

TWO MOONS

written by

John L Stone

"A Tragic Story of Love and Terror in the Free World."

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Jhnstn87@aol.com

OVER BLACK. KASHMIR DISPUTED TERRITORIES

FADE IN:

EXT. JAMMU TERRAIN - DAY

The whistles of missiles launched from rocket launchers explode. The rattle of machine gun fire fills the air with uncertainty and mischief.

Armed DRONES fall from the sky when they are shot down, whilst HELICOPTER GUNSHIPS seek out targets and launch their rockets.

Indian militant TAHER 30's looks through the lens of a sniper rifle as he lies in the prone position behind a leafy bush.

HIS POV: Pakistani SOLDIERS exchange rapid gunfire from their dug-in positions within the hills. He pinpoints then targets at a soldier's skull before he lets rip.

BANG!

The soldier falls to the ground as his brains exit a huge hole in his head.

Bearded militant and friend BASEL 30's lies next to Taher and offloads a single shot from his sniper rifle.

BANG!

They share a huge grin and high five before Taher takes aim at another legitimate target.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE KHALAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

HALIMA 22, casually stands by the fridge freezer and checks messages on her iPhone.

Identical twins NOSHEEN and AYSHA 14, slouch upon a threadbare sofa and indulge with instagram on their iPhones.

MRS KHALAM 50's smiles happily to herself as she stirs a pot of curry on the gas ring. She wears a traditional shalwar kameez.

MR KHALAM 50's sits at the head of an oval shaped table with his back towards a small courtyard garden. His face looks like he's swallowed a wasp as he rubs his back.

His only son, ponytailed ASIF 20's has his head stuck inside a car mag. He turns the page to a RED FERRARI glaring back at him.

ASIF

(aback)

Whoa!

He slides back his chair and turns to face his siblings. He shows them the centrefold photo of the Red Ferrari.

They gawk back at him.

ASIF /

You see this beast? Just look at this beast! I'll be driving this one day. This is the motherfucker of all machines.

He kisses his lips and nods like a toy puppy dog as the girls ignore his exuberance.

From across the table Mr Khalam gives him a death stare as he salivates over the Red Ferrari.

MR KHALAM

(to Asif)

Watch your filthy language in this house, or you can spout your shit somewhere else.

(rubs ear)

Bloody bastard.

Asif doesn't look up, instead cocks a deafen with his head stuck inside the mag.

HALIMA

In your dreams.

Asif looks over his mag and gives her the evil eye.

ASIF

(kisses his lips)

Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah. We'll see, we'll see who's right one day.

AYSHA

(interjects)

Yeah, alright. Bore us later.

Nosheen looks at him and sniggers.

ASIF

We'll see... we'll see when I pull up outside the door in one of these beasts. You'll all be eating your own shit.

Halima raises a brow and shakes her head at him in dismay.

ASIF /

You'll be begging me for a cool spin up the high road so you can show off to all your silly mates while giving it the biggen.

He lazily leans back in his seat and stretches his arms wide as the legs give way and he's thrown backwards in a solid heap.

ASIF /

Fuck!

His siblings fall about themselves in hysterics as he picks up his chair and raises a fist towards them in anger.

MRS KHALAM

Asif, what are you doing? Sit properly, otherwise you'll end up like your father with a terrible back.

She tuts and vigorously shakes her head at him.

MR KHALAM

(rubs back)

Dreamer. You couldn't even afford to buy a filthy old rust bucket. Anyway, I don't know why you are dreaming over cars like this one. You need to find a proper job before you can even think about driving a car like that one in your stupid magazine.

MRS KHALAM

Yes Asif, your father is right. You must find a proper job first.

ASIF

Oh, don't you soddin' start as well, mum.

MRS KHALAM

I really cannot see why these young people cannot find themselves a proper job these days. What is going on in this flipping country? Where is all the milk and honey?

MR KHALAM

(flippantly)

In the fridge... behind the yoghurts.

The girls guffaw at his joke.

MR KHALAM /

(grinning)

You like that one, huh? It's funny, huh? You know I should be on the bloody tele.

He laughs at his own joke.

MRS KHALAM

You know, it is terrible what they are paying young people to work these days. These zero-hour contracts what they are offering young people are not good for them. No wonder they feel so angry all the time.

She shakes her head in disgust as she stares pitifully at Asif.

MR KHALAM

I know. They're better off on the lump.

This remark prompts another burst of laughter from the girls.

Asif looks at them in disdain before he jumps out of his seat and begins to shadow box Halima.

He swings his fist wildly in front of her and accidentally clips her ear as she tries to dodge the blows.

HALIMA

Ouch! Fuck off you prick! Papa, tell this fuckin' idiot son of yours to stop it. He's just punched me in the flippin' ear.

MR KHALAM

Asif, sit down you bloody bastard! Leave her alone!

He waves his wooden cane at him.

ASIF

(to Halima)

What are you chattin' about now?

He stands with fist clenched, ready to give her another clump.

MR KHALAM

Sit down you bastard!

Mr Khalam climbs to his feet and threatens Asif with his stick.

AYSHA

(to Nosheen)

That's so butters.

MR KHALAM

Butter is in the fridge... behind the milk and honey.

NOSHEEN

(wry look)

That's an old one, papa.

Mr Khalam begins to relentlessly cough and rubs his chest.

ASIF

(shakes head)

Someone get him a glass of water,  
for fuck sake. He's dying here.

Mrs Khalam hands him a glass of water from the tap.

MRS KHALAM

Here. Drink.

She stands over him and shakes her head.

HALIM

Why doesn't he see the doctor?

MRS KHALAM

Because you have to make an  
appointment these days. They  
won't see you if you just turn up  
there dying. You cannot just go  
and see a doctor these days.

She returns to the stove.

MRS KHALAM /

You have to be on your deathbed  
before they'll even look at you.

(to Asif)

And why you don't get yourself a  
security job? I know lots of boys  
round here are getting security  
jobs because their mother's tell  
me so.

He ignores her and buries his head inside the car mag.

HALIMA

Yeah, then you'll be able to  
dream over cars all day and get  
paid for it.

Mr Khalam looks across the table with an angry stare towards  
Asif.

MR KHALAM

Because he's a lazy bum.

ASIF

(angrily)

Oh, what are you chattin' about now? You don't know shit all about what I do!

He slides his chair back and jumps to his feet.

ASIF /

(to Mr Khalam)

And why don't you get yourself a security job, instead of telling me what to do? You lot are so full of shit! You don't know nothing!

MR KHALAM

Because I'm not the lazy bum around here - You are.

He grabs his stick once more.

ASIF

Ha! Look at you! What do you know, huh? At least I don't work ins some rat infested kitchen.

Mr Khalam, now apoplectic with rage, climbs out of his seat and beats Asif with his stick.

MR KHALAM

Don't you be so bloody cheeky to your father, right?! Or I will beat you, you bastard! You're not too old for a bloody good hiding! Bloody cheeky sod speaking to your father like this! You need some bloody manners, you cheeky bastard!

Asif yelps and screams as he curls up in a ball on the floor.

His sister's huddle together in the corner of the room.

MRS KHALAM

Stop it! Leave him alone!

She snatches the cane from his grasp. He stumbles back to his seat where he scowls as he rubs his back.

The girls quickly exit.



A protracted silence.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Adam 20's begins to stir inside the sheets as the shouting below intensifies.

BACK TO:

KHALAM'S KITCHEN

MRS KHALAM

So, Asif, why you don't get yourself a plumbing job like Shiraz has? His mother tells me he is earning very good wages now that he is working. She says he is bringing home five-hundred pounds every single week after tax.

MR KHALAM

There! You see?! I told you! So Shiraz can afford to buy that fuckin' Ferrari. You cannot even afford to buy a piece of shit with wheels.

The girls return sheepishly as they take up their previous positions, before they begin to snigger behind Asif's back.

He angrily jumps from his seat.

ASIF

Shut your big fat mouths! You ugly bitches!

AYSHA

You shut yours first, then we'll shut ours.

MR KHALAM

(to Asif)

Look at yourself. You're a waste of space for a son.

ASIF

You don't know shit!

HALIMA

Missus Kuman is a blatant liar, mama. She is always bragging to everyone.

AYSHA

Yeah. She's a stupid liar, mama. Remember what she told you when she said she got all that money from that insurance claim when she fell out of a minicab and broke her ankle?

MRS KHALAM

So what of it?

AYSHA

Well she never got six-thousand, that's all I'm saying. She got two-thousand. She's always beefing things up. Don't believe a single word of what she says to you, mama. She's a lying old bag.

ASIF

(disbelievingly)

How'd you know all this shit, anyway?

AYSHA

Because Shiraz told me. And don't go shouting your big fat mouth off to the whole flippin' street. I'm not s'pose to know. He'll kill me if he finds out I told anyone... especially you, with your big mouth.

ASIF

Then you should keep your big fat mouth shut, shouldn't ya?

HALIMA

(grins knowingly)

Is this when I saw you and him holding hands in the park, Aysha?

Mr Khalam gives Aysha a warning stare.

MR KHALAM

You what?

AYSHA

(eyes well up)

That's a bloody lie! She's lying, papa! Why are you saying things like that, Halima?

MR KHALAM

Holding hands in the park? Which park are you bloody holding hands?

AYSHA

I was not, papa! She's lying! Bloody liar you are, Halima! You stupid bloody cow! Why are you lying, huh? Tell the truth, or I will never speak to you again!

She sobs hysterically before she storms out.

MRS KHALAM

Please, just stop all this shouting! I cannot stand you arguing all the time, every flippin' day of the week.

MR. KHALAM

Right then. Aysha is grounded! And I will speak with that boy's father when I see him at the shop!

(rubs back)

And you can tell his mother what he is doing with my daughter in front of everybody in that shitty park.

Asif climbs out of his seat and interjects.

ASIF

Oh what? She's only holding his soddin' hand! It's not like she's kissing him or anything! You are so backward! This is England, not Kashmir anymore! What do you expect, huh? This is a free country, so if she wants to hold his hand in the park, let her.

MR KHALAM

(vexed)

You bloody insulting bastard!

The girls quickly exit once more, before he flies out of his seat. Once again his stick raised as he attacks Asif with a significant number of strikes to his arms and legs.

MRS KHALAM

Oh please stop this! Asif, just  
leave! Get out!

She attempts desperately to pull him away, but then screams when she takes an accidental whack to the head.

Halima reenters and joins the ensuing struggle betwixt as she grabs her father around the neck with gritted teeth and wrestles him to the floor.

He begins to cough violently, before he slowly gets to his feet and exits.

BACK TO:

ADAM'S STUDIO APARTMENT

Adam sits up and scratches his white hair before he takes a long yawn then climbs out of bed naked. He steps into the ensuite and takes a shower.

Beat.

Stepping out, he dries himself before he slips into a T, then slides into a pair of chinos.

DOORBELL.

He hops down the narrow staircase and opens the door to a coy looking SHAZANA 18.

Her long black silky hair shimmers in the gentle breeze and sunlight. Her soft green eyes coruscate as she looks up at him as he bears a huge grin. Her dark pigmented arms outstretched as she pushes a tupperware dish towards his abdomen.

He smiles at her gratefully as they stand and gaze at one another, lovestruck.

ADAM

Oh, thanks, Shazana. How are you?

SHAZANA

(flatly)

I'm fine.

(flicks hair back)

My mum asked me to give you this.  
And to apologise for all the  
shouting again this morning.

ADAM

(knowingly)

Tell her thank you very much, but  
there's really no need to  
apologise. I understand. Big  
families and all that.

He takes the tupperware dish.

SHAZANA

Whatever.

ADAM

Well, that's really nice of her  
anyway.

SHAZANA

Well if you don't want to eat it,  
you can always give it to your  
goldfish.

He chuckles.

SHAZANA /

What's funny?

ADAM

Seriously?

SHAZANA

Well, you know.

ADAM

I wasn't laughing at you,  
Shazana. I just - It's just what  
you said about the goldfish. I  
thought it was funny, that's all.

Their eyes synchronise, locked in a deep gaze before they  
descend back to reality.

ADAM /

Look, d'you want to come in a sec? I've got some tupperware dishes that I forgot to bring back from last time.

SHAZANA

OK. Quickly though, or my father will find out.

She glances over her shoulder to make sure she's not being watched.

ADAM

Actually the goldfish have been asking about you.

She grins as she follows him up the narrow staircase.

SHAZANA

Yeah, sure. Liar.

ADAM

No honestly, it's the truth.

SHAZANA

Oh shut up.

ADAM

I'll just fetch you those dishes.

As he disappears from sight, she steps towards the fish bowl, situated by the window.

She stares deeply at the two little GOLDFISH as they swim around circuitously.

Beat.

He returns with the tupperware dishes and hands them to her.

ADAM /

I've been saving them up for you.

SHAZANA

Oh. Thanks.

(eyes Goldfish)

You know I love watching your goldfish swimming around in the bowl. It's therapeutic.

She turns and looks directly into his eyes

ADAM

Yes it is. Sometimes I stand here  
for ages just watching them and  
wondering what's going on in  
their tiny skulls.

SHAZANA

(chuckles)

It sounds exhilarating.

ADAM

Yeah. Two lost souls swimming  
round a fish bowl.

She bursts into uncontrollable laughter.

SHAZANA

Oh you're so funny. Maybe they're  
thinking the same about you and  
me.

ADAM

What... two lost souls?  
(serious)  
Can you just imagine what it must  
be like to have a beady eye  
staring through a window at you.

SHAZANA

That's exactly how I feel. We're  
no different from them really,  
are we?.

He spots her despair and sighs.

ADAM

You mean eyes watching you all  
the time?

SHAZANA

Yes.

They get up close to one another and gaze into each others  
eyes.

SHAZANA /

Oh Adam, you make me feel so  
warm.

She searches his eyes for clarity, before he places his hand  
lightly upon her shoulder and gently squeezes.

She throws her arms around his neck, then pulls him in before she kisses him passionately on the lips.

Moments later she steps back with embarrassment.

SHAZANA /

Oh. Sorry. I better go.

ADAM

No, no, no. Please stay... just a little longer, please.

SHAZANA

Why? What for?

ADAM

I really like you, Shazana.

SHAZANA

Well you mustn't. I have to go. My mum will be wondering where I am all this time.

ADAM

Surely a couple of minutes won't hurt.

SHAZANA

Look, you don't know my father. He is very strict. If he finds out that I've even been inside your flat he'll kill me.

ADAM

But you've been here before. They know that, don't they?

SHAZANA

(irked)

No they do not know that, Adam.

ADAM

I think about you all the time.

SHAZANA

Well don't! It's dangerous. You must understand that we cannot be together like that.

ADAM

I can't help it, Shazana.



She steps forward and gently strokes his soft face as she looks into his big blue eyes.

SHAZANA

Listen, I have to go to Mumbai next week. You won't be seeing me for a while. In fact, you won't be seeing me for a whole month. This'll give you plenty of time to calm down. I don't want you to think about me when I'm gone

ADAM

Are you visiting relatives?

SHAZANA

I only wish it was like that.

(sighs)

No, I'm getting married so I have to meet him again. But I don't want to. I am too young to be somebody's wife. Especially somebody I don't even like.

ADAM

(disappointedly)

Oh, I get it now - An arranged marriage.

SHAZANA

Yes. Now I must go.

She moves away from him. He steps to the cabinet drawer.

ADAM

Wait! Let me give you my card.

SHAZANA

What for?

ADAM

So we can Whatsapp while you're in Mumbai.

He hands her a card from his wallet. She focuses her eyes upon it.

SHAZANA

(inquisitively)

You're a copywriter?

ADAM

For my sins, yes.

SHAZANA

So what does a copywriter do, then?

ADAM

I write slogans for certain products. And sometimes I write press releases if asked.

SHAZANA

That's sick! I've always wondered what you do. Now I know.

ADAM

It's just a job, Shazana.

She looks at her watch and panics.

SHAZANA

Shit! I better go, or I'm dead.

ADAM

Message me... please.

She quickly descends the stairs and calls out

SHAZANA O.S

We'll see.

The door slams shut. He ruminates.

BACK TO:

THE KHALAM'S KITCHEN

Shazana enters with the bag of empty dishes as the twins raise their eyebrows at her.

She ignores them, instead makes her way towards the sink unit and empties the tupperware from the bag.

She stares into the wall mirror in front of her and catches their moronic reflections.

NOSHEEN

So where've you been all this time, Shazana?

AYSHA

Yeah, you were ages.

SHAZANA

So what of it?

She washes the dishes.

NOSHEEN

What were you doing all that time  
you were gone?

She ignores the question.

SHAZANA

I don't see you two ever doing  
anything around here.

NOSHEEN

Yeah but it doesn't take all this  
time to take food up to our  
neighbour.

AYSHA

He likes you. I can tell.

NOSHEEN

No, it's mum's curry that he  
likes.

They giggle like infantile school children.

With a deep sigh, Shazana looks at them in disgust.

SHAZANA

Actually, I told him he can give  
the curry to his goldfish if he  
doesn't want to eat it.

AYSHA

Oh my God! You're so bizzy. What  
did he say?

SHAZANA

(grins knowingly)  
Nothing really.

NOSHEEN

What then?

SHAZANA

(euphorically)

He is so cool for an English guy.

NOSHEEN

He's not cool. He's gay. He wears women's clothes and carries a man bag.

SHAZANA

Well, for your information, Nosheen, he is not gay. And why do you have to say such nasty things about people? You are always saying bitchy things about people. And you know what, Nosheen... you are always wrong. You are never right about anything... So get a life, instead of judging people all the time, you silly little girl.

NOSHEEN

Well I don't see any women going up to his flat - just men.

She nudges Aysha for support.

AYSHA

(knowingly)

Only Shazana.

With a nod and a wink at Nosheen.

SHAZANA

Oh shut up, you pair of imbeciles!

NOSHEEN

Touched a nerve? So what is going on between you and him, then?

SHAZANA

Oh it's way over your little heads, Nosheen. Don't concern yourself with things you cannot grasp.

AYSHA

Aw, you have hit a nerve, Nosheen.

SHAZANA

If you really must know he does like me, a lot. Most of the boys at college like me also. It's no big deal, is it?

She puts the dishes away inside the cupboard.

NOSHEEN

Big head.

SHAZANA

Don't be jealous, Nosheen. We cannot all be beautiful people.

NOSHEEN

Well, you can't marry any of them, can you? So you might as well forget about it.

SHAZANA

I don't want to marry anyone. You are such a stupid little girl. Why don't you just grow up?

Mrs Khalam enters the kitchen and joins them at the table.

MRS KHALAM

I think he is a very nice boy.

SHAZANA

(aback)

Mama! Have you been listening to our conversation?

MRS. KHALAM

Yes. And so what of it?

NOSHEEN

Oh my God, mama!

SHAZANA

You are right, mama, he is. But who do you think we are talking about?

MRS.KHALAM

Aahil, of course. His mother says he likes you very much, Shazana. You are a very lucky girl.

Shazana's expression morphs into a deep frown.

SHAZANA

Well, It's not mutual! You can tell his mother that if you like because I will not marry him! He is a bully!

She runs from the kitchen in tears.

Mrs Khalam looks on in dismay as her eyes follow her all the way out of the house.

MRS KHALAM

What did I say wrong?

She shakes her head.

SMASH CUT TO:

SUPER: MUMBAI - INDIA

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Tall, strong bearded Taher sits in a vest and army pants upon a veranda. He drinks water from a bottle and stares up at the clear blue sky.

An unmarked police vehicle pulls up along the dirt road. Two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS climb out and approach him.

OFFICER#1

Salaam alaikum.

Taher ignores his greeting and continues to stare into the ether.

OFFICER#2

When did you arrive back home, Taher?

TAHER

(obdurately)

What do you want?

OFFICER#1

You need to come with us to the station. We have some questions for you to answer.

TAHER

About what?

OFFICER#2

Come... you will find out.

Taher lethargically climbs off his seat and steps down off the veranda.

TAHER

Am I under arrest, or what?

OFFICER#2

If you don't come with us we will arrest you.

TAHER

What charge?

OFFICER#1

Conspiracy to handling explosives.

TAHER

That's original. I've been busy defending our territory inside Kashmir. What have you two been doing?

OFFICER#2

We know. Now let's go.

He follows them toward the vehicle and climbs in.

His aged parents MR & MRS CHOUDREY stand inside the open doorway and shake their heads as he's driven off.

Beat.

INT. OPULENT MANSION - DAY

Taher is led inside by the two Officer's.

He is welcomed by a very polite OMAR AHMED 60's. He is bespectacled and of a significant standing.

OMAR AHMED

Please sit.

Taher cautiously takes a seat upon a wingback chair.

The Officer's duly exit.

OMAR AHMED /  
Can I offer you something to  
drink? Water perhaps.

TAHER  
I'm fine.

OMAR/  
Would you like to know why I  
invited you here to my home?

TAHER  
Yes.

OMAR  
Basel, your colleague informs us  
that you will be visiting London  
next month for your brother  
Aahil's wedding to somebody  
called Shazana. Is this true?

TAHER  
That is true.

OMAR  
Basel, my cousin tells me you  
have been fighting alongside him  
inside Kashmir. And that you are  
a committed fighter for our  
territories.

TAHER  
Yes.

OMAR  
Well, we would like to know if  
you would be willing to help us  
to protect our lands from other  
invaders - such as the American  
imperialists, and their allies -  
such as Britain?

TAHER  
How can I be of help?

OMAR  
Does that man you are prepared to  
step up if and when asked to do  
so?

TAHER  
It does.



OMAR

Very good. I will have my people prepare the details for you. London is a legitimate target. I'm sure you're aware that we have suffered long enough at the hands of the British. The struggle to stop the West from taking our land from us is both crucial and eternal.

TAHER

I know that.

SMASH CUT TO:

SUPER. LONDON - ENGLAND

EXT. STREET - DAY

Adam exits his apartment with his man-bag strapped over his shoulder.

He steps outside as Mr Khalam approaches. He bears a huge grin as their eyes meet.

MR KHALAM

(enthused)

Ah, Mister Adam. How are you today?

ADAM

Oh I'm good, Mister Khalam thanks. How are you?

MR KHALAM

Mustn't grumble, huh?

ADAM

I suppose not.

MR KHALAM

I can see you are looking very happy about something. Have you won the lottery?

ADAM

(chuckles)

No such luck, I'm afraid. No, I'm just on my way to work.

Mr Khalam's expression changes into a serious gaze.

MR KHALAM

Tell me, what is going on with all this English weather nowadays? Where is all this global warming? You know my back hates this cold weather. All the time my back is killing me.

He grimaces while he rubs his back.

ADAM

You should get that looked at, Mister Khalam. It might be something more serious like a slip disc.

He steps closer to Adam and speaks quietly.

MR KHALAM

You know, between you and me I can get a free parking space outside my house, so my doctor tells me. But I don't want to upset the neighbours. You know, some people are very jealous 'round here. But my doctor, he says Mister Khalam you just say the word and I will write you a nice little letter to send to the council. A nice letter about your back, no problem.

ADAM

Well, maybe you should do that, then. I don't drive, so I wouldn't be affected by it.

MR KHALAM

No, these people living 'round here, they are interfering people - jealous people. They are not nice people like you and me. Not nice people at all. But I know them. I know which people they are. They are very ugly people... believe me I know.

He grabs Adam's arm to stop him walking off.

MR KHALAM /

They are not like you and me.  
They are SHIT people.

Shazana approaches, surprised to see Adam and her father in conversation.

Mr Khalam stares at her, then turns back to Adam.

MR KHALAM /

You see my daughter Shazana?

ADAM

(affectionately)

Yes.

MR KHALAM

She is getting married soon to a very nice boy back in my home, India. You know he is going to be working in this country very soon as an accountant. He will do very well in this country. He will get work, no problem... in one of those glass office buildings in the city. You know I will never let any of my daughter's marry beneath them. You know my eldest daughter Halima? She is married to a lawyer. He is a very clever man. He works in Holborn, in the city. He is very clever chappie you know. They have already bought themselves a big house in Ilford, but she comes here when he is working abroad. You know, they used to live in one room above a chemist shop here in Whitechapel. They were paying three-hundred pounds every single week for a little shit hole like that. It is so terrible what they are charging people like you and me for our rents, even in this shit hole.

Shazana looks on aghast with embarrassment. Adam looks the other way during her awkwardness.

ADAM

(politely)

Right then, I must be off. Work.

MR KHALAM

Believe me I know, Mister Adam.

SHAZANA

(interjects)

Papa, Adam doesn't want to know about this. Let him go to work. You're holding him back. He'll be late for an appointment.

MR KHALAM

Of course Mister Adam wants to know when one of my daughter's is getting married. Mister Adam is a very good neighbour. You are a very good neighbour, Mister. Adam. Not like those other tenants who used to live here before you came. They were shit people - rubbish people. They were doing drugs up there in your little flat. Some very ugly people were going up there late at night.

ADAM

(concerned)

Oh dear. The estate agent never mentioned anything about that to me.

MR KHALAM

OK. I will let you go now. Sorry for keeping you talking all this time. But it's good to talk, huh?

ADAM

I'm glad we did.

He glances at Shazana standing inside the door frame. He smiles then he walks off.

Mr. Khalam follows her back inside the house.

KHALAM'S KITCHEN.

Despairingly, she turns to confront him.

SHAZANA

Papa, please, you always do this in front of people.

MR KHALAM

(sternly)

Do what? And don't be speaking to your father like this, or I will slap your face.

SHAZANA

Oh please, papa, I don't want to get married to Aahil. I hate him. He is rude to me all the time. He has no manners. Please, don't make me marry him, papa. I beg you not to let me marry him.

She cries as she remonstrates.

MR KHALAM

You will do as I say! You will marry Aahil! And don't think of bringing shame upon this family or you will wish you had not, believe it!

SHAZANA

Oh please, papa! I will never love him! I am too young to get married! I will be very unhappy! I do not want to marry anyone yet, papa!

MR KHALAM

You will learn to love him when you know him better. Believe me, you will know it.

SHAZANA

I will not!

MR KHALAM

You will love him! Do as I sodding well say, or else!

SHAZANA

No! I will not do it! I will not marry him! I will run away if you make me do this!

She runs sobbing from the house. He races after her with his cane raised to strike her.

She sobs as she manages to clear the door, before she slams it shut behind her.

He stands holding his back as he winces in pain.

MR KHALAM ASIDE

Bloody ungrateful girl!

Mrs. Khalam appears from the lounge.

MRS KHALAM

What is all this shouting for?

She follows him back into the kitchen and sits down at the table. He takes a seat opposite her.

MR KHALAM

Shazana. She is disobeying me.  
What is bloody wrong with these children?

MRS KHALAM

Because she doesn't want to get married just yet. She told me herself. She is not ready for marriage.

MR KHALAM

She will marry him whether she likes him or not. And she will do as I say.

MRS KHALAM

But she doesn't like this boy. She tells me that he is always cursing, and that he is a bully. He pinches her arm when she speaks her mind to him. He made her cry in front of his older brother Taher.

Enraged, he climbs off his seat and raises his cane to her, before his back jars.

MR KHALAM

Ah...! My bloody back is killing me!

MRS KHALAM

Go to the doctor's. It is still open.

She gets up and rubs his back.

MR KHALAM

Be quiet woman! My daughter is going to marry Aahil and that is that!

MRS KHALAM

Do you not care how this must feel for her?

She sits back down at the table.

MRS KHALAM /

She will run away if you make her do this. She is a very bright girl. And I don't like the sound of this boy's family at all.

She gawks at him with pity in her eyes.

MR KHALAM

What do you know about his family?

MRS KHALAM

His mother tells me the police came to the house when we were at the village last time. They were asking questions about Taher. He is a very naughty boy. She says she heard the policeman say that he is involved with some very bad people. They were saying he is fighting with militants in Kashmir.

MR KHALAM

Taher. Are you sure?

He shows her a disbelieving look and shakes his head at her.

MRS KHALAM

Yes. He is a very bad apple for the family that you have chosen for our daughter. His mother says he is doing very bad things over there.

He continues to listen intently.

MR KHALAM

What sort of things?

MRS KHALAM

She heard his phone conversation with someone called Basel.

MR KHALAM

And-?

MRS KHALAM

She says they were talking about London and were laughing in a horrible way.

MR KHALAM

His mother told you this?

MRS KHALAM

Yes. So we must believe her. Shazana deserves better than this. She is doing very well at her college. And we do not know if they will bring trouble here. I feel it in my heart. I am scared of what will happen if you let her marry into this terrible family.

MR KHALAM

I will speak with him. Aahil is a good boy, no matter what his brother is doing. I will talk to him. Aahil is going to be an accountant. They will have their own family one day and live in their own house. I am right because I know it. And she is disrespecting her father because of other people poisoning her mind and putting things inside her head about this and that. You will see. She will be very happy, believe me I know.

A protracted silence as she holds her head in her hands.

She looks up at him in torment.



MRS KHALAM

But this is not what she wants.  
It is what you want. These  
marriages are not good for young  
people in this day and age. I see  
it everywhere, young girls living  
in fear of their own families,  
hiding and changing the colour of  
their hair, and their clothes, in  
fear of being recognised.

She wipes her eyes with a tissue.

MRS KHALAM /

Is this what you want for  
Shazana?

Mr. Kham sits in silence as he reflects upon her words.

MR KHALAM

Halima is happy, because she  
likes her life, and she loves her  
husband. They are right for each  
other.

MRS KHALAM

I am not blaming Aahil for his  
brother. He is a good boy, I know  
you are right. But his brother  
will bring shame upon us all one  
day.

MR KHALAM

No! What you see is her mind  
being poisoned by this bloody  
country. What you are saying is  
that young people do not want to  
listen to their parents any  
longer. They are disrespecting  
their duties. That is what is  
happening.

MRS KHALAM

This is not what I am saying at  
all.

MR KHALAM

In that case we will go back to Kashmir. We will sell everything, including the car. And Shazana will marry Aahil. I will not let her bring shame upon this sodding family. I will not tolerate it!

MRS KHALAM

Why can you not give her more time? She is just a young girl. She has just finished her A-levels. She is a very clever girl. She wants to be a doctor one day. If you make her do this she will end up like me, a slave.

MR KHALAM

You bloody what?! Is that what you think?!

He leans back in his seat and rolls his suffused eyes at her in anger.

MRS KHALAM

(sheepishly)

Forget it.

MR KHALAM

We have a lazy bum for a son. Now my daughter is refusing her father's wishes. She will never meet anyone like Aahil in this sodding country, believe me I know it because everyone is just for themselves in this sodding shit hole. I see it... young people disrespecting their parents and their duties. We must not let this happen to us, or we are no better than them.

MRS KHALAM

You are too strict. This is why they will not listen to you. You are always shouting at them. You should be more patient with them. I know what she is feeling. You are not a woman. You can never know the pain of a woman.

He looks at her suspiciously as he climbs to his feet.

MR KHALAM

Huh? Explain this woman's pain to me?

She bows her head in shame, before he grabs her by the face and stares coldly into her saddened eyes.

MR KHALAM /

Tell me what you mean by this?  
Explain this sodding accusation?

MRS KHALAM

(shamefully)

I said forget about it.

MR KHALAM

Tell me what she is going through? I want to know.

MRS KHALAM

I said what she is feeling. She is not happy. This is all I am saying.

MR KHALAM

And what about what I am feeling, huh? Answer the bloody question woman!

MRS KHALAM

I am not saying how I am feeling.

MR KHALAM

It bloody better not be.

MRS KHALAM

It is not! Please just stop shouting at me! Stop shouting all the time!

She cries into her tissue. He limps to the sink unit and washes his hands.

MR KHALAM

So you will speak to her and remind her where we are going next week. Tell her to see how comfortable Halima is with her family. They are getting stronger every day. This is success where we are from. I can see it. They are going from strength to strength, and I think between you and me Aahil has a strong mind and will be very successful in this sodding country, believe me I know. His father told me he is very focused and determined to marry our daughter and live in the outhouse until they can afford their own place.

MRS KHALAM

I will ask her.

MR KHALAM

You do that and she will change her mind. Believe me I know.

Asif enters with his kit bag in hand. He halts as he senses the tension inside the room, before he opens the fridge and takes out a bottle of water.

MR KHALAM /

Where are you going?

ASIF

Gym. Why?

MR KHALAM

Because me and Shazana are going to Mumbai next week. We will be gone for one month. They need someone to work at the restaurant until I get back. Can you do it?

ASIF

(nonchalantly)

Hm, hm. Hm, hm.

MR KHALAM

You will do it then?

ASIF

Yeah, yeah.

MR KHALAM

Good. I will let them know you  
are coming in my place.

Mrs Khalam smiles warmly at her son, before he casually  
exits.

MRS KHALAM

You see, he is a very good boy at  
heart. If you speak to him  
properly he will always do  
something for you.

He ignores her and rubs his back. So she gets to her feet and  
exits.

SMASH CUT:

SUPER: MUMBAI - INDIA

EXT. PITCHED ROOF BUNGALOW - DAY

Shazana and her father are seated inside a motorised RICKSHAW  
as they pull up outside the aesthetically pretty dwelling  
which has four steps of the colour blue which lead to the  
veranda that has French balustrades and blue handrail.

Mr Khalam continuously wipes his forehead with a handkerchief  
as they climb out of the little red and yellow vehicle.

Shazana has her hair tied up and sports a white headband. She  
wears a pair of cut down denims and a red cotton vest.

They stand on the dirt road clutching their suitcases in the  
boiling hot temperatures.

Mr & Mrs Choudrey are in their early seventies: She a frail  
woman. He a short, thick set bald man.

The rickshaw drives off leaving a cloud of dust in its wake.

They greet one another warmly.

MR KHALAM

(agitated)

It is so bloody hot here.

MR CHOULDREY

(smiling)

Salaam alaikum.

MR KHALAM

Walaikum salaam.

They enter the house with their luggage.

Mr Khalam immediately makes himself comfortable as he slumps down on the threadbare sofa.

Shazana quietly sits next to him. She shows an exasperated look.

The Choudrey's takes their seats at the dining table, situated by a door leading out to a small backyard.

An open back truck pulls up outside, before AAHIL 20's enters bearing a huge grin and arms open wide.

He is tall, slim and has startled brown eyes and short clipped hair. His shirt is fully unbuttoned and his muddied trousers hang just below the knee. His hands are soiled with grit and dirt.

The Khalam's climb to their feet.

Mr Khalam shows his excitement as he greets him with a big hug, but Aahil quickly turns his attention towards Shazana.

He gazes into her dull, sad eyes when he hugs her.

AAHIL

Shazana, it's so good to see you  
at last. You are looking so  
beautiful. I am so happy you  
came. How have you been? Have you  
missed me?

She shakes her head in disappointment.

SHAZANA

(bluntly)

No.

Mr Khalam lets out an embarrassed chuckle.

AAHIL

(aback)

No?

Mr Khalam stealthily nudges her and falsely grins.

SHAZANA

(dispassionately)

OK. Yes I have missed you, Aahil.  
Happy now?

MR KHALAM

(interjects)

Look at you, Aahil. You are  
looking very well. I can see  
you've been looking after  
yourself for my daughter. Very  
good.

AAHIL

Thank you, Mister Khalam. It is  
true. I have been looking after  
myself.

MR KHALAM

And I bet you've been working  
very hard with your exams, huh?

SHAZANA

Papa! Give him a chance to catch  
his breath.

AAHIL

It's okay, Shazana. And yes, I  
have, Mister Khalam. I dream of  
coming to live in England every  
day.

MR KHALAM

And who wouldn't, huh? A fine  
young man like you will make his  
wealth in England. Believe me I  
know.

AAHIL

I hope so, Mister Khalam.

MR KHALAM

And you know Shazana is going to  
be a doctor. She is doing very  
well at her college.

SHAZANA

Papa, please stop it. It's  
embarrassing.

Aahil strokes her hair affectionately.

MR KHALAM

My daughter is very beautiful,  
huh? I am a very lucky dad.

MRS CHOUDREY

She looks more like her mother.

MR KHALAM

You are right.

MRS CHOUDREY

It would have been nice if she  
could have come too. Why she  
couldn't come?

MR KHALAM

She is not well. She has virus.

(wipes brow)

It is so bloody hot. I'm boiling.  
It is all this global warming you  
know. The world is getting hotter  
everywhere, except England.

MR CHOUDREY

I'll fetch a jug of ice water?

MRS CHOUDREY

(to Shazana)

You are very beautiful, my dear.  
Aahil is a very lucky young man.

Mr Choudrey returns with a jug of ice water and some glasses  
and they sit at the table.

CUT TO:

BACKYARD - NIGHT

Beneath a single ORANGE TREE Shazana stands on a crate while  
Aahil lies supine on a wooden bench.

AAHIL

Oh I cannot wait to come to  
London. I will be rich and buy a  
big house. You will have lots of  
children - lots and lots.

He jumps to his feet and begins filming her with his iPhone.



SHAZANA

(agitated)

Stop filming.

AAHIL

Why should I? You are my wife. I can take as many videos of you as I like.

SHAZANA

Not yet I'm not. And it's not as easy as you think it is. There's lots of unemployment in London. There are thousands of people all chasing every single job. If you think you can just come to my country and get a job just like that, you are deluded mister.

AAHIL

Fuck off! You're lying to me.

SHAZANA

No you fuck off!

She jumps off the crate in anger.

SHAZANA/

And you won't like the weather either. You heard my father, it's super cold and wet, especially in the winter, which is mostly all year round. I don't even want to live there myself. I want to live somewhere exotic, near the sea.

AAHIL

We will only have to live with your family for one year, before I buy a big house, so shut up.

SHAZANA

What?! What do you think?! We are not going to live with my parents for one year, or even one day!

AAHIL

Ha! You cannot refuse. And what about dowry? It is the duty of your parents to make sure we have somewhere to live.

SHAZANA

What?! No it is not! If you don't want to get married, that's fine by me. I will let my father know what you think and we will call it off. You stupid idiot!

He guffaws while she stands panting in vexation.

AAHIL

Oh come and sit down you crazy woman. I'm just playing with your head. You don't have to be so serious all the time. Why can you not just be happy and nice for once?

He attempts to grab her arm, but she pulls herself away.

SHAZANA

How dare you say this to me. You should learn manners little boy. You have no manners at all.

AAHIL

OK. We will see who has no manners.

She screams as he chases her around the orange tree.

AAHIL /

Come here, bitch! You bitch, I will kill you if I catch you!

SHAZANA

No! Leave me alone, you moron!

AAHIL

Come here at once, or I will beat you in front of your father!

She stops in her tracks and scowls, before he pulls her down in uncontrollable fits of laughter.

She climbs on top of him and begins to slap his face hard like a woman possessed.

SHAZANA

How dare you speak to me like this! You are not funny! You don't speak to me like this, ever!

AAHIL

Alright! Alright! Alright! Stop!

She stops and rolls over on her back.

AAHIL/

I thought you Western girls were supposed to be cool. But you are just another crazy dame. You need to be tamed at once.

SHAZANA

Oh my God! Crazy dame? You are joking, right? Where did you learn that crass word?

AAHIL

My brother has been teaching me some new words for when I am in England. Words like cool, bro. Arsehole. Bitch. Motherfucker. Dude. Cockney.

She bursts into hysterics.

SHAZANA

Oh my good God, that's so sick. You are sick. No one speaks like that where I come from. Your brother is going to make you look so stupid if you speak like that in London. People will laugh at you and make fun of you. You'll get beaten if you speak to people like that.

He becomes angry and grits his teeth at her.

AAHIL

I will beat you if you don't stop laughing at me. And I am not sick. You are a sick bitch!

SHAZANA

If you touch me I will kill you.

She attempts to climb to her feet. He pulls her back down.

AAHIL

You bitch! I am going to give you a Chinese burn. I am going to punish you for being disrespectful to your husband.

SHAZANA

You better not!

AAHIL

You don't speak like this, ever, bitch!

He forces himself on top of her then positions his knees over her shoulders as she screams.

SHAZANA

I am not your wife! I will never marry you! I will run away if they make me marry you! And if you hurt me, I will make sure everyone hears what you are doing to me, you bully! Get off! I mean it - fuckin' get off me, you prick!

He climbs off and lies down beside her before they hear loud voices.

PRELAP:

MR KHALAM O.S

I will never do it! Never, never never!

TAHER O.S

Oh don't be so foolish to think that you are welcome in England. They call you Paki's, and they spit at you on the buses and trains. I know because I have been told by people who have been there.

MR KHALAM O.S

And you prefer to listen to that bullshit, do you?!

They sit up at once to the noise disturbance.

AAHIL

Taher.

SHAZANA

(concerned)

That's my father's voice he's with.

AAHIL

Let's find out what's going on.

The raucous dispute tempts them to creep up to the kitchen window.

SHAZANA

(quietly)

Where are your parents?

AAHIL

They went to the village to buy groceries.

SHAZANA

What, at this time of night?

AAHIL

It's quieter on the roads and less busy in the village.

INT. CHOUDREY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Their POV: They spy through the window and see an incensed Mr Khalam and a fearsome looking Taher gesticulating.

MR KHALAM

I will never do it! Never ever!

TAHER

(animatedly)

But why not? You are going to be family soon - one of us. And we need you on our side.

MR KHALAM

I think it is a bloody insult to ask something of this nature of me! That is why I will not do it!

TAHER

Be reasonable, Mister Khalam. We are only asking for a couple of days, that is all. No one will ever know what we are going to do. The authorities will just think we are travelling to London for the wedding of my brother and your lovely daughter. You have my solemn word.

MR KHALAM

Taher, listen to me. I am a respectable man. My family is respected where I live. What utter rubbish are you thinking? You think I am going to stand here and listen to this utter rubbish, huh? Did you really think for one moment that just because your brother is going to marry my daughter I would become part of your evil plan to kill people and damage my family reputation?

TAHER

Oh come on, be reasonable man. Aahil has told me you have built an outhouse in your garden for them to live when they are married. We can use it for our stay while we are there. And the wedding will be a perfect reason for us to be in your country. No one will suspect us. There will be no reason for any suspicion from anyone.

MR KHALAM

No! If you think I am going to let you stay in my house for your criminal activities then you are sadly mistaken, mister. You must be bloody insane to even dream about it.

He wipes his brow then drinks a glass of ice water.

TAHER

Outrageous treachery.

MR KHALAM

Did you really think that I would agree to something so absurd like this? Are you that brainwashed? I would never allow something like that. Go and tell your terrorist friends, or whoever they bloody well are that I said no. Bloody cheeky bastard's. I will not help your disgusting ambitions, especially using my daughter's wedding as an excuse to murder people. What do you think, that I am a bloody criminal like you and your friends, huh?

TAHER

Oh c'mon man. You are overreacting. It is not like what you think. It will be only for one week maximum. Once our work has been carried out we will completely disappear. We will leave you in peace, you have my word.

MR KHALAM

In bloody pieces more like. No! You find somewhere else. At first it was two days. Now it's one week. What you are doing is insane, Taher. You will only bring shame upon your family, and mine if I agree to your idiotic plans. Go to Yemen and fight. Or go to Israel if you want to get yourself killed. But don't bring your filthy politics to my country or I will go to the police and tell them everything what you are doing. You will be arrested even before you take one step into my city.

TAHER

OK. Fine. So you are not welcome in my house either. You must leave immediately.

MR KHALAM

You bloody well what?! You are such a stupid man! These people will get you killed, and for what? So you can claim martyrdom? Is that what you really want, to be a martyr?

An intense silence.

TAHER

OK, it's fine, Mister Kham. I will let my comrades know that you have rejected their offer. I will let them know that you are not interested in the occupation of our lands. You really must leave now.

MR KHALAM

What is all this bullshit?! Is this a bloody threat?! I leave now? I must leave, or what is going to happen to me, huh? Huh?

TAHER

When your daughter and my little brother are married next month you will become family. But you will bring shame when you refuse to have us as guest's at your home. You have no excuses, unless you are siding with the infidels and their occupation of our lands.

MR KHALAM

Oh my dear God. You are so insular. Life in England just isn't as bad as you may think. At least it is not a fuckin' war zone. You cannot compare England to Kashmir, Taher. Britain is a tolerant country with pleasant people. People living there are more trusting in their God than you believe. You should not have assumed that I would betray their trust. You will be a fool if you come to England to murder people. Believe me I know.



TAHER

At least I am not a selfish  
traitor who turns his back on his  
country and his kind.

MR KHALAM

Right then. We will leave now.  
And you can explain everything to  
Aahil when he finds out why we  
are leaving. You are the only one  
bringing shame upon your family.  
You will end up like a rabid dog  
in a ditch. Believe me I know.

Highly panicked Shazana and Aahil burst in.

SHAZANA

(fearfully)

Papa, what is going on? Why are  
you shouting at one another like  
this?

MR KHALAM

(to Shazana)

Get your things packed. We are  
leaving. We are not staying here  
a minute longer. We are going  
home.

SHAZANA

But why? What's happened, papa?  
What's going on?

MR KHALAM

Never mind that. Just do it.  
Hurry up. We are not staying here  
with this bloody criminal.

She quickly exits.

AAHIL

(furiously)

Taher, what are you doing to make  
him want to leave?

TAHER

(vexed)

Shut your mouth and go to  
Shazana! She's upset.

AAHIL

She's upset? I'm upset!

Taher back to Mr. Khalam and scowls.

TAHER

I think you are being completely unreasonable, Mister Khalam. Why you don't come and meet Basel, my comrade. He will explain to you what we have planned for your lovely adopted country.

MR KHALAM

I should bloody well coco! You make me sick! What do you think you can achieve by doing this, huh? Nothing will ever change. You cannot change your underpants without shitting yourself first.

AAHIL

(interjects)

What are you saying, Taher?

Aahil lunges and grabs his brother by the scruff, only to be thrown to the floor then kicked in the stomach as he cowers and screams through his tears.

MR KHALAM

Leave him alone you piece of shit!

He wields his cane to strike Taher. Taher moves to defend himself.

TAHER

If you wave that at me any longer I will be forced to attack you.

MR KHALAM

You try it and will kill you myself!

TAHER

He will learn to respect his family. Now get your things and get out before I change my mind and finish you.

MR KHALAM

Right.

TAHER

There will be no more talk of marriage in this house, do you understand, Aahil? I will not let you marry the daughter of our enemies.

Mr Khalam exits. Aahil lies cowering on the floor with Taher standing over him.

CUT TO:

INT. AEROPLANE - LIT

Shazana and her father sit with their heads back and their eyes closed as they fly home.

BACK TO:

INTERCUT:

BACKYARD.

Aahil sits upon the bench and sobs out his heart. He stares at his iPhone and a PHOTO of Shazana.

KITCHEN.

Highly agitated, Taher paces the floor as he speaks on the phone.

TAHER

He wouldn't do it- I tried- I repeatedly asked him- No, no, he wouldn't buy it- We'll have to change our plans- Tell your uncle this- I will have to leave here immediately before my parents get back- OK.

He ends the call and exits.

Aahil in distress gets to his feet and stumbles towards a small tin shed where he collects some rope.

He throws the rope over a branch of the orange tree and makes a noose. He stands on a crate beneath the tree.

He slips the noose over his head and tightens it around his thin, long neck.

AAHIL -

See you on the moon, Shazana.

He kicks the crate then swings like a pendulum. The crate beneath his feet turned over on its side.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Shazana sits on his lap as they watch a comedy film on the TV.

She shows her delight as she throws her arms around his neck and pecks at his face while she twirls his hair around her middle finger. He strokes her leg.

SHAZANA

Does your dad have white hair like you?

ADAM

(chuckles)

No, not at all. He's completely bald.

SHAZANA

What about your mum? What colour hair does she have?

She remains oblivious to his hand going up her skirt towards her thigh.

ADAM

(light-heartedly)

No, she's completely bald as well.

She bursts into a fit of laughter.

SHAZANA

Liar! Oh Adam, don't make me laugh.

ADAM

Actually, she dyes her hair. Every time I see her it's a different colour.

SHAZANA

Have they got blue eyes like you?

ADAM

My dad has. My mum's eyes are brown.

SHAZANA

What it's like in Surrey?

ADAM

Boring. There's absolutely nothing to do where I come from. Everybody knows one another. My dad's a policeman so he literally knows everyone.

SHAZANA

Oh my God! Your dad's a policeman? Oh Adam, I can't go out with a policeman's son. My brother calls them feds. He hates them.

She sits up straight and stares at him in disbelief.

ADAM

It's no big deal.

SHAZANA

Does he wear a uniform?

ADAM

Sometimes he does. He sits behind a desk mostly. It's all intelligence led nowadays.

SHAZANA

Because of terrorism?

ADAM

Sadly, yes, that's right. He says we all live in one world, but it has two moons.

She moves his hand away from her thigh then climbs off him and begins to pirouette around the room barefooted. He watches her closely and smiles.

SHAZANA

(freely)

Oh, Adam, I'm free! Free as a bird in the sky! I just want to spread my wings and fly, fly, fly! I'm so free, free! I'm so happy...!

He gets to his feet and she flies into his arms wantonly.

He lifts her off the ground and squeezes her in a moment of complete desire and lust.

They gaze into each other's eyes and kiss passionately. Her eyes reflect upon her torment for him, while he shows his utter excitement for her as he kisses her neck.

ADAM

You are so beautiful. I'm so in love with you I can hardly think about anything else anymore. I think about you every second of every minute of the day. I can't even concentrate on my work. I want you so badly I want you to meet my parents one day.

SHAZANA

Oh, Adam, I love you too. But my father is very sick, and the last thing he needs right now is us being together. Can you imagine what it would do to him if he knew about us?

She spots his disappointment and takes his hands in hers.

She guides them around her neck, before she kisses him again, only this time with all the love she has inside of her.

He lifts her off the floor and holds her in his arms, before he carries her towards the bed and carefully lies her down.

Entwined within he begins to unbutton his shirt.

DOORBELL and continuous BANGING at the front door.

MRS KHALAM O.S

Shazana! Shazana! Shazana! Please come immediately! It's your father, he is sick! Shazana! Shazana come quickly!

She immediately climbs off the bed and collects her belongings.

SHAZANA

(panicked)

Oh my good God!

She runs down the stairs as fast as her legs will carry her. He follows her.

She opens the door and witnesses her Mother's torment as she stands on the doorstep and sobs.

MRS KHALAM

Come quickly my dear. We are waiting for the ambulance to come.

Adam stands deflated as they rush off and BLUE LIGHTS flash from an ambulance when it pulls up outside and PARAMEDICS enter the house with their apparatus.

Beat.

Mr Khalam is helped into the back of the ambulance. Mrs Khalam sobs as her husband is driven off.

INT. KHALAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

An awkward silence as Mrs Khalam sits down at the table opposite a worried Shazana. Mrs Khalam shows her a look of deep concern.

MRS KHALAM

Tell me what happened in Mumbai?  
I need to know.

SHAZANA

You mean papa hasn't told you yet?

MRS KHALAM

Told me what? He hasn't been the same person since you have been back. I am very worried about his health. It has worsened since then. He doesn't speak about it at all. He is not his angry self. He just seems very worried about something. I need to know what happened, so please, Shazana.

SHAZANA

All I know is-

(clears throat)

There was a violent argument with him and Taher. Then papa said we had to leave immediately. He said the wedding was off and that I wouldn't have to get married to Aahil anymore because of his brother laying demands upon him.

MRS KHALAM

What was the argument over?

SHAZANA

Taher demanded to stay in the outhouse for one week and papa said he couldn't. I think they wanted to stay here while they do something bad. I'm not sure.

MRS KHALAM

You mean something really terrible?

SHAZANA

Yes, I think so. Oh I don't know really, mama. I was really scared. I thought they were going to start fighting. Dad was really angry. He cursed Taher all the way home.

MRS KHALAM

How?

SHAZANA

Like he was calling him an evil bastard... and a jihadi.

MRS KHALAM

Oh my dear God. What are we going to do, Shazana? He might come here and kill us all.

She buries her head in her hands and sobs.

MRS KHALAM /

You must stop seeing Adam. It's too dangerous.



SHAZANA

But we're only friends, mama.  
Nothing is going on between us.

A short silence.

MRS KHALAM

(concernedly)

I have something you must hear.

SHAZANA

What is it, mama?

MRS KHALAM

Missus Choudrey called me this evening. She said something terrible has happened to Aahil.

SHAZANA

What happened to him, mama?

MRS KHALAM

He is dead.

She jumps to her feet in shock and horror.

SHAZANA

Dead?! What?! Why?! What happened to him? Oh my God, mama. What happened? How?

MRS KHALAM

She found him hanging from the tree in the backyard. He took his own life after you left.

Shazana wells up as her bottom lip trembles. She breaks down and sobs, before her Mother consoles her.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Suited and shaven a vexed looking Taher and six-foot-seven Basel stand in a long queue at passport control. Their documents at the ready to enter the UK.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The place is empty of customers as Asif dressed in a waiters uniform polishes tables.

He gazes through the small window at the constant flow of traffic, before he sits down at a table and checks his iPhone.

The door opens and he jumps to his feet.

Taher and Basel enter. They resemble businessmen in their long coats and briefcases.

He shows them to a table by the window and hands them a menu.

ASIF

(pleasantly)

Can I get you anything to drink?

TAHER

(hostile)

Just sit down and listen to what I have to say to you.

Taher fixes his eyes upon him and narrows his frown.

ASIF

(stiffly)

Oh. OK.

TAHER

Where is your father Mister Khalam? And do not lie to me or I will have to hurt you.

ASIF

Why... what's he done?

TAHER

Just answer the question.

ASIF

He's in hospital. He suffered a heart attack last night.

(pugnaciously)

Why'd ya need to speak to him, anyway? What's he done to you?

Taher bears an ominous grin as he glances at Basel.

TAHER  
(to Basel)  
Listen to him.

ASIF  
Can you leave now please?

BASEL  
We are not leaving.

TAHER  
So it is up to you to carry out  
the little agreement I made with  
your father.

ASIF  
What little agreement? He never  
mentioned any agreement to me.

TAHER  
We made the agreement in Mumbai.

Asif jumps to his feet and gesticulates his frustration.

ASIF  
What are you chattin' about, man?  
He never told me nuffink about  
any fuckin' agreement.

TAHER  
(measuredly)  
You mean he never told you about  
assisting us with our important  
mission here in London?

ASIF  
No! What mission?

TAHER  
Calm down. Asif. Just something  
he promised to do for us when he  
was in Munbai.

ASIF  
Well, he's suffered a heart  
attack now, so you'll have to  
speak to him about it when he's  
better.

TAHER

Asif, are you aware that we are at war with this poxy little country you live in?

ASIF

What are you chattin' about bro?

TAHER

(to Basel)

Listen to him.

(to Asif)

OK. Listen carefully to what I am going to say to you, you silly little English boy.

ASIF

Right! Get out! I call the police!

TAHER

Sit down!

Asif sighs deeply and retakes his seat at the table.

ASIF

I'm listening.

TAHER

Good. So Friday morning you will meet us here in the car park behind this restaurant. I will give you something to take to your house to hide somewhere safe until I come to collect it.

ASIF

(obdurately)

Nah, I don't think so, bro.

TAHER

You will do it, or your whole family will die before I leave this fuckin' poxy country! That includes that bitch whore sister of yours, Shazana.

Asif shakes his head wildly and rolls his tormented eyes, before he jumps to his feet once more.

ASIF

You threatening my family, bro?!

TAHER

That's correct, I am. So do as we ask and nobody will be harmed.

ASIF

Get the fuck out of this restaurant before I do summink seriously bad, bro. Just get the fuck out!

Taher snarls and grits his teeth as he and Basel methodically climb out of their seats and step threateningly towards him.

ASIF /

I'm not taking nuffink from you people. I don't even fuckin' know who the fuck you are, or what you even expect from us! Just get out or I promise ya I'll call the police!

Taher lands a sucker punch below his rib cage, and then another to his jaw. Asif drops to the floor in agony.

The little old CHEF appears from the kitchen. He wields a machete that's bigger than him.

Basel reacts quickly and chases him back inside the kitchen as he cries for help.

Asif lies on the carpet with Taher standing over him.

TAHER

Now you will do as I say or you heard what will happen to your family.

Asif nods his head in agreement as he looks up at him and squirms.

CU: Taher's GUN tucked inside his belt buckle, He buttons up his suit jacket, then flicks a business card at Asif.

TAHER /

Message me if there is going to be a problem. But remember this, if there is a problem I will kill you and your whole family.

ASIF

Cool. Cool. I'll do it. I'll do it.

TAHER

Right. So we have an agreement?

ASIF

Hm, hm, Hm, hm.

They turn their backs and leave the restaurant.

Asif stares at the name written on the card: CHOUDREY EXPORTS.

CUT TO:

INT. KHALAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sitting at the table in silence - Shazana, Asif, Nosheen, Halima.

DOOR CHIME

Nosheen sighs as she gets up and exits.

She returns with a knowing grin and a pale faced Adam.

NOSHEEN

Shazana, someone here to see you.

Shazana looks at him with disdain, during her awkwardness.

SHAZANA

Adam, what do you want?

ADAM

(sheepishly)

I'm sorry for imposing at such an awkward time, but I was worried. How's your dad doing?

SHAZANA

He's doing better, thanks.

ASIF

Sit down, bro. It's good of you to ask about him. He's actually doing okay. He's sitting up in bed now.

He sits down at the table.

ADAM

That's good to hear. How bad was it?

HALIMA

Really bad.

ASIF

Yeah, he suffered a bad one. He's lucky the ambulance responded quickly. The paramedic's saved him.

ADAM

It must be a really worrying time for everyone.

ASIF

It is, bro... it is.

SHAZANA

(to Adam)

Would you like a cup of tea or coffee?

Nosheen and Halima get up and exit.

ADAM

No thanks, Shazana. I've gotta get back. I left my computer running.

He looks at his watch.

ADAM /

Actually, I better go.

He gets to his feet.

ASIF

See ya then, bro.

SHAZANA

I'll walk you to the door.

She follows him to the front door.

Beat.

She returns and sits down opposite her brother. He stares at her suspiciously.

ASIF

I think you better tell me what's going on with you and him?

SHAZANA

I will, but please, don't tell dad.

ASIF

Depends how bad it is, innit?

SHAZANA

You know.

ASIF

Of course I fuckin' know. Everybody fuckin' knows, except dad.

SHAZANA

Oh no!

She takes a deep breath.

SHAZANA /

I love him.

ASIF

You what?! You know you can't see him like that. You know what dad will do to you if he finds out. He'll fuckin' whip both your arses till neither of you can sit down for a month.

SHAZANA

It's all mum's fault for making me take food to him. No one else would do it. We just started talking and one thing led to another.

ASIF

Have you done it with him?

SHAZANA

No!



ASIF

You better not, otherwise  
there'll be trouble, d'ya get me?  
I'm can't have you sexing up with  
our fuckin' neighbour.

SHAZANA

No, you don't understand. It's  
not like that. He's gentle and  
kind. He makes me laugh. He's so  
funny and educated. He's not like  
anyone I've ever met. And he can  
really help us if you want. His  
dad's a policeman. He's really  
high up.

ASIF

His dad's a fuckin' fed! Are you  
mad or what?! Jeez!

SHAZANA

It's not his fault.

ASIF

I get that. But I can't have my  
sis getting involved with someone  
whose dad's a fuckin' fed. Jeez!

SHAZANA

You won't tell dad, will you?

ASIF

Not if you stop going in his  
flat. We're in enough trouble as  
it is with Taher coming here to  
cause trouble.

SHAZANA

I want to still be able to talk  
to him though.

ASIF

Yeah, but that's all. No going in  
his flat.

SHAZANA

Whatever.

She gets up and exits.

Asif takes out his phone and taps out a text message.

*"Bluhd, I need your help."*

iPHONE BLEEPS.

*"No probs, Bluhd. Come over and we'll talk about it."*

He gets up and swiftly exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Asif approaches his POSSE of friends. They're of biracial heritage.

They greet with a slap handshake and a strong hug. JAMAL 20's is the ringleader.

JAMAL

Bluhd, what's 'ap'nin'.

ASIF

It's not good, bro. It's not good at all.

JAMAL

Tell us what's occurring, then?

ASIF

I've got some trouble. There's a couple of militants from Mumbai threatening my family.

JAMAL

Bluhd! Call 'em and we'll sort it. No one threatens the posse, Bluhd.

ASIF

I've arranged to meet them in the restaurant car park tomorrow morning. They're gonna give me summerk to take to my house for them.

JAMAL

D'ya know what it is?

ASIF

Nah. They won't tell me.

JAMAL

What time, Bluhd?

ASIF

Ten.

JAMAL

OK. We'll be there to say 'ullo.

ASIF

Cheers, Bluhd. Appreciate it.

JAMAL

We'll see what's their beef and sort it, innit?

ASIF

They're Jihadis from Mumbai. They want us to hide summin' in the house. I think they're gonna use it to kill people.

JAMAL

They're just idiots, Bluhd. It could be one of us, or one of our family, d'ya know what I mean, innit?

ASIF

Yeah. Innit?

JAMAL

We'll get there nice and early. We'll surprise 'em.

ASIF

Cool, Bluhd.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL OBSERVATION WARD - LIT

Mr Khalam lies up against the plumped up pillows in his pyjamas. He grins when he spots Asif walking towards him with a bunch of grapes.

MR KHALAM

Asif, my son. How is everyone getting on?

ASIF

It's difficult. I'm not gonna lie to ya. We need you back home.

MR KHALAM

They say I can go home, maybe later this evening. My heart is beating normally again.

ASIF

That's good. Mum'll be pleased.

He notices an abstinence in Asif.

MR KHALAM

Asif, tell me what is wrong? I can tell when something is wrong with my only son.

ASIF

What happened in Mumbai? Taher Choudrey is in London, and he's threatening to kill us if we don't do what he says.

MR KHALAM

(winces as she shifts)

That Jihadi has come to my home?

ASIF

No. He came to the restaurant looking for you. He must know you work there.

MR KHALAM

He's going to commit a terror act in London. He wants us to hide his shit for him.

ASIF

It's alright, dad. I can handle it. I told the posse about it and they're gonna back me up when I confront them.

MR KHALAM

It's not just that.

ASIF

What is it?

MR KHALAM

I heard his brother Aahil killed himself after we left Mumbai. They are blaming us for his suicide because they say I broke his heart when I called off the wedding to Shazana.

ASIF

Does she know?

MR KHALAM

I'm not sure if anyone knows about it. But knowing his mother, she's probably told the whole world.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Taher and Basel sit quietly inside a black saloon.

Out of sight the Posse sit in wait inside two other vehicles.

INT. BLACK SALOON:

Taher checks his watch and twitches.

TAHER

(agitated)

Where is this little shit? He's late.

A tap, tap on his offside window. Asif waits for him to exit the vehicle.

They climb out and check their surroundings before Taher opens the boot of the car.

Two sacks filled with a commodity stare back at him.

ASIF

What's inside those bags?

TAHER

Ricin. Now get it into your car and take it to your house before somebody sees us.

ASIF

Cool.

Basel bends over the trunk to pick up the first bag when he is smashed over the head several times with a baseball bat by a member of the posse.

Aghast, Taher reaches inside his coat for his firearm, but is clobbered across the back of the neck, then kicked and punched until he lies unconscious behind his vehicle.

Asif bends over him and stabs him twice in the abdomen.

ASIF

Take that you fuckin' prick!

They scarper as SIRENS are heard approaching.

Basel lies dead over the boot of the vehicle. Taher stumbles as he climbs to his feet and staggers away holding his stomach.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. ADAM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Adam empties a bag of rubbish into a recycle bin outside his front door when he is confronted by a heavily wounded Taher.

TAHER

(desperately)

You. Help me.

ADAM

(aback)

What?

TAHER

Get inside.

He forces Adam back inside with his Firearm stuck against his back. He forces him up the staircase.

TAHER

Get me a towel, and be quick.

ADAM

Sure.

Adam quickly grabs a towel from the en suit then hands it to him.

He uses it as a sponge for his knife wounds.

TAHER

Sit down.

Adam complies.

ADAM

Let me help you.

TAHER/

Be quiet!

Taher moves towards the window and peers through the blinds.

CUT TO:

INT. KHALAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Asif sits at the table. He introspects as he stares down at a HANDGUN. He looks up when he hears muffled voices from above.

PRELAP:

TAHER V.O

This is all your fault! Because  
of you and your politics my  
little brother is dead.

Asif stands on the table to hear more.

TAHER - V.O

You waged war upon my country  
with your occupation of our land.  
When will you people realise your  
time is over?

(short pause)

This is why you must die along  
with those traitors who have  
stabbed me. You fuckin' infidels  
with your blue eyes and blonde  
hair. You're the real terrorists!

Asif climbs off the table and calls out.

ASIF

Shazana, come quickly.

She appears with a worried expression on her face.

SHAZANA

What is it?

ASIF

I just heard Taher's voice. He's in Adam's flat. I'm going up there. Call the police and tell them there's an armed Jihadi threatening our neighbour.

She covers her mouth in shock as her eyes well up.

SHAZANA

(panicked)

Oh my God! Adam. He will kill him.

ASIF

Just do it.

She grabs her phone as he quickly exits.

EXT. STREET.

Asif bangs his fist hard upon Adam's front door. His gun wrapped inside a towel.

BACK TO:

INT. ADAM'S STUDIO APARTMENT.

Taher stands at the window as the banging intensifies.

His POV: Asif.

TAHER -

(grits teeth)

Idiot!

(to Adam)

Right. You, get up!

He pulls Adam to his feet then forces him down the staircase. He rests his gun upon Adam's shoulder as they descend towards the front door.

Taher uses Adam as a human shield when he opens the door to a crazed Asif who waves his gun at him.

ASIF

ADAM GET DOWN!



He points the gun at Taher who bops and weaves and uses Adam as rag doll as a gunfight ensues and shots ring out.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Adam falls to the ground in a bloodied mess.

Taher lies slumped on the staircase with a bullet through his eye. Asif lies on the pavement with severe leg and arm wounds.

He stares at Adam in disbelief before he drags himself over towards him and sobs.

ASIF /

Adam. Wake up man. Adam, please  
man wake up.

Shazana rushes from the house, followed by her mother and her sister's.

She immediately spots Adam's cadaver outstretched on the ground with her brother kneeling down beside him.

She runs towards him as she waves her arms in despair.

Asif's attempts to stop her are in vain as she grabs the gun from his hand and points it at him.

Her Mother rushes towards her as Asif wrestles with her to retrieve the gun.

MRS KHALAM

PLEASE SHAZANA! STOP IT!

SHAZANA

GIVE IT TO ME!

She pulls herself free from his grasp and points the gun towards him.

MRS KHALAM

PLEASE SHAZANA!

SHAZANA /

This is your fault! You killed  
him! You bastard!

The tears stream down her contorted face.

MRS KHALAM

Please, Shazana, don't shoot him!  
He's your brother!

SHAZANA

I want to be alone with Adam.

ASIF

C'mon, Shazana, please, just give  
it back.

SIRENS.

She looks down at Adam lying there motionless, then sticks  
the barrel inside her own mouth.

MRS KHALAM

SHAZANA! NO! STOP! PLEASE  
SHAZANA! OH NO! STOP HER ASIF!

She squeezes the trigger.

BANG!

Her eyes show no pain as she falls down over Adam's  
bloodsoaked cadaver.

Mr Khalam appears with his cane on the doorstep as his wife  
breaks down on the pavement and sobs.

Asif lies next to her in deep shock.

CU: Shazana's cadaver slumped over Adam's lifeless body as  
the lamenting ring out around them.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END

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