

BHAI

Written by

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1 INT. MUZ'S BEDROOM- MORNING. 1

A medium sized bedroom. Cluttered. A large divan bed- old, but good. Bedside tables on each side. Toys litter the floor. An alarm clock buzzes. 06:15.

A hand worms its way out from the recesses of the covers to turn it off. MUZ (mid-thirties, shoulders laden with the weight of the world) pulls himself up off the bed. He then FATIMA, his wife (mid-thirties, a snorer, blissfully asleep), awake before sitting up. He makes his way to the bathroom, and scratching his bum as he walks.

2 INT. ADIL'S FLAT- MORNING. 2

Nothing more than a room with a kitchenette, a bathroom, a single bed, a small dining table with a single chair pulled up against it. There is a small bedside table that holds only a lamp and an alarm clock (the same one that Muz has). 06:18. The dining table holds a small but perfectly set up mound of marijuana, some weighing scales and a stack of empty plastic zip-lock bags of varying sizes. Another small mound of filled zip-lock bags lies next to the larger mound. An empty bong lies in the sink.

ADIL (late twenties, scruffy) stumbles in with a girl. Drunkenly they both make their way to the single bed. They fumble each other's clothes off and start to fuck.

3 INT. MUZ'S LIVING ROOM- MORNING. 3

The living room is divided into two parts: the dining section towards the front of the house- a small dining table overcrowded with chairs and a high-chair; the sitting area- a large sofa facing a mantelpiece-fireplace with a large TV set up in the middle. Family photos and achievements adorn the mantelpiece. There is a large photo of an old man scowling in the centre. At the edge of the mantelpiece is a glass fronted frame that holds an MBBS degree from IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNIVERSITY- individual photos of Muz and Fatima's children, Ali (six years old) and Zainab (one year old) obscure most of the degree. There is clock on the wall above the sofa. 06:30.

Muz is sat on a prayer mat by the TV flicking through prayer beads. Fatima, dressed in a white hijab for prayer, walks in and wordlessly, out of routine, hands him a cup of tea. Fatima winks at him. Muz smiles back. She touches his shoulder and takes her position on her own prayer mat a little behind Muz and begins her morning prayer, FAJR.

4 EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM- MORNING. 4

Dawn breaks over the stadium. Light shines through the big arch. Wembley wakes.

5 EXT. MUZ'S HOUSE- MORNING. 5

Muz leaves his house wearing a tracksuit. He checks his watch. 07:02. He goes for a run.

6 INT. ADIL'S FLAT- MORNING. 6

Adil lies facedown, naked, spread-eagled on his bed snoring away. The girl, naked, lies next to him, awake. She smokes a cigarette while staring out the window at the sunrise. The light breaks through into the flat, illuminating her. She looks over at Adil's sleeping form and nods to herself, ready. She gets out of bed and quietly gets dressed. She steals as much weed as she can fit into her handbag. Without a look back she leaves the flat, slamming the door behind her. Adil's head snaps up before sinking back down again. He continues to sleep, oblivious.

7 INT. MUZ'S LIVING ROOM- MORNING. 7

08:00. The whole family is cramped round the dining table. Muz, Ali, Fatima, Zainab and Ammi- Muz's mother. Fatima occasionally gets up to go to the kitchen to bring more food. They are eating fried eggs, fruit, mango chutney, parathay (greased chappattis), chai and rusks. Ammi and Ali both have a glass of milk by their plates. Muz lovingly feeds Zainab on her high-chair.

Ammi looks at Muz for a moment as if he's a stranger. Muz catches her looking and smiles at her reassuringly. Ammi looks away and takes a sip of milk. His smile fades.

8 INT. MUZ'S GP OFFICE- MORNING. 8

Greys, dull yellows and browns assault the eyes. There are corny NHS health warnings and campaigns stuck all over the walls. It doesn't look inhabited, there is not a single shred of evidence to suggest that this is Muz's office- no photos, nothing.

Muz is sat at his desk. He wears a name badge- Hi! I'M DR. M. HUSSEIN. ASK ME ABOUT STIs!

There is a patient sat opposite him- an AFRICAN MAN IN HIS 60s. Muz is bored. He isn't really listening, merely nodding. A prescription for AMOXICILLIN is printed.

9 INT. MUZ'S GP OFFICE- AFTERNOON. 9

13:30. A plastic lunch box lies open on the desk. A couple of generic, cling-filmed sandwiches- squares of grey filled with a cement-like paste (is it tuna? Or chicken?), and a plastic bottle of water.

Muz is sat on a prayer mat in the centre of the room, his lips moving silently as he flicks through the prayer bead.

10 INT. ADIL'S FLAT- AFTERNOON. 10

14.17. Adil jerks awake. He turns over in bed and sits up. His head reels from both the hangover and the effort of movement. He pulls a condom off his cock and expertly flicks it into a bin in the corner of the room. Adil saunters over to his bathroom scratching his bum as he walks.

11 INT. ADIL'S BATHROOM- AFTERNOON. 11

Adil showers. There is an arsenal of grooming products all over his bathroom, from shower gels, and moisturizers to colognes.

12 INT. MUZ'S GP OFFICE- AFTERNOON. 12

15.17. Muz looks at his appointment sheet on his computer. He quickly prints out a prescription for AMOXICILLIN. He keeps the prescription by his computer, turned over. He minimises the appointment sheet document. Behind it is an internet explorer window, it's open on the Alumni of IMPERIAL COLLEGE webpage. Muz's mouse hovers over photos of several faces, all of whom are doing well- either top surgeons, practitioners or working in various health organisations.

There is a knock at the door. The patient enters, an OLD ASIAN MAN in a 'kurta shalwar'. The man takes his seat. Muz smiles a hollow smile.

ELAPSED TIME.

Muz's boredom has bested him. Time has slowed down. The OLD ASIAN MAN'S mouth moves in slow-motion.

Muz blinks heavily. He tries to stifle a yawn. He fails, but hides it behind his hand. His attention flicks back to the computer screen. He slyly moves his mouse down to his photo. There is a title under the photo that says 'DR. MUZAFFAR HUSSEIN- MBBS. GP.' Muz looks at it dejected. With the mouse, Muz traces the lines of writing underneath his photo- his list of achievements. Scholarships, bursaries and awards of excellence.

The OLD ASIAN MAN suddenly clicks his fingers to grab Muz's attention. Time bounces back. Muz looks at his patient, ashamed and embarrassed. He quickly hides it by handing him the prescription of AMOXICILLIN.

13 INT. ADIL'S FLAT- AFTERNOON.

13

15.30. Adil removes a drawer from the chest and empties the contents onto his bed. He then turns it over to reveal a secret compartment. From the compartment he pulls out a few KILO packs of cocaine. He fits the compartment lid back. He puts the drawer back into place. He looks at the mound of weed. He frowns. He notices a small trail of weed leading away from the mound. He looks to the front door and chastises himself. He smiles despite himself. He starts to fill up some zip-lock bags and weighs them.

Once finished he moves the drugs to a small satchel. He takes off the gloves and expertly flicks them into the bin. He leaves.

14 INT. MOSQUE- EVENING.

14

Muz sits, leaning against a wall, having just finished his prayers. He flick through his prayer beads. He looks around the hall at the other people. Some men pray, others converse jovially, while others read the Quran. There are two young boys dressed in kurta shalwars, brothers, running around chased by their father. Muz watches the young brothers playing. Muz smiles, at peace in his sanctuary.

At the front of the hall is stood the IMAM- a thin man in his 30s, his beard trimmed, a glint in his eye. He is greeting some men. A well-dressed man in his 60s with silvery grey hair, whom we will later come to know as ANWAR, finishes praying and walks up to the Imam. They greet each other enthusiastically.

Muz checks his watch, 17:36. He gets up. He passes by the Imam.

MUZ:

Asalam alaykum. You alright?

IMAM:

Walaykum salam. Not bad, thanks.
You?

MUZ:

Alhamdulillah. I saw the new speakers. Very nice.

IMAM:

Oh yeah. We had quite a nice donation last month.

MUZ:

Good. S'gonna be great for Juma prayers.

IMAM:

Yeah. Or I might just blast some
Garage when it's empty.

The Imam winks. Muz leaves laughing.

15

EXT. OUTSIDE CHICKEN SHOP, HIGH ROAD- EVENING.

15

PRABHA, a heavy set TAMIL man in his mid 20s, dark hoody and baggy evisu jeans, stands in front of the chickenshop. Three youngers approach him, still in their school uniforms. He deals them drugs.

Adil, walking on the opposite side of the road, spots this and rushes over.

PRABHA:

Shit!
(to YOUNGERS)
Go on fuck off!

The YOUNGERS hurry off.

ADIL:

Oi! *Panchod!*

PRABHA:

Ah fuckin' *moo-the-si...* What the fuck you want?

ADIL:

What d'you fink you're doin here?
Hm?

PRABHA:

Getting some chicken fam. What? I need my protein. Is that a crime?

ADIL:

Fuck off bruv, I saw you dealin' to them youngers.

PRABHA:

Nah, but-

ADIL:

Just cut the bullshit, yeah? C'mon bruv you know you ain't allowed past Argos. Go fuck off back your end, you fucking *panchod*.

Prabha steps in, they're nose-to-nose

PRABHA:

Or what? *De para-the-si...*

ADIL:
 Stop with the fuckin' budbud, yeah?
 Get some gum. You fuckin-benny-lava-
 dosa-fuckin-five-past-midnight-
 fuck.

Prabha grabs Adil by the collar and pulls him closer to him.

PRABHA:
 What d'you say?

ADIL:
 (Deadpan)
 Oh mah god. I am so fucking scared
 of some Tamil mudfuck all up in my
 face.
 Step off. Or I call ANWAR and I get
 two cars down here in five to fuck
 you up.

PRABHA:
 There won't be nuffink left of you
 in five, *de urutti*.

ADIL:
 What?

PRABHA:
 What?

ADIL:
 Did you say there WON'T be nuffink
 left of me? You know that's a
 double negative, right?

Prabha looks perplexed.

ADIL: (CONT'D)
 Fucking dumb shits like you give
 drug dealers a bad name, man-

PRABHA:
 Don't fucking disrespect me fam!
 I'm warning you.

Prabha shakes Adil and pulls him in closer. Adil, bravado
 gone, pulls his phone out. They stare each other out.

ADIL:
 You strike me down now, I'll become
 more powerful than you could
 possibly imagine.

Prabha drops him.

PRABHA:
 Allow your fuckin' STAR TREK...

He walks off. Adil sorts his clothes and hair out.

ADIL:
(Muttering)
Star Wars, you cunt.

17 EXT. EALING ROAD, HA0- EVENING. 17

Muz ducks out of one of the numerous 'Cash'n'Carry' shops littered along the famous stretch, a blue plastic bag full of groceries dangling from his hand.

He walks with an ease, a lightness in his step. He's in his ends.

He turns onto the high road and his demeanour changes. A different street, a different world. A dirtier world. Full of different people, all dirty to one degree or another. A world of betting shops and pawnbrokers. Shitty, grimy chicken shops. Beggars sat on the ground by bus stops. Paan stains adorn the walls, easily mistaken for blood.

Muz shrinks into his jacket. He holds the groceries closer to his chest, like a rugby ball. He navigates through the people, avoids bumping into them, avoiding eye-contact, afraid of somehow being infected by their dirt.

18 EXT. OUTSIDE BETTING SHOP, HIGH ROAD- EVENING. 18

A bunch of wastemen of various ages and shapes hang around outside a betting shop. They watch the world go by, apart from it somehow, lost in their inaction.

A young woman hurries past. One of the wastemen gets up and starts to intimidate her, trying to pinch her arse. He looks at his fellows, who laugh in response. The young woman, terrified, hurries off.

Muz watches this as he approaches. He steels himself with a deep breath and ploughs forward. The wasteman stands in his way. Muz keeps his eyes on the ground. He tries to side-step but the wasteman steps in front of him again. Muz holds the groceries closer to his chest. He gulps. The wasteman kisses his teeth and steps aside, deciding Muz is not even worth his time.

Muz hurries off. He nears the chickenshop. He sees Prabha drop Adil and stomp off. He makes his way over.

19 EXT. CHICKEN SHOP- EVENING. 19

Adil stands outside the chicken shop. He nods to girls passing by. A cheeky smile. A wink.

Adil spots Muz coming up towards him. He starts to walk away.

ADIL:
Fuck!

MUZ:
Oi.

ADIL:
(Playing it cool)
Alright?

MUZ:
Yeah. You?

Adil nods.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
(Looking at the CHICKEN
SHOP)
What you doin' here?

ADIL:
Ah, nuffink. Just had an interview
there, so...

Muz looks at Adil then at the chicken shop then back at Adil.
Adil looks uncomfortable.

MUZ:
What are you doing here?

ADIL:
I told you. I had an-

MUZ:
Don't lie to me.

ADIL:
I'm not lying-

MUZ:
C'mere.

Muz drops his groceries on the ground and pulls Adil closer.
He begins to search his pockets.

ADIL:
Tch! What the fuck?! What you
doin'?

Adil's protests are half-hearted, he can't beat the Asian
idea of submitting to authority.

Muz finds the satchel under his jacket. He pulls out a
baggie. He looks at it. Then looks at Adil. Adil doesn't make
eye contact.

MUZ:
What's this? What is this?!

Adil doesn't respond.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
People from the mosque could see
you.

ADIL:
I don't give a damn.

Muz throws the baggie at Adil. It bounces off him and falls to the floor. Adil stares at it. He discretely steps on it so no one can see it.

The two brothers stand in silence for a moment. Muz tries to calm himself down.

MUZ:
You don't even make an effort to
see Ammi anymore.

ADIL:
She alright? Something happen?

MUZ:
Like you care.

ADIL:
I fucking care.

MUZ:
And is this how you show it? What
if you got busted? How d'you think
she'd take that?

ADIL:
Pfft, I ain't getting busted- half
the coppers here are bent anyway.
And Ammi'd forget the next day. She
can barely remember my fucking name-

MUZ:
She's on some new meds. Lucid for
longer now. She asks about you.

Silence.

Muz pick up his groceries from the floor.

Muz walks away. As soon as Muz is out of sight Adil quickly scrambles on the floor and grabs the baggie and rushes away.

A well kept lawn. Sides cut to precision. A shed down the end, an alley behind.

Fatima, beautiful, bored, smokes a sneaky cigarette hidden out of view from any house windows. She puffs at it quickly, her head flicking back to the house.

The sound of the front door opening and shutting is heard.

MUZ: (O.S.)

FATIMA!

FATIMA:

Shit!

Fatima takes one last tug before stubbing out the cigarette on the wall. She flicks the cigarette over the fence into her neighbour's garden.

FATIMA: (CONT'D)

Coming!

She pulls out some chewing gum and takes three in one go. She masticates furiously. She heads in.

21 EXT. NEIGHBOUR'S GARDEN- EVENING. 21

A jungle of a garden. Overgrown. Neglected. Unloved. A small mound of cigarette butts lies barely a metre from the fence.

22 INT. HALLWAY- EVENING. 22

Muz takes his shoes off, the groceries still in his hand.

MUZ:

FATIMA!

FATIMA: (O.S.)

I'm coming!

Muz places his keys in a small bowl by the door. Next to the bowl are a few envelopes addressed to him. Some say 'LATE PAYMENT' in red across the front.

Ali, 6 years old, a bundle of energy, rushes into the hallway.

ALI:

Hey Dad!

He slams into Muz's midsection, a big hug.

MUZ:

Oof! Hey beta! How are you?

ALI:

I'm okay. Zainab did another poo.

MUZ:
Where's mummy?

ALI:
She-

FATIMA:
I'm here, I'm here.

Fatima takes the groceries from him. She leans in for a kiss on the lips. Muz turns his cheek.

MUZ:
Zainab needs a change.

FATIMA:
I'll do it.

MUZ:
No it's okay. I'll do it.

Muz gives her a peck on the cheek. He and Ali go into the main room.

23 INT. MAIN ROOM- NIGHT.

23

The family is having dinner. Muz is feeding Zainab. Fatima bustles around the family bringing in dishes. Ammi stares at Muz, tense.

AMMI:
Aap kab aiye?
(trans. When did you get here?)

MUZ:
Bas abhi aiya hoon.
(trans. I've just come.)

AMMI:
Aap itne arsay se gayweh the.
(trans. You'd been gone so long.)

MUZ:
Ammi?

AMMI:
(Descending into hysteria)
*Nahin. Aap ko idhar nahin aana
chaiye*
(trans. No. You shouldn't be here.)

MUZ:
Ammi. *Aap mujhe kaun samajri hain?*
(trans. Ammi. Who do you think I
am?)

AMMI:
Aap ko idhar nahin aana chaiye.
 (trans. You shouldn't be here.)

Fatima arrives and sees Ammi rocking back and forth, tears in her eyes.

FATIMA:
 What's wrong?

MUZ:
 She's having an episode.

FATIMA:
Ammi? Ammi, sunay. Mein kaun hoon?
Fatima, hoon. Dekhe mujhe. Dekhe.
 Shhhhh.
 (trans. Ammi? Ammy, listen. Who am I? I'm Fatima. Look at me. Look.)

Fatima hugs her and soothes her.

FATIMA: (CONT'D)
 She thinks you're your dad again.

MUZ:
Mein aapka beta hoon.
 (trans. I'm your son.)

AMMI:
 Adil?

Muz is cut by the comment.

FATIMA:
Nahin. Doh betay hain aap ke pas.
 (trans. No. You have two sons.)

AMMI:
Doosra beta? Naam kya hai?
 (trans. Another son? What's his name?)

FATIMA:
 Muz.

AMMI:
 (Starting to calm down)
 Muz?

FATIMA:
Haan.

AMMI:
 (Accepting)
Ai mera beta.
 (trans. Oh my boy.)

Muz smiles through tight lips. Everyone goes back to eating. Muz watches Ammi eating, his eyes flick to Fatima who smiles consolingly.

24

EXT. CAR PARK- NIGHT.

24

Adil and JAMAL (mid-20s, black, British-Caribbean, scrawny, naive, sweet) stand shivering in the cold with their hands tucked into their pockets. Hoods up. A few stray cars are still parked in the car park.

JAMAL:

Aight, aight. So you're at a party, yeah. And Beyonce's there, right.

ADIL:

Standards.

JAMAL:

Yeah, so Beyonce's there. And you go over, to say hello an' that.

ADIL:

Yeah cos we're mates right.

JAMAL:

Shu'up. So you go over, yeah. Would you rather, like, when you go over to her. Like, when you shake her hand. Would you rather sneeze and have all that snot come down your front? Or. Would you rather cough and shit yourself?

Adil cracks up.

ADIL:

(Laughing)

JAMZ, you're a fuckin' twat I swear down! You crack me up bruv.

JAMAL:

(Laughing too)

Just answer the question man!

ADIL:

Mans would shit myself. Standards. You can say hello an' that. Then you just fuck off innit.

JAMAL:

Good man, good man.

They fist bump. Adil checks his watch. 23.25.

ADIL:

Fuck. They're late.

JAMAL:
You don't fink-?

ADIL:
Nah. Don't watch, they ain't.

JAMAL:
OK.

They shiver for a moment.

JAMAL: (CONT'D)
Your turn bruv.

ADIL:
Aight. Um, okay. Would you rather
eat a bag of shit. Or. Or have a
bird come and shit in your mouth
every morning for the rest of your
life?

Jamal thinks for a moment.

JAMAL:
Hmm. Tough one.

Adil cracks up again.

25 INT. MUZ'S BEDROOM- NIGHT.

25

It's 23.38. Muz is reading a book. Fatima, in pyjamas- her
hijaab off, is watching him through the mirror of her
dresser. She's moisturising. She bites her lower lip. She
heads for bed. Her eyes on Muz.

FATIMA:
Whatcha reading?

MUZ:
Harry Potter.

FATIMA:
Really?

MUZ:
Yeah.

FATIMA:
Oh.

MUZ:
Ali wants me to read it to him, so
I'm just checking to see if it's...
you know, okay for him.

FATIMA:
What d'you mean?

MUZ:

You know, see if it's okay for a 6 year old.

FATIMA:

I'm sure it'll be fine.

MUZ:

How d'you know? Have you read em?

FATIMA:

Well, no-

MUZ:

I mean what if there's like nudity and like... magic.

FATIMA:

Well there's probably not nudity, he's twelve or something. And you know there's magic, so...

MUZ:

Yeah but what kinda magic?

FATIMA:

Huh?

MUZ:

I mean, is it kinda like Christian-y magic. You know where they throw holy water and stuff? I don't think that's suitable, you know.

FATIMA:

Babe it's a kid's book.

MUZ:

I know, it's just-

FATIMA:

Why don't you-

Fatima gently she takes the book out of his hands.

FATIMA: (CONT'D)

-put that away. And come here.

Fatima pulls Muz to her. She kisses him. Muz slowly gives in and starts to kiss back. Their hands roving around each other, exploring. Fatima starts to tug at Muz's boxers.

MUZ:

Not tonight...

FATIMA:

What? Why?

MUZ:
Zainab's just been put to bed.

FATIMA:
So?

MUZ:
She could... wake up.

FATIMA:
Okay...

Fatima rolls over. She looks at Muz. Muz stares at the ceiling. His arm reaches out and pulls Fatima in. They fall asleep in each other's arms.

26 EXT. CAR PARK- NIGHT.

26

JAMAL:
Nah that's a serious question, fam.
I'd go for the bird.

ADIL:
What?!

JAMAL:
Yeah!

ADIL:
That is wrong choice fam!

JAMAL:
Nah, coz, like-

ADIL:
You go for the bag fam. Always.

A car pulls in. A white AUDI.

ADIL: (CONT'D)
See? Told ya.

JAMAL:
Alright, alright. Mister PRO-
fession-aal!

Adil pulls a couple of small pack of cocaine and throws them at Jamal. Jamal catches them with ease. He walks over to the car.

JAMAL: (CONT'D)
Nah but it could be a small bird
bruv! Like a humming bird, or like-

The window rolls down. Jamal hands over the small packs.

ADIL:
Nah nah nah nah nah nah. You don't
get to choose the bird!

JAMAL:
Oi why not?!

ADIL:
Tch! What you talkin' about?! It's
not upto you!

Jamal holds his hand out for payment.

JAMAL:
Yeah but you could get used to the
taste-

A motorcycle speeds into the carp park. The driver stops in
front of them. The rider then takes off his helmet. It's
Prabha.

ADIL:
Ah no. What the fuck do you want?
Huh? Ain't got time for dis man.

Prabha pulls out a gun.

PRABHA:
Taste this, you Spock
motherfucker...

He shoots Adil. Adil is blown back by the force.

JAMAL:
Oh shit!

The white AUDI screeches off.

JAMAL: (CONT'D)
The fuckin' money! Shitshitshit!

Prabha's terrified, but high on bravado. He points the gun at
Jamal.

He shoots. Jamal ducks. The bullet misses. Adil jumps behind
a stray car.

PRABHA:
Fuck! I'm coming for you! You best
watch yourself!

He rides off.

Jamal rushes over to Adil, who lies bleeding a river of
crimson. Jamal lifts Adil's head onto his lap.

JAMAL:
Adil! Adil!

Jamal's hand is covered in blood. He stares at it in some kind of reverie. Adil coughs, jolting Jamal back into the moment.

JAMAL: (CONT'D)
 Aight, don't worry. I'm gonna get you to a doctor. I'ma call a ambulance, yeah? Don't worry. It's gonna be okay, Adil, it's gonna be okay bro.

Jamal checks Adil. He's been shot in the shoulder.

JAMAL: (CONT'D)
 We got to get you to hospital. Now.

ADIL:
 No... Hospitals...

JAMAL:
 (Angry)
 ADIL!

ADIL:
 (More forcefully)
 No hospital.

Adil looks up, thinking hard. He has an idea.

ADIL: (CONT'D)
 I know where you can take me.

Jamal pulls him up and slings Adil's arm round his shoulder. They stagger off.

27 INT. MUZ'S BEDROOM- NIGHT. 27

23.35. There is a knock on the door. Muz jerks awake. He turns over to Fatima, who's snoring soundly. Another, more insistent knock is heard. Muz, terrified and in nothing but his boxer shorts, makes his way out the room.

28 INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT. 28

Muz walks down the steps tentatively, still half-asleep. Trying to not make a sound. He carries a cricket bat. He edges closer to the door. He lifts the bat over his head ready to fight.

MUZ:
 Who... Who's there?

Silence.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
 Hello?

ADIL:
 (Through the door)
 MUZ! It's me. Open the door.

Muz sighs in relief and drops the bat by his side.

MUZ:
 (Whispering harshly)
 Fucking hell! ADIL-

Muz opens the door.

Jamal bursts in with Adil.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
 (Whispering harshly)
 ADIL?!

ADIL:
 (Whispering)
 I need your help.

29 INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT.

29

Muz stares at Adil and Jamal in his doorway.

ADIL:
 MUZ-

MUZ:
 What have you done?

ADIL:
 I didn't do this! I swear!

MUZ:
 Get him to a hospital for Christ's
 sake! I don't wanna know-

ADIL:
 MUZ I didn't-

Muz stares at Adil for a moment. Adil holds his gaze.

MUZ:
 OK.

Adil breathes a sigh of relief.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
 C'mon. Into the kitchen. Quickly.

Muz checks outside to see if anyone's watching. He then leads the way. Adil and Jamal follow.

30

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

30

Muz rushes into the kitchen. He pulls out a long sheet and handful of tea cloths from a drawer. He mutters to himself. Adil and Jamal come in.

JAMAL:
D'you need any help?

Muz turns on him.

MUZ:
(Whispering angrily)
You. Do. Not. Talk to me!

Jsm sl gulps. He nods.

Muz lies the sheet onto the lino floor. He points at Adil and to the floor. Jamal lowers Adil down.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Take off your jacket.

JAMAL:
Me or him?

Muz grabs and pulls him close.

MUZ:
What did I just say?

Jamal nods, terrified. He takes off his jacket. His small satchel is exposed. Jamal instinctively hides it. Muz sees it.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Pillow.

Jamal balls it into a pillow for Adil and slides it under his head. Muz then tears open Adil's t-shirt to inspect the wound.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Take your hood off and use it to
stem the blood flow.

Jamal begins to take his hood off.

The shrill cry of a baby is heard. Muz's face snaps up.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Shit.

Muz bustles out.

31 INT. MUZ'S BEDROOM- NIGHT. 31

Muz rushes into his room. Fatima is stirring.

MUZ:
(Soothingly)
Don't worry I got this.

Fatima waves her hand vaguely in his direction. He rushes off.

32 INT. KIDS'S ROOM- NIGHT. 32

The kids have the box room. It is heavily decorated in part power rangers posters and part crayon drawings on the cheap wallpaper.

Muz rushes in. He steps on a Power Rangers action figure.

MUZ:
Fuckshitfuckingshit!

He clamps his hand over his mouth. He looks over at Ali, who sleeps on oblivious. Zainab continues to bawl. Muz picks her up. He soothes her in Urdu. And rocks her to sleep in his arms singing her a lullaby.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
(In Urdu, repeating over
and over again.)
Allah Allah lori, doodh bharri
katori. Doodh mein pargayee mukhee,
Allah-mian nein Zainab ki jaan
rakhi.

33 INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT 33

Jamal clumsily takes off Adil's jacket and hoody. He checks the jacket pockets and pulls out a few bags a small pistol. He stares at it transfixed.

The sounds of Zainab bawling are still heard.

JAMAL:
Bro where are we?

ADIL:
S'my house. Where I grew up.

JAMAL:
Who's he?

ADIL:
My arsehole big brother.

JAMAL:
ADIL, man, if ANWAR finds out...

ADIL:
I ain't telling him.

Adil takes his phone out. He turns it off and leaves it on the counter.

ADIL: (CONT'D)
Look-

JAMAL:
Tch! You know he's gonna find out. It's Anwar, fam. He ain't gonna let this rest. Half kilo, man. That's sixty grand gone, bruv. I can't pay that. He's gonna fucking kill me.

ADIL:
Don't be stupid-

JAMAL:
I'm not being stupid! He won't care if I'm new. You know what happened with GERMAINE. Poor fuck. I can't have that man. I gotta look after TALIA and MUM man. I'm fucked.

Jamal starts to cry.

ADIL:
JAMZ man. Nothing's gonna happen I swear. He's a business man. Look, just do him a deal. We just need to cover it.

JAMAL:
I told you bruv, I can't.

ADIL:
I'll cover it.

JAMAL:
How you gonna cover it?

ADIL:
Don't watch that.

JAMAL:
I knew it. I fucking knew it. He's got you on more, doesn't he? Don't fucking lie to me. We all know it. We all fucking know you're his favourite.

ADIL:
Oi. Calm down. I'll talk to him.

JAMAL:
 (Letting it go)
 I need you to back me. I need you
 to back me when he asks. Yeah?

ADIL:
 I'll talk to him.

JAMAL:
 I'm begging you man. Please.

ADIL:
 (Soothing)
 Shhh! I'll talk to him. Promise,
 bruv.

Jamal holds up the gun.

ADIL: (CONT'D)
 It's just for protection fam.

JAMAL:
 (Laughing)
 Protection? Look at you bruv.

ADIL:
 (Laughing)
 It's nothing.

JAMAL:
 What are we doing bruv? What ARE we
 actually doing? This is some
 fucking bullshit! I'm done man.

ADIL:
 Oi. Listen here, yeah? I don't know
 what you're worried about, I'm the
 one who go fucking shot.
 I'll be fine. My bro's one of them
 super doctors. He used to be
 anyway. He-

The crying stops. Both men look up.

Adil quickly places the gun back in Jamal's jacket pocket.

34 INT. KIDS'S ROOM- NIGHT. 34

Zainab finally goes to sleep. He gently places her back in
 her cot. He hears a rattle from the kitchen. He leaves.

35 INT. LANDING. MUZ'S HOUSE- NIGHT. 35

Muz plows into the laundry hamper and pulls out bundles of
 dirty clothing.

He quietly closes all of the bedroom doors and stuffs the clothes into the gaps between the bottoms of the doors and the carpet. A soundproofing of sorts. He hurries downstairs.

36

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

36

Jamal is filling up a glass with water from the tap.

Muz enters.

MUZ:

What d'you think you're doing?

JAMAL:

I... uh... I thought he might want some water.

MUZ:

Did I tell you to give him some water?

Jamal shakes his head. Muz snatches the glass off him. He drinks it. He thinks.

MUZ: (CONT'D)

Boil some water.

JAMAL:

Where's the kettle?

MUZ:

By the fridge. It's red.

ADIL:

By the fridge. It's red.

Jamal picks up the red kettle and fills it up in the sink. He clicks it on.

Muz kneels down and observes Jamal. He rips the t-shirt further and inspects the wound. He gently leans Jamal forward and inspects his back. There is nothing.

MUZ: (CONT'D)

(To himself)

No exit wound.

ADIL:

What?

MUZ:

Get me a knife.

ADIL:

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What?!

MUZ:

I need to get the bullet out.

ADIL:

Bruv...

Jamal kneels beside Muz.

JAMAL:

Adil, we need to do this, okay? I'm here bruv. I'm here.

Adil nods.

MUZ:

(Rolling his eyes at the show of moral support)

Get me a knife. And some gloves.

Jamal roots around the drawers and pulls out a pair of yellow rubber gloves and a large knife.

JAMAL:

This do?

Muz nods.

ADIL:

Ohhhhh fuck.

Adil starts to squirm. Both Jamal and Muz hold him in place.

JAMAL:

Bruv...

ADIL:

I can't do this. I can't do this.

MUZ:

Oi, oi, look at me.

Muz brings Adil's face close to his.

MUZ: (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Everything will be okay. You understand?

Muz nods, so does Adil.

MUZ: (CONT'D)

Now breathe. In.

Muz inhales. Adil copies.

MUZ: (CONT'D)

Out.

Adil exhales.

MUZ: (CONT'D)

Good. Now keep it going.

Muz nods at Jamal to hold down Adil. He then puts the gloves on and picks up the knife.

JAMAL:
 (To Adil)
 Look at me bruv.

Muz pulls the wound gently apart and looks in. He sees the bullet wedged in. He inserts the knife.

ADIL:
 (whispering)
 Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck!

MUZ:
 (Holding the knife barely
 an inch away from Adil's
 face)
 I thought I told you to breathe.

Adil breathes but mouths the words
 'fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck!'

Muz edges the bullet out of the wound. It falls onto the floor with a small metallic clang. All three of them look at it for a moment.

The kettle boils.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
 Jamal, go fill up a bowl with water from the kettle and find me some cotton wool. In one of the drawers. The one with the Moana stickers on it.

Jamal does so.

ADIL:
 (Weakly)
 Ali still loves that film, yeah?

MUZ:
 (Ignoring him)
 When you're done, clean around the wound. Can you do that?

Jamal nods. Muz stands up and goes over to him. He places the knife on the counter.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
 I need to seal the wound.

JAMAL:
 What d'you mean?

MUZ:
I can't exactly use a plaster can
I?

JAMAL:
What d'you want me to do?

MUZ:
Hold him down. Cover his face with
his jacket.

Jamal turns around. He picks up Adil's jacket and goes to sit next to him.

ADIL:
What's happening?

JAMAL:
Nothing bruv. All sorted now. Just
gotta clean your wound and we're
all done.

Jamal begins to clean around the wound.

Muz discretely turns on the hob. He picks up the knife from the counter.

JAMAL: (CONT'D)
I can't stop thinking- Anwar ain't
gonna let this go.

Muz's ears prick up at the mention of Anwar's name. He carries on listening.

ADIL:
What did I tell you? You leave him
to me, aight? Nothing's gonna
happen to you. Or your mum and
Talía. Trust me-

Muz turns around. The knife glowing red hot from the hob.

MUZ:
Jamal, now.

ADIL:
What the f-?!

Jamal quickly covers Adil's face with the jacket. Adil thrashes against him but Jamal stays firm.

Muz uses the flat of the blade to cauterise the wound. Jamal and Muz both grimace of the smell of burnt flesh. Muz holds the hot blade steady. Adil's thrashing stops suddenly with one final full body flex, and then goes limp. Jamal quickly removes the jacket. He tries to gently slap Adil awake.

JAMAL:
Is he dead?

Muz checks him tentatively. He takes his pulse.

MUZ:
(Relieved)
No he's just unconscious.

Muz sits back, leaning against the fridge door. He checks the time on his microwave, it's 00.05.

Jamal sits back as well, opposite Muz. Both are breathing heavily.

JAMAL:
Fuckin' hell.

Muz begins to laugh. Slowly at first but then it takes over his whole body, his shoulders heave. Jamal cracks up too. Both cover their mouths to stop from waking anybody up.

After a while the laughter dies down and the men are left with the situation again.

MUZ:
Get out.

JAMAL:
What?

Muz points the knife at him.

MUZ:
Get out of my house. I did what you asked me to do. Now leave.

37 INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT.

37

Jamal and Muz carry Adil out the house. Adil is sporting a makeshift sling. Muz takes the lead, carrying the top end and Jamal takes the legs.

MUZ:
(Whispering)
Drop the legs.

JAMAL:
(Whispering)
What?!

MUZ:
(Whispering)
Drop the legs! Are you deaf? Open the door.

JAMAL:
Okay, okay, jeez.

Jamal drops the legs. He passes Muz and opens the door. He goes back to pick up Adil's legs. They manoeuvre themselves out the house.

38 EXT. DRIVEWAY- NIGHT.

38

Muz starts to shiver in the cold, wearing nothing but his boxers.

JAMAL:
We used my car. It's over there.

Jamal nods to a clapped out NISSAN MICRA half parked in the Driveway, the other half pointing out into the street.

They load Adil into the back.

MUZ:
Hold on.

Muz rushes inside. He comes back a moment later with a few rolls of gauze and a glass medicine bottle.

Muz hands the rolls of gauze over to Jamal.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
He needs to keep his arm elevated for three-to-six weeks. Move it as soon as he can, but not too much.

He hands over the bottle.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Take one three times a day.

JAMAL:
What is it?

MUZ:
AMOXYCILLIN.

Jamal nods. A groan is heard as Adil slowly comes to.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
He should get some physio or something as well, his muscles might not heal properly.

Jamal nods again. He looks at Muz as if to say something ('THANK YOU' maybe) but doesn't. MUZ pushes past him to speak to Adil.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Come home.

ADIL:

What-

MUZ:

Just. Come home. Forget all this.

ADIL:

It's not that easy. I owe Anwar now.

MUZ:

How much?

ADIL:

Sixty grand.

MUZ:

Fffffuck.

ADIL:

You know it.

MUZ:

Why?

ADIL:

Look at him. He's low level. There's no way he can pay that.

MUZ:

How much are you on?

ADIL:

Dat's none of your business.

MUZ:

Oi. You see this house? I'm the head of this house, okay? So it is my business.

ADIL:

I don't live here. Besides, it stopped being your business when you-

Silence.

MUZ:

ADIL, I went to uni. I couldn't-

ADIL:

You left.

Muz comes forward to touch him. Adil flinches.

ADIL: (CONT'D)

Don't.

MUZ:
We'll sort this out. Just come
home.

Both brothers stare at each other. Adil nods.

Muz backs away. He watches the car back out. He grows anxious
as he sees the car drive off.

39 INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT 39

Muz, still in his boxers and wearing those rubber gloves is
cleaning the kitchen floor with bleach. A bucket next to him
and sponge in his hand. He scrubs.

Muz stops to wipe his brow. He glances up at the counter and
notices Adil's phone lying there.

40 INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT (ELAPSED TIME) 40

Muz, the kitchen now clean, picks up the large knife he used
to both pull the bullet out and to cauterise the wound. He
wraps it in a couple of plastic bags. He picks up Adil's
phone and takes both into the LIVING ROOM.

41 INT. LIVINGROOM- EARLY MORNING. 41

Muz places the plastic bag containing the knife into his
briefcase. He sits down on the sofa, exhausted, his briefcase
cradled close to his chest. He looks at the clock. He stares
at the photo of his father on the mantelpiece. Lost.

ELAPSED TIME.

FATIMA:
MUZ? MUZ?

Muz jerks. He instinctively clutches the briefcase closer to
him.

FATIMA: (CONT'D)
Whoa... You okay?

MUZ:
(Groggy)
Um, yeah, yeah all good.

FATIMA:
What are you doing down here?

MUZ:
I... um... was doing some
paperwork... I forgot I had some
stuff to finish for today, so...

FATIMA:

And you thought you'd do that in your boxers? You could've changed first. You must be freez-

MUZ:

-I got really hot.

FATIMA:

(Teasing)

Listen if you were watching Babestation just tell me, I'm not bothered. We can watch it together? Be kinda sexy, you know.

She does some sexy poses.

MUZ:

Urgh no.

FATIMA:

(Hurt)

Oh. Okay. Well I guess you should get ready then.

Fatima exits.

42 INT. BATHROOM- MORNING. 42

Muz showers VERY quickly. Hands vigorously scrubbing at his body. He feels dirty and wants to be clean.

MUZ:

C'mon... c'mon...

43 INT. LIVINGROOM- MORNING. 43

Muz prays. He keeps checking the clock. 07.00. He screws his face as he flicks through his prayer beads. Very conscious of his routine being off.

44 EXT. MUZ'S GP OFFICE- MORNING. 44

Muz holds Adil's phone in his hand. His hand hovers over the power button, he pulls his hand back. He does this again. He puts the phone back. He checks his computer. His eyes travel to the phone again. He heaves a sigh. He grabs it. He turns it on. The wallpaper is an old photo of Ammi. He flicks through the contacts and finds 'Anwar'. He presses. The phone dials.

ANWAR:
 (Pronouncing it the
 traditional way, accent
 and all)
 Adil?

MUZ:
 (Cough)
 No. Yes... er... No.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
 Who is this?!

MUZ:
 Um, I'm Adil's brother.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
 Where's Adil?

MUZ:
 Don't worry about him.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
 What do you want?

MUZ:
 I know he works for you. And I know
 what you do.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
Acha? What do you know? Hm?

MUZ:
 The drugs.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
 Mm-hm. *Toh?*
 (*So?*)

MUZ:
 What d'you mean, *toh?* I could blow
 this thing wide open. Do you want
 that?

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
 I think the question here is, what
 d'you want?

MUZ:
 I want him out. Right now.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
Bas?
 (*Is that all?*)

MUZ:
Bas. Let him go.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
What happened last night?

MUZ:
There... There was a problem last night. Adil had a... an accident.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
What happened to the-

MUZ:
Adil got shot.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
What happened to the drugs?

MUZ:
The drugs were stolen.

Silence.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Hello?

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
I'm here.

MUZ:
I was thinking that-

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
That's sixty grand I've lost.

MUZ:
Yeah, I know, but-

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
Oh, you know, do you? Will you be the one to pay me?

MUZ:
Um I- I don't have that kind of money.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)
Listen, and listen well. I will get my money back, *beta*, or I will take my debt in blood. You should've taken Adil and run away. I am going to make life very difficult for you now. What's your name?

MUZ:
I'm... er...

The door opens. A PATIENT, an old Black man in his 70's, walks in.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
I have to go.

Muz hangs up.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
(to PATIENT)
Have a seat.

45 INT. ADIL'S FLAT- MORNING. 45

Adil sleeps in a funny position, his arm in a sling.
Exhausted.

A hand holding a gun nudges him awake.

ADIL:
Huh? Wha-

Adil turns over and is confronted by the sight of two enforcers, HARRY and LARRY. Identical twins, big, bald, bearded Turks in their late 40s. HARRY has a gun aimed at his face.

ADIL: (CONT'D)
Seriously boys? HARRY, bruv you got my number just call.

HARRY:
We did.

LARRY:
Anwar's lookin' for you.

ADIL:
What, now?

LARRY:
Yes. Now.

ADIL:
Fuck's sake.

Adil kicks the covers off, like a kid.

46 INT. BUTCHERING HALL, QURESHI HALAL EMPORIUM- MORNING. 46

A large cavernous space, with thirty butchering stations (large tables- metal enforced legs with a thick slab of wood as the cutting surface, each grooved over time and constant use).

All butchering stations are empty apart from one. A man stands in the central one, wearing a smart shirt and trouser, and a bloodstained white apron. He hacks away methodically at a flank of beef.

The only sound in the warehouse is the regular and practiced THUD of his cleaver against the meat. Thud. Thud. Thud.

The creak of a heavy door opening. Adil is lead through by Harry and Larry.

Adil is terrified, he stops on his way to Anwar but is prodded on by Harry or Larry. Thud. Thud.

Adil reaches Anwar. Who at first refuses to acknowledge him, just focussing on the job at hand. Adil stands uncomfortably, a guilty child in front of a strict parent.

ANWAR:

What
 (Thud)
 Happened
 (Thud)
 Last
 (Thud)
 Night?

ADIL:

(Spilling)
 We were making the deal! We handed over. And JAMZ was waiting for the G's. Then that Stonebridge fuck, PRABHA-

ANWAR

Kaun?

ADIL:

GUNASEKARA'S boys. He moved to me yesterday on the high road. He knows he's not allowed past ARGOS. The fucking *panchod* was dealing to youngers. Youngers! What the fuck?! So, I whooped his arse. So later, while we're doing the deal he guns it down on some fucking moped and starts shooting and shit. I took a hit. The cunt in the car fucking got spooked, innit? Fucking legged it. Jamz had to take me to my family house. My big brother sorted me out. And we left.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

ANWAR:

Acha.
 (Beat)
 Now tell me something. Why did I get a call from your big brother?

ADIL:

What'd he say?

ANWAR:
 He said you want out. Is that true?
 (Thud)
 Haven't I looked after you?
 (Thud)
 Clothed you, fed you. Set you up.
 (Thud)
 You're on the best pay- one above
 your level. Is that not good enough
 for you, *hain?*
 (Thud)
 Sit.

A chair has materialised out of nowhere. Adil sits. He's silent. Anwar waves his hands. LARRY and HARRY leave.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
Bolo.

ADIL:
 I just... I'm sick. Of this. I want
 out.

Anwar takes off his apron and moves to the front of the butchering station. He leans on the wooden top, cleaver still in his hand, surveying Adil.

ANWAR:
 It's tough. I know. But you've got
 talent. You could go very far.

ADIL:
 That's what scares me.

ANWAR:
 What? That you'll maybe turn into
 me. Am I so bad?

ADIL:
 Nah, I didn't mean that. It's just-
 I'm tired, Anwar. I'm so tired.

ANWAR:
 I understand. Unfortunately that's
 not an option right now. You will
 pay both JAMAL and your's share.

ADIL:
 ANWAR...

ANWAR:
Mujhe nahin sunaa. You chose the
kaala, not me. He's your
 responsibility. You're back to
 street dealing. No arguments. Maybe
 consignment pick ups. No more.
 Until you've proven you're capable.
 (MORE)

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
I don't know, maybe I over-
estimated you.

Anwar places the cleaver onto the table top.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
I'm disappointed.

Adil nods, tearing up slightly, Anwar's words have clearly hit him hard. Anwar sighs.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
ADIL, *beta*, you're a good boy. I
give a shit, you know? I really do.
But this is business. I can't
deviate on this. You show
compassion, you show-?

ADIL:
Weakness.

ANWAR:
Good. I don't want to set an
example, OK? This hurts me more
than it hurts you.

Adil nods.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
Now tell me about MUZ.

ADIL:
What d'you wanna know?

MUZ:
Everything.

47 INT. MUZ'S GP OFFICE- AFTERNOON.

47

Muz is rolling up his prayer mat. He stashes it in a drawer of his desk. He checks the computer for his next patient. Muz readies himself before picking up his phone.

MUZ:
(On Phone)
SANITA, can you let him in please?

There is a knock on the door.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Come in.

Anwar enters. He looks around the office, taking it all in, then his eyes fall on Muz. Anwar smiles.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
Mr PATEL? It says here you're...
thirty-seven?

Anwar continues to smile, silent.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
You're not MR PATEL.
(Beat)
Who are you?

The man extends his hand.

ANWAR:
Asalam alaykum Doctor saab. My name
is ANWAR QURESHI.

The hand is still extended. Muz is immediately on guard. He doesn't take his hand. Anwar pulls his hand back.

MUZ:
What d'you want?

ANWAR:
Nice office. *Mashallah*. Yes I like
the, how-do-you-say, decor? Smells
clean.
(Beat)
I thought I'd come see you. Attach
a face to the voice. I just want to
talk.

MUZ:
What about?

ANWAR:
This and that.

MUZ:
I'm not interested.

ANWAR:
You haven't heard me yet. You might
be.

MUZ:
I doubt it.

ANWAR:
You never know.

MUZ:
I know.

ANWAR:
Acha? You know a lot, don't you?

MUZ:
What are you doing here?

ANWAR:
I have a proposal.

Muz opens his mouth to argue.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
(Cutting him off)
Before you say anything. Just
listen to me.

Muz is silent. His hand rests on his phone receiver.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
I'm looking for someone with a
particular set of skills. You see,
I am currently involved in several,
ventures, shall we say. And for the
longest time I've been trying to
consolidate these ventures. I'm
very close to bringing it all in-
house. And-

MUZ:
What do you need exactly?

ANWAR:
You pulled a bullet out of one of
my boys last night. I need you to
do things like that. I need a
street doctor. That's the term. Not
just any person. I want you. The
IMPERIAL COLLEGE. The AWARDS.
You're a veritable gold mine. You
know you saved me a lot of hassle
last night? For that I thank you.
The *kaala*... he was a fool.

MUZ:
What do I get?

ANWAR:
What you want. Adil. And seeing as
your brother owes me sixty
thousand. We could also consider it
a means to pay it back. It will be
a shame to see him go. Good boys
are so hard to find these days.

MUZ:
Are they?

ANWAR:
Too many rats out there. It's hard
to know who to trust.

MUZ:

I don't trust you.

ANWAR:

Nor I you. Yet here we find ourselves. NHS. Bloody hell. What must they have you on in this place? Or rather, what must you have done to be in this place, hm? But does it matter? I think not. I have a theory that a Pakistani doctor needs not money to survive, but can merely exist on the hot air of self-importance and the pride of their parents. Oh, how we elevate you doctors, *henna*? 'Oh my daughter, she is going to be a doctor when she grows up'. And 'Hai, my son will be a great surgeon one day'. Doctors, engineers, accountants. We have too many people who sit behind desks. Too, too many thinkers. No people of action. People of innovation and business. Business is key, now. Service and trade are dead commodities on their own. You need to offer more. Slash prices. Cut down competitors. Drive sales. A pioneering attitude. Gut instincts. It's a livewire game, Doctor saab. Business. You strike me as a man of action, too. Yes. I see it in your eyes. *Aankhein jhoot nahin bolthi*. (Eyes don't lie.)

(Beat)

So what are you doing behind a desk? You should consider a change.

MUZ:

A change? Like you changed ADIL?

ANWAR:

Ah, now here we are. That's what this is about. Well let me tell you, he came to me. Adil is somewhat of a prodigy. No, really. A very smart boy.

MUZ:

He's a drug dealer.

ANWAR:

That too. Tuttut. Look at you. Playing the big brother. Am I meant to be intimidated? Hey, I've just helped him make the transition from idiot to businessman.

(MORE)

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

He would've been a scumbag. If not for me. He was a streak of piss when I found him. Lost. Bored. Neglected-

MUZ:

Neglected? You don't know-

ANWAR:

-I looked after him. I gave him a job. I helped him.

MUZ:

You call this helping?

ANWAR:

I call it keeping him out of jail. I've given him advice. I gave him the means to support himself. Almost like a father really-

MUZ:

You are not his father!

ANWAR:

No I'm not. I never beat him.

Silence. Muz is gripping the phone receiver so tight that his fingers are white. Anwar notices.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

I should go. The offer's on the table. An exchange. For a couple of months. No more.

Anwar places a blank business card on the table. There is a mobile number written on it in pen.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

You should look after Adil more, boys like him could end up in trouble. I've seen it happen too many times. *Khudahafiz*, Doctor saab.

Anwar closes the door behind him. Muz pulls out the beads and starts flicking through them.

48

INT. LIVING ROOM- AFTERNOON.

48

Fatima and Ammi are watching an Asian drama. OTT performances, epileptic-fit-inducing effects. Zainab, less than a year old, is asleep in her Moses basket by the sofa. The doorbell rings. Fatima gets up to answer it.

FATIMA: (O.S.)

What took you so long?

Adil comes in, followed by Fatima. Ammi looks up at him.

AMMI:
Hai, mera beta.
 (trans. Oh my boy.)

Adil comes in for a hug. Ammi embraces him tightly. Adil smiles and returns the embrace.

ADIL:
Asalam alaykum AMMI. Teek hain?
 (trans. Hello AMMI. Are you ok?)

AMMI:
Ab toh boht khush hoon.
 (trans. I'm very happy now.)

Adil sits down next to her. Fatima smiles, leaning against the door. They all watch TV together. Ammi holds Adil's hand in her lap.

49

EXT. GARDEN- AFTERNOON.

49

Fatima and Adil come outside.

Adil hands Fatima a pack of cigarettes.

FATIMA:
 Ah thanks. They were running out.

ADIL:
 You go through a lot man.

FATIMA:
 Shush.

They both light up.

FATIMA: (CONT'D)
 So, what happened? With the arm?

ADIL:
 I fell, innit.

FATIMA:
 Pfft, sure. What else is going on?

ADIL:
 Just looking for a job.

FATIMA:
 Uh huh. Any girls?

ADIL:
 Nah. There was one but-

FATIMA:

Oh yeah?

ADIL:

Y'know it'd be nice if, just once,
one of them stuck around after.

FATIMA:

What's the matter? Can't keep it up
long enough?

ADIL:

Tch. Whatever, bruv.

Silence.

ADIL: (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something? What was
he like? In uni.

FATIMA:

He was... fun. Freer, you know?
Like he'd just let go of some heavy
burden. I guess responsibility-

ADIL:

A burden, yeah?

FATIMA:

Oi, none pf that please. Can't
blame him. He tries hard. You don't
know.

AMMI: (O.S.)

FATIMA!

FATIMA:

She needs the toilet.

ADIL:

I'll take her.

50

INT. AMMI'S BEDROOM- AFTERNOON.

50

Ammi's bedroom is similar to that of a child's. There are drawings stuck up on the walls. There's a black and white photo on her bedside table of her as a younger woman. But other than that is pretty bare.

Adil slowly walks around her room. There is a photo of his father- the same one downstairs. Adil picks it up and gives it a death stare. He puts it back, resisting the urge to turn it backwards or slamming it down.

He sees a drawing on her bedside table. He picks it up. It's a drawing of a hijabi woman with two boys, one on each side, holding her hands. One is slightly bigger than the other. He places it back.

He opens a wardrobe and roots around in the top compartment. He pulls out a box. In the box there's a stuffed pillow case. Adil quickly takes the pillow case out. He opens it. It's full of wads of notes. Adil pulls out a thick wad from one of his pockets and stashes it in the pillow case. He places the case back in the box. The box back in the wardrobe.

The toilet flushing is heard.

ADIL:

Ayaa!
(trans. Coming!)

Adil starts to leave but stops by the door.

Adil turns back to the wardrobe, his eyes flicking to where the pillowcase would be. He shakes his head and exits.

51 INT. HALLWAY- AFTERNOON.

51

Adil is walking Ammi down the stairs. Fatima watches from the LIVING ROOM door. The front door opens. Muz enters with Ali.

ALI:

Chachu!

ADIL:

Hey li'l man! How's it going?
You're getting big!

MUZ:

Asalam alaykum AMMI. ALI, go say
hello to AMMI. And take her in to
the LIVING ROOM please.

(to ADIL)

Alright?

Ali rushes up to Ammi and gives her a hug. He then takes her hand and leads her into the LIVINGROOM. The brothers are alone.

ADIL:

Listen, ANWAR-

MUZ:

We met.

ADIL:

What?!

MUZ:

He found me at work. He pretended to be someone else.

ADIL:

That's why I wanted to talk to you. Why did you call him? I was gonna sort it, *bhai*. I was gonna fucking sort it.

MUZ:

You were gonna sort out sixty grand? Don't make me laugh. You know he could've killed me? A man like that. He's a gangster.

ADIL:

Nah, it's business.

MUZ:

Oh don't YOU start. D'you know what he said? He wants me to work for him. As a street doctor! I don't even know what that is!

ADIL:

It's when-

MUZ:

I don't wanna know. Any of that. What did you tell him?

ADIL:

Nuffink.

MUZ:

Adil...

ADIL:

He was pushing me, okay? I just- I just told him what you did for Jamz. I had no choice man.

MUZ:

Fffffffuck!

Fatima pops her head out from the LIVINGROOM.

FATIMA:

(Matter of factly)
Adil's staying for dinner.

ADIL/MUZ:

What?

Muz, furious, barges past Adil. Adil sees the overdue bills by the keys.

Everyone is sat crowded round the small dining table. It seems smaller with the addition of Adil. The table is a buzz with chatter. Muz feeds Zainab. Adil sits between Ali and Ammi. Ammi stares out most of the time, eating slowly.

ADIL:

(To ALI)

So. Right. Okay. What dog can jump higher than a building?

ALI:

Any dog, buildings can't jump!

ADIL:

Ah, he's a smart one isn't he? When d'you get so smart?

Ali giggles, delighted.

MUZ:

Ali, eat your dinner.

Ali turns back to his food. Adil winks at him. Ali tries a wink back.

Ammi reaches out and pinches Adil's cheeks absentmindedly.

AMMI:

Mera bacha.

(Trans. My boy.)

Adil smiles. He catches Muz watching this exchange.

ADIL:

(To MUZ)

Bhai, how's-?

MUZ:

(To FATIMA)

Pass me a roti, please.

Fatima does so. Muz takes the roti and goes back to feeding Zainab. There is an awkward silence. Fatima looks at Adil and nods at him in encouragement.

ADIL:

Bhai... I... saw SIBTAIN yesterday. You know you went to Park Lane with him? He said to me to tell you hey. He's working-

MUZ:

I don't care.

Silence.

MUZ: (CONT'D)
How's your job going?

ADIL:
Yeah. I... um... I'm still looking.

MUZ:
Right. Still looking.

Adil glares at Muz. The atmosphere is suddenly tense.

FATIMA:
MUZ help me with dessert.

Fatima leaves for the kitchen. Muz, reluctantly follows.

53 INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

53

Fatima storms in. She pulls out a tub of ice cream from the freezer and starts to angrily dole out scoops into bowls as she speaks.

FATIMA:
God, give it a rest. Give us a rest. Please. See how much fun Ali's having. Ammi's smiling. She's happy.

Muz is silent.

FATIMA: (CONT'D)
Just. Just leave it be. Okay?

Muz nods, reluctantly.

54 INT. MUZ'S LIVING ROOM- EVENING.

54

They're eating their ice cream in silence. Fatima is feeding Zainab this time. Muz turns to Adil.

MUZ:
Namaaz.

Adil nods.

55 INT. MUZ'S LIVING ROOM- EVENING.

55

The living room is empty save for Adil and Muz. They are both on prayer mats placed next to each other. Both are praying. As they both bend forward Adil's phone goes off. They both ignore it, letting it ring out. They continue their prayers. The phone rings again. Adil is visibly agitated. Muz is serene- invested in the prayer.

Adil can't take it anymore. He breaks out from the prayer and goes to answer the phone. Muz stays where he is, mind on the prayer, but his jaw clenches and his face sets in a small grimace.

ADIL:

(On Phone)

Hello? Yeah. What, now? No, now's not a good time. I'm... uh... praying.

(Conscious of Muz)

Yeah. What d'you mean? I pray! What d'you want? You gotta be shitting me. Ah, you're killing me bruv!

Adil goes to look out the window. He opens the curtains a slit and looks through. Prabha is outside, leaning on a car.

ADIL: (CONT'D)

Him?! What d'you mean he's come over? Nah bruv. No-

(Looking back at MUZ)

Shit! Fine. Fine.

Muz finishes his prayers.

MUZ:

What's going on? Adil?

Adil is putting his jacket on.

ADIL:

I gotta go.

MUZ:

Where?

ADIL:

You know where.

Adil hurries out the house. Muz goes to follow but the door slams shut in front of him. He stares at the door, frustrated and lost. Fatima peeks through at him from the kitchen.

56

EXT. STREET CORNER- NIGHT.

56

Adil and Prabha are stood some distance apart.

ADIL:

Fuck's sake...

Prabha looks over at him. He pulls out a cigarette pack. He fishes one out for himself. He offers it to Adil.

PRABHA:

D'you want one?

ADIL:
Are you f'real?!

Prabha shrugs. He walks back. Adil pulls out his own pack and lights up.

A man walks up to Adil. He passes him some money. Adil slips him a baggie. Adil looks over at Prabha, who is watching traffic pass by- his eyes scanning the street.

ADIL: (CONT'D)
Why d'you come over?

PRABHA:
Huh?

ADIL:
Why d'you leave GUNA and them lot?

PRABHA:
They're fucking goons, bruv. Shit pay packets, d'ya know what I mean? Now, 'Butcher'. Tch. He pays.

ADIL:
His name is ANWAR.

Prabha checks his watch. He then pulls out a couple of baggies from his pockets. He starts to juggle.

ADIL: (CONT'D)
Are you serious?!

A police siren is heard. Prabha, still juggling, throws the baggies at Adil. He punches Adil in the stomach.

PRABHA:
Told you I was comin' for you.

Prabha runs away.

Two police cars turn the corner and skid to a halt in front of Adil. The headlights fall on Adil. He drops the baggies and runs off. One of the police cars chase after him.

57 INT. MUZ'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT. 57

Muz and Fatima are watching TV. There is a loud knocking on the door.

58 INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT. 58

The knocking continues. Muz opens the door. Adil stumbles in. He's in a state. Tears in his eyes.

ADIL:
 I'm done, OK? I'm done. I'm sorry.
 I wanna come back. Whatever you
 want. Whatever you want.

Muz nods, he lets Adil in and closes the door.

-ACT BREAK-

59 INT. LIVING ROOM- MORNING. 59

Adil is asleep on the sofa. The doorbell goes off. Adil's head pricks up.

60 INT. HALLWAY- MORNING. 60

Muz, in his tracksuit, looking scruffy, walks downstairs to answer the door. Two police officers, white, 40s, are stood outside.

SERGEANT DAWKINS:
 Mr HUSSEIN?

MUZ:
 Doctor.

SERGEANT DAWKINS:
 Right. Yeah. Sorry. This is D.C.
 CAWES. I'm SERGEANT HAWKINS. Is
 this a bad time?

Muz shakes his head, perplexed.

SERGEANT DAWKINS: (CONT'D)
 Can we come in? Doctor?

Muz opens the door wider. They walk in. Fatima is stood on the stairs.

SERGEANT DAWKINS: (CONT'D)
 Is your brother here?

MUZ:
 Why?

SERGEANT DAWKINS:
 We need to speak to him.

MUZ:
 What about?

SERGEANT DAWKINS:
 We need to know where he was
 between the hours of nine and ten
 thirty p.m. Last night.

MUZ:
I don't know, officer.

SERGEANT DAWKINS:
Sergeant.

MUZ:
Right. Sergeant.

SERGEANT DAWKINS:
Is he here?

Muz and SERGEANT DAWKINS face off for a moment. SERGEANT DAWKINS looks past him for a moment and sees Adil's head fractionally popping out from the LIVING ROOM door.

SERGEANT DAWKINS: (CONT'D)
Ah there you are. Told you I'd see you again.
(To ADIL)
Where were you last night between the hours of nine and ten-thirty?

ADIL:
Was here.

SERGEANT DAWKINS:
(To MUZ)
Can you confirm that?

Muz is silent. He is torn. SERGEANT HAWKINS looks up at Fatima, who looks guiltily on.

SERGEANT DAWKINS: (CONT'D)
Need I remind you it's considered a felony to aid and abet? I'll ask you again, was he here?

Muz shakes his head.

SERGEANT DAWKINS: (CONT'D)
D.C. CAWES.

D.C. CAWES pulls out a pair of handcuffs.

D.C. CAWES:
I'm arresting you on suspicion of possession with intent to deal. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used in court-

MUZ:
What?

SERGEANT DAWKINS:

A small operation last night resulted in the near-apprehension of two well-known drug dealers. It was unsuccessful, as they both scarpered.

(To ADIL)

Isn't that right?

(Back to MUZ)

But, luckily, we had the fingerprints found on the marijuana packets checked. They match your brothers.

MUZ:

Since when is he on file?

SERGEANT DAWKINS:

We've had him on file for five years.

(To D.C. CAWES)

Take him out.

(To MUZ)

Where were you during those same hours?

MUZ:

Excuse me?

SERGEANT DAWKINS:

I mentioned earlier there were two. Both were Asian. I just-

MUZ:

Are you serious?!

SERGEANT DAWKINS:

So you wouldn't mind coming down to the station to answer a few questions then?

Muz looks at Adil, who's barely keeping it together, then at the Police Officers. Adil keeps his head down as he's lead past. Muz looks up at Fatima. She nods. SERGEANT DAWKINS leads Muz out.

61 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY.

61

Muz is sat on a chair, SERGEANT DAWKINS and D.I. HAROLDS sit opposite him.

MUZ:

Look, this is taking ages. I haven't done anything illegal. In my life.

SERGEANT DAWKINS:
Don't worry. We're fairly convinced
you had nothing to do with it.

D.I. HAROLDS:
Tell us about your brother.

MUZ:
What d'you wanna know?

D.I. HAROLDS:
We have reason to suspect he's
linked with a wide network of other
dealers in both boroughs of BRENT
and HARROW.

MUZ:
(Laughs)
And you think he's in charge?

Both police men laugh too.

D.I. HAROLDS:
Oh no. Our reports tell us there
isn't a specific leader. But we
think he's definitely part of it.

MUZ:
He's just a kid.

D.I. HAROLDS:
At 29, he's not a child. And
besides, you'd be surprised what
kids are capable of nowadays.

MUZ:
He just needs some help. Some
direction. C'mon. Please.

62 EXT. POLICE STATION- DAY.

62

Muz walks out. He heads to his car, Fatima is at the steering
wheel. He gets in.

63 INT. CAR- DAY.

63

FATIMA:
What did they say?

MUZ:
Three grand bail.

FATIMA:
What?!

MUZ:
It's a major offence, apparently.

FATIMA:
What are we gonna do?

MUZ:
Can you drop me off at the Mosque?

FATIMA:
Why do you always have to run away to the Mosque? We need to talk about how we're gonna sort this out.

She sees Muz's fists clenched tight.

MUZ:
I need. To go. To the Mosque.

FATIMA:
God, you used to be so... You used to care about everyone, you know? You used to give a shit. Now you just hide away.

Muz opens his mouth to argue but stops. He looks away shaking his head. Fatima turns on the engine.

64 INT. MOSQUE- DAY.

64

Muz walks in. A few men turn to see him. They begin to whisper amongst themselves, with a few looks back at Muz.

ASIAN MAN ONE:
Sunaa uska bhai, Adil, ka? Police-walon ne pakraa subha ko. Legaye uttahke.
(trans. Did you hear what happened to his brother, Adil? The police caught him this morning. Took him away.)

ASIAN MAN TWO:
Toh aur kya karthay? Sunaa usne kya kara?
(trans. What else were they going to do? Did you hear what he did?)

Muz takes a place towards the far corner, away from the judgemental looks. He stands, ready to start. Anwar enters the Mosque. He doesn't see Muz. He pitches up near the front and begins his prayers.

Muz's fists clench. His jaw tightens. The sounds of the Mosque suddenly become oppressive. He has to get out. He can't handle it.

His Mosque, his sanctuary, defiled by the presence of Anwar. As he leaves he barges into one of the whispering Asian men.

ASIAN MAN ONE:

Abhay?!
(trans. Oi?!)

MUZ:

Sorry.

ASIAN MAN ONE:

Kya 'sorry'? Dekh kar chalo, bhai!
(trans. What d'you mean 'sorry'?
Watch where you're going mate!)

ASIAN MAN TWO:

Chorro yaar.
(trans. Leave it.)

ASIAN MAN ONE:

*Kya hua? Mujrim bhai ke fikar
karthay huay dekhnaa bhoolghay?*
(trans. What happened? Too busy
worrying about your criminal
brother to watch where you're
going?)

MUZ:

Kya kaa?
(trans. What did you say?)

Muz walks up to them. Rage in his eyes.

ASIAN MAN ONE:

*Kya karoge, hein?! Karo zara. Kuch
karo*
(trans. What are you going to do?
Go on, try it. Do something.)

Muz looks around. He's caused a scene. His anger evaporates, leaving him embarrassed.

The Imam appears. He places a calming hand on Muz's shoulders.

IMAM:

Yahan kya hora hai?
(trans. What's going on here?)

ASIAN MAN ONE:

*Issay poonchei aap. Badtameez ne
dakhaa maraa.*
(trans. Ask him. This insolent man
just pushed me.)

IMAM:

MUZ, come with me.
(to the ASIAN MEN)
(MORE)

IMAM: (CONT'D)

Jaiye aap.
(trans. Carry on.)

The Imam leads Muz away.

65 INT. IMAM'S OFFICE- DAY.

65

The Imam's office is large. The walls are adorned not just with Islamic art and verse but also Buddhist posters and Christian verses. A surprise. There is a globe next to his desk. The Imam sits at his desk and invites Muz to sit next to him.

IMAM:

I'm surprised.

MUZ:

Me too.

(Beat)

Can I ask you a question? Did you ever think life would be so complicated back in PARK LANE?

IMAM:

(Laughs)

Life is weird.

MUZ:

Life is weird.

IMAM:

Heard about your brother.

MUZ:

Hmm.

IMAM:

What're you gonna do?

MUZ:

Dunno. That's why I came here.

IMAM:

Hmm. He works in mysterious ways, it's said anyway.

There is a long pause. Muz musters up the courage to say something that's been plaguing him.

MUZ:

Maybe he's forsaken me.

IMAM:

What makes you say that?

MUZ:

It's like, nothing I do is ever...
Nothing works out the way it
should. You keep to the rules. You
work hard. Pray. Fast. And still-
nothing. What is the point? When he
just won't listen. To me, anyway.

IMAM:

Religion's a funny game, Muz. It
fills us with laws and rules.
Structure. Safety. Does it have
anything to do with God? Hardly.

MUZ:

What are you saying?

IMAM:

I'm saying religion isn't really
the goal. Consider it the
goalposts. The conditions for faith
to exist. The two jackets we used
to place on each end in school, you
remember? The goal, now that's
something else. The intangible
area. That's faith. But I guess it
needs religion to help define it.
Just like goals need goalposts.

MUZ:

I don't follow.

IMAM:

I think faith is what you carry.
Like a candle in a dark room, it
lights the way. It lights you. What
I'm trying to say is that whatever
darkness you've found yourself in.
I guess if you keep faith within
yourself. Faith in your Self, also.
You won't succumb. He doesn't
necessarily always help the
religious. But he's always there
for the faithful.

MUZ:

Thank you.

The Imam nods. Muz gets up.

IMAM:

Don't be a stranger.

MUZ:

I won't.

Muz exits.

66

INT. MOSQUE- DAY.

66

Muz walks down a staircase. He sees Anwar leaving the Mosque. People are spilling out. A few men walk up to Anwar to shake his hand, who greets them warmly.

Muz steels himself and he approaches him.

MUZ:
Mr Qureshi?

ANWAR:
Doctor saab! Call me Awar.

MUZ:
Mr Qureshi.

ANWAR:
Yes?

MUZ:
I'll do it.

ANWAR:
Fantastic-

MUZ:
I have conditions. You pay Adil's bail, and get him a defence lawyer. A good one. I don't work on Fridays. And I won't work on anyone that knows me or my brother.

ANWAR:
That's quite a lot of demands.

MUZ:
Mm-hm.

ANWAR:
I get you for six months.

MUZ:
Three.

ANWAR:
I knew there was a businessman in there. You drive a hard bargain.

MUZ:
Three months.

ANWAR:
Whenever I need?

Muz nods. Anwar thinks this over.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
Sixteen weeks.

MUZ:
Fourteen.

ANWAR:
Deal.

They shake hands. Anwar fishes into his jacket pocket and gives Muz a phone.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)
I'll call you.

Anwar walks off. Muz is left alone in front of the mosque, holding the phone.

67 INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY.

67

Ammi and Fatima are watching T.V. The front door opens.

MUZ: (O.S.)
We're home.

FATIMA:
Oh thank God.

Muz leads Adil into the Living Room. Adil is embraced by Ammi and Fatima.

MUZ:
Placed here. Until the hearing.
(to ADIL)
Just like he said.

FATIMA:
Just like who said?

ADIL:
Nothing.

FATIMA:
When's the hearing?

ADIL:
Five weeks, on thursday.

68 INT. LIVING ROOM- EVENING.

68

The whole family are having dinner. Everyone is very quiet. A mobile phone rings.

MUZ:
It's mine.

He gets up. He goes out into the HALLWAY to answer it.

69 INT. HALLWAY- EVENING

69

MUZ:

Hello?

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)

It's me.

MUZ:

Mm-hm.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)

You're needed tonight.

MUZ:

What time?

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)

Now.

MUZ:

I'm having dinner with my family.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)

Listen, I can wait. But the man bleeding to death might not be so patient. It's all on you.

MUZ:

Fine.

ANWAR: (ON PHONE)

There's a car outside. It will drop you off too.

MUZ:

Okay.

Anwar hangs up.

70 INT. MUZ'S BEDROOM- NIGHT.

70

Muz pulls out an old leather doctor's bag from a cupboard. He then rummages in Fatima's sewing kit and pulls out some black thread and several needles and shoves them all in his bag. He shoves his stethoscope and blood pressure cuffs in there too.

71 INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT.

71

Muz raids the medicine cabinet. Emptying it of various bottles, plasters and gauze. Into the bag they go.

72

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT.

72

Muz is sat on the sofa with the doctor's bag on his lap.
Fatima walk in.

FATIMA:
What's this?

MUZ:
Making a house call.

FATIMA:
You haven't made a house call in
years.

MUZ:
It's a private client. He'll pay
well.

FATIMA:
How much?

MUZ:
(Trying to distract her)
Has Ammi taken her meds yet?

FATIMA:
Adil's doing it. How much is this
paying?

Something within, that same feeling in the mosque starts to
rise again.

MUZ:
Enough. We need more, you can't
expect the kids to grow up in one
small room together. Adil's another
mouth to feed. And Ammi needs her
room adjusted to cater for her
needs more. I'm done arguing about
this. I'll see you later.

Zainab's cries echo from upstairs.

FATIMA:
Fine. But don't be gone too long,
okay?

Fatima exits.

Muz checks his watch. It's 20.58.

Muz stands. He takes a deep breath and walks out.

73 INT. SEDAN CAR- NIGHT. 73

The driver is Larry. Both do not speak a word as they travel. The sedan stops outside a large wholesale warehouse. The sign says 'QURESHI HALAL EMPORIUM'. The driver gets out. Muz follows.

74 EXT. OUTSIDE QURESHI HALAL EMPORIUM- NIGHT. 74

LARRY carries on without looking back. Muz hurries after him.

INT. QURESHI HALAL EMPORIUM- NIGHT. (CONT.)

Muz hurries after Larry. They walk through a long corridor, each door they pass a glimpse into Anwar's operation: a dozen massive walk-in freezers, a room full of electronics, a shisha lounge, a car workshop, a strip room, meeting rooms. Each room is filled with people.

75 INT. OPERATING ROOM- NIGHT. 75

Muz is led to a completely tiled room. There is one solitary light dangling above. A couple of heavy duty plug-holes in the floor. Anwar is there with a shirt on, his sleeves rolled up, towering over Prabha, who's on all fours. Blood drips from his mouth. Harry is also there, putting away a heavy length of wood. Larry leaves the room after leading Muz in.

ANWAR:

Ah, Doctor saab! *Jaldi ponchgaye.*
(trans. You got here early).

MUZ:

What's going on?

ANWAR:

Ah! Where are my manners? Prabha, this is the Doctor. Doctor, Prabha.

MUZ:

I know him. He... He was the one who picked up Adil that night.

ANWAR:

Mm-hm. One of our new-recruits. He defected from a rival of mine. Or so he said.

MUZ:

I told you I wasn't working on anyone who knew me or Adil.

ANWAR:

I have some news for you. It turns out our friend here is the reason why Adil was caught.

(To PRABHA)

Aren't you?

Prabha shakes his head. Anwar kicks Prabha in the ribs.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

Don't lie to me! *Saala panchod!*

Don't lie to me!

(to MUZ)

We saw him go back to report to GUNASEKARA.

Anwar kicks him again.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

DIDN'T WE?

MUZ:

Anwar, please.

ANWAR:

Shhh... This is justice. Muz this *kutay ki awlaad* (son of a bitch) is the reason why I'm down sixty thousand in the first place.

Anwar grabs Prabha by the jaw and pulls him towards Muz. Muz backs away, against a wall.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

Tell him. Tell him how you rode into the car park and shot at my boys.

(to MUZ)

Shot at Adil, Doctor saab.

(to PRABHA)

Tell him how you scared away the customer. TELL HIM!

PRABHA:

(Through sobs)

I... I did it. I did it all.

Anwar calls over Harry, who drags Prabha back into the middle of the room.

ANWAR:

You see, Doctor saab. This is the world we live in. Full of ungrateful children. I work hard to provide opportunities. And they let me down. Almost all of them. This *kuta* is GUNASEKARA'S nephew. I can see the family resemblance almost.

(MORE)

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

Both ugly as sin.

(to PRABHA)

You think we wouldn't find out? You think we're fools?

PRABHA:

No... No....

ANWAR:

Khamosh... I'm talking. You've done enough. God knows what you've told him.

(to MUZ)

So here is what we will do. We will exchange him. Forty thousand.

He calls HARRY over again, who gives Anwar the length of wood and goes to hold Prabha's leg out at an angle.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

All we need you to do is make him presentable. Make sure he's walking.

MUZ:

Why wouldn't he be wal-?

Anwar swings the length of wood at Prabha's leg, breaking it. Muz flinches, horrified.

MUZ: (CONT'D)

Y'Allah kher.

Anwar hands the length of wood back to Harry. Harry exits. Anwar walks up to Muz.

ANWAR:

He's all yours.

Larry wheels in a gurney. Harry comes back in, this time carrying a large box of medical equipment.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

Most things you need should be in there. Anything else you need just let me know. We'll need to make a list when you finish here.

Anwar leaves. Harry stands by the door.

80 INT. OPERATING ROOM- NIGHT.

80

81 MONTAGE OF MUZ OPERATING ON PRABHA. He sutures all the minor cuts. He dresses all the wounds.

ELAPSED TIME.

Muz is looking at the broken leg. He decides to set it in a splint. He picks out to splint panels from the box and approaches Prabha. Prabha is whimpering. He starts to slowly, gently bind Prabha's leg.

PRABHA:
 (Muttering through the pain)
 My uncle's gonna kill you. He's gonna kill that fucking butcher. I'm going to piss on your grave.

ANWAR: (V.O.)
 ...the reason why Adil was caught... Shot at Adil... Why Adil was caught...

PRABHA:
 We're gonna kill all of you. Then I'm gonna kill Adil, gonna stab him so fucki-

Muz's anger, all that he had kept buried beneath him all, flares and erupts. Muz screams and pushes down on Prabha's leg. There is a further snap.

PRABHA: (CONT'D)
 AAAARGH!!

MUZ:
 (Nose to nose with Prabha)
 You say or do anything to Adil and I will rip your leg from your body. You may leave here but you will not escape me, because I guarantee you will wake up one night and see me standing over you with a knife and a smile on my face. And I will have my fun, do you understand? I will rain hellfire on you and your's, do you hear me?

Muz catches himself with a smile on his lips. He is mortified at his own actions. He looks down at the poor wretch, Prabha. Muz quickly starts to undo the damage he's inflicted.

82

INT. OPERATING ROOM- NIGHT. ELAPSED TIME.

82

Muz washes his hands in the sink. Prabha sits, with one leg off the gurney and his set leg still on the gurney, he look visibly shaken.

Anwar enters, carrying Muz's doctor's bag. It's fuller than before.

ANWAR:

Done?

Muz nods.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

Good job.

Muz nods.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

We're not so different, you and I. When problems arise, you come through. I like that. You have the same violence too. I see that now. I think everyone heard the scream.

Muz looks away guiltily.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

Don't be ashamed, Doctor saab. Anger is part of life. It is human to quarrel. HARRY-LARRY!

Larry comes in. He wheels Prabha's gurney out.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

Now listen. This is for you.

Anwar opens Muz's bag and hands it to him. It's full of cash.

MUZ:

I don't want-

ANWAR:

A gift, my appreciation.

Muz, still staring at Anwar turns his bag upside down and empties all the money and contents onto the floor.

MUZ:

I will never take your dirty money.

Anwar, nods, respect glinting in his eyes.

ANWAR:

We might need you this week again.

Muz nods.

ANWAR: (CONT'D)

Think of it this way. Your hard work here is providing a future for Adil, a future he would not have seen otherwise. You've lit a candle in the darkness for him.

Muz nods, resignedly.

83 INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT.

83

Muz is praying. His eyes closed. His brow furrowed. Muz is lost. He wants to be saved. He wants to feel the calm that he used to feel. And yet now he fidgets, uncomfortably. He sees flashes of himself breaking Prabha's leg whenever he closes his eyes. Adil rolls out a prayer mat next to him. Both brothers pray together.

Muz senses Adil and is calmer.