

WEST IS WEST

Screenplay by Ayub Khan Din

B B C F I L M S



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SALFORD. 1974.

1 **EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE. SALFORD. ENGLAND. MORNING.** 1

ELLA KHAN, early-fifties and SAJID KHAN 13, come out of the house. SAJID looks sullen. GEORGE KHAN, mid-fifties, follows them out, he locks the door behind him. He gives SAJID a shove.

GEORGE

Chelo!

He turns to ELLA.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Do two basket potatoes and phone a fish man.

TITLE SEQUENCE.

2 **EXT: SALFORD STREETS.** 2

GEORGE marches SAJID down a back alley past overflowing dust bins and rubbish.

3 **EXT: SALFORD STREETS. DAY.** 3

GEORGE walks SAJID along a deserted terraced street all the houses have been boarded up. A painted sign on one house says "Still in residence. Piss off"

4 **EXT: SALFORD STREETS. MORNING.** 4

GEORGE and SAJID walk past another street that is in the process of demolition. Windows are being knocked out. Roof timbers are place against walls like skeletal ribs.

5 **EXT. STREETS SALFORD. MORNING.** 5

GEORGE smiles and effusively shouts out "Hello Mrs" to various women who stand on their front steps, chatting and watching.

6 **EXT. STREET. SALFORD.** 6

On the corner before they get to school, SAJID sees other kids outside the school gates. He turns to GEORGE anxiously.

SAJID

I'll go, alright? Just leave me here, I promise, I'll go in.

GEORGE

You think I stupy! I not you Mam,
mister! I give you to teacher and
he bloody walk you in a school.

7

EXT. ORDSALL SECONDARY MODERN SCHOOL. DAY.

7

Groups of children make their way into school, as GEORGE, pushes along through the school gates. Kids snigger. A group of boys led by HUGHSY, a fifteen year thug, stand watching and smirking at GEORGE. SAJID is embarrassed by GEORGE'S presence.

GEORGE and SAJID are met at the gates by MR. JORDAN, the headmaster, late fifties. He scatters his sentences with barrack room Hindi, picked up from his army days in India.

MR. JORDAN

Hello Mr. Khan. App kaisi hai?

GEORGE looks quizzically at MR. JORDAN. Then back at SAJID.

GEORGE

Go with you teacher. And you stay
in a school or I bloody fixing you!

MR. JORDAN

Don't worry, Mr. Khan. Sub Tikh
ogayi. (Everything's fine)

8

INT. ORDSALL SECONDARY MODERN SCHOOL. STAIRWELL. DAY.

8

HUGHSY OOV

Come here, you Paki bastard!

SAJID rushes down the stairwell taking the stairs two at a time.

He's scared. He looks behind him. The gang give chase.

HUGHSY

Get him!

A group of girls standing chatting, laugh and kick out at SAJID, as he rushes past them.

9

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY.

9

SAJID rushes into a classroom. There's no exit. He turns and finds himself confronted by HUGHSY and his band of cronies.

HUGHSY

No where to run now, Kid Curry.

SAJID shouts out and launches himself at them.

10 **INT. TOILET CUBICLE. ORDSALL SECONDARY MODERN SCHOOL. DAY.** 10

SAJID struggles as his head is held down a toilet and the chain flushed.

HUGHSY pulls a BRUCE LEE, kung-fu grimace. We hear the first bars of "KUNG-FU FIGHTING" BY KARL DOUGLAS, as HUGHSY launches a flying kick at sodden SAJID who is being held by two acolytes. SAJID, doubles up in pain. KARL DOUGLAS, sings on.

11 **EXT. SCHOOL YARD. DAY.** 11

Close on SAJID'S face as he hauls himself up onto the school wall. His hair and clothes are soaking wet. He is almost over when he hears a shout.

MR. JORDAN OOV
Oi! You! Gunga-Din!

SAJID stops mid climb.

SAJID
Oh, shit!

He turns and sees MR. JORDAN, standing ram rod straight at the other end of the play ground.

MR. JORDAN.
To me, boy! To me!

SAJID reluctantly walks over to MR. JORDAN.

MR. JORDAN
Kya bloody bhudge, d'you call this?
(What bloody time d'you call this?)

SAJID
Sir?

MR. JORDAN
The bhudge lad! The skenning time!
Can you not speak Urdu?

SAJID
I'm English, sir?

12 **INT. MR. JORDAN'S OFFICE. ORDSALL SECONDARY MODERN. DAY.** 12

SAJID is sat in front of MR. JORDAN's desk, towelling his hair dry. MR. JORDAN is pointing at some photographs on the wall.

MR. JORDAN
Ra-wal-pin-di. D'you know
Rawalpindi, Khan? Pakistan?

SAJID
Never been, sir.

MR. JORDAN
I were stationed there before the outbreak of hostilities, in '39. Cushty basha it were an' all. Can you show me Pakistan on that map, Khan?

MR. JORDAN indicates a world map on the wall. SAJID goes over and looks at it. He sticks his finger on...

MR. JORDAN (CONT'D)
Poland.

SAJID points to another area.

MR. JORDAN.
Switzerland.

SAJID points again.

MR. JORDAN
Prestatyn....Never mind, lad, sit yourself down.

MR. JORDAN lights up a pipe.

MR. JORDAN (CONT'D)
Tropical warfare...not a pretty sight. The jungle's a killer. Get bitten by the wrong type of mosquito out there and before you know it, Elephantiasis. Testicles swell up the size of mangoes and explode.

SAJID
Really, sir?

MR. JORDAN
Two minute check in the morning, just to make sure. Remember that Khan, if you're ever in the tropics.

SAJID
I will, sir. Two minutes, sir.

As an after thought.

MR. JORDAN
But don't linger, lad, or you'll go blind.

He clears his throat. He passes SAJID, copies of National Geographic, from a shelf.

MR. JORDAN (CONT'D)
Take these home, all about the sub-
continent they are, flora and
fauna, galore.

SAJID
Thank you, sir.

MR. JORDAN
Your ignorance is a crime, Khan. I
shall endeavour to remedy it. Now
where's that- here it is...

He pulls down an old book from the shelf and looks at it.

CLOSE UP ON THE BOOK. IT'S "KIM" BY RUDYARD KIPLING. ON THE
FRONT COVER IS A BOYS OWN ADVENTURE PICTURE OF KIM AND A HOLY
MAN. MR. JORDAN HANDS IT TO SAJID.

MR. JORDAN looks out of the window, he closes his eyes and
smells the air, as a smile plays across his lips.

MR. JORDAN (CONT'D)
"He sat, in defiance of municipal
orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah,
on her brick platform, opposite the
old Ajaib-Gher, the wonder house,
as the natives call the Lahore
museum!"

He takes another deep breath.

MR. JORDAN.
It's a pungent place, Khan. Pungent
and sultry.

SAJID
Sir?

MR. JORDAN.
Does it not conjure up the heat for
you, lad? Can you not smell those
spices?

SAJID doesn't know what to say.

SAJID
...I can when me dad makes a
curry...

ANNIE, is filling the salt cellars on the counter. GEORGE
stands smoking. ELLA, wearing GEORGES'S glasses, has a blue
airmail letter in her hands. She brings the letter closer to
her face and then tries it further away. SAJID stands
sullenly on the other side of the counter listening.

ELLA
I can't make head nor bleeding tale
of this. It's all squiggles.

She hands GEORGE back the glasses.

GEORGE
Is in Urdu?

ELLA
No. Maneer's writing. A chimpanzee
with a crayon'd be clearer...

AUNTIE ANNIE
Gives it here...

SAJID
Can I go out now.

GEORGE
You go nowhere. Is letter from
Pakistan.

AUNTIE ANNIE takes the letter. GEORGE hands AUNTIE ANNIE his
glasses. She puts them on and peers at the letter.

AUNTIE ANNIE
"Salaam-alaicum"

GEORGE
Walaicum-asalaam!

GEORGE looks at SAJID.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Shhhht! What you say?

SAJID
(Reluctantly)
Walaicum-asalaam!

AUNTIE ANNIE
"Hiya all...I hope you are all
doing well...As I am doing out over
here, in Pakistan. Everyone here in
Pakistan sends you their salaams"

GEORGE
Walaicum-asalaam!

GEORGE looks at SAJID

SAJID
It's only a letter...

GEORGE
I letter you in minute, baster. Is
you brother. You show respect a
him. He in a Pakistan.

SAJID
Walaicum-asalaam!

GEORGE
All my family in Pakistan happy,
Maneer there you see, Annie.

ELLA
I'll say. He took enough cash for
them.

AUNTIE ANNIE
"It's got dead hot over here at the
moment. And I've been working my...

AUNTIE ANNIE looks puzzled. She stops. Takes off the glasses
and holds them over the letter like a magnifying glass.

AUNTIE ANNIE (CONT'D)
Bullocks?

ELLA
George's bought a new pair for you
know who.

GEORGE
What she say?

AUNTIE ANNIE
Bought Mrs. Khan number one a new
pair of bullocks, George?

ELLA
First she's seen in years.

ANNIE and ELLA laugh.

GEORGE
Oh stupy! All work farm together.
Sharing sees.

ELLA
If I'd a known I'd be sharing me
bullocks I wouldn't have married
him in the first place.

ELLA and ANNIE laugh again.

GEORGE
Is mans a job see Annie. Having to
be strong. Holding like
this...Huroo! Huroo!

GEORGE cracks an imaginary whip over his head.

ELLA
Aye, well, when I see' em working
the back croft, I'll believe it.

GEORGE

Is good Maneer working in a fields.
All my family see he just like
them. Just like Pakistani. He can
do in'it?

SAJID

Why didn't you buy'em a tractor?

GEORGE looks at SAJID dismissively.

GEORGE

Why you always a bloody stupy!

ANNIE turns back to the letter.

AUNTIE ANNIE

"Still no word about my engagement.
In fact, still no sign of a girl"

SAJID

Probably all legged it when they
saw him coming!

ELLA

Shut it you.

SAJID

Who'd want to marry our Maneer?

AUNTIE ANNIE

"Can you write and ask Poppa Tanvir
what's going on. I thought I might
have been introduced to someone by
now. He doesn't say anything to me"

ELLA gives GEORGE a look.

14

INT. SAJID'S BEDROOM. KHAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

14

SAJID, shivers as he climbs into bed. The bedroom looks desolate with three other unmade beds either side of SAJID's. SAJID, pulls out the copies of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC and KIM from his school bag. He flicks through and quickly discards the magazines. He picks up "KIM". He opens it and starts to read, running his index finger along the lines on the first page.

SAJID

"Who holds Zam-Zamma, that fire
breathing dragon, holds the Punjab"
Bollocks to the Punjab!

He tosses the book dismissively to the floor and pulls out a copy of the Beano.

15 **EXT. ORDSALL SECONDARY MODERN. SALFORD. DAY.** 15

A bus comes to a stop outside the school. The queue of people at the bus stop start to get on. Suddenly, SAJID runs out of the school and slips into the queue and onto the bus.

16 **INT. TOP DECK OF THE BUS. DAY.** 16

SAJID sits at the front of the bus scratching "Saj woz ere OK" in the paint work.

17 **EXT. ST. ANNE'S SQUARE. MANCHESTER. DAY.** 17

SAJID wanders through the square looking up at the shops. He comes to a very funky seventies shop front. It's called "The Pendle Witch" He peers in at the window.

18 **INT. PENDLE WITCH. MANCHESTER. DAY.** 18

The whole of the interior, is 1970's Indian chic. TARIQ KHAN, mid-twenties, dressed in an Indian pyjama suit complete with beads and bells is serving a beautiful girl. SAJID sneaks in and hides behind a lattice screen. TARIQ reaches over the counter and takes hold of some beads round the girls neck.

GIRL

What part if India are you from,
Shanti?

TARIQ

My dad's from Paki...
erm...Pakadilistan. It's a very
spiritual place...

Quickly changing the subject.

TARIQ (CONT'D)

These look good on you.

GIRL

Yeah, you were right...I find them
really relaxing.

TARIQ

They're considered sacred in my
fathers country.

GIRL

He sounds dead spiritual your Dad.

TARIQ

He's practically Ghandi.

GIRL

Do you think there good for my
chakras.

TARIQ hasn't got a clue what she's on about.

TARIQ
Oh aye yeah...It, erm,
trancen...titises'em...I give mine
a good goin' over every night.
Which is a blast.

The screen falls forward revealing SAJID.

SAJID
Alright, our Tariq?

TARIQ
Could you just excuse me for a
moment, Esther...

He goes over and grabs SAJID.

19

INT. STORE ROOM. PENDLE WITCH. MANCHESTER. DAY.

19

TARIQ yanks SAJID through the door and closes it.

TARIQ
What the fuck are you doing here?

SAJID
That doesn't sound very
Pakadilistani?

TARIQ gives a threatening look.

SAJID (CONT'D)
I've come to see our Nazir.

TARIQ
He's in Bradford buying stock. Why
aren't you at school?

SAJID
We're on a trip. It's a half day
and I spent me bus money on chips.
I need...

TARIQ
You spent your money on chips?

SAJID
Yeah...

TARIQ
We've got a fuckin' chippy at home!
You knob head! Out now!

20

INT. PENDLE WITCH. MANCHESTER. DAY.

20

TARIQ frog marches SAJID, pass the girl and through the shop.

TARIQ
Just my little brother...

SAJID
Hiya, alright!

The girl smiles at SAJID.

GIRL
What's your name?

SAJID
(Over his shoulder)
Ravi Shankar!

TARIQ shoves him through the door.

21 **INT. KENDALS. MANCHESTER. DAY.**

21

SAJID wanders along, the aisles looking at the various things for sale. He picks up some pencils and slips them into his pocket. He moves over to a display of tights. He looks around suspiciously, before shoving a load of them under his coat. Further on he finds himself standing by some fake jewelry. He grabs a handful of fake pearls and shoves them in his pockets.

22 **EXT. KENDALS. MANCHESTER. DAY.**

22

SAJID comes through the front doors of the store. He suddenly looks up.

Two policemen come into shot with their backs to us and stand in front of SAJID, who looks up, horrified. A man comes out of the Kendals and points to SAJID.

STORE DETECTIVE
That's the little bastard!

23 **INT. POLICE STATION. MANCHESTER. DAY.**

23

MR. JORDAN sits on a bench in the corridor as GEORGE and ELLA are led through some doors by a young policemen. They look anxious and worried

ELLA
Mr. Jordan, what's happening?

GEORGE
I kill him, baster!

MR. JORDAN places his hand on GEORGE'S shoulder.

MR. JORDAN.
Life, oh best beloved, is difficult
for all men.
(MORE)

MR. JORDAN. (CONT'D)
Especially when we go from being a
man cub, to a man. And walk in the
man's world.

A door opens and SAJID is led from an interview room by a
police man. He sees GEORGE and ELLA.

24

INT. LIVING ROOM. KHAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

24

SAJID comes flying through the door of the living room
followed by GEORGE and ELLA.

GEORGE
You baster make me a shame!

GEORGE gives SAJID a slap across the head.

ELLA
Alright George, you've made your
point.

GEORGE
Point? I pucking kill him, baster!

ELLA comes in between GEORGE and SAJID. We don't know if
GEORGE will hit ELLA as well as they stand looking at each
other.

ELLA
(Quietly and calmly)
I said that's enough, George...

GEORGE turns away.

GEORGE
No even is bloody brothers give a
me trouble with a police!

SAJID
And where are they now! They can't
stand your guts either! I hate you!

ELLA
Sajid!

SAJID
Why don't you just fuck off!

GEORGE lunges for SAJID but this time SAJID struggles back
violently.

GEORGE
What you say to me! What a you say!

SAJID
Get off me!

ELLA struggles to contain them both.

ELLA
Sajid stop it!

SAJID is really upset.

SAJID
Get away from me! Fucking get away
from me you dirty Paki bastard!

GEORGE, shocked, lets SAJID go.

SAJID (CONT'D)
It's all your fault! It's you! You
wanna' know why I don't wanna' go
to school? Because they all know
you're a fuckin' Paki!

ELLA slaps SAJID across the face. SAJID looks at her shocked
and runs out. ELLA turns and looks at GEORGE. GEORGE leaves
the room.

25 **EXT. BUSY STREET. DAY.**

25

GEORGE walks quickly down the street. As he looks about him
things suddenly seem alien to him. He walks past a pub. We
can hear the faint tinny sound of a club band. A woman
struggles to hold up her drunken husband, as they stumble
along arguing. The man shouts a greeting to GEORGE but GEORGE
walks on.

26 **INT. SAJID'S BEDROOM. KHAN'S HOUSE SALFORD. NIGHT.**

26

ELLA sits on the bed looking at SAJID. She picks up the
National Geographics with pictures of India and puts them on
the table by the side of the bed. SAJID wakes.

ELLA
You listen to me and listen
carefully. I don't care what your
Dad does. Don't let me ever catch
you using that word to him again.

SAJID
He started it-

ELLA
Never, d'you hear me lad? I've had
enough of this behaviour and it's
got to stop. It will stop.

SAJID doesn't say anything. ELLA gets up and leaves.

27 **INT. GEORGE AND ELLA'S BEDROOM. SALFORD. NIGHT.**

27

GEORGE is lying on his back smoking in the dark. ELLA sits
drinking tea and smoking by the light of the fire.

ELLA

It's the kids at school, George.
The name calling he gets...

GEORGE

No matter what happen at a
school...This no right,how can my
son say this to me?

ELLA

I don't know. Maybe he doesn't...

GEORGE

Want be Pakistani?

ELLA

I'm not saying that.

GEORGE gets out of bed, stubbing his cigarette out.

GEORGE

But you meaning this. Is same with
all my children, now all bloody
English!

ELLA

So am I? Or have you forgotten
that?

Neither say anything. ELLA gets up and lights a cigarette.

GEORGE

You alway take a their side against
me! Why? I your husband. Should be
support a me.

ELLA

I'm still here with you, aren't I?

GEORGE

Is no same thing.

ELLA

Christ, George! What d'you want
from me?

GEORGE

I no want it go wrong again, Ella.
He my last one. This has to be
done. He need it.

ELLA

I know...Doesn't mean I like it
though.

GEORGE

He not know who he is. Not know who
I am.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 But I tell you he listen a me this
 time. 'cause I bloody show him. Ve
 fixes!

28

EXT. ISLAMABAD AIRPORT. PAKISTAN. DAY.

28

The door of an aircraft, baring the logo, PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES swings open, revealing a startled looking SAJID holding his copy of "KIM". He blinks at the bright sunlight. He is wearing a terrible 1970's ill fitting suit with a matching shirt and tie. He looks totally shocked as he looks out at his new environment. A hand pushes him forward and GEORGE appears behind him. GEORGE takes in the scene. He looks very happy.

A customs official, dressed in a white uniform, whistles to them from the bottom of the steps. To the side, stands a man with a trolley.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
 Mr. Jahangir Khan and Mr. Sajid
 Khan.

SAJID looks down.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
 You are Jahangir Khan?

GEORGE
 Yes! Yes, me. We are Khan family.

By now, other people are pushing past them and down the steps of the plane. SAJID and GEORGE come down the stairs. The customs official walks them round to where the baggage is being unloaded. The customs official looks around suspiciously and gives GEORGE a knowing wink.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
 I am a friend of Tanvir's. I will
 see you through customs. Holiday?

GEORGE
 First time back in thirty five
 year. I have good business in
 England.

SAJID
 Fish and chips.

The CUSTOMS OFFICIAL looks quizzically at SAJID.

SAJID (CONT'D)
 He's got a fish and chip shop. You
 know, a shop...that sells fish and
 chips.

GEORGE
Restaurant...I got restaurant. Is
good business.

SAJID
Kept him busy for thirty five
years.

GEORGE gives SAJID a dirty look.

GEORGE
Go stand there.

GEORGE looks at the view and breathes in.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's good be back.

The CUSTOMS OFFICIAL says nothing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I left by ship...Now, I come back
by aeroplane.

He goes back to the luggage.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
Yours?

GEORGE waves his hand proudly to five huge pieces of luggage.

GEORGE
All mine.

The customs official marks each one in chalk, with an X.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
Check! Check! Check! Check! Check!

Finally, he turns to SAJID, smiles and marks a cross on
SAJID'S lapel.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Check!

He laughs and GEORGE joins in.

SAJID
Yeah, dead funny.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
Chelo! Chelo!...Come,come,come!

The customs official strides off purposefully, across the
tarmac, with SAJID and GEORGE, trotting behind him to keep
up.

29

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING. ISLAMABAD AIRPORT.

29

SAJID and GEORGE are walking behind the CUSTOMS OFFICIAL, SAJID is mesmerized by the hustle and bustle of the busy airport. GEORGE is trying to be in control, but finds it all a bit confusing. The trolley and bags keep falling off. GEORGE is very hot and sweaty in his suite. The CUSTOMS MAN watches, as GEORGE reloads the trolley.

30

INT. ARRIVALS HALL. ISLAMABAD AIRPORT.

30

SAJID and GEORGE tentatively walk through the arrivals gate. GEORGE is pushing the loaded trolley.

31

EXT. ARRIVALS HALL. ISLAMABAD AIRPORT. DAY.

31

GEORGE and SAJID, look across a sea of anxious waiting faces, that all stare at him. In the crowd, waving frantically, we see POPPA TANVIR, 45, and a group of other men.

POPPA TANVIR
Cha-cha! Cha-cha! Over here! Here!
We're over here!

GEORGE and SAJID greet the others Islamic fashion. SAJID, shy, embarrassed and looking uncomfortable. The greetings seem to go on for ever.

A beggar woman in a burka carrying a child, holds out her hand towards SAJID. SAJID, automatically shakes it says "Salaam-alaicum" and tries to embrace her.

He is pulled away from her, by POPPA TANVIR, who dismisses her with a wave of his hand; as if swatting a fly away.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
Jao, jao, jao!

The woman backs away. POPPA TANVIR, turns to SAJID, who looks shocked at the treatment of the woman.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
She not with us, you daft bugger.

GEORGE looks at SAJID.

GEORGE
(In Punjabi)
Oh, poggie!

He turns back to the other men.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(In Punjabi)
He doesn't understand our language.

POPPA TANVIR tells the other men what happened. They start to laugh. GEORGE, embarrassed, nervously joins in with their laughter. Then realizes someone is missing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Maneer, kahan hai? [Where's Maneer]

POPPA TANVIR
Jallaab luggie. Cha cha [Tummy trouble]

He turns to SAJID.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
He got dicky tummy isn't it. You'll have it an all, before you know it.

SAJID
What about elephantiasis?

POPPA TANVIR looks quizzical.

POPPA TANVIR
Elephant what?...Elephants in bloody India in't it? Over there...

He nods in the general direction of India.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
Daft bugger. Chelo! Let's go!

Cases are grabbed, as SAJID and GEORGE are hustled towards a couple of ancient looking taxis. POPPA TANVIR leads GEORGE to one of the cars.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
This way, Cha-Cha.

GEORGE gets into the car with the older men. SAJID attempts to join him but GEORGE waves him away.

GEORGE
Go other car.

CUT TO:

The taxis move off kicking up a cloud of dust. We see SAJID'S face at the back window, as he looks back at the beggar woman, who disappears in the swirling dust.

The taxi is full to bursting. SAJID, is squashed in the back with two men. POPPA TANVIR and another man, are in the front. The man next to SAJID speaks.

MAN ONE
You know who me, Mr. Sajid?

SAJID is shy.

POPPA TANVIR
(Dismissively in Punjabi)
He doesn't know anything. He's
English.

SAJID
Have you been to our chip shop?

POPPA TANVIR
He only in England two week. I been
your chippy chop. I live in
Bradford one year. Work in bloody
mill, were bloody horrible. I
bloody come back here quick.

SAJID
Did you not like it?

MAN ONE
I called " Poppa this side up" You
daddy tell you 'bout, Poppa "This
side up"

POPPA TANVIR and the other men laugh.

POPPA TANVIR
He got caught in packing case.
Smuggled in he was. He didn't have
a passport so they called him "This
side up"

MAN ONE
I you cousin. You daddy my, Cha-
Cha...Uncle. My mummy, you daddy,
sister. Ok?

SAJID looks confused.

POPPA TANVIR
Like me. I'm your first cousin.
But I'm married to your sister,
Rehana. So...

SAJID
Who?

POPPA TANVIR
Your dad's other daughter in'it.
From his proper marri...

POPPA TANVIR catches himself.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
Erm, you know, his first wife.

POPPA TANVIR points to the man sat next to him.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
 He related to us as well. He like
 third cousin. But very close with
 our family. So we say like first
 cousin. And him...

SAJID
 He's me Grandad?

POPPA TANVIR points to the other man, next to MAN ONE.

POPPA TANVIR
 No. He's, his cousin.

MAN ONE
 My daddy, his Cha-cha. Uncle.

MAN TWO
 He my cousin. Like you my cousin.
 But he not related to you. But like
 related. Close, sees. All family
 close.

The men nod sagely in agreement.

MAN TWO (CONT'D)
 I think my grandmother's sister,
 was married to your grandfathers,
 cousin.

The others all look at him.

Over the next two scenes we hear NAHID AKHTAR, singing "AISE
 MAUSAM, MAIN CHUP KYON HO"

33

INT. TAXI. GRAND TRUNK ROAD. PAKISTAN. DAY.

33

SAJID is asleep. He looks very hot and sweaty. We hear the
 sound of car horns. The car has slowed down. There's been an
 accident, people are sat with makeshift bandages by the
 roadside while others mill around. Two fatalities are covered
 with sheets. The car moves slowly past. The other men in the
 car barely pay any attention to the scene. SAJID can't take
 his eyes off the seen. He watches, horrified.

34

EXT. ROAD SIDE CAFE. DAY.

34

POPPA TANVIR, GEORGE and the other men are all sat at a table
 drinking tea. GEORGE is centre of attention and loving it.

SAJID sits bored at the end slurping a coca-cola through a
 straw. He glances down the road. He sees nothing. He turns
 back to his drink slurping loudly. Again he looks up, he
 squints to see something but there is nothing. He looks back
 to the others. Once again he turns to look down the road,
 only this time, slowly emerging through the heat haze, we see
 the silhouette of a camel as it slowly plods towards us.

SAJID stands in surprise. As more and more camels come into view. He points towards them.

SAJID
Camel...It's a camel...Loads of'em!
Camels!

He heads towards the road. Where now a train of some fifty camels packed with sacks are plodding past.

35

EXT. GEORGE'S TAXI. VILLAGE. PAKISTAN DAY.

35

CLOSE ON GEORGE'S FACE. HIS HEAD HANGS OUT OF THE TAXI WHICH IS NOW STUCK IN A DRY RIVER BED.

GEORGE
Tanvir, Wedge! Wedge! Needing
Wedge! For wedging!

Tanvir and the other men, exhausted, push against the back of the taxi. They are being covered in dry sand.

THIS SIDE UP
(IN PUNJABI)
Not back five minutes and he's
lording it over you already.

The other men laugh at POPPA TANVIR.

GEORGE
Chelo, Tanvir! We be here all
bloody day!

36

INT: SAJID'S TAXI. PAKISTAN. DAY.

36

SAJID sees ZAID, a twelve year old boy, sat against a tree, a pile of books in his lap watching the men push the taxi. ZAID looks over at SAJID, eyeing him up warily. As the taxi moves on, ZAID gives SAJID a nod. SAJID sticks two fingers up and mouths "Fuck Off" at him.

37

INT. SAJID'S TAXI. KHAN COMPOUND. PAKISTAN. DAY.

37

The taxis drive into a large compound and come to a stop amid a scatter of clucking chickens. A ferocious looking dog tied to a chain barks maniacally. In the centre of the compound, are group of Adobe style houses, arranged in an L-shape.

A large animal trough separates a couple of water buffalo munching grass from two fierce looking bulls. Goats and chickens wander about freely.

POPPA TANVIR
Home!

SAJID turns to see a water buffalo's head poking through the window.

SAJID

Ahhh!

38

EXT. KHAN COMPOUND. PAKISTAN. DAY

38

GEORGE climbs out of the first taxi. REHANA and RAUSHANA, two women in their late thirties, turn the corner carrying water pots on their heads. GEORGE looks at them, barely recognizing his own daughters.

GEORGE

Rehana?...Raushana?

REHANA recognizes GEORGE straight away.

REHANA

Abba...

RAUSHANA puts down the pot quickly, excited and not knowing what to do, she runs off into the house.

RAUSHANA

Ami! Ami!

GEORGE looks at REHANA, who puts the pot down on the ground. She seems unable to rise again. Looking at GEORGE, huge sobs wrack her body. The sound that comes from her, is like a wounded animal.

SAJID and the other men are out of the taxi's now. SAJID moves towards GEORGE. GEORGE slowly walks forward to REHANA and places his hands on her head, in greeting. This brings more sobs from REHANA, as she reaches up and holds his hands to her head.

GEORGE looks up and sees BASHEERA, his first wife, a woman in her late fifties and RAUSHANA, standing in the doorway. RAUSHANA walks over and dips her head. GEORGE places his hands on it. He then looks over at BASHEERA, and walks towards her.

They stand and look at each other. BASHEERA becomes aware of the way she looks, draws her scarf across her mouth. She dips her head to GEORGE, who hesitantly places his hands on it. SAJID, taking in the whole scene, just stares at GEORGE. GEORGE, holding back the emotion, calls out to SAJID.

GEORGE

Sajid!

SAJID reluctantly shuffles over.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

...This your...your other mummy...

Beat.

SAJID
Does me Mam know?

Suddenly, MANEER rushes out of the house holding his stomach.
Unsure what to do or say on seeing GEORGE and SAJID.

MANEER
Hiya Dad...Sorry...I've...

He doubles up in pain.

GEORGE
Go,go,go!

MANEER legs it out of the compound.

39

INT. LIVING. ROOM. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

39

The room is furnished with a table, chairs and four charpoys. The remnants of a big meal are on the table. BASHEERA, REHANA, RAUSHANA and village friends sit and watch, as GEORGE adds to an ever increasing pile of presents on their laps. Material, for clothes, toiletries, alarm clocks etc..which he produces from the two large cases. MANEER and SAJID stand off to one side. GEORGE seems very excited, as he hands over gifts to people.

SAJID
(Under his breath, Bruce
Forsyth voice)
"Didn't they do well? Good game!
Good game!"

MANEER
(Whispered)
Shut it!

SAJID
Are they all related to us?

GEORGE closes the cases.

GEORGE
Maneer, Sajid, take these...

MANEER and SAJID pick up the cases and take them out.

40

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM. PAKISTAN. DAY.

40

MANEER is rummaging through the cases. Keeping a wary eye on the door.

MANEER
What've you come here for?

SAJID
Blackpool were fully booked.

SAJID looks at all the family pictures on the wall.

MANEER
Well I'm not looking after you. I'm
going home soon.

SAJID
Don't have to we're only here a few
weeks. He's come to sort out your
engagement.

MANEER
He'll be lucky. No one'll fuckin'
have me.

SAJID
Can't think why.

MANEER goes back to rummaging in the cases.

MANEER
Did me Mam not send me Nana
Mouskouri tapes?

SAJID
(Under his breath)
Then again...

41

INT. LIVING ROOM KHAN'S HOUSE PAKISTAN. DAY.

41

THIS SCENE IS IN PUNJABI

GEORGE sits nervously with the others. He lights a cigarette.

RAUSHANA
Mother is well in England?

GEORGE looks confused.

GEORGE
In England?

POPPA TANVIR
Cha-che Ella?

GEORGE
Han...Yes, putter...very well. All
well...

MANEER and SAJID come back into the room.

Silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
That's a new cow shed.

REHANA
It's thirty years old
now...Grandfather built it.

GEORGE
Acha...and the compound wall?

RAUSHANA
Ten years...it's falling down in
places...

Silence.

SAJID just sits looking around. He hasn't a clue what's being
said.

REHANA
There's a lot needs fixing.

GEORGE looks very ill at ease by this comment. BASHEERA just
looks at him.

RAUSHANA
Chip shop, ok?

GEORGE looks at SAJID.

GEORGE
Very good. All...Very good.

Silence.

REHANA.
How long are you staying?

Beat.

GEORGE is taken aback. POPPA TANVIR looks at REHANA. GEORGE
looks at BASHEERA.

POPPA TANVIR
Long enough to have some clothes
made, han, Cha-cha?

REHANA.
Unless you just want to wear your
English clothes?

GEORGE
(with relief)
No. Send for the tailor. I'll be
here a month...

He looks at BASHEERA, she gives nothing away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Maybe...Maybe a bit longer...I want
to arrange Maneer's engagement.

There is a sense of unease at the mention of MANEER'S engagement.

POPPA TANVIR
We're looking hard, cha-cha, eh,
Maneer?

MANEER barely acknowledges him.

42

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

42

SAJID comes out of the house, he's wearing a pair of MARKS and SPARKS pyjamas. He holds a paraffin lamp. We can hear MANEER singing along as Nana Mouskouri sings "Till the White Rose Blooms Again"

SAJID
Maneer? Maneer?

MANEER OOV
What?

SAJID
Where are you?

MANEER OOV
We sleep up here.

SAJID looks up and sees MANEER looking down at him.

SAJID
He dragged me all the way from
Salford to sleep on a fuckin' roof!

MANEER
Some people might think that were a
step up.

SAJID
I need the bog.

43

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

43

MANEER holding an oil lamp, pushes open a pair of large gates, revealing a vast expanse of dark countryside lit by thousands of stars. A wild dog howls in the distance. MANEER theatrically proffers the dark to SAJID.

MANEER
Help yourself.

SAJID
Shit in a field?

MANEER
Not the fields. They like you to go
in the scrub.

SAJID
 Bit fuckin' choosey, aren't they!

44 **INT. BOX ROOM. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.**

44

BASHEERA walks through the box room holding an oil lamp. Her hair is wet and loose. She has changed her clothes. As she moves through the room, she catches a glimpse of herself in a mirror. She goes over and looks. To the side of the mirror, there is an old wedding photograph of herself and GEORGE. She looks at the picture, then back at her reflection. She touches her grey hair and decides to tie it up and slips on her scarf.

45 **EXT. ROOF. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.**

45

MANEER gets into bed and adjusts his mosquito net around it. SAJID holding the paraffin lamp surveys the drop from the roof. NANA MOUSKOURI sings "Scarborough Fair"

MANEER
 Just remember, over here, they
 might all be me Dad's family, but
 they hate our guts. They'll pretend
 to be nice to you. So you pretend
 to be nice, back. It's expected,
 everyone does it here.

SAJID
 What have we done?

MANEER
 They don't like the fact that me
 Dad married me Mam.

SAJID
 D'you blame him. The other one's
 fuckin' angin'!

46 **INT. BEDROOM. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. EVENING.**

46

GEORGE is lying in bed. The door opens and BASHEERA comes in. GEORGE looks uncomfortable he pulls up the covers to his chest. BASHEERA puts the lamp down on the floor and sits at the end of the bed. She doesn't look at GEORGE. They sit in strained silence.

GEORGE
 (In Punjabi)
 I...I'm very tired now...

Pause.

BASHEERA bends and picks up the lamp and heads out of the room. GEORGE watches her go.

47

EXT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM. PAKISTAN NIGHT.

47

BASHEERA closes the door to GEORGE'S room. She has tears rolling down her cheeks.

48

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE ROOF. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

48

SAJID can't sleep. We hear a drum being played. He sits up in bed.

SAJID
Maneer! Maneer!

MANEER
(Sleepily)
What?

SAJID
What's that noise?

MANEER listens.

MANEER
That's the djinn.

SAJID
The what?

MANEER
A ghost that lives down by the stream.

SAJID
Fuck off.

MANEER
I'm not kidding. He's letting you know, he knows you're here.

SAJID
Fuck off.

MANEER
Don't believe me then. Just make sure you're not down there of a night time by yourself.

SAJID
Why?

MANEER
Djinns can possess you. If you see anybody - look at his feet.

SAJID
Why?

MANEER
 'cause a Djinns' feet'll be on
 backwards...Night, night.

MANEER turns over. SAJID mumbles to himself as he tucks his mosquito net in tightly and adjusts his sheets. He shoves his hands down his pants checking his testicles. MANEER turns and looks at him in horror.

MANEER (CONT'D)
 What are you doing now?

SAJID
 Checking for elephant balls!

49

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE PAKISTAN. DAY.

49

SAJID walks back into the compound from the fields. He is still dressed in his suit. POPPA TANVIR is sat with BASHEERA, REHANA and RAUSHANA.

POPPA TANVIR
 Oi, come and eat breakfast.

SAJID walks over and sits next to POPPA TANVIR. BASHEERA says nothing, she puts down food in front of SAJID.

REHANA
 (In Punjabi)
 How many more of these boys will he
 bring over?

TANVIR
 Eat, it's parahta. Good for you.

SAJID is aware they are talking about his family.

POPPA TANVIR
 (In Punjabi)
 I'm the one who's been looking
 after things all these years! It's
 me who's done the work. I'm his son-
 in-law!

REHANA
 (In Punjabi)
 You think that matters to him.

BASHEERA
 (In Punjabi)
 That's enough!

POPPA TANVIR
 (In Punjabi)
 He can't replace me with these
 English boys.

REHANA
(In Punjabi)
That's what my mother thought.

BASHEERA slaps REHANA across the face.

BASHEERA
(In Punjabi)
I said enough!

SAJID just sits eating.

BASHEERA.
(In Punjabi)
Don't ever speak like that about
him! He's your father and my
husband. This is his house and
land. He can do whatever he likes!

BASHEERA stands up and leaves. Tanvir looks at REHANA and
then to SAJID.

POPPA TANVIR
She made tea too sweet for her. She
always bloody doing it.

POPPA TANVIR wipes his hands on a towel.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
Everything ok, at home...Everybody
happy?

SAJID
Probably are, now me Dad isn't
there.

POPPA TANVIR
Hey! No you be cheeky. I hear what
you up to in England.

POPPA TANVIR goes back to his breakfast.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
I go be keeping very close eye on
you. I not take a bloody trouble
from you.

SAJID
Fuck off, you fat twat!

POPPA TANVIR nearly chokes on his tea. SAJID walks away.

POPPA TANVIR
You...You come back here! I'll tell
your father about this!

50

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

50

GEORGE, now dressed in PAKISTANI clothes stands with MANEER and POPPA TANVIR. REHANA and RAUSHANA, sit mixing up cow dung and dirt into patties used as fuel for cooking.

GEORGE

Sajid! Bloody hurry up! Chelo!

POPPA TANVIR

This boy Uncle-I tell you...

SAJID comes out of the house in his suit.

GEORGE

Why you wearing that?

POPPA TANVIR

I say this to him as well.

SAJID

'cause I want to.

GEORGE

Go take a off!

SAJID

You said it were for Pakistan.

GEORGE not wanting to cause a scene.

GEORGE

I no mean bloody now! Is too hot a wearing a this a thing.

MANEER

Where are the Pakistani clothes I give you?

SAJID

I'm not wearing them!

POPPA TANVIR

Why not? You looking a smart like a us.

SAJID

I've already told you what you look like.

REHANA

(In Punjabi)

What's wrong?

GEORGE

(In Punjabi)

Nothing, putter...

GEORGE is beginning to get irritated with SAJID but tries to keep the situation under control.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Go put on.

SAJID
No.

GEORGE
Go baster, put on!

SAJID
No!

GEORGE
I warn a you, mister!

GEORGE is aware that BASHEERA has now come out of the house and is watching. He turns and walks off.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Chelo! Come!

MANEER and SAJID follow on. SAJID smiles knowing he's won a small battle.

51

EXT. FIELDS. PAKISTAN. DAY.

51

GEORGE, MANEER, POPPA TANVIR and SAJID, stand looking across the fields.

GEORGE
(Proudly)
All this a mine. Here, all away
back a village.

POPPA TANVIR turns to the SAJID and MANEER.

POPPA TANVIR
Except that bit there, on the
right. Is mine from my father.

SAJID
Not much, eh?

GEORGE
All family work. Together see.

POPPA TANVIR forces a smile at GEORGE.

POPPA TANVIR
Yes, all...all for the family...

GEORGE
Maize, water melon, corn, wheat-

POPPA TANVIR turns to SAJID.

POPPA TANVIR
Just liking a wheat in a
wheatabix...You know wheatabix?

SAJID
Don't like'em. Maybe grow something
different on his bit, Dad. Sugar
puffs or something.

Tanvir gives SAJID another dirty look.

GEORGE
All time I save and send a money,
buy a more land. All for family.

POPPA TANVIR
And I working all land-

GEORGE
All for a family. For future, see.

SAJID gives MANEER a look.

52

EXT. COUNTRY. PAKISTAN. DAY.

52

SAJID tentatively wanders into a gully. He's looking for some
where to go to the loo. He minces about, feeling prodding
places out with a stick looking for snakes.

He looks around nervously and drops his trousers and squats
down. He hears the sound of bells. To his horror, striding
towards him, he sees PIR NASEEM, an eighty year old Muslim
holy man.

He is dressed in a multi-coloured green patchwork smock, down
to his knees. On his ankles, he wears bells and in his hand
he carries a seven foot staff, bedecked with multi-coloured
strips of cloth. Following close behind is ZAID. ZAID, is
singing "Aisey, Mausam Main Chup kyon Ho" by Nahid Akhtar.
PIR NASEEM, walks straight past without looking. ZAID,
follows suit. Just as they disappear round a bend. ZAID,
turns and sticks two fingers up at SAJID.

53

EXT. FIELDS. PAKISTAN. DAY.

53

GEORGE, MANEER and POPPA TANVIR walk along ahead of SAJID who
trails behind. GEORGE in his element waving greetings to
everyone working in the fields. SAJID, bored, has his jacket
draped over his head to protect him from the sun. He stands
with MANEER as GEORGE is embraced by yet another villager.

MANEER
Popular isn't he?

SAJID
So was Hitler.

54 EXT. VILLAGE SCHOOL. PAKISTAN. DAY.

54

SAJID jumps up and tries to see into the class room through a window.

55 INT. VILLAGE SCHOOL. PAKISTAN. DAY.

55

CLOSE UP ON A RADIO CASSETTE PLAYER BOX. THE COVER DEPICTS A GROUP OF GROOVY YOUNG THINGS, LETTING IT ALL HANG OUT, DRINKING AND DANCING AT A PARTY ROUND A GRUNDIG.

POPPA TANVIR OOV
Grundig C6000 Automatic, malvi-ji.
Automatic VHF fine tuning. Compact
tape recorder, automatic recording.
Is got, Long wave, medium wave,
short wave.

The school is one large room with benches and tables. On the walls are maps of various countries, children's pictures, the alphabet in English and various teaching aids. **DO NOT SHOW ANYTHING RELIGIOUS IN THE CLASSROOM.** GEORGE is holding the radio cassette box, as it is read by POPPA TANVIR. Listening is MALVI-EYAZ, late forties. On the floor eating nuts looking on amused, sits PIR NASEEM. ZAID sits just behind him.

POPPA TANVIR
It got all the wave's in't it!

GEORGE indicates the picture on the box.

GEORGE
See, they all having a party!

They all look at the picture. Then up to GEORGE.

Beat

There is an embarrassed silence as each realize this is never going to happen..

GEORGE hands it ceremoniously over to MALVI-EYAZ, who looks impressed with his new acquisition. He sits down, placing it carefully on a desk.

56 EXT. VILLAGE SCHOOL. PAKISTAN. DAY.

56

SAJID stands looking bored by the door.

GEORGE OOV
Sajid! Come a here!

57 INT VILLAGE SCHOOL. PAKISTAN. DAY.

57

SAJID stands looking suspiciously around the room.

GEORGE

Sajid, this is Malvi-Eyaz.

The MALVI greets SAJID, formally.

MANEER

And this is Pir Naseem.

SAJID turns and sees PIR NASEEM.

SAJID

We've met.

PIR NASEEM laughs out loud.

PIR NASEEM

Ha! Yes! Yes, he's right...

SAJID looks at PIR NASEEM quizzically.

MALVI-EYAZ

So, Sajid...Do you like Pakistan?

SAJID shrugs his shoulders. PIR NASEEM laughs out aloud again.

PIR NASEEM

"We've met!" Ha!

MALVI-EYAZ

We have been waiting your fathers return for a long time. Your mummy, Basheera and your sisters are very happy.

SAJID looks at GEORGE.

SAJID

She's not me Mam...

POPPA TANVIR

Like mam, though, isn't it?...

SAJID

It's not...

MALVI-EYAZ

Is. In Pakistan.

SAJID

Me Mam's me Mam. Pakistan or Salford.

GEORGE

Sajid!

MALVI-EYAZ

You can call her Mummy- is all the same thing.

(MORE)

MALVI-EYAZ (CONT'D)
 You must have great respect for
 her. Is your daddy's first wife.

SAJID says nothing but just looks down at the ground. PIR
 NASEEM sees how uncomfortable he is.

MALVI-EYAZ (CONT'D)
 I have a brother in England. He
 works in a mill in Ramsbottom. Do
 you know, Ramsbottom?

There is an awkward moment of silence.

PIR NASEEM
 Ha!

All look at PIR NASEEM again.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
 (Mouthing the word)
 RAMSBOTTOM!...RAM'S...BOTTOM. Is
 there such a place, Sajid?

SAJID
 I don't know...

PIR NASEEM
 And if there were...Would you
 freely admit to coming from it?
 Mmm?

SAJID can't but hide a smile. MALVI-EYAZ looks at GEORGE, who
 nods encouragingly.

MALVI-EYAZ
 Your father wishes to entrust me
 with your spiritual and academic
 education, here, in Pakistan.

SAJID looks confused.

SAJID
 What?

POPPA TANVIR
 (Triumphantly)
 You going to bloody school, isn't
 it.

SAJID
 Sez' who?

GEORGE
 Me.

SAJID
 I'm only gonna be here a few weeks,
 what's the point-

The others all look at GEORGE. SAJID suddenly realizes what this means.

SAJID (CONT'D)
You said it was a holiday!

GEORGE
No baster start with a me, Mister!

SAJID
You can't make me! I didn't want to come to this fuckin' dump in the first place!

GEORGE
Baster! I in a charge. Your mother no here now.

SAJID
She doesn't need to be, you've got a slave here already.

GEORGE jumps up and moves to slap SAJID. SAJID manages to duck out of the way and runs off.

GEORGE
You come a back a here!

MANEER
Sajid!

MANEER goes after him followed by ZAID. The others all sit looking at GEORGE, embarrassed.

58

EXT. SCHOOL HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

58

MANEER catches hold of SAJID and pulls him to a stop.

MANEER
Carry on the way you're going and you'll be here a lot longer than you think.

SAJID
Fuck off! Just fuck off!

SAJID pulls away from him and walks off.

59

EXT. COUNTRY. PAKISTAN. DAY.

59

SAJID sits alone looking out across the fields. Some small rocks fall by his side. He looks up and sees ZAID, sat on hillock above him.

SAJID
You can fuck off and all Mogli!

ZAID doesn't move. He sits smiling down at SAJID.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Are you deaf, twat head?

SAJID chucks a couple of stones towards him and walks off.
ZAID follows, walking along the top of the hillock.

ZAID
(Singing)
"Main ho gai, dildar ki!"

SAJID
Fuck off, I said!

ZAID suddenly stops.

ZAID
You come with me...

SAJID stops, startled by ZAID'S English. ZAID turns and wanders off, watched by SAJID. ZAID looks back and sees SAJID duck down out of sight. He smiles. ZAID carries on walking.

ZAID (CONT'D)
(Singing)
"Main ho gai, dildar ki..."

60

EXT. GULLY BELOW CEMETERY. PAKISTAN. DAY.

60

SAJID finds himself in a gully. The earth has fallen away from one side, exposing what look to be stone coffins.

ZAID OOV
They dead peoples.

SAJID turns to find ZAID, sat behind him. ZAID jumps up and wanders down to SAJID.

ZAID
You want looking?

ZAID cups his hands together, for SAJID to step into. SAJID doesn't need asking twice. He steps into ZAID'S cupped hands and is hoisted up. He stands peering into the nearest coffin.

SAJID
Bloody Nora! Dead bodies!

Unable to hold him much longer, ZAID collapses sending them both sprawling on the ground. SAJID dusts himself down.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Who are they?

ZAID
Dead peoples.

SAJID
I know that, dick head. I mean,
who?

ZAID shrugs his shoulders.

ZAID
Many, many, year, here. Maybe they
moghul soldier. You know moghul
soldier? They fighting here, long
time, ago.

SAJID shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.

SAJID
Your English is alright'

ZAID looks puzzled.

SAJID (CONT'D)
I mean...You...Speak...Good.
English.

ZAID
Better than you yes? I do. True.
Pir Naseem teaching me.

SAJID
Are we related?

ZAID
Pardon?

SAJID
Related...Are you a cousin? Uncle?
Auntie? Never mind...

ZAID
You speak, Punjabi?

SAJID
A bit...

ZAID
Speak.

SAJID
Naaa, it's not very good.

ZAID
Yes, speaking, speaking.

SAJID takes a moment to think. Then...

SAJID
Oh, bhentured! (Sisterfucker) Oh,
matured! (Motherfucker) Oh, tuteah!
(Cunt!) Oh, Ghand ka makaan carne
vale! (Go eat buttery shit)

ZAID tries to shush him up, but finds it hysterical at the same time.

ZAID
No,no,no! Is very bad word. No, no, speak! Who say this words?

SAJID
My dad on the phone. You know...the telephone.

He mimes a telephone.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Oh, bhentured! Oh pudi mounni!

ZAID, laughing, gags him with his hand.

61

INT./EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE PAKISTAN. DAY.

61

GEORGE is making his way through the house. He overhears a conversation between MALVI-EYAZ, BASHEERA, RAUSHANA, REHANA and POPPA TANVIR. He opens one of the shutters a little wider to hear.

THIS SCENE WILL BE IN PUNJABI.

MALVI-EYAZ
I've heard this is what happens to our young people in England. How they cast aside our traditions.

POPPA TANVIR
And if the child has come from such a marriage...

REHANA
That English woman. What do you expect.

POPPA TANVIR
They're not Pakistani. All those years in England and what has he got from it? Your father's beginning to realize who his real family are.

GEORGE heads out of the house picking up a stick as he goes.

62

EXT. FIELDS. PAKISTAN. DAY.

62

GEORGE walks along a path looking for SAJID.

GEORGE
Sajid!

PIR NASEEM OOV
 He's a long way from home,
 Jahangir.

GEORGE turns and sees PIR NASEEM sat on the ground beneath a tree, chewing nuts.

GEORGE
 He learn. Is why I bring a here. He
 run a wild in England.

PIR NASEEM
 He's just a boy.

GEORGE
 You don't know him Pir-ji. He not
 know who he is. All he know is, he
 hate a me. Hate who I am. His own
 father.

PIR NASEEM
 It's time he needs.

GEORGE
 He have a that here. The Malvi will
 teach him everything else.

PIR NASEEM raises himself up with his stick and walks over to GEORGE.

PIR NASEEM
 You brought him here to teach him
 about your life...Let him discover
 it for himself.

GEORGE
 And if he no like what he sees?

Beat.

PIR NASEEM taps GEORGE gently on the shoulder.

PIR NASEEM
 What if you don't like what you
 see? When we look at our children,
 do we not lift up a mirror, to our
 own faces?

GEORGE looks at PIR NASEEM.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
 Send the boy to me...I'll settle
 him down. Then he'll be ready for
 Malvi Eyaz and his books.

GEORGE
 He needs discipline.

GEORGE turns and heads back.

PIR NASEEM
 (SMILING)
 Then with your permission, I'll
 beat him regularly.

GEORGE comes to a stop. He doesn't turn back.

GEORGE
 I send him...

63

EXT. FIELDS. PAKISTAN. DAY.

63

GEORGE, MANEER and SAJID, walk across the fields. As they
 walk on, people working in the fields look up and greet
 GEORGE and the boys.

GEORGE
 Maneer, you be respectful all a
 time.

MANEER
 Right Dad.

GEORGE
 Sajid, you say nothing. No touch
 anything. No look a anyone.

WORKER
 (In Punjabi)
 Maneer, kitta jaana?
 (Where you going?)

MANEER
 (In Punjabi)
 Into town.

WORKER
 (In Pubjabi)
 Sajid, kyaa haal hai?
 (How are you?)

SAJID keeps his head down and tries to ignore them.

MANEER
 Why don't you just try!

SAJID
 They know I can't speak Pun-fuckin'-
 jabi!

GEORGE
 Sajid!

SAJID
 Chigi, chigi, Chigi,
 Alright?...Kin'ell!

GEORGE turns on him.

GEORGE
 (Say, ok!)
 Arko, tik-hai! Tik-hai! No chigi-
 chigi.

SAJID makes a big show of waving to the workers.

SAJID
 Arko, tik-hai! Arko, tik-hai!
 (Say, ok! Say ok!)

George looks at SAJID.

GEORGE
 Bloody stupy....

64

EXT. CHAI STAND. ROAD. PAKISTAN. DAY.

64

A bus pulls up and SAJID makes to climb up on the roof.
 GEORGE pulls him back down.

GEORGE OOV
 Where you going?

SAJID
 Up.

GEORGE
 In.

He pushes SAJID onto the bus. MANEER follows. People are packed in like sardines. Everybody turns and stares at him, quite unself-consciously. SAJID gives them all a nod and a smile, as he squeezes along the bus.

SAJID
 Arko, tik-hai! Arko, tik-hai! Arko,
 tik-hai!
 (Say ok! Say, ok! Say, ok!)

He clambers past sacks of mealy bags and chickens and sits.

SAJID turns his head and comes face to face with a goat.

SAJID (CONT'D)
 Arko, tik-hai!

65

INT. VILLAGE ALLEYWAY. PAKISTAN. DAY.

65

GEORGE leads SAJID and MANEER along an alleyway. They are lost. SAJID looks pissed off, as he jumps past cow pats. GEORGE is looking at the different gateways. He stops at one.

GEORGE
 This is the one.

MANEER

Are you sure Dad, it was thirty odd years ago.

GEORGE

He was good friend. He at my wedding.

GEORGE bangs on the door.

66

INT. HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

66

THIS SCENE IS IN PUNJABI

GEORGE is sat with MANEER and SAJID on a couple of charpoys. ABDULLAH MIRZA a man of GEORGE'S age, sits with his two older sons. The remains of tea and biscuits on a coffee table in front of them. MANEER looks embarrassed.

GEORGE

He's a good boy and she would live in England. My wife would welcome her into our home, as if she were her own daughter.

ABDULLAH MIRZA sits and listens. He looks a bit embarrassed.

ABDULLAH

No.

GEORGE

But why?

ABDULLA

You're my friend, Jahangir. But there can be no marriage between my daughter and your son.

MANEER understands something of what ABDULLA is saying.

GEORGE

Why?

ABDULLA

These things are better left unsaid.

GEORGE

Just tell me why no one wants to marry my son?

BEAT

ABDULLA

I mean you no disrespect, Jahangir. But your life in England is different...

GEORGE
Different from whose? Girls from
here marry in England all the time.
Your eldest daughter lives in
England now.

ABDULLA glances at SAJID and MANEER. He's embarrassed.

ABDULLA
I said, your life, Jahangir.

GEORGE realizes what he means. He's angry and embarrassed.

67

EXT. VILLAGE ALLEYWAY. PAKISTAN. DAY.

67

GEORGE angrily steps from the house, MANEER and SAJID follow.
The door slams shut behind them.

SAJID
I take it that were a no then.

GEORGE
No one want their daughter marry
you. I bloody shamed!

MANEER is shocked. GEORGE storms off down the road.

MANEER
Dad!

MANEER strides off through the crowds after GEORGE. SAJID
finds himself alone amongst the crowds of people.

SAJID
I'll just find me own way back
then, shall I? It's not as if I'm
in the middle of fuckin' nowhere is
it?

SAJID is aware he being stared at.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Alright? Chigi! Chigi! Chigi!

68

INT. KHAN'S HOUSE. BOX ROOM. PAKISTAN. DAY.

68

THIS SCENE IS IN PUNJABI

The room is full of cases and a very large aluminium trunk.
BASHEERA is folding clothes and putting them away. She
becomes more and more angry and manic.

Angrily, she pushes over the pile of clothes and the cases to
the floor and collapses beside them in tears. GEORGE is
standing in the doorway.

BASHEERA

Why, did you come back? Why?

GEORGE just looks at her.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)

We were fine here without you. Why didn't you just forget about us! It would have been kinder...Look at me!

GEORGE avoids her look.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)

Look at me Jahangir! I haven't seen you for thirty five years! And you can't even look at me.

She gets up and grabs the wedding photograph from the wall and thrusts it in his face.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)

This is how you left me...All this time.

GEORGE

I wrote...

BASHEERA

We needed you! I needed you. So many years- Oh god- so many years. And now you're here...And look at me...

She violently pulls at her face and hair.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)

Look at my face! My hair! My hands! My body! You did this to me! This is all that's left!

She leans into him.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)

Look me in the eyes and tell me you don't see it, Jahangir! Look me in the eyes and tell me you still want me!

GEORGE can't bring himself to look up. She throws the photograph against the wall and it smashes. She collapses in a heap on the floor. REHANA and RAUSHANA rush in. They see BASHEERA on the floor. RAUSHANA drops down to comfort her mother. REHANA stands defiantly in the doorway looking at GEORGE.

REHANA

Leave her...

GEORGE walks out past her.

69

INT. KHAN'S HOUSE PAKISTAN. DAY.

69

MANEER sits at the table. GEORGE comes in, sits and lights a cigarette.

MANEER
Are you alright Dad?

GEORGE
It's all your fault, baster! You
and all a you family pucking always
give me trouble!

MANEER is shocked by GEORGE'S reaction.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Why you no go home to your Mam? Get
out a my house! I not want you
here! Go home! You no belong here!

MANEER jumps up and confronts GEORGE.

MANEER
You've always told us we belong
here!

GEORGE
Go!

MANEER
What's changed your mind now, eh?

GEORGE
Yo don't talk a me like this!

GEORGE gets up to leave. MANEER stands in his way.

MANEER
You haven't got a fuckin' clue
about this place have you?

GEORGE
I warn a you!

MANEER
You swan about here like nothing's
ever happened. Jahangir Khan, the
King of England, returned.

GEORGE
You stop now...

MANEER
But you don't really know what
they think, do you? Your precious
family.

(MORE)

MANEER (CONT'D)
 What they really think of you? What
 they've always thought about what
 you did to them!

GEORGE angrily turns on MANEER.

GEORGE
 You shut up! You shut up now!

Beat

MANEER
 Too near the truth is it? You make
 me laugh. Bringing Sajid here to
 teach him a lesson?

GEORGE
 I warn a you Mister!

MANEER
 What were you gonna' teach him Dad?
 How to dump your wife and kids for
 thirty five fuckin' years!

GEORGE turns and slaps MANEER across the mouth. MANEER
 doesn't flinch. He stands his ground and just stares at
 GEORGE.

MANEER (CONT'D)
 It's not me your friends won't let
 their daughters marry! It's you!

GEORGE slaps him again. Again MANEER doesn't flinch. GEORGE
 raises his hand to slap him again. MANEER stands defiantly
 waiting for it. GEORGE stops and walks out of the room
 passing SAJID at the door.

70

EXT. FIELD. PAKISTAN. DAY.

70

MANEER sits with SAJID at the edge of a corn field.

SAJID
 Are you alright?

MANEER
 Yeah...I don't hate him.

SAJID
 How can you say that after what
 he's just done?

MANEER
 It weren't me he was hitting...

SAJID
 'Kin looked like it to me our kid.

MANEER

All these years. Everything he ever told us about this place. It never existed. He fuckin' knew as well.

Neither speak. We can just hear the wind blowing through the corn that borders the cemetery.

71

EXT. KHAN HOUSE. ROOF. PAKISTAN. DAY.

71

GEORGE walks along inspecting the roof, with POPPA TANVIR. POPPA TANVIR looks worried.

POPPA TANVIR

We did a lot of repairs recently, uncle. The roof, the wall was falling down-but I took care of it.

GEORGE

Mmmm...

POPPA TANVIR

It's looking good eh na? You can return to England next week with no worries about what is happening here. Everything is in safe hands...

GEORGE

I no going back yet.

POPPA TANVIR is suddenly worried.

POPPA TANVIR

Cha-Cha?

GEORGE

I going pull whole bloody thing down. Time we had new house. Moderns

Tanvir looks surprised.

POPPA TANVIR

A new house?...That's expensive-and the time. What about the chippy chop?

GEORGE is looking down in the compound to where BASHEERA, REHANA and RAUSHANNA grind corn between two large stones. In the background we hear the call to prayer by the muezzin from the mosque.

GEORGE

I worry 'bout time and money.

POPPA TANVIR

And Cha-che Ella in England?

GEORGE looks at POPPA TANVIR. Then back down to where the women are.

GEORGE

We rebuild here, in same spot.

He walks off along the roof.

72

EXT. FIELD. PAKISTAN. DAY.

72

SAJID and ZAID sit watching MANEER from a hillock.

SAJID

Not bad with them, eh?

ZAID

Everyone in village like Maneer.

SAJID

Not enough to let their daughters marry him.

ZAID looks sheepish.

SAJID (CONT'D)

I mean, he's dead Pakistani and everything our Maneer is. You can't fault him on that.

ZAID

Is difficult...

SAJID

And he's not that ugly.

ZAID

People worried...

SAJID

What about?

ZAID is unsure about telling SAJID.

SAJID (CONT'D)

What?

ZAID

They think he will be like his father...

SAJID looks questioningly.

ZAID (CONT'D)

That...maybe he leave his wife here...and marry English woman as well. Like you Dad did.

SAJID
Maneer wouldn't do that.

ZAID
Tanvir and Rehana, tell people this will happen. They don't want you or Maneer to live here.

SAJID
I don't want to fuckin' live here.

ZAID
They think your father will give all the land to his sons. And his daughters nothing.

SAJID
Is that what all this is about? Who gets left what here?

ZAID
They say you not Pakistani. Only half and this is bad.

SAJID
Bad for me alright, I keep getting me fuckin' head kicked in for it in England! What a pair of bastards!

Beat.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Fuck'em! And me Dad! I'll find Maneer a wife.

ZAID laughs.

ZAID
You?

SAJID
Yeah, why not. Our Maneer's good enough for any of 'em round here. Bit of a twat mind- but you know...I'll fuckin' show'em!

ZAID
You can't do this.

SAJID
Yes, I can and you're gonna help me.

MANEER strides along the road towards the cemetery. SAJID drags his feet behind. In the distance we see PIR NASEEM'S hut.

SAJID
Have you ever had it off?

MANEER
Shut up! Now get a move on Pir
Naseem's waiting.

SAJID
...What kind of a woman do you
fancy?

MANEER
Shut up!

SAJID
I'm just asking, that's all.

MANEER
None of your business.

SAJID
'Cause if people knew, they'd know
what to look for, wouldn't they?

MANEER
Come on will you!

SAJID
Tall? Small? Dark? Light? With
plait? Without plait?

MANEER
Get a move on!

SAJID sits down on the side of the track.

SAJID
I'm not going. He's madder than me!

MANEER
Oh, make your own flippin' mind up!
I've had enough!

MANEER walks off. SAJID looks across the cemetery towards the
hut.

74

EXT. PIR NASEEM'S HUT. CEMETERY. DUSK.

74

SAJID stands outside the hut. He warily looks back at the
cemetery. He steps closer.

SAJID
Hello! Anyone there?

He sticks his head around the door.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Hello?

We hear the sound of a flute being played in the distance.

75

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. PAKISTAN. AFTERNOON.

75

SAJID watches PIR NASEEM, who is sat beneath a tree, playing an Indian flute, badly.

PIR NASEEM
You are early.

SAJID is confused and surprised at his discovery.

SAJID
I'm not staying.

PIR NASEEM
You don't have to.

This confuses SAJID.

SAJID
You're supposed to teach me
something aren't you?

PIR NASEEM
What would you like to know?

SAJID shrugs his shoulders. PIR NASEEM stops playing and thinks for a moment.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
Never make friends with an elephant
keeper, if you have no room in your
house to entertain his elephant.

PIR NASEEM goes back to his flute playing. SAJID looks confused.

SAJID
What's that supposed to mean when
it's at home?

PIR NASEEM
If you are not staying...What's the
point in telling you.

SAJID stares at him. PIR NASEEM starts to play again.

SAJID
Not very good, are you?

PIR NASEEM
No. I never have been. But it
occupies time and helps me think.
And anything that stimulates
thought is a good thing.

SAJID
What do you think about?

PIR NASEEM
Oh...Entertaining elephants. What I
should feed them. Will they break
my furniture. Do I speak enough
elephant to hold a civil and
interesting conversation.

PIR NASEEM stands, slips his flute into a bag across his
chest, he takes up his pole.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
Come!

PIR NASEEM walks off. SAJID stays where he is. PIR NASEEM,
stops and turns back to him.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
Come, are you afraid of an old man?

SAJID
I'm not scared of owt'...You might
be an head the ball for all I know?

PIR NASEEM
What is an "head the ball?"

SAJID flicks his head as if to connect to an imaginary ball.

SAJID
A nutter...someone that's poggled
in the head...

PIR NASEEM
Poggle! Yes! Yes, I might well
be...It's been said of me
before...A head the ball!

He throws his head back and laughs as he walks on.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
A head the ball!

SAJID follows, hesitantly.

76

EXT. RUINS. COUNTRYSIDE. PAKISTAN. AFTERNOON.

76

At the brow of a hill, PIR NASEEM sits. SAJID comes up beside
him and stands in amazement.

SAJID
Bleedin'ell!

PIR NASEEM
Yes, that's as good a phrase as
any...

Below, stretched out before them, are the ruins of a fort and temples.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
Go, go and explore...I shall be here.

PIR NASEEM takes out his flute. SAJID runs excitedly down to the ruins.

77

EXT. RUINS. COUNTRYSIDE. PAKISTAN. LATE AFTERNOON.

77

SAJID wanders round the ruins. Through ornate archways, up stairs that lead nowhere. He touches the carved outlines of freezes on the walls of a temple. He's completely absorbed by the place as the shadows around him grow longer. Awed by the sights, he sits and looks out across the ruins.

78

EXT. RUINS. COUNTRYSIDE. PAKISTAN. DUSK.

78

SAJID walks back up the hill, to where PIR NASEEM sits playing his flute. He has his suit jacket over his shoulders. He sits down in front of PIR NASEEM, tired but excited. He looks back down at the ruins awed by the sight. PIR NASEEM stops playing and looks at SAJID.

PIR NASEEM
Time...That is time, Sajid, spread out before you. Thousands of people populated those stones. Each one leaving a trace of themselves on the other. All leading to you...

SAJID
Me?...

PIR NASEEM
Of course...We're all part of the same story. And we in turn will leave a trace of our own selves, too. But what we leave, Sajid and how we choose to leave it, is entirely up to us. It's what makes life so interesting...

PIR NASEEM starts to play his flute again, as SAJID looks back across the ruins.

79

EXT. STREAM. PAKISTAN. DAY.

79

SAJID and ZAID stand on the back of a water buffalo. They strain to look over some bushes from where we hear the sound of women's voices and laughter.

ZAID
In Pakistan we have juiciest
mangoes in world.

SAJID
What's that got to do with getting
Maneer a wife?

ZAID
Mangoes grow on trees and on women!

SAJID looks at ZAID, who slowly smiles and nods his head
Indian fashion.

ZAID (CONT'D)
Poetry has been written about
mangoes and women.

SAJID
I've never heard any!

ZAID
When we pick a woman, we have to
remember how we pick mangoes.

SAJID
Yank'em off the branch don't you?

ZAID winces.

ZAID
Have to take time...Pick the
ripiest fruit. Best size. Soft skin
but firm to the touch, give them a
little squeeze.

SAJID
They'd chop your bleeding hands off
if you got caught. What about her?

ZAID
Too old. Left on the tree too long.

SAJID
And the one in the red?

ZAID
Too much colour. Too much sun. Very
sour inside.

SAJID
And the one next to her?

ZAID
No!

He touches his ears twice.

ZAID (CONT'D)
Tobah, tobah, tobah! Never, never,
never, pick up fallen mangoes.

SAJID laughs.

ZAID (CONT'D)
She's turned down five already. She
talks too much. Shouts all the
time, listens to the radio all
night. She make very bad wife I
think.

SAJID
Turned you down did she?

ZAID nods his head.

80

EXT. KHAN HOUSE. ROOF. PAKISTAN. DAY.

80

SAJID'S P.O.V as GEORGE struggles with the bulls below them.
MANEER watches GEORGE dispassionately.

SAJID sits on the roof with ZAID watching him.

SAJID
What a dick head.

CUT TO:

GEORGE attempts to harness the bulls. They are very restless
and GEORGE begins to find it hard. The men throw helpful
comments to him.

MANEER
That one'll turn on you if you're
not careful.

POPPA TANVIR
He's right Cha-cha...Maybe start
off with the water buffalo?.

GEORGE
I know what I bloody doing! I doing
this when I same size a Sajid.

Suddenly the bulls start to swing round in a circle. GEORGE
fights to keep control. He's completely out of his depth.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Harooo! Harooo! Haroo!

This has no effect on the bulls at all. It just seems to
irritate them even more. The others dive out of the way.
GEORGE manages to point the bulls in the right direction and
is practically dragged off by them. MANEER quickly hoists a
wooden plough over his shoulder and runs after GEORGE and the
bulls.

81

EXT. FIELD. PAKISTAN. DAY.

81

SAJID and ZAID are bent double with laughter, as they watch out of sight, GEORGE, trying to plough the field. He is making an absolute mess of it.

CUT TO:

GEORGE falls over, POPPA TANVIR rushes forward to help, but GEORGE waves him away. GEORGE looks across at BASHEERA, REHANA and RAUSHANNA, who are cutting grass. Only BASHEERA is watching.

GEORGE makes his way over to where MANEER and POPPA TANVIR are sat under a tree. He looks completely exhausted and his clothes are a mess. He unwraps some rags he has tied on his hands. The hands are heavily blistered.

POPPA TANVIR
You're just bit...out of practice,
Cha-Cha.

GEORGE
I go back a the house.

GEORGE walks off dejectedly, across the field, watched by MANEER.

82

INT: KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

82

THIS SCENE IS IN PUNJABI

GEORGE is fumbling in a cupboard as he looks for something for his blistered hands. Things come tumbling out and clatter on the floor.

GEORGE
Oh, Bhentured!

He turns to see BASHEERA standing in the doorway.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
My hands....I needed some...

BASHEERA comes in. She goes over and starts to pick things up from the floor.

CUT TO:

A hand squeezes out some water from a cloth into a bowl. BASHEERA is seeing to the blisters on GEORGE'S hands. He watches her as she works. She takes his hand and starts to clean it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I overdid it. It's been a long
time.

BASHEERA says nothing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
So much to be done here.

For a moment BASHEERA stops, then carries on cleaning his hand and finishes wrapping his hand in a bandage. She picks up the bowl and walks away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She walks out.

83

EXT. CHAI STAND. ROAD. PAKISTAN. DAY.

83

Close on a pair of hands as they stretch down on the cows teats, sending jets of milk into a bucket.

ZAID OOV
I would like to get married soon, I think.

SAJID OOV
Yeah...I can see that.

ZAID
I want...You know...Soon.

SAJID
Me too.

ZAID OOV
Will you get married to a Pakistani girl?

SAJID OOV
If they all milk cows like that, I might!

84

EXT: ROAD TO VILLAGE WELL. PAKISTAN. DAY.

84

SAJID and ZAID walk along the road.

SAJID
There's got to be someone.

ZAID
Maybe we should look in other village.

They pass a group of women carrying water jars on their heads. SAJID looks up at the women. He does a double take.

SAJID
Bloody hell! Who's that?

Amongst the women we see a beautiful girl, NEELAM. She wears black framed glasses and bares a striking resemblance to NANA MOUSKOURI.

SAJID (CONT'D)

Come on!

ZAID

What is it?

SAJID

It's Nana Mouskouri! Oh thank you, God!

SAJID and ZAID follow from a safe distance.

85

EXT: VILLAGE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

85

The women split up and all walk off in different directions.

SAJID

Quick! We're going to lose her. You take that roof and I'll take this one.

ZAID

She is one with water pot on head.

SAJID

They've all got bleedin' water pots!

We now have different shots of SAJID and ZAID running about on the roofs as they follow various women around the village. Trying to discover which one is NEELAM.

They crisscross each other jumping across roofs at various points. Sometimes they jump down in front of a woman only to discover it's not NEELAM.

86

EXT: NEELAM'S HOUSE. VILLAGE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

86

NEELAM walks into her house and closes the doors. SAJID and ZAID drop into the shot from the roof.

SAJID

Gotcha!

87

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

87

The compound is a hive of activity. GEORGE stands giving orders to Carpenters and bricklayers, as they scurry about like ants. Sitting on a charpoy, under a tree, are BASHEERA, REHANA and RAUSHANA. They are gleaning wheat, as they watch GEORGE. GEORGE comes over. He's hot and wipes his brow.

GEORGE
 (In Punjabi)
 They'll go straight to work on the
 well, afterwards. You'll have to
 use the village well for a while.

RAUSHANA brings him some water. BASHEERA gets up and heads into the old house. REHANA and RAUSHANA, look at GEORGE.

88 **EXT. HILL. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

88

SAJID sits on a hill over looking PIR NASEEM'S hut. He takes off his jacket and flings it to the ground and pulls out his shirt.

89 **EXT. CEMETERY. PIR NASEEM'S HUT. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

89

SAJID runs up a small hillock and peeks over the top. Down below, PIR NASEEM is sat under a tree. PIR NASEEM looks up and waves. SAJID hesitates, before walking down to join him. SAJID sits and says nothing. PIR NASEEM watches him and continues to play.

PIR NASEEM
 You're here.

SAJID
 You know, you're not like I thought
 you were gonna' be.

PIR NASEEM
 I have that capacity.

SAJID looks directly at PIR NASEEM.

SAJID
 I'd like to know more about your
 elephants...

90 **EXT. VILLAGE. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

90

SAJID and PIR NASEEM wander along the teeming bazaar. PIR NASEEM pointing out various shops to SAJID.

91 **INT. TAILORS SHOP. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

91

SAJID pushes back the curtain from a changing room. He is now wearing a shalwar Kameeze. (Shirt and trousers)

SAJID stands and looks at his reflection in the mirror. PIR NASEEM stands by his side.

PIR NASEEM
 How does that feel?

SAJID
It looks alright.

PIR NASEEM
But how does it feel.

Beat.

SAJID
Comfortable. I feel comfortable.

PIR NASEEM smiles.

92

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

92

SAJID sits with ZAID at the feet of PIR NASEEM, who reads from "KIM". SAJID is now out of his suit and wearing a shalwar kameeze.

PIR NASEEM
"He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah, on her brick platform, opposite the old Ajaib-Gher, the wonder house, as the natives call the Lahore museum!" The bloody natives! What Imperialist rubbish!

The boys groan.

SAJID
Pir-ji!

PIR NASEEM
Very well, very well..."Who holds Zam-Zammah that fire breathing cannon...

ZAID/SAJID
"Holds the Punjab"

GEORGE OOV
Sajid! Sajid! Come now!

SAJID looks downcast at the sound of GEORGE'S voice.

PIR NASEEM
Come, I'll walk with you.

93

EXT. PATH. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

93

PIR NASEEM and SAJID walk along. PIR NASEEM resting an arm on SAJID'S shoulder.

SAJID
He's been asking what you've been teaching me all this time.

PIR NASEEM
Oh...And what did you tell him

SAJID
(Smiling)
That you hadn't taught me owt'

PIR NASEEM laughs out loud.

PIR NASEEM
Very good! Very good! I wish you to
remain ignorant.

SAJID
He's still going on about me being
more Pakistani. You know,
traditional and that...

Beat.

PIR NASEEM
Your father and many like him have
made better lives for themselves
abroad. But they fail to understand
the consequences of their actions.
To themselves or their families.

SAJID
Maybe they don't want to.

PIR NASEEM stops and turns to SAJID.

PIR NASEEM
Maybe...But tell me, Sajid, do you
think you can move to another
country and expect everything to be
the same as the place you left?
That your new world will have no
effect on you or how you think?

He looks at SAJID and they both smile. They walk on.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
As for customs and traditions...

They walk on in silence.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
I walk to my hut every night by the
same path. It's what I've always
done. It has become my routine. My
custom. A tradition...

He smiles.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)

Now, if a cobra decides to sit in the middle of that path, do I walk on and get bitten, because it is my custom of walking the same way. My tradition? Or do I take the other path and live?

PIR NASEEM looks at SAJID who is in deep thought.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)

We have to adapt to the situations and worlds we find ourselves in. It doesn't mean we lose any sense of where we're from. But it may give us a greater sense of who we are and what we can achieve. The alternative-

SAJID

Is you'll get your arse bitten by a snake.

PIR NASEEM laughs at SAJID.

PIR NASEEM

Yes, amongst other things...Go... go to your father, he's waiting.

PIR NASEEM turns and walks off into the night. SAJID watches him go.

SAJID

Have you just taught me something?

PIR NASEEM doesn't look back. He just raises his hand and gives a little wave. His figure disappears into the darkness, leaving only the sound of his ankle bells.

94

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

94

SAJID walks into the compound. GEORGE stands holding a lamp.

GEORGE

Where you been?

SAJID

With Pir Naseem.

GEORGE notices that SAJID is now wearing PAKISTANI clothes.

GEORGE

Where you get those clothes?

SAJID

He bought them for me.

GEORGE

You spenda too much time there. I
want a see you a here.

GEORGE blows out the lamp.

95

EXT. CHAI STAND. ROAD. PAKISTAN. DAY.

95

ZAID jumps up on the platform and sticks a cassette in a battered tape machine. NAHID AKHTAR's husky voice crackles through a couple of speakers. ZAID blissfully shakes his head, Indian fashion, as he listens to the first bars of "MAIN HO GAYA, DILDAR KI" He starts to dance around, as he mimes along to the music. SAJID smiles.

ZAID

"Main ho gaya, dildar ki!"

A bus bumps across the fields and pulls up. It carries a wedding party, musicians are playing on the roof. The bus is packed, people call down to SAJID and ZAID. SAJID notices NEELAM with other women, at the back of the bus. She looks at SAJID and smiles. The bus starts to move off.

SAJID

Come on.

ZAID

Where?

SAJID

We're going to a wedding.

SAJID runs after the bus and jumps on. He climbs up to the roof, followed by ZAID.

96

EXT. COMPOUND. TOWN. PAKISTAN.

96

SAJID and ZAID walk with the wedding party into a compound behind a group of musicians. The women from the bus follow on behind. SAJID keeps looking back at NEELAM. She's aware of him watching.

97

EXT. COMPOUND. TOWN. PAKISTAN.

97

Men sit on charpoys before a made up stage covered in garish lights and a tacky sequined curtain. Suddenly music blasts from a couple of speakers and a man, dressed in a woman's shalwar kameeze, comes on to the stage and starts dancing to the music. The men clap and shout good naturedly, as the dancer plays up to them.

SAJID and ZAID are amongst them. SAJID looks up and sees NEELAM amongst a group of laughing women on the flat roof of the house. She smiles down at him.

She turns and says something to a couple of older women. They beckon SAJID up. SAJID nudges ZAID.

SAJID
Come on! Now's our chance.

SAJID heads off towards the roof.

98

EXT. COMPOUND. ROOF. TOWN. PAKISTAN.

98

SAJID and ZAID come towards the group of women who are in high spirits. Some of them tease the boys. ZAID pushes SAJID forward. SAJID salaams the older women, with a perfectly executed slight dip of the head and a raised hand to his forehead.

SAJID
Salaam-alaicum...

SAJID turns to ZAID.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Exactly what I say, alright?

ZAID nods his head.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Massi-Ji, I hope you do not think I am being disrespectful to you or your family.

ZAID
(In Punjabi)
Hello.

SAJID
We are from the same village. Though my Mother is not...from round here...Or of this country. I am the son of Jahangir Khan, the Fish fryer...

ZAID
(In Punjabi)
He is the son of Jahangir Kahn

SAJID looks at ZAID doubtfully. Then back to the women. He gestures with his hands.

SAJID
...from long way-across the big water- in Salford- England.

He looks at the women's faces who look quizzically back at him.

SAJID (CONT'D)
Near Bradford?

ZAID gives him a "What the hell are you talking about look"

ZAID
(Not in Punjabi)
Bradford.

NEELAM giggles.

SAJID
I have seen your daughter- though I
have not been looking at her, like
that- Not like the way you may
think- You know-

NEELAM
Aye, and you're gonna get yourself
in heap big bleeding trouble as
well, paleface, if you keep
following me about?

She speaks with a broad ROCHDALE accent. SAJID and ZAID are
stand open mouthed.

SAJID
Where you from?

NEELAM
Japan. Where'd you think, knob
head?...Rochdale.

SAJID
Yeah? What are you doing here?

NEELAM
After an husband. What about you?

SAJID
After a wife.

NEELAM tells the other women and they laugh.

NEELAM
Do you think I'm a cradle snatcher.

SAJID
I'd like to talk to your Dad
actually. I've got a proposition
for him.

NEELAM
He's dead. Tell us. We make all the
decisions now.

GEORGE walks across the fields, down towards the stream. He
watches SAJID and ZAID play, as they water the animals.

They fight to be the only one on the water buffaloes back.
SAJID pushes ZAID into the water.

SAJID
"Who holds Zam-Zammah, holds the
Punjab"

SAJID looks up and waves enthusiastically. He rushes, towards
GEORGE. GEORGE, surprised, is about to wave back, until he
sees that the object of SAJID'S attention, is PIR NASEEM, who
is walking along the bank. SAJID, jumps down and excitedly
runs to the old man, throwing his arms around him. GEORGE
watches, as SAJID and PIR NASEEM wander off along the stream.

100

EXT. ROOF. KHAN'S HOUSE. DAY

100

THIS SCENE IS IN PUNJABI

GEORGE comes up the stairs. He sees BASHEERA sitting up on a
charpoy, staring out. He turns to walk away.

BASHEERA.
There's no need for you to go. It's
still your house...

GEORGE stops and turns back to her.

GEORGE
I never stopped thinking about you
and the children...

BASHEERA.
I often wondered if we were more
than a place you sent money to. If
you looked at the pictures we sent.
If you still thought of us as your
family?

GEORGE
Of course I did. I...I don't know
what happened...

BASHEERA.
You took another wife. It was your
right.

GEORGE
I'm here now.

BASHEERA.
Who's here...George or Jahangir?

She turns away from him again.

101

EXT. SCAFFOLDING. KHAN'S NEW HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

101

GEORGE is up the scaffolding helping the builders. He's in complete charge giving orders.

He watches as SAJID expertly herds the water buffalo, goats and cattle out of the compound and towards the stream. He sees BASHEERA looking up at the house. She walks on.

102

EXT. KHAN COMPOUND. PAKISTAN. DAY.

102

A taxi drives into the compound and hooting it's horn loudly. It comes to a halt in a cloud of dust. GEORGE, POPPA TANVIR, come out of the house to see what the commotion is. The back door opens and ELLA gets out in a pastel coloured, crimplene trouser suit. She turns and sees GEORGE.

GEORGE

Ella!...

AUNTIE ANNIE, dressed similarly to ELLA, practically falls out of the back of the car. She spots GEORGE.

AUNTIE ANNIE

Hiya George! Bet I'm the last person you thought you'd see...

BASHEERA, REHANA, RAUSHANNA come round from the side of the house. ANNIE clocks them. ELLA and BASHEERA eye each other up. AUNTIE ANNIE shakes the flaps of her trouser suit.

AUNTIE ANNIE (CONT'D)

I knew crimplene'd be wrong for this weather.

103

INT. KHAN'S HOUSE PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

103

ELLA, MANEER, AUNTIE ANNIE, POPPA TANVIR, REHANA, RAUSHANA, BASHEERA are sat finishing off a meal. The atmosphere is very uncomfortable. AUNTIE ANNIE is getting stuck into the food. Everyone watches her.

AUNTIE ANNIE

These are the best kebabs I've ever tasted and I know me kebabs. I had some lovely ones from Bradford once but these...Try' em, Ella, they're bleedin' gorgeous.

She looks at BASHEERA.

AUNTIE ANNIE (CONT'D)

Did you make'em luv?

She looks to GEORGE for confirmation.

AUNTIE ANNIE (CONT'D)
I'll have to get your recipe. Swap
you for one of mine.

She looks back to GEORGE.

AUNTIE ANNIE (CONT'D)
Has she ever had roly-poly pudding?

BASHEERA proffers her another plate. AUNTIE ANNIE declines
and sits back stuffed. She gets her cigarettes out and offers
them to BASHEERA, REHANA and RAUSHANNA, who politely smile
and decline. ELLA lights up defiantly. BASHEERA watches her.

GEORGE
So Annie...who look after your
Peter while you here?

AUNTIE ANNIE mouths to the other women.

AUNTIE ANNIE
That's. My. Husband

She makes a show of tapping her wedding ring.

AUNTIE ANNIE (CONT'D)
Oh, he's fine, George. I got a load
of baked beans in for him.

She addresses the other women.

AUNTIE ANNIE (CONT'D)
My. Husband. Is. Bloody. Useless.
He's only good for one thing. And
he's never been very good at that!

POPPA TANVIR
How is chippy chop?

ELLA gives GEORGE a long cold stare.

ELLA
Shut.

MANEER comes in and sees ELLA. He laughs.

MANEER
Mam!

He rushes over to her and gives ELLA and AUNTIE ANNIE a hug
and a kiss. SAJID appears at the door. He looks shocked to
see ELLA.

ELLA
Hello, luv...Well come here and
give us a kiss. I've missed you...

SAJID doesn't move.

ELLA (CONT'D)
You look so different.

SAJID
What have you come here for?

GEORGE looks at ELLA.

ELLA
To take you home.

SAJID
I'm not going!

SAJID turns and runs out of the house.

ELLA
Sajid!

104

INT. BEDROOM. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

104

ELLA and AUNTIE ANNIE are led into the living room by MANEER carrying an oil lamp. Bedding has been placed on the charpoys. He places the lamp on the table and opens the adjoining double doors, to GEORGE'S bedroom. AUNTIE ANNIE lights a fag and looks about the room.

AUNTIE ANNIE
This the harem then?

ELLA
Piss off you.

MANEER
Don't worry about Sajid, Mam...a
lot's happened...

GEORGE comes into the room.

AUNTIE ANNIE
Right, Maneer, you were gonna show
me the loo.

AUNTIE ANNIE and MANEER leave. GEORGE closes the door behind her.

GEORGE
Everything...alright?

He walks over and starts to adjust the oil lamp.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You can make more lighter, if you
wanting.

ELLA lights a cigarette and sits down on a charpoy. GEORGE stands uneasily.

Beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You make me bloody surprised seeing
a you here.

ELLA

Yeah, think how surprised I was
when I didn't see you after four
weeks.

Silence. ELLA continues to smoke.

ELLA (CONT'D)

I had it all worked out...What I
was gonna say to you, when I saw
you. Now I'm here...I don't know
what I'm more angry about. That
you've been gone so long or that
you cleaned the bank account out!

GEORGE

I needing more money- for house...

ELLA

And what was I supposed to live on?
Scotch bleedin' mist? A month we
said George!

GEORGE

Ella-

ELLA

We agreed. I don't remember anyone
talking about you building a
bastard house out here!

GEORGE

I no thinking-

ELLA

That's just the bleeding problem,
you never do.

GEORGE

I was go to write letter but-

ELLA

(Angrily)

Did I deserve this did I? All these
years, doing things your way.
Trying to make the kids understand
you...and you do this to me?

GEORGE

What? I only...

ELLA
You've made me look stupid in front
of everyone.

GEORGE
No Ella...

GEORGE stands looking blankly.

ELLA
Oh what's the bleeding point.
She gets up and takes her bag through to the other room.
GEORGE follows her.

105

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM. PAKISTAN NIGHT.

105

GEORGE
Basheera- my daughters...When I see
how things are here, Ella, I having
to...

ELLA
Was it my turn was it, George? To
hang about waiting for you to come
home, like that poor cow out there?

GEORGE
I never mean to hurt you, Ella. I
only come to help with Sajid,
then...

ELLA turns to him

ELLA
Then what?
Silence.

GEORGE
Please, Ella...

She turns her back on him and starts to unpack some things.

ELLA
We'll not be here long....I just
came for Sajid.

GEORGE
Ella.

ELLA
Just leave me, George.

GEORGE leaves. ELLA has tears in her eyes.

106 **INT. KHAN'S HOUSE PAKISTAN. NIGHT.**

106

As GEORGE steps out of the room. SAJID is standing there. He has seen and heard everything. GEORGE walks past and out of the house.

107 **INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM. PAKISTAN DAY.**

107

SAJID looks into the room. He can see ELLA sat on the bed crying. ELLA sees SAJID and pulls herself together. She looks at him.

Silence

ELLA

Things weren't right Sajid. We couldn't let you go on the way you were...

Silence.

ELLA (CONT'D)

We just thought you'd be better off here for a while.

SAJID

Why?

ELLA

(Frustrated)

Don't start with me now, Sajid! Not tonight, not here...I've come all this way...

SAJID

For me or me Dad?

SAJID turns and walks out.

108 **INT: KHAN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.**

108

ELLA is lying awake smoking. AUNTIE ANNIE is restlessly turning in her bed.

ELLA

Annie? Annie, are you alright?
Annie!

AUNTIE ANNIE suddenly grabs her tummy.

ELLA (CONT'D)

It's probably wind.

AUNTIE ANNIE

Probably kebabs. I need the little girls field, quick!

109

EXT: KHAN COMPOUND. NIGHT.

109

ELLA and AUNTIE ANNIE stagger through the dark compound with the oil lamp looking for the gates.

ELLA

I told you the food was gonna be richer over here.

AUNTIE ANNIE

Ooooooooooah- Good Jesus tonight, That was close.

They turn a corner and realize they are being observed by BASHEERA, REHANA, POPPA TANVIR.

AUNTIE ANNIE (CONT'D)

I don't think I can hold it in any longer.

ELLA

Don't you dare shit yourself in front of this lot.

AUNTIE ANNIE gives them a pained smile

AUNTIE ANNIE

(Pained)

Ohhhhh!

ELLA

(Under her breath)

March on, think of Salford

110

EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE PAKISTAN. DAY.

110

GEORGE walks across the compound towards the new house. ELLA comes out of the door, sees GEORGE and goes back in again. GEORGE turns, notices BASHEERA watching. She too turns away from him.

111

INT: NEELAM'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

111

SAJID is holding court sat on a charpoy with ZAID. In front of them sit NEELAM and her Mum. There are a number of village women sat about listening. NEELAM'S Mum pushes a plate of PAKISTANI sweets to SAJID, as another woman pours him a glass of water.

MRS. HAQQ

Poor boy. Eat eat.

SAJID

Basheera's not talking to me Mam or me Dad. Me Mam's not talking to Basheera.

(MORE)

SAJID (CONT'D)
And only just about talking to me
Dad. I'm not talking to Basheera or
me Mam.

MRS. HAQQ
No, not your Mummy.

SAJID
Especially her. It's her fault I'm
here in the first place.

NEELAM
And you want me to marry into that
lot?

SAJID laughs. The women all react by touching their earlobes
and saying "Toah-bhaa! Toah-bhaa! Toah-bhaa!"

MRS. HAQQ
It's like Coronation Street!

112

EXT. KHAN'S NEW HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

112

GEORGE stands in one of the empty rooms of the new house
looking out of a window.

POPPA TANVIR
Nearly finished Uncle...han?

GEORGE
Maybe...

POPPA TANVIR
Have you thought...about, about
what you going to do, now it's
finished?

GEORGE says nothing.

POPPA TANVIR (CONT'D)
Only the family were wondering...if
you'd be staying here. Or going
back to England with Cha-Che Ella
and boys?

GEORGE
Perhaps we can't go back...

POPPA TANVIR has no idea what GEORGE is talking about.

POPPA TANVIR
You the boys and Auntie is that,
Uncle?

GEORGE
Maybe, I should never have left...

113

EXT. KARREE SHARIF. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

113

GEORGE, MANEER SAJID and PIR NASEEM, walk along a busy road, full of old fashioned fair ground stalls and amusements. The stalls are filled with cheap jewelry and other trinkets. Multi-coloured sweets and sizzling kebabs. Snake charmers gather their audiences with drums. There are dancing bears.

SAJID is fascinated with a garishly painted awning, which advertises a freak show. PIR NASEEM, excited as he surveys the scene, leans heavily on SAJID'S shoulder.

PIR NASEEM

You see all life at the Karree
Sharif, Sajid. People travel from
all over the world to worship at
the shrine of this Saint. All are
welcome who search for the light.
No matter what path they follow.
Come, let me show you some thing.

114

INT: TENT OF MIRROR'S KARREE SHARIF. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.

114

SAJID, PIR NASEEM and ZAID laugh as they step in front of various mirrors and look at the distorted images. SAJID comes to one which is perfectly normal. He stands and looks at his image. PIR NASEEM steps into the reflection.

SAJID

What's the point of this one?

PIR NASEEM

What do you see?

SAJID

Nothing.

PIR NASEEM

Really?

PIR NASEEM goes closer to the mirror and peers into it.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)

Is it the same rude boy who didn't
like my flute playing?

SAJID

I...I don't know anymore. I don't
know what they want. I don't know
who I'm supposed to be

PIR NASEEM

You still look like you.

PIR NASEEM steps back and joins him.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)

What needs changing?

He turns SAJID around to face all the other distorted images in the mirrors.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)
The boy, or the world around him.

115 **EXT. KARREE SHARIF. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.**

115

A string of fairy lights blow in the wind and oil lamps flicker. A quavali is being sung by a group of musicians, who play tabla drums and harmoniums. One man sings, as others join in. The audience clap rhythmically to the music.

GEORGE, SAJID, MANEER and ZAID watch PIR NASEEM amongst a group of dancing men. He whirls himself round trance like. The bells on his feet beating out the rhythm as he turns and kicks up dust. There is still a tension between GEORGE and MANEER.

116 **EXT. KARREE SHARIF. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.**

116

PIR NASEEM sits against a wall with GEORGE. SAJID, is asleep with his head in PIR NASEEM'S lap. GEORGE watches him.

GEORGE
Thank you for looking after him.

PIR NASEEM smiles and strokes SAJID'S hair.

PIR NASEEM
Oh...Sajid needs no looking after.

GEORGE
No. He changed. I see it. He not the boy I brought here.

PIR NASEEM
That boy will always be there, Jahangir. You just have to learn to accept him.

GEORGE
I never able...understand his brothers.

PIR NASEEM
Is that why you brought him here?

GEORGE slowly shakes his head.

GEORGE
I don't know anymore...I just knowing I don't want it same end like a his brothers.

PIR NASEEM

That choice will be entirely up to you. Nothing will alter the fact that this boy will be who he is meant to be.

GEORGE looks at PIR NASEEM. PIR NASEEM smiles at GEORGE.

PIR NASEEM (CONT'D)

He's part of you Jahangir. Of your past. Your future. Part of the world you created for him.

Beat

GEORGE

When Sajid look at a you... There is love in his eyes...If only he do a same to me...Just once...

George looks over to the musicians. Close on SAJID'S face. He's awake and has heard all GEORGE has said.

117 **EXT. VILLAGE PATH. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

117

MANEER and SAJID walk along the path towards the village well. Zaid comes running up conspiratorially nodding his head to SAJID. As they get closer to the well. SAJID waves his scarf to NEELAM.

MANEER

Who are you waving at?

SAJID

I though I saw Pir Naseem.

118 **EXT. VILLAGE WELL. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

118

NEELAM

Aye up, Mam, they're coming.

MRS. HAQQ

Quick. Bend.

MRS. HAQQ helps her put a water pot on her head. Then she adds two more.

NEELAM

Mam!

MRS. HAQQ

He'll be more impressed with three.

NEELAM

He better be 'cause I'm only gonna
be turning the bleedin' tap on in
England.

119

EXT. VILLAGE PATH. PAKISTAN. DAY.

119

NEELAM is walking towards MANEER, SAJID and ZAID with her mother and some other women. MANEER is dumbstruck at the sight of her. The women stop and chat to SAJID.

NEELAM

Alright, Sajid?

MANEER does a double take. SAJID acts nonchalantly.

SAJID

Alright, Nags. This is our Maneer.

NEELAM

Alright, Maneer?

MANEER is completely lost for words.

MANEER

Yeah, erm, yeah hiya...I mean-
Salaam-alaicum...

NEELAM

Waalaaicum-salaam. Been here long
have you?

MANEER

Erm about, erm...

MANEER has lost his voice.

SAJID

Year or so eh, Maneer...?

MANEER

Yeah. A year or so...

NEELAM

And you're looking to get married I
hear.

MANEER

Erm...

He looks at SAJID.

MANEER (CONT'D)

Am I?

SAJID

Yes, you are.

MANEER

Yes, I am.

NEELAM

So am I.

MANEER looks like a rabbit caught in headlights.

MANEER

(Gob smacked)

Did he...say...?

NEELAM

(Under her breath to

SAJID)

Is he all there? Or does he want it
in sign language.

MANEER

Sorry-errm...Excuse me, I just want
to erm...me Mam's come and I-she's
English...

MANEER beats a hasty retreat up the path looking back at
NEELAM. She calls out to him.

NEELAM

Oi! I've got three jars on me head
you know!

SAJID

What d'you think then?

NEELAM

I love a decisive man, me.

SAJID

Is that a yes then?

NEELAM

Not pushy or 'owt are you? You'd
better bring him round to meet me
Mam. Now sod off so I can get rid
of these bleeding pots before they
do me neck in!

SAJID runs off.

CUT TO:

SAJID and ZAID are grinning to themselves. MANEER grabs
SAJID'S arm frantically.

MANEER.

Who is she? Where does she come
from? How do you know her?

SAJID

Her name's Neelam Haqq. She's from Rochdale and she works in a dentists.

MANEER

What else?

SAJID

Got nice teeth an't she?

MANEER

She's not engaged or married or anything is she?

SAJID

Keep your hair on! I've arranged everything alright. We'll go and meet her Mam and Uncle. Who I know quite well so I don't foresee any problems.

SAJID nods towards NEELAM.

SAJID (CONT'D)

Does she meet with your satisfaction? Or should I tell her you don't fancy her?

MANEER

No! I like her! Yeah, arrange a meeting-She looks...She looks like.

SAJID

I know-I'm great me, aren't I?

120

EXT. GATES. KHAN COMPOUND. DAY.

120

SAJID and MANEER are walking up to the gates to the compound. The wind is picking up around them and the sky is getting darker.

POPPA TANVIR

Cha-che, the house was built for everybody...

REHANA OOV

(In Punjabi)

This house was built for my mother and her family!

ELLA OOV.

I'm living in it now and will be till I decide to leave!

MANEER

Oh no Mam...Here we go! Come on!

MANEER rushes off towards the argument.

SAJID
Leave'em to it!

121

INT: KHAN'S COMPOUND. PAKISTAN. DAY.

121

ELLA stands in the doorway of the new house with AUNTIE ANNIE. It seems she is barring the way of REHANA, who stands screaming at her. Standing around looking useless are GEORGE and POPPA TANVIR. MANEER comes running in. He grabs ELLA and pulls her away.

REHANA
(In Punjabi)
Tell her! Tell her she's not wanted here!

MANEER
Mam, don't come on-

AUNTIE ANNIE
Come in Ella, leave it...

REHANA
(In Punjabi)
Why don't you go back to **England!**

SAJID is at the gates to the compound, watching with ZAID.

ELLA
England, is it luv? Don't knock it,
it's kept you for the last thirty
five years!

REHANA looks to POPPA TANVIR for an explanation. He tells her.

POPPA TANVIR
Actually, Auntie, we have worked
very hard here as well, isn't it?

ELLA
You? You haven't done a hard days
work in your life you bone idle
bastard.

BASHEERA comes round the corner with RAUSHANNA, to find out what's happening.

REHANA
(In Punjabi)
She says she has kept us for the
last thirty years!

ELLA
Don't you bleeding start either.
Cause' I'm ready for you as well!

BASHEERA.

(In Punjabi)

I've raised his children alone,
and worked this land till my back
was breaking!

She turns to GEORGE.

BASHEERA. (CONT'D)

(In Punjabi)

Tell her what I'm saying! You tell
her! You brought her here, now you
tell her!

GEORGE

No! Enough! Bas karo! (Stop it now)

BASHEERA grabs a hold of REHANA and RAUSHANNA and points from
them, to GEORGE.

BASHEERA.

(In Punjabi)

My children have never known a real
father because of you!

POPPA TANVIR

She had terrible life here! A hard
life with no husband!

ELLA turns too BASHEERA.

ELLA

Do you think mine was any easier,
do you? Watching every penny we
made being sent over here. To buy
more bleeding land none of my
kid'll ever see!

GEORGE

Stop now!

ELLA

Your kids have never seen a real
father, is it, luv?

The sand storm begins to blow strongly as ELLA turns and
looks at GEORGE.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Well nor have mine! They won't come
near my house because of him- So
don't you tell me what a hard life
you've had, 'cause I've had it in
spades. And what have I got to show
for it? Nothing. Not even me kids.

SAJID runs in amongst them upset.

SAJID

You're a liar! You don't care! You never have!

AUNTIE ANNIE

Sajid!

SAJID

You've always listened to him! So shut it! Just shut up will you!

GEORGE

Sajid no.

SAJID

Why don't you just go back and leave me alone!

ELLA

I'm not leaving you anywhere, especially here! You're coming back with me!

SAJID

I wont! You can't make me!

SAJID runs away out of the compound.

122

EXT. KHAN COMPOUND. PAKISTAN. DAY

122

As the storm blows across the compound REHANA, Tanvir, RAUSHANA and BASHEERA, hurry the goats and water buffalo into the stable, MANEER moves the bulls with GEORGE. ELLA comes out of the house with AUNTIE ANNIE.

ELLA

Maneer! Have you seen Sajid?

MANEER

No.

GEORGE comes round the corner.

GEORGE

What, matter?

MANEER reluctantly speaks to him.

MANEER

It's Sajid. He's out in this somewhere!

GEORGE takes the lantern off ELLA.

GEORGE

I go looking, stay a here, go inside.

MANEER

I'll come with you.

GEORGE nods.

GEORGE

Tanvir, get men from village!

ELLA

Find him, George!

GEORGE hurries off followed by MANEER.

123 **EXT: COUNTRYSIDE. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

123

SAJID crying runs through the swirling sand storm.

124 **INT. KHAN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. PAKISTAN. DAY**

124

Outside the wind howls louder as the window shutters slam loudly against the frames. ELLA walks into the bedroom and shuts them. She turns and sees BASHEERA sat on one of the charpoys. She heads for the door.

BASHEERA

(In Punjabi)

No, sit. Sit down.

BASHEERA motions for ELLA to sit down.

ELLA

Not now. I can't do this now.

BASHEERA motions for her to sit again. ELLA reluctantly sits. BASHEERA just stares at ELLA.

ELLA (CONT'D)

What do you want from me? I can't give you back the years. I know you don't want us here. And that's fine with me, 'cause we'll be gone soon. This is stupid you don't even understand-

ELLA makes to leave the room.

BASHEERA

Jahangir?

ELLA

George...

BASHEERA motions her to sit back down. ELLA does so. BASHEERA gets up and takes down the wedding picture with the broken glass from the wall. She gives it a wipe and hands it to ELLA.

BASHEERA
(In Punjabi)
This is the man I married when I
was fifteen.

ELLA looks at the photo. She looks embarrassed.

ELLA
You were...You were very beautiful!
You...

She makes a gesture to her face.

ELLA (CONT'D)
Beautiful!

BASHEERA gets the idea and is a bit embarrassed and waves her hand.

BASHEERA
(In Punjabi)
It was a long time ago.

Pause

BASHEERA (CONT'D)
(In Punjabi)
I can't tell you how I felt, when I
heard he'd married again. I know I
was supposed to accept but...I'm
still a woman.

ELLA looks up at her.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)
(In Punjabi)
You don't understand me...maybe
it's better this way. Jahangir-

BASHEERA points to ELLA'S wedding ring and shakes her head.
ELLA looks embarrassed. She then points to BASHEERA'S wedding
ring and shakes her head.

ELLA
I didn't know about you either.

They both smile in MUTUAL acknowledgement of what a complete
twat GEORGE is.

GEORGE looking worried searches for SAJID.

GEORGE
Sajid! Sajid!

126

EXT: COUNTRYSIDE/RUINS PAKISTAN. DAY.

126

SAJID has got to the ruins. The wind is howling and he can barely see. He sees a figure standing at the top of some stairs. It waves to him.

SAJID
Pir Naseem! Pir Naseem!

He fights his way towards where the figure went and makes his way up the stairs. There is a little shelter from the storm here. But no one is there. He curls up into a ball beneath a wall, pulling his arms around his head for protection from the wind.

SAJID suddenly spies through his arms the figure again, as it moves across the room and back out into the storm. SAJID notices that it's body points one way but it's feet are backwards.

GEORGE OOV
Sajid! Sajid!

SAJID
Dad! I'm up here...Dad!

GEORGE suddenly appears. He sees SAJID and rushes over to him. He takes hold and hugs him close and wraps them both up in his shawl.

127

INT: KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

127

The storm still rages outside as BASHEERA and ELLA continue to speak.

BASHEERA
(In Punjabi)
I wondered what you were like all these years. I've envied you, your time with him. That you gave him the sons I couldn't. Now you're sat here in front of me...I thought I'd hate you...but I don't.

ELLA doesn't know what to say or do. She looks frustrated.

ELLA
I...I don't know what you're saying...but you sound very kind. I think you're being kind...

ELLA starts to become upset.

ELLA (CONT'D)
 You shouldn't be...I don't deserve
 it. He's been with me all these
 years and I've never really
 bothered to ask him about you and
 your girls. I don't think I wanted
 to know. I didn't care...do you
 understand me?

She looks at BASHEERA.

BASHEERA
 (In Punjabi)
 I don't resent you. I did, many
 years ago, when he was still in my
 heart. He's a stranger to me now,
 as I am to him. It's life.

BASHEERA goes over and sits by ELLA.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)
 (In Punjabi)
 Do you understand me, my sister?

ELLA looks at BASHEERA.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)
 (In Punjabi)
 Jahangir...

BASHEERA places the palm of her hand gently on ELLA'S heart.
 Then she places the hand on her own and shakes her head.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)
 (In Punjabi)
 He's not here anymore.

She takes the photograph off ELLA and replaces it gently on
 the wall.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)
 (In Punjabi)
 This is all that's left, of then...

128

INT: RUINED ROOM. RUINS. PAKISTAN. DAY.

128

The storm has blown over and it is quiet and peaceful.
 GEORGE stands looking out at the surrounding villages. SAJID
 wakes and sees him.

GEORGE
 I always wanting going those
 villages up there, in a hills.

GEORGE looks round at him then back to the village in the
 distance.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
And the villages after them. And
after them and after them...

SAJID turns back to GEORGE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
No one believe I ever go to do this
thing. My father laugh at me.

SAJID
And did you?

GEORGE
Oh, yes. When I was young, I very,
erm-

SAJID
Determined?

GEORGE
Han, determine. Straight ahead, in
line, I walking. From house, up and
over they hills. Everyone in a
village stand down there and watch
me go. I only maybe, same age as a
you.

SAJID
Weren't you scared?

GEORGE
Only when I walking out of village.
And when I walking back in.

SAJID laughs. GEORGE, surprised at SAJID'S reaction, smiles
nervously.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
No one bloody believe I doing. No
even my mother and father.

SAJID
Did you?

GEORGE smiles.

GEORGE
What you thinking?

SAJID looks at GEORGE.

SAJID
I reckon you probably did it.

They both stand looking out.

GEORGE

Then one day, I walk out and no
come back. No see my parents again.
Never see my children grow a
up...No see Basheera. Is terrible
thing I do, Sajid...

Beat

SAJID

It must be easy to get lost out
there though eh? Take a wrong turn
and that...

Close on GEORGE'S face.

GEORGE

Haan...

SAJID OOV

But you found your way back again,
didn't you? That's the important
thing. You came back.

GEORGE

Come, we go home now. You Mum be
worried 'bout you.

SAJID

She doesn't care about me.

GEORGE

Puther...I make a you stay a here.
No you Mam. Me- I keep you a here
'Cause I need to stay...Understand?
I using a you because I shamed a
myself...No your Mam. Never you
Mam.

GEORGE heads down the stairs SAJID follows.

129

INT. KHAN'S HOUSE PAKISTAN. DAY.

129

ELLA sits on a charpoy. AUNTIE ANNIE lights a cigarette for
her. SAJID comes in and stands in the doorway with GEORGE.
ELLA looks up and sees him. SAJID walks over and ELLA hugs
him and he falls into her. ELLA looks up at GEORGE over his
shoulder, an unspoken acknowledgement. GEORGE gives a slight
nod, turns and leaves.

130

EXT: KHAN'S. COMPOUND. PAKISTAN. DAY.

130

MANEER is harnessing the bulls. GEORGE walks over to him and
watches. GEORGE is looking for a way to start some sort of
conversation with MANEER.

MANEER

Ready for another go, Dad?

GEORGE is not sure what to say.

GEORGE

Maneer, son, I...

MANEER

Thought you supposed to be the expert around here?

GEORGE looks at MANEER and smiles.

GEORGE

I bloody am.

The bulls swing round. MANEER and GEORGE look at each other. MANEER proffers the reins to GEORGE and they set off towards the fields.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now I show these baster bulls who in charge! Hurroo! Hurroo!

131

INT: KHAN'S NEW HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

131

GEORGE goes into the house. ELLA sat on a charpoy reading. GEORGE stands at the door, unsure.

ELLA

Well, come in if you're coming in.

GEORGE enters.

GEORGE

I wanted ask a you...for a you help me.

ELLA

Oh, aye?

GEORGE

Maneer tell me he meet girl in a village.

ELLA

Our Sajid said.

GEORGE

He ask a me see if possible arrange...engagement. Will you come with me?

Beat.

ELLA
If...If you think it'll
help...Yeah.

There is an uneasy moment between them. GEORGE turns to leave, but stops.

GEORGE
All a years in England, I think
about Pakistan, wife and a
children.

ELLA
You don't have to say anything.

GEORGE
No, Ella, all a years I send a
money here...I think I good man.
Look after family here. But I no
really think 'bout a them, you
know? What happening...How they
lives are. When I bring a Sajid
here...When I see them...It make me
feel a so bad inside a me. Make me
feel like I wanting die.
Understand? I ashamed, a myself.

ELLA
I know, George...

GEORGE
Is why I stay so long. You good
woman, Ella. Always looking after
me, believe in a me. Even when
people call you name on a street
'cause you with Pakistani man. I
see how these people make a you
feel...You never care. You take my
arm and a walk with me.

ELLA does not know what to say.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
And I treat you like a this...I
sorry...I wrong.

He turns to leave.

ELLA
George-

GEORGE
I love a you, Ella.

ELLA is shocked by this. She walks over to him and puts her arms around him and holds him.

ELLA
I love you too, you daft bugger.

132 **EXT: VILLAGE. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

132

ELLA, AUNTIE ANNIE, GEORGE MANEER and SAJID, walk along the narrow lanes of the village towards NEELAM'S house. Children follow them and neighbours watch from the roof tops and doorways to see them all together.

133 **INT. LIVING ROOM. NEELAM'S HOUSE.**

133

ELLA, GEORGE, AUNTIE ANNIE, MANEER and SAJID, sit with NEELAM'S mother and relatives. NEELAM comes into the room. AUNTIE ANNIE gives ELLA a "Not bad look" NEELAM shakes GEORGE'S hand and then goes round to the others.

NEELAM
Salaama-laicum-Ji

She sits down.

NEELAM (CONT'D)
God, I didn't think you were gonna come. Hot in't it? Did you find it hot when you got here. I were sweating cobs me, when I first come, weren't I, Mam? Drenched in it I was.

Her mother gives a little apologetic nod.

NEELAM (CONT'D)
I know your Sajid were and all. Orr, he's dead nice him, in't he? Bet he's an handful though! Told me all he'd been up to, God! What a little bleeder- Sorry! I'm dead nervous, me. I just run off at the mouth, like I'm doing now. Mrs. Khan- God Mrs. Khan-I'll be Mrs. Khan an' all soon funny that in' it. Mrs. Khan number two.

AUNTIE ANNIE
Three.

NEELAM realizes her mistake.

NEELAM
Three? Oh yeah! 'Cause of erm...erm thingy me bob.

She looks at GEORGE. The others are completely taken aback by the fact that she speaks English. They all look nervously for a reaction from GEORGE. MANEER looks lovingly at her.

GEORGE
Very good!

Everyone sits back looking relieved.

WE HEAR THE PIERCING SHRIEK OF THE SHENAI, A TYPE OF INDIAN WIND INSTRUMENT AND THE SOUND OF DRUMS BEING PLAYED.

134 **INT: KHAN'S NEW HOUSE. DAY.** 134

BASHEERA paints ELLA'S hands with henna. REHANA and RAUSHANA do AUNTIE ANNIE'S.

135 **EXT: KHAN'S HOUSE COMPOUND. PAKISTAN. NIGHT.** 135

The women sit around singing wedding songs. ELLA looks over and sees GEORGE looking at her. BASHEERA sees them both.

136 **INT. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.** 136

GEORGE stands in front of MANEER and ties the wedding headdress around his head. He then places a garland over his neck as SAJID fastens a wedding garland on MANEER' wrist. POPPA TANVIR stands watching

137 **EXT. KHAN'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.** 137

The doorway of the house has been decorated. The doors open revealing ELLA and BASHEERA as they usher MANEER out of the house. ELLA is dressed in Pakistani clothes. AUNTIE ANNIE throws flower petals over them. She turns to ELLA.

AUNTIE ANNIE
Got to have a bit of confetti
haven't you? Punjab or no Punjab!

138 **EXT: VILLAGE. ROAD. DAY. PAKISTAN.** 138

MANEER sits on a white horse, which is lead by GEORGE and SAJID, followed by the men of the family with drummers and the shenai player. ELLA, AUNTIE ANNIE and BASHEERA walk behind with the women. The whole procession is lead by PIR NASEEM.

MONTAGE OF IMAGES OF THE CEREMONY.

139 **INT: NEELAM'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.** 139

People stand about the couple as the malvi performs the ceremony. ELLA looks at BASHEERA. They smile at each other. GEORGE looks on proudly at MANEER. He turns to see SAJID looking at him

140

EXT: NEELAM'S HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

140

NEELAM is lead out of the house and into a waiting palanquin. This is hoisted onto the shoulders of four men. The procession sets off, with MANEER leading the way.

CUT TO:

SAJID and ZAID as they stand on the roof looking down at the colourful procession, led by MANEER, mounted on the horse, followed by the palanquin the band and the bride and grooms family. POPPA TANVIR tosses Rupee notes and coins into the air behind the procession. The village kids scramble about for them.

SAJID

I bet that's bleeding killing him!

141

INT: KHAN'S OLD HOUSE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

141

THIS SCENE IS IN PUNJABI

BASHEERA is taking off her jewellery and putting her things into boxes. GEORGE comes in.

BASHEERA

I felt like a queen on my wedding day.

She picks up some earrings.

BASHEERA (CONT'D)

So pretty. I don't know why I keep them. I should give them to the girls now.

Beat

BASHEERA (CONT'D)

You're going back to England. Maneer and Neelam - I thought they might have stayed.

GEORGE

It's not for them. None of my family want this life.

BASHEERA

And you, Jahangir...How does that make you feel?

GEORGE

I have to accept that the life I chose, is not the life I left behind.

She turns and looks at him. There are tears in his eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I...I don't know how to leave...

GEORGE is upset. BASHEERA looks at him.

BASHEERA
(Gently)
Go...

She turns back to the window.

142

INT: KHAN'S COMPOUND. PAKISTAN. DAY.

142

A mini bus is parked in the compound. The luggage rack full of cases and MANEER is busy tying them down. REHANA, RAUSHANA, POPPA TANVIR and village friends of GEORGE are all here to say goodbye. It's all friendly but restrained. AUNTIE ANNIE hangs through the window waving goodbye. NEELAM and her MUM too are inside. ELLA and GEORGE are outside. SAJID, stands pensively looking at the gates to the compound.

BASHEERA kisses ELLA, PAKISTANI style.

BASHEERA
Allah-ah-waali...

They look at each other. BASHEERA gently smiles at ELLA. GEORGE turns away and starts to get busy helping MANEER.

143

EXT. HILLSIDE. PAKISTAN. DAY.

143

SAJID runs up the hill. He sees PIR NASEEM standing at the top.

SAJID
Why didn't you come?

PIR NASEEM
I thought it might be easier this way.

Beat.

SAJID
I don't want to go back to England,
Pir-ji.

PIR NASEEM smiles and places his hand on SAJID's shoulder.

PIR NASEEM
There's nothing to be scared of.

SAJID
I'll stay here. Me Dad'll let me, I know he will. I'll behave and be good and not get into trouble -I promise you.

SAJID suddenly clings to PIR NASEEM, upset and crying. PIR NASEEM attempts to wipe the tears from SAJID'S face but can't help but hug the boy. He holds SAJID to him, till gently, but firmly he pushes him away.

PIR NASEEM

Oh, little friend of all the world.
I will miss you very much, as well.
But I will remember everything we
did together, you and I, and that
will make me happy. And as long as
we can both do this, we will never
be apart.

SAJID

If you knew what Salford were like,
you wouldn't be so quick to see me
leave.

PIR NASEEM smiles.

PIR NASEEM

Remember, what I told you when we
first met? We all leave a trace of
ourselves...

SAJID

"But what we leave and how we
choose to leave it, is up to us"

PIR NASEEM

This is your time, Sajid.

SAJID

What have you left?

Beat.

PIR NASEEM

I'll know, when you walk back down
the hill to the bus.

SAJID

You're a right bloody...

PIR NASEEM smiles at SAJID.

PIR NASEEM

Go, now, your family are waiting.

SAJID starts to back away.

SAJID

I don't want to...

He turns and walks away, down the hill to the waiting mini
bus.

ZAID OOV
Sajid! Sajid!

SAJID turns to see ZAID running down the hill to meet him. They hug each other. ZAID takes off an amulet from around his neck and puts it over SAJID'S. SAJID produces his copy of KIM and gives it to ZAID.

SAJID
Write to me, knob head

The mini-bus sounds it's horn. SAJID turns and heads off down the hill.

Beat.

ZAID OOV
Sajid! Who holds Zam-Zamma!

Close on SAJID'S tear stained face. As he quietly says.

SAJID
Holds the Punjab...

144 **INT. MINI BUS. PAKISTAN. DAY.**

144

SAJID sits looking straight ahead, as the van bumps along the track. GEORGE hands him PIR NASEEM'S flute.

We hear the sound of PIR NASEEM'S flute playing as the minibus, drives off and eventually disappears into a cloud of dust.

145 **INT: CHIP SHOP SALFORD. ENGLAND. DAY.**

145

We continue to hear the sound of flute music playing as the camera slowly pans past AUNTIE ANNIE who is standing by the stove rolling Kebabs and putting them under the grill. A customer watches from behind the counter.

EUNICE
You know my lot can't get enough of
your kebabs, Annie.

AUNTIE ANNIE
It's an old family recipe, in't it
George?

GEORGE is standing by the manual potato chipper cutting chips.

GEORGE
Han...

As ELLA pops her head round the corner.

ELLA

D'you want a cup of tea?

GEORGE

I have half cup.

The camera moves through the dinning room and out through the window.

Close on a pair of hands as they manipulate the notes on a flute. We pull back to reveal SAJID, sat on the toilet shed in Salford, playing PIR NASEEM'S flute. He stops, looks straight into the camera and smiles.

THE END