

**MURDERED BY MY FATHER**

by

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**Shooting Script  
(Pink Revisions)  
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A bag of sweets hits the concrete. Cola bottles spill out.

We follow a boy, HASSAN, (Asian, thirteen), as he sprints down a path. Over his shoulder, in the mid-distance a woman, MAHEEN, (Asian, early forties), run across a car park.

Hassan turns a corner, continues down the path towards a grassy patch. Ahead, Maheen arrives just before him. She stops. Stares in horror at something we cannot see. As Hassan arrives at the scene she grabs him, pulls him close to her.

We stay with what Maheen was staring at: SHAHZAD, (early forties, Asian). He rests at the base of a building, tangled in a mess of broken garden furniture, joints angled awkward like a scarecrow. He could do with a shave, a haircut, a good night's sleep. Crimson marks smear ugly across his cheeks. He convulses. Blood spills from a wound in his neck.

SALMA (V.O.)

If you think this is what I wanted,  
you'd be wrong.

Shahzad's eyes flick up. We follow his gaze up three stories, past curious neighbours in the flat below also looking up, to find IMI, (Asian, eighteen), on a balcony, overlooking the grass. His face is stony as he stares down.

SALMA (V.O.)

I'm sorry you're hurt. I'm sorry if  
I made you do what you did. But  
this doesn't feel like you.

The distant wail of sirens catch Imi's attention. He exits to the inside of the flat, pausing the briefest moment as he spots blood spray on the wall.

SALMA (V.O.)

The Dad I know wants me to be  
happy.

Imi enters the room, halts as he notices something. He dips out of view. We move past debris of a fight, to pictures...

SALMA (V.O.)

I want you to be too. D'you think  
we can do that for each other?

...of a couple in Pakistan. Of a woman in Pakistan. Of a young boy - Hassan. Of an older girl in a school uniform, smiling. We stay on the girl.

SALMA (V.O.)

I hope so. 'cause I love you.

We hear Imi cry out, anguished.

SUPER: MURDERED BY MY FATHER

3 INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

3

A community hall decorated for an Asian wedding. Groups of circular tables sit before a stage. There are colourful drapes and flowers lining the stage whilst the chairs are covered with cream cloth.

It's the pre-amble before the main event. Around the edge of the hall, people greet each other. Gossip amongst themselves.

A man, ZUBAIR, father of the bride, greets men who pass in a line, offering congrats. They each hand over bundles of notes - gifts - as they go. At the back of the line is Shahzad, scratching dirt off the top note in his crumpled bundle.

At last it's Shahzad's turn. He hands over his gift, Zubair gives him a faux-sympathetic grin. He splits the money, returns half and before Shahzad can object, pats him onwards.

We come to the stage. Two empty chairs sit upon it.

4 INT. STORE ROOM - DAY

4

A fingernail draws up along a spine. An slow intake of breath. A gasp as the nail reaches the nape of the neck.

The nail circles around the back of the neck.

MAN

Agh...stop, don't don't...

WOMAN

Shhh!

His neck bristles in discomfort.

SALMA, (Asian, seventeen), the girl from the photo lies on her side, only a shawl covering her top half. She smiles sleepily with post-coital bliss. Her finger is doing the circling.

MAN

I'm ticklish there.

SALMA

Uhuh? I noticed...

Her hand is slapped away and held as the man turns. It's Imi.

She pauses, chastened. Then goes for his neck again with the other hand. He dodges, moves into her, tickles her sides.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
 Ah! No No! That's not - that's not  
 fair! Stop it!

She grabs his hands firmly, looks at him, stern.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
 (Whispers)  
 Stop. Someone'll hear.

She tenses, eyes the door and listens. Imi pulls her back to him. He kisses her. Their foreheads rest again each others for a moment. Their breathing is heavy, content.

Drums starts up, faint. Salma's eyes go wide. She yanks her head back and hurriedly snaps on her bra. Imi doesn't move, frustrated at the interruption. Salma gestures at him, frantic - "put your shirt on". He does so, with no real rush.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
 You should go first.

Imi rises, buttons his shirt as he heads for the door.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
 Hey.

He turns back. Salma is pulling on her blouse.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
 I'm glad you're back.

Imi looks as if he's just won the lottery.

IMI  
 Me too.

He goes.

5 INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

5

Music from a band joins the drumming. The groom and his party make their way towards the stage. Girls throw confetti. Zubair places a garland over the groom.

RAFIA, (Asian, seventeen), urbane, wearing a headscarf sits at a table, watches. Next to her is Hassan. He's bored. He swings his legs into his chair, over and over. It's maddening. Rafia puts her hand on one leg to stop it.

RAFIA  
 (Cheery)  
 Someone's ready to dance, hey?

HASSAN  
 Dancing's for old people.

RAFIA  
(To herself)  
Alright then...

She looks around.

RAFIA (CONT'D)  
You seen your sister about?

HASSAN  
(Curtly)  
No.

Rafia's not loving being stuck with the kid. Hassan hops up.

HASSAN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna go pee.

RAFIA  
Now? It's already started!

But he's off. Rafia sighs. Looks around. Where is everyone?

6 INT. STORE ROOM - DAY

6

Salma tidies her hair, inserts a hairpin. She feels for another hairpin. Can't find it. She looks annoyed.

7 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

7

Salma enters into the corridor. She smooths her clothes. Tucks loose hair behind her ears. She notices Hassan looking at her. A flash of panic on her face.

SALMA  
Alright, little bro? What you doing up here?

She's a little too upbeat. Hassan's suspicious, but nothing tells in Salma's dress.

HASSAN  
Where's the toilet?

SALMA  
Back there. C'mon, I'll show you.

She goes to lead him. He recoils from her.

HASSAN  
Sod off!

He turns and leaves. Salma exhales. Close.

Different music as the bride now enters in slow procession. Alongside her walks her brother, HAROON (Asian, twenty-two). The bride looks for her groom who stands next to one of the empty thrones, smiling at her.

Rafia watches, curious. Imi slides into the seat next to her.

RAFIA

S'weird. Look so in love don't they.

IMI

Yeah, you'd never guess they'd met four days ago.

Rafia gives him a look: "Not here." Notices he's flustered.

RAFIA

What've you been up to?

He points his thumb towards the exit.

IMI

Heard the guy turned up on an actual horse. It's true. It's shitting in the car park right now.

RAFIA

Nice...

Imi's eyes drift to another table where Salma takes her seat next to Shahzad, just in time. Imi risks a cheeky grin. Salma barely acknowledges it, keeps her eyes forward. His smile drops. Rafia turns towards him. His eyes snap forward.

Opposite table. Shahzad turns to Salma - noticed something. Errant strands in her hair. Salma realises what he sees.

SALMA

Hairpins fell out...last ones.

He nods. Tucks the hair behind her ear.

Later. Chairs and tables pushed aside. Guests dance to a DJ - different music from the band earlier. Modern Bollywood. Professional dancers perform on the stage.

In the corner, by herself, Maheen sits observing. Her eyes swivel to a group of ladies sitting watching her, smirking. She turns to see Salma and Rafia at the back of the hall, egging each other to dance.

A big laugh draws her attention to the other side of the room where Zubair holds court in a circle of elder men. He's flanked by Shahzad and Haroon. Haroon chews paan.

ZUBAIR

So how about you sorting me out,  
Shahzad?

HAROON

What you need hauling, Dad?

ZUBAIR

Mostly nasty stuff, I won't lie.

He glances at Shahzad.

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)

But yours. If you need the work. I  
don't think Tafarak is up to it  
anymore...

The men laugh. Except for Shahzad. He's resents being outside the joke. But can't let that slip. Not in front of others.

SHAHZAD

Well...I mean, we're quite busy at  
the moment...

Haroon cuts in.

HAROON

Nah, it's cool, Dad, leave it with  
us. 'course we'll fit you in.

He swallows. Shahzad glares at him. But Zubair beams, pinches Haroon's cheeks. He turns to Shahzad.

ZUBAIR

These two will be next huh?

Zubair looks across the room to where Salma dances.

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)

Salma's a lucky girl.

Haroon looks proud. Zubair puts his hand on Haroon's shoulder, nods him towards Salma's direction. Haroon leaves.

SHAHZAD

And he's a lucky boy.

ZUBAIR

Hah. Also true.

Shahzad watches Haroon go and notices Maheen. His eyes connect with hers for the briefest moment before -

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)  
*Bhencod.* A waste isn't it, such an attractive woman.

Shahzad turns to him. Zubair waits for a reply. A test?

SHAHZAD  
 Mmm, but what's life without children?

Zubair laughs. Slaps Shahzad on the back.

ZUBAIR  
 Cheap!

Shahzad's passed.

10 INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

10

Salma and Rafia on the other side of the hall, dance with glee and abandon together, in imitation of the professionals.

The girls stop to catch a breath. Rafia spots Imi, standing on the side, watching them. Next to him she sees some ladies looking at them with disdain - clearly too raucous.

RAFIA  
 All these aunties, Sal. They're like them paintings that follow you with their eyes.

Rafia does an impression. Salma laughs.

SALMA  
 (Teasing)  
 They think you're going to corrupt their good little boys.

RAFIA  
 You seen the standard in here?  
 Wouldn't bother, mate. Though reckon mum'd be happy with anyone at this point, s'long as they don't have a foreskin.

SALMA  
 Ew.

RAFIA  
 Give it a year, she'll be wishing she could marry me off like you.

This takes the fun out of the moment.

RAFIA (CONT'D)  
 P.S. He's looking at you.

SALMA

Who?

Salma starts to turn.

RAFIA

Don't. You know who.

Salma scowls at her.

SALMA

Come on, Raf, that's done with.

RAFIA

Uhuh...should tell him that.

SALMA

He knows. Besides. Doesn't matter what he thinks.

She puts on a jokey, older man's voice. Gestures broadly.

SALMA (CONT'D)

I've accepted the glory of Haroon into my heart, OK?

Rafia's face tightens as she sees who's behind Salma.

HAROON (O.S.)

Afternoon, ladies.

Haroon's arrives, dancing faintly as he speaks.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Mind if I...?

Rafia gestures: "Go right ahead."

RAFIA

See you tomorrow, Sal?

Salma gives her a death stare for leaving. Rafia grins.

RAFIA (CONT'D)

Wicked.

Rafia walks towards Imi catches him still looking at Salma.

RAFIA

Oi!

Imi eyes swing from over Rafia's shoulder to her face. She pulls his face towards hers.

RAFIA (CONT'D)

Leave it, yeah? Would prefer if I  
didn't have to tell mum why her  
darling *puttar* got his head kicked  
in at a wedding.

IMI

Yeah. Sorry. Let's go.

They head off.

12

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

12

HAROON

Fancy a little dance, Sal?

Haroon holds out a hand. It hangs as Salma looks around. The on-lookers point to her, smile approvingly. She takes his hand. They move limply. As he pulls her closer, he catches Imi taking a final jealous look in his direction. Haroon leans in and whispers in Salma's ear:

HAROON (CONT'D)

Want you to know, despite  
everything else, I've kept myself  
pure for you.

Not quite the turn-on he thinks. Salma buries her response.

SALMA

That's....amazing. Thanks.

Over his shoulder, she sees Shahzad. His shoulders slumped. That's her opening.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Sorry, excuse...

She slips out of Haroon's hold.

Shahzad stands, eating a wedding sweet, looking forlorn. All these swirling, happy people. Couples old and young. He wishes he was among them.

He's surprised to have his hand taken and overjoyed when he sees who's taken it. Salma.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Hi Daddy! Wanna dance?

An easy smile unfolds across his face.

SHAHZAD

Always.

She pulls him towards the crowd.

SALMA

Come on!

They dive into the throng of dancers. Haroon, alone, watches from the back. He dances along as before but alone and self-conscious, he slows and stops. The music swells in his mind.

CUT TO:

13 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

13

The next afternoon. Shahzad, shirtless, stares. He breathes in and dips from sight. From where he was, we see the sparsely decorated living room - the same as the opening scenes. It has a pulled together feel that's indicative of the flat as a whole. A scrappy sofa. A West Ham poster. A mix of hand-me-downs, make-do and modern.

Music plays, a 2000s ballad, it may well be Babylon by David Gray. Calmer than the hectic wedding music.

Shahzad's back up a second later. Breathes out hard. Breathes in. Disappears. His actions are unclear - he may be praying. Comes back. Breathes out. In. Out. Dips again.

We see now that he's on an old rowing machine, his foot tied in with a belt. He goes for it. Focused. Intense. Precise.

He hears the front door open. It disrupts him.

SHAHZAD

(Shouting)

Hello?

SALMA (O.S.)

Hey Dad.

Shahzad lays back, exhausted.

SHAHZAD

How was school?

14 INT. FLAT ENTRANCE - DAY

14

Salma slopes in, holds the door open for Maheen, who has a chunni draped around her shoulders. She waits in the doorway, holding a pile of tupperware boxes. Salma gestures her in. Maheen shakes her head - she'll wait here.

SALMA

S'alright. Maheen Auntie's here.

15 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

15

Shahzad panics. He scrambles to get out of the machine, but he's strapped in so it's a bit tricky.

SHAHZAD  
Bloody...thing...

He crashes out of it, grabs his shirt as he gets to his feet.

He passes the CD player on his way out - next to it sits a hand-decorated paper CD case - very colourful, as if an entire felt-tip pen collection was used in its creation.

16 INT. FLAT ENTRANCE - DAY

16

Shahzad buttons up his shirt as he arrives. Maheen, seeing Shahzad still getting ready, turns her eyes away, pulls her chunni over her head. She addresses Salma.

MAHEEN  
Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt.

SALMA  
You're not interrupting.

Shahzad pops on a clip-on tie. Stands tall. Salma stands in between him and Maheen in what is temporarily the most awkward space on the planet. Maheen holds up the tupperware.

MAHEEN  
This is for you all. For tonight.  
Something a bit special.

SALMA  
Ah. It's. Um. Tomorrow is the day  
she um...

MAHEEN  
Oh, I'm so sorry -

SALMA  
He's working this evening and I'm -

MAHEEN  
I'll come back tomorrow with -

She starts to go.

SHAHZAD  
No no, don't.

Shahzad reaches across Salma, stops Maheen with a hand on her shoulder. It sits there for a brief second.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
 It'd be a waste, we'll have it in  
 the morning. Salma?

He pushes the boxes to his daughter, gives Maheen an almost-smile. Maheen returns it.

MAHEEN  
 Well. I hope you enjoy it.†

She realises it's not the best choice of words. She nods politely, leaves. Salma shuts the door, winks at her Dad.

SHAHZAD  
 What?

SALMA  
 Nothing...

She heads to her room. Shahzad takes a moment to think about what just happened. He calls out to Salma.

SHAHZAD  
 I'm leaving. Sit with Hassan, make sure he does his homework.

Salma turns back to Shahzad.

SALMA  
 Oh Dad, come on...

SHAHZAD  
 Don't want him playing games the whole time.

SALMA  
 I already told Rafia I'd meet...she needs me to help [her with] -

Shahzad gives her a disapproving look.

SHAHZAD  
 No-one needs you more than us. OK?

Salma frustrated, nods.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
 Good girl.

He leaves. The front door slams.

A van is parked in an alley behind a row of shops. Lots of Asian men around, from the various shops, carrying boxes and bags here and there.

Shahzad and Haroon, in boiler suits over their clothes - Shahzad's is unzipped enough to show his collar and tie - load heavy bags into the back of the van. Haroon speeds along, Shahzad more deliberate.

One of Haroon's bags rip and unloads its contents onto the alley floor - animal carcasses.

HAROON

Fuck!

Shahzad swears, clips Haroon curtly around the back of the head. Haroon seethes.

Zubair gestures for Shahzad to come over.

He hands Shahzad some notes. Shahzad grabs it but Zubair doesn't let go. He nods towards Haroon.

ZUBAIR

He's not a child.

Zubair releases the money.

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)

But you've done a good job with him. He's pulled himself together.

SHAHZAD

He's getting there.

ZUBAIR

Well, why wait? Nothing focuses a boy's mind like marriage...

Shahzad pockets the notes.

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)

It's expensive business, I know, but if you need an advance...

Shahzad doesn't appreciate the intervention.

SHAHZAD

She'll finish her studies first.

ZUBAIR

Tsk. You're asking for trouble...

SHAHZAD

I promised. She's smart.

Zubair scoffs.

ZUBAIR

Tafarak let his daughter be "smart". See how she thanked him for that.

Shahzad is curious. Doesn't want to let on. Zubair pushes.

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)

You not hear this yet? The slag met  
some kala bastard at college, ran  
off. And they're still living  
around the corner! Laughing at him.

Shahzad thinks.

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)

Doesn't dare show his face, might  
as well be in the ground. Whereas  
Haroon...

They turn to look at Haroon. He's really going for it.

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)

Haroon will only raise you up.

18

INT. KITCHEN/DINER - DAY

18

Salma sits at the table with Hassan helping him through his homework. Hassan puts his pen down.

HASSAN

This is soooo boring.

SALMA

Tell me about it...

The doorbell goes. Hassan and Salma both look confused. Salma goes out to the hallway. Indicates Hassan to stay.

19

INT. FLAT ENTRANCE - DAY

19

Salma makes her way down the stairs. Pauses.

SALMA

(Calling out)

Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)

Plumber. Council says you got an  
issue with flow in your main stack?

Salma still confused. Hassan appears at the top of the stairs. She shoos him away, goes to open the door...

20

EXT. FLAT - DAY

20

...Imi stands there, with overalls, cap and a clipboard.

IMI

Hello young lady, is your Daddy in?

SALMA  
What the fuck.

IMI  
Is he?

SALMA  
What? No.

IMI  
Thank God...

Imi drops the toolbox.

IMI (CONT'D)  
Weighs a tonne, how do they do it?

SALMA  
(Whispering)  
Imi, you can't just come to my  
front door and -

IMI  
Yeah, was gonna try the balcony but  
seemed a bit cheesy.

Salma laughs despite herself. Catches herself.

IMI (CONT'D)  
Raf said you bailed on her, and  
figured since you're clearly not  
gonna come to me, I'd come to you.

Salma looks over her shoulder.

SALMA  
Has! I gotta show the plumber  
something.

IMI  
Oh yeah?

Salma punches him on the arm.

SALMA  
Be back in a sec!

She shuts the door, locks it with her keys. She nods away.

Salma and Imi walk down stairs, along a walkway.

They pass residents putting out bins. Salma points.

SALMA

(Loudly)

I think the drain's down there.

Imi pulls his hat off.

IMI

Seriously?

SALMA

Keep that on.

IMI

They're not even watching, Sal.

SALMA

Someone's always watching, trust me.

They turn a corner. She halts. Looks around. It's safe.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Right. What'd you want?

Imi is taken aback by her brusqueness.

IMI

Heh. How'd you do that?

SALMA

Do what?

IMI

Turn it on and off again. Like it's nothing.

SALMA

Are you kidding? You turn up here in the middle of day and [expect] -

IMI

Something's happening, Sal. With us. You don't feel that?

SALMA

Imi...

IMI

You don't think we're worth another try? A proper one?

He eases off, goes on the charm offensive.

IMI (CONT'D)

I mean, I know I'm not "from the village" but...

He points to himself.

IMI (CONT'D)  
There's plenty here to work with.

Salma shakes her head.

SALMA  
I'm already promised, it's like...

She considers how to phrase it.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
It's been like this since before I  
can remember...we have fun, yeah,  
but there's only one way this goes.

IMI  
That your excuse or your Dad's?

Salma glares at him. He holds his hand up in apology.

IMI (CONT'D)  
Ok, what if...what if, maybe you  
told him we're serious...

Salma scoffs.

SALMA  
Serious people don't disappear when  
it suits them.

IMI  
That's not fair. That was my  
course! I had to, but now I'm here  
for a long, long while [and we] -

Salma's phone rings. Hassan.

SALMA  
Fuck...

She picks it up.

HASSAN (O.S.)  
You locked me in!

SALMA  
'Course, keeping you safe, ain't I.

HASSAN (O.S.)  
I wanna go to the shops.

SALMA  
Yeah, hang on, I'll -

HASSAN (O.S.)  
I'm gonna tell Dad what you did -

SALMA

Look look, I'll be back in two  
secs, yeah? We'll both go, I'll buy  
you whatever you want.

She hangs up. Starts to walk off, flustered.

IMI

Hey!

SALMA

Hey what?

IMI

I'll call you.

SALMA

You better bloody not!

IMI

Then I'll come back. Electrician,  
brickie, Jehovah's Witness, I'll  
empty out a whole costume shop Sal,  
'til you least say you'll meet me.

A beat. A hint of a smile on Salma's lips.

SALMA

I'll let you know, ok?

22

INT. VAN - NIGHT

22

Shahzad and Haroon in the front of the van. Haroon drives. Shahzad rests his eyes. The CD player blares Kate Tempest.

Haroon, still annoyed from the slap earlier, eyes Shahzad. Then the CD player.

HAROON

What is this shit?

SHAHZAD

From Salma, her "Keeping Me Young"  
Collection. She's good this one...

He checks the back of the case. Same as earlier.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

Kate Temper, she's very...hip.

HAROON

Hm. First thing I'll do when we're  
hitched. Get her listening to some  
real music.

SHAHZAD

Pissing on what they love isn't how  
you kickstart a romance, Haroon.

HAROON

Help if we started early then.

Shahzad sighs.

SHAHZAD

All this hurry. If you weren't in  
such a rush, there wouldn't be a  
hundred chicken corpses rolling  
around the back.

HAROON

S'not hurrying, it's noticing  
what's passing you by.

SHAHZAD

What?

Haroon takes a second to consider how to phrase this.

HAROON

Others are already looking, is all  
I'm saying.

This gets Shahzad's back up.

SHAHZAD

You insult her taste, then her  
character. You going to spit in my  
face next, Haroon?

HAROON

I meant no disrespect. Just when  
guys look, girls look back. They  
can't help it, can they?

Shahzad grunts.

SHAHZAD

Not my girl.

He taps the CD player.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

So at least pretend to like what  
she does hm? It helps.

He relaxes again. But something of this has stuck.

23

INT. SALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

23

A small room, but a sanctuary. Posters of Indie bands, 90s films and a couple of festivals on the walls. Also a very old laptop and piles of papers and books scattered around.

Salma lies on her bed, thinking. She reaches for her phone. Finds a number: Imi. Pulls up a new message. Begins to type.

"It's not a good idea."

Delete. Tries again.

"COME ON THEN, PLUMBER BOY, GET OUT YOUR TOOLS!"

Delete. What was that?

"We're worth a try."

\*

She stares at those words. They seem strange. She deletes.

Hassan peeks his head into the room, sees Salma smiling.

HASSAN

Who you texting? Is it a boy?

Salma, without looking up or missing a beat...

SALMA

No, you're a boy.

HASSAN

I'm a man.

At that Salma puts her phone away, looks at him.

SALMA

Hah. Is it? Explains what you were doing in the loo the other day.

Hassan looks terrified.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I saw that, you filthy little git, so I'd mind my own business if I were you. Go do your work.

Hassan slumps off. Salma smiles at him as he goes.

24

EXT. ESTATE - DAWN

24

Shahzad walks a deserted path towards his flat. As he climbs steps to a walkway, he looks across to a familiar window and sees Maheen. In her kitchen, in her dressing gown, preparing breakfast. They hold eye contact. Maheen steps to the window.

She smiles at him. Shahzad, a little sheepish, smiles back.

25 INT. FLAT ENTRANCE - DAWN 25

Shahzad takes his shoes off.

26 INT. SALMA'S ROOM - DAWN 26

Shahzad opens the door and peers in. Satisfied that she's sleeping, he digs into his pocket and leaves something on her desk. A little box of hairpins.

27 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN 27

In the half-dark Shahzad sits sideways on the rowing machine, staring at the picture on the wall. A low-angle shot of him and his wife, young. He looks at her with adoration. She looks at the camera. He swings into the machine. Rows.

28 INT. BATHROOM - DAWN 28

Shazhad cups water in his hands and rubs into the folds of his face. His beard drips. He exhales. Hell of a night.

Something catches his eye on the floor. He double takes. One of Salma's bras - functional, bright pink with a frilly hem.

29 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 29

Hassan sits at the table. Salma microwaves Maheen's food. Hassan fiddles with paper as he eats sweets from a bag.

## SALMA

Dad sees those he'll go mental.

Hassan ignores her. She takes the bag from him.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
Normal people don't eat sweets for breakfast.

HASSAN  
Normal people don't eat curry for breakfast.

Shahzad enters, he looks knackered from the night before. Salma's phone buzzes. She grabs it quickly. A text. Imi.

"Had a look at yer pipes. V bad. Skip school & meet me 4 mad unblocking tips. (Pls?) xx"

Salma can't hide a smile. Shahzad notices as he sits down.

SHAHZAD  
Who's that?

She starts typing back.

SALMA

No-one, it's...just Rafia, Dad.

Shahzad watches her fingers fly.

SHAHZAD

And what's Rafia got to say?

SALMA

Nothing.

SHAHZAD

Must be something if you'd text  
during this meal.

Shahzad gestures for the phone. Salma looks appalled but reluctantly hands it over, managing a long swipe with her thumb as she does - delete. Shahzad paws at the phone. He can't make sense of it. Hassan tries to help, Shahzad brushes him off but Hassan insists, shows him how to work it.

Shahzad nods thanks, pretends to read. But he's made his display now. He hands it back.

The microwave bings. Salma pockets the phone, pulls out the food and starts to serve up. The atmosphere is tense. Shahzad desperate to break it. He pats his stomach.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

Can't lose this last inch.

Salma takes the offer.

SALMA

Know why yeah? This stuff. Carbs.

Shahzad nods. He pours water from a jug for them all, including a little into a glass by a set out table place whose chair is empty. Hassan places his completed creation - a paper card - into the empty place. They start to eat.

Shahzad eyes the card. His mind whirs: How to tip-toe towards what he wants to say? Salma sees him thinking. Shahzad turns to Hassan.

SHAHZAD

You won't believe it but Haroon  
actually had an opinion last night.

HASSAN

No way. A whole one?

SHAHZAD

Yep, not as daft as you think.

HASSAN

Hah.

SHAHZAD

Really sorting himself out...

Salma realises something's up. She puts her fork down and stares at Shahzad.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

What?

SALMA

What are you doing?

SHAHZAD

I haven't said anything.

This doesn't satisfy Salma. Shahzad gives up the game.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

People are asking me, "why not now?" so I ask you...

SALMA

Who's asking?

SHAHZAD

Everyone, no-one...

Salma looks at him. Shahzad returns to his meal.

SALMA

Finish college. That's our deal.

SHAHZAD

Yes, I know.

Shahzad regrets bringing it up. Doesn't want this aggro.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

Forget it.

SALMA

If it's about money, I've said I'd get a job -

SHAHZAD

Forget it!

Salma is taken aback by the shouting. Hassan hunches up. Shahzad softens.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

You don't need a job. Study. You be brilliant, I'll handle the money. But...we all speak about Haroon with respect from now on. OK?

HASSAN

Ok.

SHAHZAD

No more jokes.

Shahzad leaves. Salma watches him go. What's gotten into him?

30 INT. TUBE STATION PLATFORM - DAY

30

Salma sits upright, in a hooded jacket.

She scans the faces of people waiting for the train. She doesn't recognise anyone. Good.

As the train rushes into the station, a man walks along the platform, bag in hand. The man thrusts the bag onto Salma's lap and keeps on walking.

Salma, startled, looks at the bag then to the man. It's Imi. As he steps onto the train, he nods to the other carriage.

Salma scrambles for it.

31 INT. METROPOLITAN LINE TUBE - DAY

31

Salma drops into a seat and digs into the bag. In it is a small box. It vibrates. She opens the box to reveal a simple phone, with a message waiting on the screen:

"JUST IN CASE. EXCLUSIVE ACCESS TO THE IMI HOTLINE. X"

She turns to her left, peers into the carriage next door.

There's Imi, also sat quite stiff. He turns his head to her. At last he cracks a smile. Nods his head down: "check your phone." The phone buzzes again.

Salma reads:

"GOT A LITTLE SPECIAL SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU."

She glances back up at Imi. Raises an eyebrow - intriguing.

Imi's got a very satisfied look on his face.

32 EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE PARK - DAY

32 \*

Imi walks Salma along a bridge, with his hands over her eyes. \*  
She has her hands out in front of her, searching. \*

Imi checks ahead to the view.

IMI

Alright. Ready?

SALMA

You better have your pants on...

He removes his hands. Salma, eyes closed, opens them and takes in what's been revealed to her. A tree-lined lake with curious statues of creatures standing proud on the shores.

SALMA (CONT'D)

(Taking it in)

What are those?

IMI

Dinosaurs. Obviously.

SALMA

What, like...Jurassic Park?

IMI

(Scoffing)

It's better than Jurassic Park.  
Came here all the time as a kid.

He looks at the statues with fond memory.

IMI (CONT'D)

There's no aunties, no prying eyes.  
Just Mrs. Iguanodon over there.

Salma scans around, self-conscious.

SALMA

Yeah?

IMI

But if you want, we can go  
somewhere even more secluded...

Salma gives him a look.

SALMA

I'm not gonna bang you in a  
portaloo, Imi, that's gross.

Imi screws his face up.

IMI

Not quite what I had in mind...

Feet sprint along dirt. Sunlight dapples through the holes in the hedges. The sound of laughter. Turn a corner and - a wall. The feet skid to a halt. Cut to Salma out of breath, distraught. She calls out.

SALMA

I'm lost!

IMI (O.S.)  
Already?! Go back the way you came.

Salma turns around.

SALMA  
(To herself)  
Where the fuck is that...

She gingerly makes her way back, runs her hands along the hedge as she does. Catches a nettle. It's sharp.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
I don't know where I'm going!

IMI (O.S.)  
Ok, just follow my voice.

Imi stands at the entrance to the middle of the maze. He clears his throat, shouts:

IMI (CONT'D)  
SALMA ABBAS HAS MASSIVE HAIRY  
NIPPLES!

SALMA  
(Mortified)  
I do not!

Salma breaks into a jog.

IMI (O.S.)  
SALMA ABBAS ONCE PISSED HERSELF IN  
A YEAR 9 ASSEMBLY!

SALMA  
(Laughing)  
STOP!

She picks up into a sprint.

Back to Imi:

IMI  
AND THOUGH SHE'S SMART, AND  
BEAUTIFUL AND JUST, FUCK IT, THE  
MOST WONDERFUL PERSON I'VE EVER  
EVER MET, SHE STILL CAN'T GET  
THROUGH A MAZE MADE FOR SIX YEAR  
OLD CHILDREN - !

Salma turns a corner, ploughs into Imi, floors them both. She play-frowns at him. He looks at her, surprised, but happy.

IMI (CONT'D)  
Hey, I like hairy nipples.

She grins.

SALMA

Shut up.

She kisses him deeply.

33A EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE PARK SPHINGES - DAY

33A \*

Salma's POV. A bright blue sky. Birds soar through it.

IMI (O.S.)

You ever been to Birmingham?

SALMA (O.S.)

Hm?

IMI (O.S.)

Birmingham. Know anyone there?

A tall tree. The sun bursts between the leaves.

SALMA (O.S.)

Don't think so...

IMI (O.S.)

Then that's where we'll go. Not as  
bad as you think, got a big ol'  
library and everything...

SALMA (O.S.)

Mmm, a library, wow!

34 EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE PARK SPHINGES - DAY

34 \*

On the steps by a sphinx. Salma and Imi lie on Imi's jacket.  
Imi is nestled into Salma who has her hand raised, trying to  
block out the Sun with it.

SALMA

Couldn't leave Has though...

IMI

He could come with. Get a little  
flat. And Raf too, I know she's  
thinking there for uni -

Salma turns her head sharply to Imi.

SALMA

You can't tell her!

IMI

I won't. But someday, it'll be this  
all the time, all of us together.

Imi takes her raised hand. Kisses her wrist. It feels nice.

Salma's phone buzzes. A call - "Dad". Her face fills with dread. She stands, pulls free of Imi's grip, dashes off away from the steps. Salma picks up.

\*  
\*  
\*

SHAHZAD (V.O.)

Hello?

SALMA

Hi Dad I'm so so sorry -

SHAHZAD (V.O.)

Where are you?! You are meant to be here. Hassan is by himself!

A pause. Salma tries to think. Imi pulls on his jacket, follows, tries to get close, but Salma brushes him off.

\*  
\*

SHAHZAD (V.O.)

This is unacceptable, Salma!

SALMA

I got stuck at school...and then I had to go -

SHAHZAD (V.O.)

(Lowers his voice)

Haroon's here, he wanted to see you!

Salma scrambles for an excuse.

SALMA

I was getting flowers. For mum. We forgot didn't we?

A pause. Salma waits anxiously for the reply.

SHAHZAD (V.O.)

This doesn't happen again, you understand?

He hangs up.

Salma puts her phone away. Imi sees she's a little shaken.

IMI

You ok?

SALMA

Yeah...

She smiles. Imi relaxes.

SALMA (CONT'D)

We're good.

\*

35

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

35

**INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH SCENE 34**

Haroon and Shahzad are in the flat in work gear. Shahzad has his phone to his ear. He looks embarrassed. Salma picks up.

SHAHZAD

Hello?

SALMA (V.O.)

Hi Dad I'm so so sorry -

He tucks in a little so Haroon can't hear.

SHAHZAD

Where are you?! You are meant to be here. Hassan is by himself!

Haroon sees Shahzad is annoyed.

HAROON

Problems?

SHAHZAD

No no, she's coming.

He turns back to Salma.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

This is unacceptable, Salma!

SALMA (V.O.)

I got stuck at school...and then I had to go -

SHAHZAD

(Lowers his voice)

Haroon's here, he wanted to see you!

A beat.

SALMA (V.O.)

I was getting flowers. For mum. We forgot didn't we?

Shahzad softens on hearing this.

HAROON

We go now or we miss the first stop.

SHAHZAD

(To Salma)

This doesn't happen again, you understand?

He hangs up. Haroon sees: Salma's not coming.

HAROON  
Has! Come on, you're coming with us.

Hassan peeks out of his room.

HASSAN  
Aw I can stay here, I can stay by myself or with Maheen Auntie or I could -

Haroon's ears prick at mention of Maheen. Shahzad cuts in.

SHAHZAD  
No...you should learn.

He ushers an unenthusiastic Hassan out the door. Haroon looks at Shahzad as they leave. No fooling him. He knows Shahzad doesn't have control of his daughter.

#### OMITTED SCENES 36 TO SCENE 40

41

INT. VAN - NIGHT

41

Haroon and Shahzad in the front of the van as before. Shahzad reads the paper by torch light. Haroon glimpses into the rear-view where Hassan sits behind, playing a games console.

Haroon turns to Hassan.

HAROON  
Hey, what you think of your old man in a boiler suit. Neat look, huh?  
Should we get you one? Join the business proper?

Hassan pauses his game. Haroon looks to Shahzad as he speaks, who wants none of it.

HAROON (CONT'D)  
Not easy though - loads of work for not a lot of money...hell, even no money. You wanna work hard for someone else for no money?

HASSAN  
No...what mug would do that?

HAROON  
Hah! Me, that's who.

Hassan snorts.

HASSAN

Why?

HAROON

'Cause it's not just anyone, I'm  
working for. It's family. It's  
hard, yeah, but it makes us strong.  
Respectable. Your mum, she was a  
great lady, she understood that.  
That's why she made a deal with my  
Dad.

\*

Hassan nods.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Me and your sis, we're meant to be.  
And soon we'll be brothers, making  
this business something that'll  
take care of all of us. All us guys  
working together, for each other.  
Imagine that!

Hassan is taken in, looks at Haroon with admiration.

HASSAN

That's cool!

HAROON

Heh, I think so too...and so it's  
our duty to make that happen, even  
if it's tough, even if we don't  
like it. 'Cause when we think only  
of ourselves, Has, it all falls  
apart, very, very fast.

Shahzad bristles, shamed, but keeps reading his paper.

42

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

42

Salma puts clothes out on a laundry rack. She looks out at  
the lights of the city. Distant chants from a game at Wembley  
drift through the air. She checks her phone and though we  
can't see what she's looking at, her face lifts with joy.

43

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

43

Salma places flowers in a vase on a shelf below the larger  
picture of her mother in the living room.

Stares at her. A person with a face like her own. Who rules  
her life even in absence. Whose memory she's abused. But  
who's plan she can't follow. She adjusts the flowers.

SALMA

Sorry, mum.

44

EXT. DISPOSAL SITE - DAWN

44

Shahzad and Haroon unload the van. It's hard work.

Shahzad hauls a carcass into an incinerator. The lick of flames illuminate his exhausted face. Behind him, the rising sun claws itself into the sky.

He turns to look at Haroon.

SHAHZAD

OK.

HAROON

Hm?

SHAHZAD

Salma. I'll set a date.

Haroon looks genuinely grateful.

HAROON

Thank you.

CUT TO:

45

A RUSH OF IMAGES AND VOICES INDICATING THE PROGRESSION OF 45 WEEKS: A GIRL IGNORING THE PRESSURES OF THE WORLD.

-----

\*

A photo of Imi imitating an Iguanodon.

\*

SALMA

(To Imi)

You say it first.

IMI

(To Salma)

I already did, last year.

SALMA

Oh that so doesn't count!

-----

\*

Salma holding a large bug, looking comically displeased.

HAROON

(To Shahzad)

Hi Shaz, been thinking places for the engagement. Dad's offered the restaurant...

SHAHZAD

(To Haroon)

Perfect. How's start of next month?

RAFIA

(To Salma's voicemail)

Hey Sal, it's Raf. Wanna see Wolf of Wall Street, Saturday? It's Leo being a dick but, y'know, it's still Leo. Call me back.

-----

\*

Imi flexing in front of a Wolf of Wall Street cinema poster.

SALMA

(To Imi, whispered)

Can't make tonight...he's come back early, nearly caught me leaving!

IMI

(To Salma)

Shit.

\*

SALMA

It's fine...I'll bunk double chemistry tomorrow afternoon instead?

\*

\*

IMI

(To Salma)

Works for me. By the way...promise I'll say it again if you do.

SALMA

(To Imi)

Hah, now is *not* the time...

-----

\*

Close up of the side of Imi's face on the Tube.

RAFIA

(To Salma's voicemail)

Sal, me again. It's been ages.

Guess you're revising...but be nice if you picked up now and then...

HAROON

(To Shahzad)

D'you mind if we take a detour tomorrow, pick up some decorations?

SHAHZAD

(To Haroon)

Of course not.

HAROON

Cool. (A beat) You told her, yeah?

SHAHZAD

(A beat) She can't wait.

-----

A selfie of Salma and Imi on a bench at the park.

IMI  
(To Salma)  
Look, Sal, before you go...

SALMA  
(To Imi)  
Yeah?

IMI  
I give up. I love you. Again. I  
love you.

A beat.

SALMA  
Ditto.

IMI  
Oh my God, you're the actual worst.

SALMA  
Ha! Ok Ok Ok. I love you too.

IMI  
You mean that?

SALMA  
I do. Yeah. Pretty sure I do.

She laughs.

46

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

46

The joy from the scene before carries through to Salma as she prepares breakfast for her family. She's light on her feet, suffused with the generosity of spirit that love brings.

Shahzad conversely, wearier than ever, watches her. He wants to say something. Needs to. Her mood makes it hard.

SHAHZAD  
Salma...

SALMA  
Hm?

She turns to look at him. He sees her joyful face. He bails.

SHAHZAD  
You're looking well.

Bit of an off comment. But Salma's in no place to see menace.

SALMA

Aw, thanks Dad.

Shahzad nods and leafs through the mail. Salma comes over and serves him some eggs.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Not too bad yourself.

She pats his stomach.

SHAHZAD

Yeah? You think so?

Salma nods, deliberately big, encouraging.

SALMA

Defo.

She kisses him on the cheek. Shahzad looks at her. He's got to tell her soon. How?

He shakes the thought. Focuses on the mail.

SALMA (CONT'D)

(Calling out)

HAS! Come on, food's ready!

Hassan enters. Salma makes him up a plate. As she does, she notices that Shahzad is silent with concentration.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Dad?

SHAHZAD

Where were you last Friday?

Salma's confused.

SALMA

School.

SHAHZAD

Wednesday?

SALMA

Why are [you] -

SHAHZAD

"We are concerned that Salma's lack of attendance is the product of distraction elsewhere in her..."

Where have you been?

Hassan, taking his Dad's lead, piles in.

HASSAN

Bet I know...bet it's a boy...

Shahzad smacks Hassan.

SHAHZAD  
You don't say that!

Hassan rubs his face. Shahzad slams the letter onto the table. Salma takes a closer look. Undeniable. It's official.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
*Is there a boy?*

SALMA  
No!

She grasps for the letter. Shahzad shoves her back. She slams hard into the counter. It puts the wind out of her.

Shahzad is shocked by his actions, but determined to save face, he doesn't show it for long. He's spotted his opening.

SHAHZAD  
Good. Then I have happy news.  
You're engaged.

Salma's rocked by this.

SALMA  
What?

SHAHZAD  
Next weekend, it'll be a small event, Zubair's restaurant -

SALMA  
No..not til after school - our deal was -

SHAHZAD  
Our deal was you get married once you'd studied. You're clearly done studying.

He leaves. Salma breathes heavily. She turns to Hassan.

SALMA  
Did you know?

Hassan looks at her, impassive.

HASSAN  
You're meant to be together.

Hassan walks off. Salma looks around, on the verge of tears.

47

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

47

Rafia sits at table, with some other girls, chatting, laughing. She sees Salma enter and rush towards her.

RAFIA

Alright, Sal? Long time no see...

Salma pulls her away.

SALMA

Raf, I need your help, Dad's gone nuts, he's got me *engaged*, I never seen him like this -

RAFIA

Congratulations!

SALMA

What?

RAFIA

On your engagement. I mean, that was the plan all along. Right?

Salma not sure what's going on.

RAFIA (CONT'D)

It's not like you'd suck my brother into that mess again, is it?

It dawns on Salma.

SALMA

He told you.

RAFIA

Couldn't help himself. Not seen him that excited since we went to EuroDisney. Made me promise not to tell you...

SALMA

Raf...

RAFIA

...But since you didn't seem to be talking to me anyway, that wasn't a problem.

SALMA

I'm really sorry, I wanted to say something but [I knew it] -

RAFIA

Guess the glory of Haroon weren't all that after all. Heh.

Salma sees Rafia's hurt, looks down, chastened.

RAFIA (CONT'D)  
You have no idea what he's done  
because of you.

SALMA  
I care about him too, Raf. I do.

Rafia looks her up and down.

RAFIA  
Yeah? Then don't drag him down with  
you.

Rafia's heat cools.

RAFIA (CONT'D)  
Please.

She walks off.

48 EXT. CRYSTAL PALACE PARK - DAY

48 \*

Salma sits on a bench. Looks at the dinosaur statues across  
from her. The enchantment has gone - they all look very  
menacing. Footsteps behind her. Turns to see Imi.

\*  
\*  
\*

IMI  
Why we meeting here?

SALMA  
Safe ground.

Imi halts.

IMI  
That don't sound good.

Salma looks around.

SALMA  
Pretty bleak now.

She lands on Imi.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
How's Birmingham this time of year?

IMI  
What's going on?

SALMA  
Worth a trip maybe...

IMI  
Stop fucking around, Sal, what's -

SALMA

Getting married, aren't I? How's  
that sound?

A beat.

IMI

What? I thought you still [had] -

SALMA

Nope. This is serious. It's  
happening. Unless...

She lets the thought hang. She looks at him, hopeful.

IMI

You want us to leave?

Not the response Salma was hoping for. She rolls her eyes.

SALMA

No...

IMI

You do.

Imi's mind races.

IMI (CONT'D)

I dunno, I mean...Yeah, we can make  
that happen, but I've only just got  
back, I can't go [right away] -

SALMA

Oh yeah, wouldn't want to  
inconvenience you or nothing...

IMI

S'not me making this hard, is it?  
It's you. The options you give  
yourself...run away or -

SALMA

Jesus, get it out of your head, I  
wasn't even fucking saying we  
should [run] -

IMI

Or spend every night of the rest of  
your life sleeping next to a guy  
you hate just so your Dad can feel  
like the big man.

SALMA

You don't know what he's been  
through, how much he's done for me.

IMI

So what? My parents did all that too and they'd love you. He's medieval, I'll tell him myself.

SALMA

Don't call him that! He's not, he's sweet, he's just - he's under a lot of [pressure] -

IMI

So sweet you're too scared to even try talking to him [about us] -

SALMA

It's bigger than him, OK?! How can someone so smart be this dense? Do you not get it? What it means for me to do that?!

IMI

I do fucking get it! I get the traditions, the promises, I get all of that. I just don't fucking like it! And if that makes me dense, fuck knows what that makes you!

Salma doesn't need this onslaught. She stands up.

IMI (CONT'D)

Sal, come on, I didn't...Sal!

He reaches for her. She brushes him off, storms away. Before she can change her mind. Imi is rooted to the spot.

49

INT. SALMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

49

Salma sits curled up, sobbing. A knock at the door. Without waiting for a reply. Shahzad enters. Salma forces back the sobs, flinches instinctively. But Shahzad seems conciliatory. He offers something in his closed hand.

SALMA

What is it?

He places it in front of her. An ornate necklace. She eyes him with suspicion.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Don't want that.

SHAHZAD

Take it.

She shoves the necklace back towards him. He picks it up.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
Just bloody take - !

His anger shoots up. Seeing the fear on her face, he wrestles it down.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
Your mother's. Been sitting in my drawer. You'll look better in it than I will.

He pushes the necklace gently into Salma's hands. She stares at it.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
Salma, I. Hm.

This is tricky for him.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
I never thought I'd be here.

Salma is still suspicious. They've never had a conversation quite like this. But she bites.

SALMA  
What? London?

SHAHZAD  
Hah. Yes, London but also...

He gestures around.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
Here. Two children. No wife.  
Blessed then cursed.

SALMA  
You're not cursed, Dad.

SHAHZAD  
It is what it is. But you are this family now, Salma. You understand? You carry all of us with you. And I get scared, because when they look at you, they see me. When you fail, Hassan fails, I fail. When you're safe, I am safe. So when you're married, then I can die happy.

Salma rolls her eyes.

SALMA  
Dad...

SHAHZAD  
Seems strange to you, doesn't it?

SALMA

No. I get it.

He puts his arm around her.

SHAHZAD

Me and your mother we started very young. It was strange for us too, not some fairytale, but in those few years we had, we found something wonderful. She wanted that for you. I do too. Because you're the greatest thing that came from us.

Salma nods as Shahzad pulls himself out of the reverie.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

But don't tell your brother.

He winks at her. Salma chuckles. Shahzad kisses her on the forehead and leaves. Salma runs her fingers along her mum's necklace. Maybe this will work. She tries it on.

CUT TO:

50

INT. ZUBAIR'S RESTAURANT - DAY

50

Salma's face, elaborately made-up, the necklace around her neck, is distorted by the water of a fish tank as she looks though it. She brings her hand up, upon which now sits a ring, presses it against the glass. Haroon's head appears.

HAROON

It fits, yeah?

SALMA

Sorry?

He brings up his own hand which also has a ring on it.

HAROON

Just mine's...it's a bit tight...

He fiddles with it. Salma turns away from him to see her own engagement party in full flow. An intimate number of guests.

Men dressed formally, the women traditionally. Hassan is grabbing food from a buffet. Zubair and the couple from the wedding (Haroon's sister and brother-in-law) are also there.

Salma attempts her very best smile as she watches Shahzad mingle. Zubair hugs him warmly. Shahzad is loving the attention. Seems happier than ever. Maheen stands noticeably close to Shahzad and though they're not touching, if you didn't know them you could mistake them for a couple.

The pressure overwhelms Salma. She needs to let it out. She turns back to Haroon.

SALMA

Excuse me.

She shuffles off, past a table laden with presents. People look to her, then back to Haroon. He lifts his hand up - he'll deal with it.

51 EXT. ZUBAIR'S RESTAURANT - DAY

51

Salma outside the side of the restaurant. She breathes heavily. Haroon steps outside, lights up a cigarette.

He sees Salma's distressed, offers one to her. Salma is hesitant to take it. Haroon nods her to do so. She does. Haroon lights it for her.

They share a moment of smoking together.

HAROON

It's funny. I've been wanting this my whole life but now we're finally here...it's pretty weird ain't it?

Salma's surprised but grateful for this shared emotion.

SALMA

Heh. Yeah it is a bit...

Haroon looks for once like what he really is - an anxious young man. He doesn't let it stick. The bravado swamps back.

HAROON

But we've got this, hey?

He squeezes her hand.

HAROON (CONT'D)

You and me. We'll smash it.

Salma almost believes him. Salma looks around and spots a familiar car over the road. Imi's. She turns to Haroon.

SALMA

Hey, um, I'm a bit cold, could you get my cardi?

Haroon looks pleased to be able to do something for her.

HAROON

Sure.

He stubs out his cigarette and heads in. Salma makes sure he's gone and rushes over to Imi's car.

52

EXT. STREET - DAY

52

Salma raps on the window. He rolls it down, looks busted.

IMI

Sal, look -

SALMA

You can't be here.

IMI

Believe me, I don't wanna be, but  
gimme a second? I'm sorry, ok, I  
know I was being unfair before, I  
shouldn't have tried to make you  
[do something that] -

SALMA

Doesn't matter. Get out of here!

IMI

We can go.

SALMA

What?

IMI

Right now. Come on, we'll get off  
before anyone sees.

The tiniest beat. But Salma scoffs.

SALMA

You not hear me? It doesn't matter.

53

EXT. ZUBAIR'S RESTAURANT - DAY

53

Haroon comes out the door with Salma's cardigan. Looks for  
Salma. Can't see her. Then he spots her. Talking to a boy in  
a car. A boy he recognises.

54

EXT. STREET - DAY

54

SALMA

And I'm not blaming you, ok? It was  
me, I was wrong. Should never have  
let it get this far.

Imi is crushed. She goes. Imi, watches her leave, gears  
himself up to say what he'd not yet admitted -

IMI

I came back for you.

Salma turns back to him.

IMI (CONT'D)

They offered me a job up there  
after the course. Permanent. Said  
"no thanks, someone's waiting for  
me at home." I hope.

She returns to the car, leans in. Kisses Imi on the cheek.  
She holds there. His fragile self shudders at touch.

55 EXT. ZUBAIR'S RESTAURANT - DAY

55

Haroon watches Salma kiss Imi. His face runs a gauntlet of  
emotions: Embarrassed. Angry. Gutted.

56 EXT. STREET - DAY

56

Salma releases her kiss from Imi's cheek.

SALMA

I'm sorry.

She ducks her head out, crosses back across the road with  
haste as tears start to come.

Behind Salma, Imi's car starts up. She turns at the noise.

As she watches the car drive off, she knows she's made a  
mistake. This can't happen. She has to act.

57 EXT. ZUBAIR'S RESTAURANT - DAY

57

Salma returns to find Haroon waiting for her. He's got a  
brave face on. Nothing seems amiss - no need to give the game  
away yet. He holds out her cardigan. But she walks straight  
past him, through the door.

58 INT. ZUBAIR'S RESTAURANT - DAY

58

Salma enters and people cheer, startling her. Haroon, a grim,  
expression on his face, follows in after that.

Salma bee-lines past everyone and heads straight for Shahzad,  
ready to tell him at last about Imi. Shahzad sees her coming  
out of the corner of his eye, turns to her.

SHAHZAD

Ahh! There she is!

He pulls her in for a hug. Salma looks up to see his beaming  
face. That once perma-exhausted face now leavened with joy.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

How you feeling?

Salma flashes through the options. Maheen, standing by Shahzad notices her distress. Salma flicks her eyes away.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

Salma?

Salma lands on an option. She can't do this. Not to him.

SALMA

I'm fine, just...overwhelmed.

SHAHZAD

Ah! Just wait 'til the wedding!

Salma scans the room looking for hope, a friendly face, anything. She finds Haroon. Holding her cardigan. He stares at her. Does he know? He walks towards them with intent.

As he reaches them, he squeezes Salma's arm - a seemingly tender gesture if it wasn't so hard. But only she knows that it is. He pushes the cardigan into her hands. He smiles, nods at Shahzad who nods back. Salma watches as Haroon heads off towards Zubair, begins to talk to him. He points towards her.

58B EXT. FLAT - NIGHT

58B

Shahzad opens the door as Salma and Hassan wait.

59 INT. FLAT - NIGHT

59

Shahzad, Salma and Hassan pile into the flat.

Shahzad drops his keys on the table. Hassan goes to his room. Shahzad starts to hums to himself. He's positively buoyant. Salma watches him. She heads to her room.

60 INT. SALMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

60

Salma sits with her phone. Pulls up Imi's contact details. Finds the text option. Cancels it. She chooses to ring. Voicemail. She rings again. Voicemail. She rings again.

SALMA

(Whispering)

Alright, I get you don't want to hear from me, but I want you to know...

Afraid someone might be listening, she repositions herself down on the other side of the bed.

SALMA (CONT'D)

I want you to know this is meant to be one of the happiest days of my life but I've never felt so low and...hearing your voice again, even if it's just your shitty voicemail is the only way I can think of making it better.  
So...yeah.

Salma hangs up. Not the most articulate. But can't bring herself to call again into the void. She stuffs the phone back in its hiding place - behind the cupboard.

61 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

61

Shahzad brushes his teeth. In the mirror he sees Salma standing in the open door. He mumbles something through his toothpaste-filled mouth. Raises his hand "one second". He spits out.

SHAHZAD

All yours.

SALMA

Thanks.

SHAHZAD

No, thank you.

SALMA

Huh?

SHAHZAD

For tonight. You looked beautiful.  
Like your mum. She'd be proud.

Shahzad kisses her on the forehead. Salma buckles.

SALMA

(Whispers)

I can't do it.

Shahzad, confused, pulls himself away a little.

SHAHZAD

Hm?

SALMA

Haroon. I can't.

Salma backs out of the bathroom into the hallway. Shahzad follows.

SHAHZAD

What's happened? What did he do?

SALMA

Nothing but -

SHAHZAD

You're excited, that's ok, that's natural, it's -

SALMA

It's not too late, Dad. Come on, we used to joke about him, he's...you can't force me to -

Shahzad tries an appeasing approach.

SHAHZAD

What forcing, bheta?! Don't talk like that. He's not some stranger, we're doing right by you, your mother and - he's a nice boy, he'll make you happy, he's - it's not forcing!

SALMA

(Distraught)

So why don't I have a choice?

Shahzad's disposition turns a shade darker as he realises she's utterly serious.

SALMA (CONT'D)

If this is about me being happy, why are you the only one smiling?

Shahzad's face hardens.

SHAHZAD

You want a choice?

Salma is stone silent.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Another boy?

This is the moment for Salma. It's come quicker than she'd hoped. She's not sure how to put it, the silence already speaks volumes.

SALMA

I...I don't mind getting married...

She grasps for Shahzad's hand, he pulls it back. She keeps grabbing for it.

SALMA (CONT'D)

...but what if it's someone else...still apna lok, one of our people, just someone I -

Shahzad smacks her across the face. No remorse this time. She stumbles back into the entrance to Shahzad's room.

SHAHZAD  
Apna lok...

He scoffs.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
You've been promised already,  
that's all that matters. You know  
what people would say? What would  
happen? To us? To Zubair? We  
wouldn't be able to give you away!  
Have you told anyone?

Salma, tears in her eyes, shakes her head. Shahzad, relieved, composes himself. Pushes her further into the room.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
I'll deal with this. You need time  
away from distractions.

He puts his hand on the door handle.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
You stay here. You go nowhere until  
you're thinking straight.

SALMA  
Dad, no!

He slams the door shut. Salma is shell-shocked. The sound of keys in the door. The lock clunks shut.

62 INT. SALMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

Shahzad looks around her room. Picks up her keys. Pockets them. Grabs her phone. Looks through it. Texts, photos. Nothing unusual. But he pockets it too. His eyes fall on a half-coloured in paper sleeve - the start of a new mix CD.

63 INT. SHAHZAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

Salma yanks at the window. Locked. She goes to a drawer, opens it, finds a key. She tries it in the window locks. It clicks open and she looks out, optimistic, only to see the drop on the other side.

She returns the key to its place and, curious, opens the other drawers. She finds her Dad's neatly folded uniform. Her mum's bridal gown. Remnants of a life she never asked about.

64 INT. SALMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

64

Shahzad slumps on Salma's single bed, staring at the posters. How's he going to fix this? The camera moves over the wall to show Salma asleep in Shahzad's bed.

65 EXT. GARAGE - DAY

65 \*

Shahzad waits by the van. Phone to his ear. He looks around. No sign of Haroon. Shahzad is worried. He hits voicemail.

SHAHZAD

Me again. Done the afternoon pick ups so don't worry but I'll be at your Dad's in an hour or so - see you there if you feel up to it?

He hangs up. Looks around again. Still nothing. He opens the door and climbs into the driver's seat.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

66 INT. SHAHZAD'S ROOM - DAY

66

Salma is at the door. She pulls a hairpin out of her hair and goes at the lock. But she doesn't know what she's doing, can't get it to budge. She kicks the door with frustration.

SALMA

Has! Are you there?

Nothing.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Please Has, if you're there, can you get my phone? It's behind my cupboard. Has?

67 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

67

Hassan stands by the door listening to his sister.

SALMA (O.S.)

Has?!

He walks away.

68 INT. VAN - DAY

68

Shahzad pulls into the alley outside Zubair's shop only to find another van already blocking the way. He honks the horn.

No movement. He jumps out of the van.

69

EXT. ZUBAIR'S RESTAURANT - DAY

69

Shahzad walks up the van in front.

SHAHZAD

Hey can you shift this -

He sees Haroon already there, muttering to Zubair, cutting tape on boxes with a knife as he does. As before, there are several workers around.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

What's going on? \*

Haroon and Zubair look at him, stern faced.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

Is this yours? \*

He kicks the side of the van.

HAROON

Oof, careful! That's a rental. But yeah, thought it was time to bring this back to the family, for everyone's sake. Safeguard what I've built these last few years.

SHAHZAD

I am your family.

HAROON

No...no-one in *my* family would shame us like you have. My family has a reputation worth saving. Whereas yours...

Shahzad turns to Zubair.

SHAHZAD

Zubair? What's he talking about? \*

Zubair glares at Shahzad with disapproval.

ZUBAIR

Don't look to me. I warned you.

HAROON

You're a disgrace, Shaz.

He holds his arms up to the people watching.

HAROON (CONT'D)

(Shouting for all to hear)

You and your slag of a daughter!

Shahzad goes rigid. Haroon's voice dips with emotion.

HAROON (CONT'D)

Made us look like monkeys in front  
of everyone. I do the work, whilst  
she fucks some guy on the sly...

\*  
\*  
\*

He sees Shahzad's growing fury. But he can't help himself -  
he's hurting too much. The hurt propels his insults.

HAROON (CONT'D)

I deserve better than used goods.

\*

Shahzad is very conscious of the crowd.

\*

SHAHZAD

You don't talk about her like that!

Haroon laughs at him.

HAROON

Hey, I'm not the one you should be  
growling at. I'm only showing you  
the stench under your own fucking  
nose, you must've smelt it...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Haroon looks at him. Face aghast. A betrayal completed.

HAROON (CONT'D)

You did, didn't you?

\*

Shahzad's expression gives him away. Haroon turns to Zubair.

HAROON (CONT'D)

You see, Dad? This whole time he  
knew and tried to pass his little  
whore off as worthy of our -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Shahzad hits him. Haroon is floored. Shahzad jumps on him and starts punching him repeatedly in the face. He draws blood.

Haroon knees Shahzad in the kidneys, he stumbles back. The crowd closes as the fight goes on - an ugly, desperate scrap.

Haroon staggers to his feet, grabs Shahzad by the throat, and lifts him from the ground, shoving him up against the van.

Shahzad squirms, helpless. Haroon, seeing it's done, drops him. He yanks Shahzad's clip-on tie from his collar. Uses it to wipe blood from his nose.

Shahzad, defeated, looks around at the others. His glare lands on Haroon, who smirks at him.

Shahzad snatches for the knife, holds it up in front of him. Haroon takes a step back, as do the crowd watching.

ZUBAIR

Enough, Shahzad!

\*

Zubair looks at Shahzad with disgust.

ZUBAIR (CONT'D)  
Go home, take care of your filth.

\*

Zubair puts his arm around Haroon. Shahzad looks at all the faces staring at him, wanting him away. He spits on the floor, takes a last look at Haroon and walks back to his van.

HAROON  
Say hi to Tafarak!

Shahzad pauses. Then walks on. As he passes the back of Haroon's van, he stabs the knife into the rear tyre but it bounces back up and cuts him instead. The onlookers laugh.

70 INT. VAN - NIGHT

70 \*

Shahzad drives, face fixed with barely restrained fury. Every passer-by seems to be looking at him. The knife sits on the passenger seat.

\*  
\*  
\*

71 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

71 \*

Shahzad comes up the stairs. He approaches his door, unlocks it and pushes it open.

\*

72 INT. SHAHZAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

72

He sees Salma asleep. The image familiar to him from happier times. But this isn't those times.

This isn't his daughter anymore. She's betrayed him. Destroyed his reputation. His livelihood.

Salma lies very much wide awake, aware of her father standing in the doorway, breathing heavy, watching her. It feels wrong. She's tense with fear.

Shahzad considers the knife in his hand.

He should use it. She's not his daughter, she's a stranger and he should do it. It does all make sense doesn't -

HASSAN (O.S.)  
Dad?

Shahzad's thoughts are disrupted by the call. He turns to see Hassan looking at him. Whatever he's going to do, he's not doing it now. He slips the knife into his pocket.

SHAHZAD  
You OK?

HASSAN  
Can't sleep.

A pause.

HASSAN (CONT'D)  
How are you, Dad?

Shahzad sees the disquiet in his son. He almost breaks down.

SHAHZAD  
You need milk. I'll get it, you get  
in bed.

Shahzad pulls his bedroom door closed - but not all the way and heads to the kitchen.

73 INT. SHAHZAD'S ROOM - NIGHT

73

Salma sits up. A thin, promising stream of light trickles through the now unlocked door. She climbs out of bed, quietly as she can. She sees the necklace on the side. Might need money. Probably worth something. She pockets it.

74 INT. FLAT - NIGHT

74

Salma peeks her head out. To the right: Hassan's open door.

She sneaks left down the stairs to the front door. She tries it. Locked. Damn. But she has a thought. She heads back up the stairs, sees Shahzad now in Hassan's room. He backs out. Salma retreats down the stairs. She hears Hassan's room door close. Footsteps heading in her direction. She clenches with panic. But there's a click of a light switch. A fan whirs. Shahzad is in the bathroom.

Salma creeps back up the stairs, past the bathroom, agonisingly slow, so as not to make a sound. She heads to the door to the kitchen.

75 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

75

Salma looks down. Quite a way. But the only way. She looks to the laundry on the rack next to her. Takes a sheet, knots it to the balcony and carefully makes her way over the side.

It's going well. Not that hard. But as drops onto the wall of the walkway below, her face drops as she sees...

Maheen. Across the way, light on, sitting by the window.

Salma freezes. Maheen sips tea. She turns towards Salma, stares. Salma sucks in a panicked breath. Busted. But Maheen turns away - she wants nothing to do with this.

Relieved, Salma clammers off the wall to continue when -

HASSAN (O.S.)  
(Whispering)  
Hello?

Salma's eyes shoot back. Her brother leans over the edge of the living room balcony, watching her.

HASSAN (CONT'D)  
What you doing?

SALMA  
Nothing. Go to bed.

He holds out Salma's second phone.

HASSAN  
You left this.

Salma stares at it. Puts on her softest voice.

SALMA  
Can I have it? Please?

Hassan looks concerned.

HASSAN  
You leaving?

Salma leans back over the walkway towards Hassan.

SALMA  
Not forever. Just a little while.  
I'll be back soon, I promise.

Hassan like he's going to cry.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
So can I have the phone?

Hassan screws his face up. Turns towards the living room.

HASSAN  
Dad!

SALMA  
Fuck.

Salma legs it along the walkway.

HASSAN  
Dad!

Hassan runs inside.

76 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

76

Shahzad is washing his face. Hassan bursts in.

HASSAN

She's going!

SHAHZAD

What?

HASSAN

Salma, she's going!

He points through to the living room. Shahzad's weariness dissipates instantly. He launches himself out the room.

77 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

77

Salma sprints down a path. Her attention's caught by a shout:

SHAHZAD (O.S.)

Salma!

The living room light flicks on. Salma doubles her pace.

78 EXT. WALKWAY/STAIRWELL - NIGHT

78

Shahzad barrels down the stairs, and along the walkway, dark intent on his face.

79 EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

79

Shahzad arrives outside the block, he searches. Behind a car. A hedge. Nothing.

SHAHZAD

Salma!

He's suddenly very aware of himself. He spins, looks around. Lights are on in the blocks. How many people saw this mess? \*

80 OMITTED

80 \*

81 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

81

Salma runs best she can down the road. Her expression a mix of fear and pain, that gives way to giddy excitement.

82 EXT. RAFIA &amp; IMI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

82

A fist hammers on the door repeatedly.

Salma waits by the door, hyperventilating. The door opens. Rafia sees Salma, her face. She stares at her, cold.

RAFIA  
You utter cow.

Salma begins to speak but -

RAFIA (CONT'D)  
Can't believe you had an engagement party without me.

Salma's face floods with relief.

83 INT. SALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

83

Shahzad churns through Salma's stuff, searching for a clue to her whereabouts. Files. Books. Drawers. They reveal nothing.

He comes across the half-made mix CD. He tears up the cover and sinks onto Salma's desk.

Hassan enters and looks around. It begins to dawn on him what he's done. Shahzad sees the phone in his hand.

SHAHZAD  
What's that?

HASSAN  
Salma's...

Hassan offers it to Shahzad. He snatches it.

HASSAN (CONT'D)  
She said she'd be back soon...

SHAHZAD  
Go to bed.

HASSAN  
Dad -

SHAHZAD  
Go!

He throws a pair of headphones in Hassan's direction, who scrambles out. Shahzad returns to the phone.

84 INT. RAFIA & IMI'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

84

Rafia guides the shaking Salma to the couch. Imi comes in. He sees Salma and freezes. His expression is filled with care.

IMI  
Got your message. Bit long, hey?

He pulls her into an embrace. Rafia watches them - it's sweet, but still a bit awkward for her.

RAFIA

Guess you'll be off then?

Imi looks at Salma. He nods.

IMI

First thing.

Rafia nods.

RAFIA

You better find somewhere with a  
spare room.

She comes in, hugs them both.

RAFIA (CONT'D)

'Cause Mum and Dad are gonna give  
me so much shit about this when  
they get back.

Salma sniff-laughs. Over Rafia's shoulder we see Salma's face calm. She closes her eyes. She's safe.

85

INT. SALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

85

Shahzad stares at the phone. The background is what he's been dreading: A picture of Salma smiling next to a boy he does not recognise. He opens the photo folder, scans through the pictures. Reams and reams of photo of Imi. In the park. In his car. With his shirt off. The reality dawns on him.

\*

86

INT. IMI'S BEDROOM - DAWN

86

The hour that night tips into morning.

Salma lies in Imi's bed. She looks down at Imi, sleeping on the floor. She musses his hair, feels his skin.

She looks around the room. It's a dump. Clothes everywhere. Shelves stuffed full of old toys and electrical equipment - but there's a picture of him and Salma tucked in there too. She smiles. She's not seen this side of him. It's cute. Real.

A light catches her eye. She looks at the source. Imi's phone - dozens of missed calls from her phone. She stares at it.

A thought on her mind, she looks to the window as the first light of day begins to creep in.

86A INT. SALMA'S ROOM - DAWN

86A \*

Shahzad slumped against the wall. A text message ping. He checks his phone. A number he doesn't know:

"IF YOU WANT THAT KUTHI SORTED OUT, I WILL HELP."

Shahzad seethes. He gets up, looks around at Salma's room. He can't stand to be amongst this filth anymore. He exits.

87 INT. IMI'S BEDROOM - DAY

87

Imi awakes, groggy. He reaches for Sal. She's not there.

IMI

Sal?

He looks up. Nothing.

IMI (CONT'D)

Sal?!

He leaps up, panicked, heads for the door. There's a note pinned to the back of it:

"BACK SOON - DON'T WORRY. XXX"

88 EXT. STREETS - DAY

88

Salma walks down the road, pockets bulging. She mutters to herself, rehearsing the lines she's going to say.

She pauses as she sees her flat from afar. She pushes on.

89 INT. SHAHZAD'S BEDROOM - DAY

89 \*

Shahzad, delirious, by the window's edge, watching out. Hassan stands leaning in the doorway. The mood is tense. Hassan steals a look at his Dad. At the knife on the bed.

Shahzad sees Salma approaching from a distance. His eyes turn to the knife...then up to Hassan's concerned face. He knows what needs to happen. But not with the boy around. He pulls some money from his pocket and thrusts it in front of Hassan.

SHAHZAD

Here.

Hassan looks confused.

\*

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

Go get us those sweets you like.

\*

Hassan isn't sure what to make of this. But he grabs the  
money and leaves. Shahzad takes one more look out the window,  
picks up the knife, exits.

90 EXT. ESTATE - DAY

90

Hassan skips down steps and sees Salma, walking along the  
path towards him.

SALMA  
Little bro!

She opens her arms, welcoming a hug. Hassan is hesitant.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
Told you I'd be back, hey?

HASSAN  
You don't hate me?

SALMA  
Aw, no way. Can't hate you, can I?  
S'not possible.

She stands up. Notices the fiver in Hassan's hand.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
What's that for then?

HASSAN  
Dad's sent me down the shops.

SALMA  
...Did he?

HASSAN  
Yeah, you want anything?

Salma pauses. Looks up at the flat. Back at her brother.

SALMA  
Nah, I'm good. You go for it.

She pats him along and walk up the steps. At the end of the  
path, Hassan turns.

HASSAN  
He's in a weird mood. You shouldn't  
go in there.

Salma sees the worry on her brother's face and puts her best  
reassuring look on.

SALMA  
Hey, you know, get me some cola  
bottles, yeah? Fizzy, not plain.

Hassan nods, goes. Salma makes sure he's off and heads in.

91 INT. IMI'S BEDROOM - DAY

91

Imi packs bags. No method, items dumped in. He stops. Thinks. He drops the bags, grabs his phone and heads out the door.

92 INT. LIFT - DAY

92

Salma looks at herself in the mirror. She seems infinitely older than a couple of months ago. She hits the button for her floor. The lift rumbles to life.

SALMA

(To herself)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry you're hurt.  
I'm sorry..if I made you do what  
you did.

With growing confidence.

SALMA (CONT'D)

But this doesn't feel like you. The  
Dad I know wants me to be happy.

She clears her throat. Tries different variants of:

SALMA (CONT'D)

Dad...Dad...Dad.

The lift arrives at the floor. Salma fixes her face firmly.

SALMA (V.O.)

Dad. I'm sorry.

93 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

93

Salma is at the top of the stairs. Shazhad stands at the other end of the hall, by the kitchen door. Both are still.

SALMA

I took this.

She takes out the necklace and places it on a side table on which she spots her second phone.

SALMA (CONT'D)

Thought I could sell it if I had  
to, but I don't want to. Don't want  
to lose her. Or you. Or Has.

Shahzad stares at her as she speaks. He is eerily calm. He shakes his head, walks off.

93A INT. KITCHEN/DINER - DAY

93A

Shahzad sits on a chair. Salma enters, stands watching him.

SALMA

This could work. You'd...you'd like him, Dad. If you tried.

Salma tries to read Shahzad's expression. Gives away nothing.

SALMA (CONT'D)

I'll make us dinner, we can sit down and talk about it and maybe -

Shahzad finally speaks, slow.

SHAHZAD

Talk about what? What do I need to talk to a stranger for?

Salma looks heart-broken.

SALMA

Dad...

SHAHZAD

How do you think this will "work" hm? After you've done this to our family? After you've shamed me, shamed us all? How does this work now we have nothing?

Salma scrambles for a response.

SALMA

I wasn't trying to - I didn't mean to do that, I only - No-one knows, Dad, we can say that [I just] -

SHAHZAD

They know! Everyone knows!

Salma has no reply - she wasn't expecting that. Shahzad feels himself burning up.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)

I did everything for you Salma, and I never asked for anything in return, only that you listened on this one thing, that you -

SALMA

No Dad, you ask for loads!

The frustration of years drives her.

SALMA (CONT'D)  
 Absolutely loads, you just don't  
 get that you're doing it!

Salma tries to calm herself. Shahzad sneers at her.

SHAHZAD  
 Leave.

SALMA  
 Please, Dad, I love you, we can -  
 Has needs me to help him -

SHAHZAD  
 Hassan doesn't need a whore for a  
 sister.

Quiet. Salma stays rooted. But she knows. This is over.

SHAHZAD (CONT'D)  
 This is mercy, believe me, go now,  
 stay far away from us, or you will  
 see what needs to happen [to you] -

SALMA  
 Nothing needs to happen, Dad. Not  
 if you're not a coward.

Direct hit. Shahzad stares at the necklace on the side. His mind reels. An anxiety builds and builds within him.

Salma turns to go. Shahzad's eyes bore into her. This is not his daughter. This is a stain to be removed before it sets.

93B INT. HALLWAY - DAY

93B

Shahzad rushes her, slams her into the wall. He swings at her arms, her sides, her face but can't get a clean hit.

Salma ducks a blow and darts out the way. Shahzad, his weight forward, loses balance. Disorientated for the slightest second, but it's enough for Salma. She swipes her second phone and with Shahzad in between her and the exit, she makes for the kitchen/diner instead, slams the door behind her.

94 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - DAY

94

Salma, back against the door to stop Shahzad coming in, frantically searches for Imi's number. Dials. Shahzad can be heard smashing himself against the door from outside.

95 EXT. ESTATE CAR PARK - DAY

95

Imi pulls up in his car. He jumps out the door, slamming it after him.

96 EXT. ESTATE - DAY

96

Imi runs along a path. In his haste, he doesn't notice his phone flashing with a call in his pocket.

97 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - DAY

97

Shahzad bursts through the door with a yell. Salma raises her arms in surrender, but it's no use. Shahzad, momentum with him, is on her. He brushes her arms aside, grabs for her throat. He pushes her back onto the kitchen table. Squeezes.

Salma chokes as she bats and paws and grasps at Shahzad's hands but she can't get a grip. She knocks table ornaments aside as she tries.

She goes for his face. He pulls it away to avoid her hands. Turns his head to the side. Can't look at her.

\*

A second passes. Another. He turns back to see his daughter's convulsing body, her streaming eyes, face contorted in shock and hesitates. Can he do this?

\*

\*

He pulls himself together - don't give in to weakness now. He yanks Salma up, slams her against the wall by the kitchen counter. He pulls a plastic bag from the side and stuffs it into her mouth. He holds his hand over it as she writhes and writhes and slowly goes slack.

\*

\*

\*

Shahzad loosens his fingers, steps back. Salma slumps against onto the floor, eyes wide with horror. Shahzad adjusts himself. Back straight. Arms side by side. He's done what's needed to be done.

\*

Quiet now.

\*

Quiet apart from Shahzad's heavy breath. His attention is drawn to the flashing screen of a mobile phone ringing.

98 EXT. ESTATE - DAY

98

Imi, worry on his face, now has his phone to his ear as he sprints up the entrance stairs.

99 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - DAY

99

On the floor lies Salma's mobile. Shahzad reaches for it. The caller ID features another big picture of Salma and Imi at the park, beaming. She looks happier than he's ever seen her.

\*

He drops the phone. Looks at what he's done. His eyes begin to water as he, absent-minded, moving from habit, sets some disturbed items - salt shaker, a little clock - back into their rightful place.

He's jarred out of it as his hands find an item foreign to his kitchen: the knife.

He grabs it and staggers past images of the past - his parents, his home, his children. He begins to hyperventilate and yanks open the door to the balcony.

100 EXT. BALCONY - DAY 100

Shahzad steps out, gasps for air as the weight of his actions crush him. He looks out over the city that's taken his daughter, his livelihood, his pride. A wail rises in him.

He wipes grease from the knife with his hand. Looks at his hand. The city. His hand. The city. He raises the knife up.

101 EXT. FLAT - DAY 101

Curious neighbours gather by the open door, but are unwilling to go in. Imi arrives, pushes past and into the flat.

102 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 102

IMI

Sal?!

Imi comes up the stairs. His gaze runs along the hall to the wooden shards by the kitchen door. He approaches cautiously.

103 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - DAY 103

Imi walks in. Sees Shahzad on the balcony. Knife in his hand.

Shahzad realising there's a person there, turns to see him. The boy from the phone, now fully before him. He stares at Imi. Imi stares back, sees in Shahzad's eyes utter remorse.

And with a sudden flash of clarity, before we can fully register what's happening, Shahzad cuts his throat. Blood spurts out. Imi, shocked, instinctively darts towards him. But Shahzad tumbles over the balcony before he can get there.

104 EXT. ESTATE - DAY 104

Shahzad, in a repeat of the opening, crumpled, convulsing.

SALMA (V.O.)

D'you think we can be happy for each other? I hope so, because I love you.

Bleeding out, Shahzad turns towards the voice.

105 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - DAY

105

SALMA (V.O.)  
And love makes us kind if we let  
it.

Imi enters. Halts. He spots what he hadn't on the way in -  
legs lying still behind the counter. He drops down.

His soul breaks apart.

SALMA (V.O.)  
So I think it's worth a try.

**END**