...that I will always have the courage to hold myself and others accountable for our actions...

As Dua turns, **she turns into Fatima**, and back. Both flashing images of each other.

INT. CPD OFFICE BUILDING, CLOYD OFFICE

Majeed finishes his oath and shakes Cloyd's hand.

MAJEED (V.O.)

...that I will always uphold the constitution, my community and the agency I serve.

INT. SUNNY HORIZONS, HALL

Dua's face swims through a vast, heart-wrenching spectrum of expressions. The music stops, her feet stop, her gorgeous white silk frock follows to a soft stop, its ruffles colliding with one another.

FADE TO BLACK.

Over black, we hear Dua's fast breath. Her excited heartbeat.

MAJEED (V.O.)
So help me God.

THE END.