My Name Is Khan

By Shibani Bathija
Would you please come with me, Sir?
Would you come with me, Sir?
Hands in front.
Hands behind your head.
Behind your head and turn around.
Open your mouth. Open your mouth.
Anything on the watch-list, George?
No flags. He's clean.
Okay. Mr. Khan, we are done here.
You can go.
Put your stuff in your bag.
Gone. It's gone... my last flight to Washington DC has left.
The last American Airlines flight has left.
The next flight leaves after seven hours and five minutes.
United 59. United... United 59.
It leaves in the morning at 6.10.
Ticket $366... it costs $366.
I don't have the money.
I have to take a bus to Washington DC now.
Okay. I have to take a bus to Washington DC now.
Why are you going to Washington DC?
I am going to meet the President of the United States.
Why is that?
Is he a friend of yours?
Oh, no, no, no, no.
He's not a friend. No, no, no.
I have something to say to him.
Oh yeah?
- Yes.
Well, tell the President something from me too then.
Okay. Okay.
- Tell him I said, howdy.
Howdy? How... Okay.
Pen?
John.
- John.
John.
Yes. Okay. Okay.
John Marshall says...
But I have... my own
message to give to him first.
Oh yeah? What is that?
You know where Osama is?
Oh, no, no, no, no. No.
This is not my message. No, no, no.
What is your message, Mr. Khan?
I have to say to him...
My name is Khan. And
I am not a terrorist.
May Allah bless this
letter I'm writing to you.
The book 'Different Minds' says...
...that people like us can't
express their emotions in words.
But we can write them easily.
I can fill thousands of pages,
millions of times with...
'I love you, Mandira.'
But not once could I say it to you.
Perhaps that's why
you are angry with me.
I had promised you that
I would meet the President...
...so, my attempts are on.
Meanwhile whenever I have time,
I will write all...
...that I couldn't say to you.
And then, you will love me again.
My Abbu (father) Dilawar
Amanullah Khan worked for...
...the S.T. Workshop in Borivali.
He took me with him
to work everyday.
And left me to play in the garage.
I know how to repair
broken things since then.
Strangely, I could
never repair Abbu.
Hey, is this your dad's place?
Go home and kill your time.
Kill? Kill?
Get out now! Out!
You fool! Idiot! Ruined my clothes!
Ammi... Ammi... Ammi...
Zakir is sleeping.
What's this?
'Kill time.'
- How did you get so wet?
'Kill time.' I want to 'kill time.'
- What?
Abdul Workshop asked me to
go home and 'kill time.'
How do I do that?
'Kill time?'
Is that what the devil told you?
Okay. I'll teach you
how to 'kill time.'
Like this. Like this.
This way.
Come on, Rizu.
Give me a hug... just once?
Come on. Come on.
My Ammi (mother) Razia Khan.
I feel peace when you hug me.
She was from Jalalpur, UP.
She embroidered clothes.
No doctor could tell her
why I was the way I was.
But Ammi... She never
felt the need to know why.
I don't know how, but
she found a way to know me.
Just like you.
Fools! All of them!!
Each one of them should
be shot dead mercilessly!
Didn't even spare our women!
Dogs! Rogues! Idiots!
Are you guys with me?
Rogues. All of them.
Each one of them should
be shot dead mercilessly.
I had told you not to step out.
Now, come on. Let's eat.
Rogues. All of them.
Each one of them should be shot dead mercilessly.
Rogues. All of them.
What did you say?
Rogues. All of them.
Where did you hear that?
Each one of them should be shot dead.
Shut up!
Rogues. All of them.
Shut up, Rizu.
Come with me. Come.
Look at this.
This is you. Rizvan. Who?
Rizvan.
- Yes.
And this is the person who has a stick in his hand.
And he is beating you.
It's bad... beating is bad.
- Yes. It's bad.
Now, this is you again, Rizvan.
And this is the person who has a lollipop.
And he gives it to you.
Lollipop is sweet.
It's a good thing.
Good boy.
- Good boy.
Now, tell me which one of these is a Hindu and which one, a Muslim?
Both look alike.
Good.
Remember one thing, son.
There are only two kinds of people in this world.
Good people who do good deeds.
And bad people who do bad.
That's the only difference in human beings.
There's no other difference.
Understood?
What did you understand?
Tell me. Tell me.
Good people. Bad people.
No other difference.
Ammi's lesson was not taught in any school.
Not in my school at least.
Master Wadia lives somewhere here.
Give me the map.
Come fast.
Rizu, what are you doing?
Stop that and come here.
Hang on. Coming.
Hello. I'm Razia. This is Rizu. I mean Rizvan.
I have heard a lot about you.
That you are a very learned man.
You have a lot of degrees.
B.A., M.A.
Whatever!
But people say you don't do anything.
That's a good thing!
Rizu. My Rizu is a sharp boy.
So, I thought if you agree to teach him here, in your house
That way, you can pass your time too, isn't it?
What nonsense!
Mr. Wadia. Mr. Wadia. Trust me.
My Rizu is an intelligent boy.
Rizu... Talk to Mr. Wadia in English.
Speak in English. Come on.
Say something in English.
Wadia. Wadia.

Wadia family is a Parsi family originally based in Surat.
Launji Narsolaunji Wadia started the Wadia ship building dynasty in 1736.
When he obtained a contract from the British East India Company...
...for building docks and ships in Bombay.
Wadia. Wadia.
The highway man came riding...
...riding up to the old Inn-door.
The highway man came
riding up to the old Inn-door.
Ammi... I'm hungry.
Let's go. I'm hungry.
Ammi said master
Wadia was a good man.
Good people did good deeds.
Master Wadia taught
me a lot of things.
About books. And about life too.
Rizvan. Rizvan, don't come here.
There's too much water.
Go home! Go home!
Mr. Wadia. What are you doing?
Come out!
Your pupil is amazing!
What's going on? Why
are you guys screaming?
Rizvan, what are you doing?
I asked you to go home.
Too good.
You are pumping water out.
He is my pupil. My pupil.
You think he can repair all this?
You know, Mr. Wadia?
My Rizu did nothing short of
a miracle near his house.
The water had filled till here.
- Mother!
One minute!
The water was till here.
Rizu fixed some motor type of thing.
One minute!
Put the motor in the water,
and the water was gone!
I saw it with my own eyes.
Really?
- Yes.
Zakir.
You won a cup, didn't you?
I'm really happy about that.
And Rizu?
Even he is happy for you.
You should be happy too.
He is your brother, isn't he?
Good boy. Wipe your tears.
Come on.
You are my good son, aren't you?
You are my good son, aren't you?
You are my good son, aren't you?
You are my good son, aren't you?
Zakir was fortunate.
He could cry.
Zakir, Rizu says it's
going to be very cold there.
You have taken everything,
right? Don't forget anything.
I will miss you, my son.
Only if you find time from
bhai (brother) will you miss me!
As soon as he completed 18 years,
Zakir left for America.
He got a scholarship
at Michigan University.
I felt very bad when he left.
But I never told him.
And in just a few days,
I got accustomed to his absence.
Ammi. Hasina teaches
at the university.
She can't leave mid-term and come.
It's her first Eid (festival)
In the family after the wedding.
We haven't even seen her yet.
Come here, please.
Ammi.
Don't worry.
Your immigration will
be done in a few days.
Then you will live with us.
I won't go anywhere without Rizvan.
I know that.
I'm sponsoring bhai as well.
Okay, Ammi. I have to hang
up now. I'll call later.
Yeah?
Oh, Lord.
- Oh, lord.
Ammi, you should sleep now.
Sleeping calms the mind and provides rest to the body.
Shut up!
Nothing is wrong with me.
Just missing Zakir, that's all.
His laughter.
His anger.
The sound of his gargling.
At 7 am. At 2pm. 9pm.
Enough peace?
Please, Rizu. Two minutes?
Only two minutes.
Only two minutes?
1001, 1002.
But Mandira, the effect of those two minutes...
...lasted only for six months, four days and 17 hours.
Ammi died of congestive cardiomyopathy.
Her heart became too big for its own good.
Before dying, Ammi made me promise...
...that like Zakir, I would make a happy life for myself.
That I would go to America.
And then I came here...
...to your favourite city.
San Francisco.
And it was scary. Very scary.
Bhai, this is Hasina.
Hello, bhai.
How are you?
Hope your flight was comfortable.
Hello.
Come on. Let's go in.
Hello to you too.
Zakir's wife, Hasina.
She was from Brooklyn, New York.
She taught psychology
in the university here.
She was the first to find out...
...that I had Asperger's Syndrome.
My fear of new places. New people.
My hatred for the colour
yellow and sharp sounds.
The reason for me
being so different...
...from everyone was
defined in just two words...
...Asperger's Syndrome.
Take this.
When you look through this...
...it will be like watching TV.
TV?
This way, you won't be
scared of new places or roads.
Not scared?
No. Just press this button.
See... try?
I took bhai to the Autistic Society.
Hi, Mrs. Brennan.
- Hi.
Sorry.
- I had.
Mrs. Brennan there
believes that bhai is better...
...than most people with Asperger's.
Maybe in odd ways, but at
least he can express his feelings.
And I think your Ammi had
a lot to with it, Zakir.
Good morning.
- Good morning.
This is our office.
Come in. Have a good look.
Have a good look.
What are you doing? Come this way.
What did I have when
I came to America?
Nothing. But today?
See for yourself.
I am the biggest dealer
for Mehnaz Herbal Products.
Because this is America.
- America.
Here, the harder you work,
the more successful you get.
America.
I have worked very hard.
Now, it's your turn.
America.
- Okay?
Shall we? Come.
Not that way. This way
America.
Come. These are all our products
and these are the details.
You will be given the names
and addresses of all the salons.
You will go to every one of
them and sell these. Understand?
No.
You will.
Mehnaz Herbal Beauty Products.
Mehnaz...
The rose water in the clay mask
cleans and clarifies your skin...
...and makes you glow
like a newly-wed bride.
A newly-wed bride.
Mehnaz Herbal Beauty Products.
All of them.
Mehnaz Herbal Beauty Products will
make you glow like a newly-wed bride.
I'm divorced.
We have nothing for
the newly-divorced.
Just a pimple cream won't help.
You need to cleanse your face,
and your system.
I think that maybe I
just need a boyfriend.
Oh, no, no. You
don't need a boyfriend.
You need this and Jamal Gota.
Indian laxative.
It says that the product
will reach you in seven days.
We're lying.
It will reach you only in ten days.
Move!
Come on! Move it!
Come on. Get out of the way, you freak.
No, no, no.
Get out of here. Come on.
Hey, you guys, just leave him alone.
Stop it.
Stop it, okay? Just go.
Go, please.
Are you okay?
Are you scared?
It's okay.
Look, there's nothing wrong with being scared.
Just don't make your fear so large...
...that it stops you from achieving your goal.
Okay? All right, bye.
Hello. Welcome to Karma.
I'm the manager here.
Can I help you?
Oh God.
I think you have recognised me.
It's all right. Don't be shy.
I am Rita Singh. Ex Miss India.
These blow-dryers...
I am Rita Singh. Ex Miss India.
You look old. You must have been Miss India before I was born.
Okay?
The theory of entrainment in Physics states that...
...some specific sounds increase the rate of your heartbeat.
For me, Mandira...
...that specific sound has always been the sound of your laughter.
So, you were coming here?
Don't take it personally, Rita.
I hope you've come for a haircut.
You have got great hair.
- Okay.
Okay.
- Okay.
Take an appointment.
My name is Rizvan Khan. Khan. Khan.
I may look a little strange to you...
...but that's because
I have Asperger's Syndrome.
It's named after Dr. Hans Asperger.
That doesn't mean I'm mad.
Oh, no, no, no, no.
I'm very intelligent.
Very smart. Very smart.
But there are certain
things I don't understand.
For instance, people say when I go
to their houses, "Come, Rizvan...
...think of it as your own house."
But how do I do that...
...when the house isn't mine?
I don't understand why people
say one thing and think another.
My Ammi would say there are only
two kinds of people in the world.
Good people and bad people.
I'm a good person.
I do good deeds.
I'm here to sell Mehnaz
Herbal Beauty products.
I don't know how to sell.
But my brother Zakir
tells me that's my job.
Mehnaz Herbal Beauty products.
...they are good products.
I have tried them all on me.
That's why my skin glows.
Shinning like a newly-wed bride.
Allow me... Allow me to show you...
...all the Mehnaz Herbal
Beauty products, please.
May I?
Yes, you can.
So tell me.
Which product will make me beautiful?
No.
No product can make you beautiful. That's rude.
- No, no.
Beauty products can only enhance the skin.
They cannot make you beautiful. Wow.
A salesman, and yet you speak the truth?
Always. Always.
How many products do you have?
22. 22.
Give six of each.
Oh no, no, no. No.
All our products expire in three months. It dies.
You need only four.
The rest will get spoilt.
What did you say the name was?
Mehnaz Herbal Beauty Products.
Your name?
Rizvan Khan.
Khan.
I'm Mandira.
- Mandira.
Hi.
- Hi.
Hi.
Hi.
Isn't this shocking pink a little too shocking?
Not at all! It looks beautiful!
Pink is so your colour.
Really?
- Yeah.
I agree.
Hello. Hello.
Hi. Nice colour.
Oh yes. Pink is so my colour.
Oh no, no, no. No cell phone.
No cell phone.
Why?
Because bees die due to cell phones.
Who?!
Cell phone signals cause bees to lose their way home, and they die.
They die. They die.
It's not good.
Because Albert Einstein has said...
Albert Einstein has apparently said.
Apparently said...
That if all the bees in the world die...
...exactly four years after that all men will die.
That's right. That's right.
All men die. All men die.
Oh no. No cell phones then. If all the men die, what will happen to me?
You're bad.
This cream has an extra care skin nourishing lotion...
...which contains Aloe Vera, Calamine and Jojoba oil...
...which restore the pH scale of the skin.
The pH is an algorithm of the activity of hydrogen ions...
...in a solution...
...which tells you how acidic or basic it is.
The exponentials of hydrogen ions being very high...
...it's not practical to measure it.
It's not an absolute term, it's just a relative.
Basically it means...
this cream is very nice.
Okay.
- Okay.
I'll take it.
- Okay.
I trained for a year and then took a further course in LA.
I mean... But I did want to make it.
I think training is really important.
How can you cut
somebody's hair without it?
And that's how I came here.
You?
Were you saying something to me?
And I think you know the most
we know the most we can do is...
...just texturise it a
little bit, thin it out. And...
Even I want to have my
hair cut by you, Mandira.
Yeah. I know, Rizwan. But...
Please, please. Please
cut my hair. Please.
Yeah. And I am dying
to cut your hair.
No, no, no, no. Don't die.
- But maybe later?
No, don't die.
Just cut my hair now.
Rizvan...
- No, now.
So? How is it?
Marry me.
Marry me.
Liked it so much?!
Hang on. One second.
Marry me.
- Excuse me.
Hello?
Sameer. Hi.
Reached home?
Okay. Okay, I'm coming.
Bye. Love you.
Sameer?
Sameer! Sameer! Sam!
Come on. Please, hurry up.
- Coming!
Quickly. Come on! Come on! Come on!
You put everything into the bag?
- Yup.
Summer camp project?
- Yup.
Lunch.
- Yup.
Soccer gear?
I think I forgot.
Mom, stop acting. You
forgot deliberately.
Do you have to play soccer?
It's dangerous.
What if you get hurt playing?
What if I get hurt
running this way with you?
Nothing will happen to you here.
I'm here. Your Mom!
Mom, stop being so dramatic.
You are such a drama queen.
Yeah, I am.
Okay. Almost there.
Almost there. Almost there.
Thank God. We are on time.
Okay. Bye, Mom.
Where's my hug? Where's my kiss?
Stop it, Mom. I have got reputation.
Reputation.
Bye!
- Bye!
Bye! The apple of my eye.
Love me till I die...
Bye!
Oh God. Oh shit.
Hey, Rizvan. Hi.
Hi. Any sales appointment?
You are divorced.
Divorced.
Rita told me you are divorced.
You were 19 when you
had an arranged marriage.
You came to America
with your husband.
He harassed you a
lot for three years...
...and then left for
Australia with another woman.
It must take a long time to
run till Australia, right?
He divorced you from there and
didn't even pay you alimony.
Such a beast! Slimy! Idiot!
He hasn't called you even
once in the last four years.
Hasn't even spoken to Sam.
Now, where is he going
to come back...
Slimy bastard, mother...
Mother...
...I can't say the next word.
You have said enough.
Thank you.
- Welcome.
Marry me.
- Just go.
Marry me.
- Just go, okay?
Marry me.
Okay.
Mandira...
- No, Rita.
No more appointments tomorrow!
Mrs. V is coming tomorrow and
her hair colouring takes time.
Okay. Bye.
Bye.
- Bye, girl.
Rizvan, are you okay?
No!
- What? Rizvan!
Please...
- No...
What happened?!
Hi.
You run fast.
I don't like yellow.
Okay.
- No.
Is that for me?
Yes. This and this.
But I won't give it to you.
Why?!
I love balloons.
- No, no, no, no.
In fact, Sam loves balloons.
- No.
Whenever he sees them, he wants to set them free in the sky.
Red, blue, pink, green...
these colours look good on you.
Yellow, yellow, dirty fellow.
Yellow, yellow, dirty fellow.
Okay.
- Okay.
Sorry.
- Sorry.
Can we go now?
- Okay. - It's cold.
Okay?
- Okay.
Let's go.
Look. I'm sorry I was angry.
Your words reminded me of all that I wanted to forget.
He really was a...
...beast. Slimy. Idiot.
- Yeah.
Slimy. Idiot and all that.
So, you don't love him?
No. No, no. Of course not.
Not that, but I feel bad that Sam will never know his father.
If you don't love him, marry me.
Marriage is not a joke.
You know. You don't even know me.
I know you well.
You give fruit to Roger the homeless.
You cut hair. You do good deeds. You are good.
You're okay. - Knowing just that is not good enough.
Yes. Yes. It's enough for me.
Marry me.
It's... - Marry me. - Oh,
God. I want to kill myself. 
Marry me. - I'm fed up... - Oh, no, no, no, no, no. Don't kill yourself. 
Oh, no, don't kill yourself. 
Don't die. Please, don't die. 
- I'm joking. 
Please don't die. 
- I was joking. - Please don't die. 
Relax, I'm joking. 
- Please don't die. 
I don't understand... 
Mandira. Mandira. 
- I was joking... 
Cable car. 1873. 
The first cable car was started in San Francisco in 1873. 
1873. - You know you're ridiculous. You're just ridiculous. 
I mean... 
Either you are stuck in the 'marry me, marry me' loop... 
...or you keep recounting the history of San Francisco. 
I don't want to know. Okay? 
I know everything about this city. 
Liar. Liar. 
It's impossible to know everything about a city. 
I've tried. 
- Really? 
Liar. Liar. 
Are you challenging me? 
- Bum on fire. 
Liar. Liar. - Are you challenging me? - Bum on fire. 
Okay. You're on. 
- I'm on. 
You're on. 
- Liar. Liar... 
If you can show me one place or thing in this city... 
...that I haven't seen before then... 
- You'll marry me. 
You'll marry me.
Whatever.
Whatever.
- Okay. Okay.
You'll marry me.
But till then...
...you will shut your encyclopedia.
- Okay.
And no 'marry me, marry me'.
- Okay.
Okay.
- Okay. Whatever.
You'll marry me.
And you're right... the first cable
car came to San Francisco in 1873.
Yeah.
And in the same year, the
first tram was started in Kolkata.
Did you know that?
No. You're smart.
That I am.
And pretty.
- That too.
I'm pretty smart too.
Mom. Come on.
Coming. One minute, Sam.
I'll just come back, okay?
- Okay.
Yeah. Let me handle it.
Mrs. V, you are looking beautiful.
- You are the best.
But you make me come
too far for my hair.
Please accept my offer
and move to Banville.
You are very generous,
Mrs. V, but I...
Shh about that.
Sara, you tell her.
You should move, Mandira.
We'll be neighbours.
It will be fun.
Mrs. V, I just don't know...
- Mom, come on.
Okay. I am just coming back.
Give me a minute. Sam...
- Don't worry, Granny. She'll move.
God, he's driving me crazy.
- Mom!
Yes. Yes. What is it?
Mom. Come on.
- Where?
You forgot? Discovery museum.
Oh, my God. I'm so sorry.
Sam, I forgot.
Not fair.
- I remember.
You always forget.
Mandira. Mandira,
I have made a list of places...
All my friends have been there!
...which you may not have seen...
- Even I want to go. Let's go now!
No, I don't care.
- Just... Just...
...then we can do what you
have asked me not to speak about.
Let's go now! Now! Now!
Sam, Just...
- It's close by.
It's just 22 minutes away from here.
We can take a cable car...
Just... Just... Just shut up.
One minute.
Just give me a minute, okay?
This list can wait.
First, you have to
do something for me.
Will you take Sam
to Discovery museum?
No.
- Please.
No, please.
- I'll kill myself.
Oh, no, no, no, no.
- I'll kill myself.
No, no, no, no. Please
don't kill yourself.
No, please don't kill yourself.
- I'll...
Okay.
- How cute.
Okay. Okay.
Okay, I'll take him.
Let's go, Sam.
Let's go, Sam.
- Okay.
Look after him and
don't let go of the hand.
Okay?
- Okay.
Not mine. His hand.
Please, please, don't kill yourself.
Sam, where's your hand?
What are you doing?
Mom said not to let go of your hand.
Mom is mad!
No touching, okay?
No touching?
- Get it?
Okay. Okay. No touching.
I like that. No touching.
Okay, everybody knows how to play.
We have Team A. Hello. Welcome.
And Team B. Good luck.
But now we need one
more team. We need Team C.
Now who's going to be Team C?
What game is this?
Can't you see? It's a puzzle.
This grid has names of
animals hidden in it.
The team that identifies the maximum
number of animals wins a prize.
Team C, anybody?
Last time Mom and I played, we lost.
Stupid game.
Who's brave enough to
try to win the prize?
Mom is mad!
Who wants to volunteer to be
Team C and win this fabulous prize?
Oh terrific. We have a volunteer.
Okay, just step forward and we'll get started with the game. What are you doing? No, no, no, it's embarrassing. - No touching. Please! We'll lose. - No touching. No...

All right, on three.
One, two, three.
Flamingo, Chimpanzee,
Tarantulas, Stork, Penguin...
...Walrus, Wild Boar, Giraffe,
Whale, Polar Bear...
...Antelope, Cormorant, Orang-utan,
Gazelle, Pelican...
...Hippopotamus, Porcupine,
Swan, Fox.
And... monkey.

Monkey.
I guess we have a winner. Team C.
Come on, come here and take your prize.
There you go. Congratulations.
Let's hear it for Team C.

Mom! Mom! We won.
Oh wow. Hugging, my son?
That's special.
What did you win?
Here! We won because of Khan.
Oh no, no, no, no.
My name is not Khan, its Khan.
That's what I said... Khan.
No, not Khan. From the epiglottis,
Khan. Khan.
From the epiglottis.
Epiglottis. Khan.
Okay. Okay. Okay.
Time out. Time out.
Time out.
- Khan.
Okay? Okay?
- Khan.
Is there any other place you want to show me, Khan?
Yeah.
Been here.
Seen this.
Bowed here.
Fell in there.
- I know.
Then why are we here?
Sam wanted to feed the ducks.
Oh, yeah Khan, Khan come
on let's go feed the ducks.
Come on! You want to hold my hands.
- Okay.
You know, Khan.
- I don't know.
I was 22 when I divorced.
I was only 22 years old.
- 22.
I had nothing.
No money.
No parental support.
I didn't even have a house.
Okay.
I had only Sam with me.
I didn't know what the
future had in store.
One day, as I was thinking,
I started walking.
I walked a lot and
stopped after reaching here.
There was no way ahead.
Yeah, only water.
So, I turned back.
Saw the entire city in front of me.
And for a minute, I felt
it was waiting for me.
I decided then...
No, I'm going to make this work.
And I'm going to win.
We shall overcome.
We shall overcome?
Yes! We shall overcome.
It's my favourite song.
We shall overcome.
We shall overcome.
We shall overcome. One day.
The heart believes in it.
That we shall overcome one day.
Oh, no, no, no, no.
You sing badly.
You suck. You suck.
- What?!
What?! As if you are any better!
You are staring at me.
You are staring.
You are staring.
- Okay.
Okay.
Sam and I are moving
to Banville next month.
Banville.
I'm opening my own salon there.
Banville, California.
Population 30,000.
- Yes.
Take me with you, Mandira.
I'm thin, I won't need much space.
I'll keep an eye on Sam.
I'll never let go of his hand.
Dishwasher, microwave,
washing machine, refrigerator...
...I'll repair everything.
Dishwasher, microwave oven,
washing machine...
...refrigerator
I'll repair everything.
Please take me with you.
- Khan.
No, no. Please take me with you.
Khan, we are getting late.
We have to go.
No, no please take me with you
Khan, we are getting late.
We have to go. - Okay, okay
And by the way,
I have been here before.
Come on.
- Okay.
Many things frighten me, Mandira.
But nothing frightens me more than the thought of losing you. I was scared then... ...and I'm scared now. We're full, partner, no room. Okay... is there any other motel nearby? Oh, you are an Indian. I'll make some adjustments. You know, it's a Saturday. So, all the honeymoon couples have booked my rooms. Saturday? Why? Do they marry only on Saturdays here? The one-night marriages... try and understand. But you don't worry. You can stay in my room. It has a nude channel too! Nude channel? The naughty and noisy channel. Naughty? Noisy? Down. Down! You fool. You idiot! I'll burn that fair skin of yours, you idiot! Rascal! Rascal! All this is because of the lousy Muslims. Six years ago, they blew up the World Trade Centre... ...and today, we bear the brunt of it. They call for jihad (holy war) and we have to suffer the consequences. And these white folk? All blind donkeys! Can't you make out the difference between a Gandhian Indian... ...and a violent Muslim? Should I show you?! I'm going to put a board
This is the fourth
glass broken by the rogues!
Don't worry, Brother. Come here.
It's dangerous out there.
Listen... come back!
What's your name?
My name is Khan, and
I'm not a terrorist.
Thank you.
I miss you Mandira.
I know I can't return
before meeting the President.
I couldn't meet him in Washington,
so, now I'm going to Santa Fe.
One can achieve
everything by trying, Mandira.
Like I found that place. That day.
Yes, I'm coming, coming.
Khan, thank God.
Where were you all these days?
I was so worried about you.
You could have called.
But no, you won't.
Cell phones are bad for bees.
- Now.
What?
But wait. Tell me
where we are going?
I am not dressed properly.
I don't even have my shoes.
Here. It's close.
Where?
What do you mean one minute?
One minute.
Keep quiet, Mandira. Quiet.
- Okay.
Quiet, Mandira. Quiet, quiet.
- Okay.
Quiet.
- Okay.
I have been timing it for six days.
One minute.
Close your eyes.
Close your eyes.
- Okay.
Now, now, now, now.
- Okay.
Close your eyes. Okay.
Okay, okay, okay, okay
Now, open your eyes.
Open your eyes.
Open now. Now, now.
Now, please.
Have you seen this before?
No.
Khan.
- Okay.
Marry me.
Marry me.
Okay.
- Marry me.
You cannot marry her.
It's blasphemy!
And if you do, I will
sever all ties with you.
You will have no place in my house.
She is a Hindu.
There's a lot of difference between
them and us, understood?
No. There's no difference.
Good people... bad people.
There's no other difference.
Mandira.
Welcome.
So, after your marriage,
will my name be Sameer Khan?
It will be Sameer Khan,
from the epiglottis.
Khan.
- Yeah.
We can't do this without touching.
I know.
- You know.
Yeah.
I have read it in this book.
Intercourse for dumbos,
by Dr. Richard k. Woomer.
Okay.
- Nice pictures.
I think we should do it.
Now, now we should do it now.
- One minute, and...
Oh, no, no not one minute.
Yeah.
It will take longer than one minute.
Bye, Khan.
- Bye, Sam.
- Quick, quick.
Bye, Joe.
Bye! The apple of my eye!
And your hair looks
very pretty, ma'am.
Thank you, sweetheart.
- You're welcome, sweetheart.
Were you flirting with her?
You're not a liar.
- Okay.
Reese, I've to do my homework.
Let me go home.
Just 10 minutes, okay.
- Only 10 minutes.
Alright.
Surprise.
Thank you, Daddy.
Daddy? What about me?
Happy birthday to you.
Mandira. Mandira, can we
have sex please. - Now?
Now, now is good.
With Allah's blessings,
I fulfilled my promise to Ammi.
I made a happy life for myself.
Hello.
Yes, Sarah.
What?
Khan, switch on the TV, please.
Yes, Sarah let me
call you back, okay.
I've never seen
anything like this before...
Oh, my God!
A second plane... a second
plane just hit the other tower.
The skyline of Manhattan
has been changed forever.
New York's twin towers are gone.
Both towers have been hit.
It must've been
a coordinated attack...
Mom, why are Reese and Mrs. Garrick
taking money from everyone?
Donations, baby.
For the family of the fire-fighters
who died saving people during 9/11.
Hi.
- Hi.
How is it going?
- Good, good.
The Johnson's just
gave a thousand dollars.
Wow.
Thank you.
Oh, God.
- Here.
3500 dollars.
It's annual Zakat
(religious tax) money.
It's a duty in Islam.
Duty, duty, duty.
In Islam they donate a certain
percentage of their...
...income each year in charity.
- Yes.
This year, how could
it be anything else?
Yes, that's $3502
and 50 cents exactly.
In the western world, history
is marked simply by BC and AD.
But now, there is a
third distinction. 9/11.
Reports are in from
various parts of America that...
...Muslims are being
targeted and attacked.
Back off.
Get away.
A Sikh employee in Michigan
was shot dead by his employer...
...because he was
mistaken for an Afghani.
In the wake of 9/11, a lot of
American Muslims are changing...
...their names to escape
racial profiling.
Questions are being raised
about America's biased views...
...towards the Islamic community.
Even as Muslim women wearing
hijabs (veils) are being targeted.
Post 9/11, America's view
towards its Islamic inhabitants...
...is changing rapidly.
They must be getting late.
Let's mom drop you today.
And we'll grab an
ice-cream on the way. - Yeah.
Come on.
Of all the religions in the world...
...Islam is the most violent
and aggressive.
It encourages killing or 'Jihad'
as they call it, in the name of God.
Sam, you need to tell your
mom about this. - No, Reese.
I think she already has
too much to worry about.
Get out of my country.
Don't wear this now.
Allah will understand.
These people won't.
Never.
Yes?
I'm Mandira. I heard
about Hasina, so...
She is upstairs,
bhabi (sister-in-law).
He won't come in.
Bhai, please come in. Please.
You are my good son, aren't you?
You are my good son, aren't you?
Alright, Mandira,
you'll join us on Monday.
Thank you so much.
I just want to clarify one thing.
My last name is Khan,
my husband is Muslim.
We'll see you on Monday.
- Thanks.
Khan. I got the job, I got the job.
- Okay.
I got the job.
- Okay.
Now, everything will be all right.
We'll do it. We'll do it.
- I know.
We'll do it.
- We'll do it.
Yes, yes, yes.
We shall overcome?
We shall overcome.
We shall overcome.
You suck.
You suck. Please don't sing.
We shall overcome. I know,
Mandira, we will...
I'm in Santa Fe, New Mexico,
to meet the President.
His motorcade has 12 cars...
...but no one tells me
which car the President is in.
Mandira, I don't know why, but I
keep failing to meet the President.
But I know I have to meet him.
I have to tell him about Sam.
Sam. Khan.
So there you guys are.
So, how was your day?
Again Xbox?
Make place for me,
make place for me.
Don't hug me mom.
- Come here, sweety.
Don't hug me.
And how are you sweetheart? - No,
no don't hug me, don't hug me, no.
Phone.
- I know.
But I'll be back.
- Why?
Because you've no choice.
Hello. Hey Sarah.
Reese, pass Mrs. Khan the salad.
Sam, you okay?
- Yeah, I'm fine.
Sarah, we are fine.
I'm fine.
Rizvan, how is the chicken?
Do you like it?
- No, not at all.
Did I... did I say a joke?
Yes you did, Rizvan.
And a very good one indeed.
- Thank you Mark.
But the chicken is not good.
It's a new recipe. I...
- Don't make it ever again.
Mark was going to cover the
war in Afghanistan, Mandira.
Ammi was right.
Families are not just made by blood.
They are made with love too.
Sarah, Mark and Reese had
become a part of our world.
But I never told them that...
I should have told them.
Take care, buddy.
See you, Reese.
- Take care, Reese.
Hey, Reese.
In chapter five, verse 32 of the
Quran, Allah has decreed that...
...the death of one innocent is
equal to the death of humanity.
I knew that the death of innocents in
9/11 would cost the entire humanity.
But I did not know that you
and I would have to pay...
...the biggest price, Mandira.
Why did this happen
to us, Mandira? Why?
Reese. Just talk to me man.
Wait a minute. Why are
you ignoring me, Reese?
It's been so many days since...
Reese, listen to me. Wait a minute.
Please listen to me man.
What's the problem?
What have I done?
Reese, just listen to me.
- Piss off.
Listen to me.
Hello. I have got new shoes for you.
Pele Shoe Stores, 34/99. Try them.
Not now.
- Return policy, only fourteen days.
Try now.
- Not now.
No, no try now, try now.
I said not now.
- Okay.
Okay.
Return policy, only
fourteen days. Okay.
Hey.
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have yelled.
- Yes, very loud.
Very, very loud. Not nice, not nice.
- Khan.
Khan, please don't be angry with me.
I don't have any
friends apart from you.
Liar. Liar.
Reese is your friend.
He's your friend.
- Right.
You're a liar. He's your friend.
Cool shoes.
- Thank you.
Can I try them?
- No.
Please.
- No, please.
Want to play?
- No.
I'll beat you.
I'll kick your butt.
- Oh, you'll kick my butt.
You suck.
- I suck.
You suck.
- No, I think you suck.
I'll kick your butt.
- You'll kick my butt.
Yeah.
- Here, catch.
Okay, here catch.
Thank you, bye.
- Bye.
Hey, Sam.
Liar. Liar. Bum on fire.
Mom, I'm off.
I'm going to school.
- Good morning.
Mom, be quick.
Please mom. Mom I'm getting late.
Chill out mom.
- Don't try to be cool. - Why, dude?
Whatever. I'll be late today,
I have soccer practise.
Do you have to play soccer?
Do you have to cut hair?
Very clever.
The apple of my eye!
Love me till I die!
Sam. Sam.
Why is Sam walking so strangely?
Why are you laughing so strangely?
You're too cute.
- No, no.
You're too cute.
- No, no, please, please.
Please, don't hug me.
- Khan, please.
No, no.
- Khan, please.
No, no, please. Please, don't hug me.

November 27, 2007. 8:23 am.
I still remember the day... That's
the last time I heard you laugh.

Reese. Reese.
Reese, you haven't
spoken in eight days now.
What's up?
- Just leave me alone.
What's with you? You
know I loved your dad.
Just... don't talk about my dad.
Come on, Reese, we're best friends.
Our moms are best friends.
You know what you people
are nobody's best friends.
All you people care is about
your damn 'Jihad' or whatever.
What are you talking about man?
Reese, just listen to me.
- Just go away.
No, Reese, you listen...
- Shut up, and go! - Listen.
Sameer, I said go away.
- Listen to me man.
Just go away.
Look at those two little brats.
Hey, ladies, come on
time out. Come on.
Didn't you hear him?
He said "Leave him alone".
So why don't you go
home to your mummy.
Stay out of it.
- What?
I said, stay out of it.
- What did you say?
You heard me, stay out of it.
Jim, let him go.
- What's the matter?
Don't you care about your dead dad?
- Yeah, but...
Is Osama your lover?
- Let him go.
So... dead.
Stop it guys, you're hurting him.
Oh, he liked that one.
What did he just do.
Let's get him guys.
Hey, Osama's son.
Bloody Paki.
Get away.
Get away.
Screw you assholes
- What did you say?
Screw you.
Sameer. Come on buddy, get up.
Sameer.
Sameer, come on.
Sameer. Sameer.
Oh, shit.
- Come on.
This didn't happen, okay.
This didn't happen
this didn't happen.
Or else...
Do you hear me?
Mrs. Khan. I'm detective Garcia.
I need to ask you some
questions about this?
Later.
- Let's get him into the ER.
Is the trauma team ready?
- Yes, they are...
Lip discoloration...
discolouration of the face.
How is his pulse?
- Rapid pulse.
Possible internal bleeding.
Possible spleen rupture.
What's going on?
- We got to do this fast, you guys.
He's losing blood. I think
we got to give him blood.
We got to do this fast.
Spleen rupture.
Spleen rupture. Spleen rupture.
Go, go, go.
Ma'am, you need to stay out.
Okay, what've we got here,
what've we got?
No signs of internal bleeding.
Give me vitals.
Heart is throbbing extremely low.
- Okay.
Okay, defib now.
- He's technicardiac.
Give me the defib.
- Ready for defib.
Okay, we're going to shock in 200.
Ready now.
Clear.
One, two, three... clear.
- Still no pulse.
Okay go to 300.
Clear.
Still no pulse, doctor.
We lost him.
Time of death, 8:05 pm.
Sam.
Ruptured spleen... spleen.
It's the only part of
the human body...
...the use of which is
not known to doctors.
When the capsule
containing the spleen is ruptured...
...a splenectomy is performed,
and the spleen is removed.
But that can lead to
pneumococcal infection.
He's dead.
He's dead.
The splenic... artery is clamped.
Time of death, 8:05 pm.
Time of death, 8:05 pm.
Time of death, 8:05 pm.
Sam.
Come back to me.
Come back to me, baby.
Come back to me, baby.
Don't leave me.
Don't leave me, please.
Come back to me please.
Please come back. Please.
Come back to me, Sam.
Sam, come back.
Don't leave me.
I apologise for the late hour.
But 48 hours is our best window
to catch the attackers. - Yeah.
Now, I've gone through the
medical examiner's reports.
The attack on your son
seems very personal Mrs. Khan.
It happened at the
community soccer field.
Inspector Garcia told us
that our Sam's death...
...may have been a racial attack.
His wounds were proof of that.
He was a Muslim, so he was killed.
But I couldn't understand.
Being a Muslim is not
a bad thing, Mandira.
Sam.
My baby.
Mandira...
We killed him.
Mandira...
We killed him.
We killed him.
Mandira...
Let's go home.
We killed him.
It's time for dinner.
Doctors say that post-traumatic
disorder causes people...
...to ignore their health.
Both of us killed him. - You need
to take care of your health.
Just shut up, just shut up.
Are you listening to
what I am saying?
We killed him!
It's all my fault.
It's all my fault.
If I hadn't married you...
...all this wouldn't have happened.
I thought you loved me so much.
Loved Sam so much.
What difference would it make...
...if his name is changed?
What difference would it make...
...if a 'Khan' was added to his name?
But I was wrong.
It makes a difference.
It does make a difference.
I should never have married a Muslim man!
If Sam had been a Rathod (Hindu),
he would have been alive today.
He was a Khan, so, he died.
He died because of you.
Because of your surname!
I don't understand what you are saying.
I don't understand what you are saying. You are not well.
God.
I want to die.
- Oh, no, no, no, no.
I want to die.
No, no, no Mandira please don't die.
No, no, please don't die.
You can't die.
Please don't die.
Just leave me alone, please.
Leave me please.
I don't even want to see you.
Whenever I see you...
...I remember Sam's wounds.
I can't do this.
I can't do this anymore.
I'm leaving you, Khan.
I'm leaving you!
Why should you leave?
The house is yours. I will leave.
Go right now! This instant!
Go right now.
Go! Go!
Mandira...
When should I come back?
When should you be back?
When should you be back?
You know Banville?
It has a population of 30,000.
And each one of those
30,000 people hates you.
Tell all of them that
you are not a terrorist.
Why only them?
Tell every person in America.
Can you do that? Can you?
No, you can't.
Why don't you tell the
President of United States then?
Mr. President, my name is
Khan and I'm not a terrorist.
So, he can tell all these people...
...that my Sam was not the terrorist
son of a terrorist father.
He was just a baby.
My baby.
When you do that...
...come back.
Come back then!
Mr. President, my name is
Khan and I'm not a terrorist.
Mr. President, my name is
Khan and I'm not a terrorist.
Mr. President, my name is
Khan and I'm not a terrorist.
My name is Khan and
I'm not a terrorist.
My name is Khan and
I'm not a terrorist.
Not a terrorist.
Mandira, I felt a stab
of pain in my chest...
...when I left you.
I thought it was chest congestion.
But no amount of ginger juice
could make the pain go away.
It's still there.
Bhabhi, whatever you
said then was said in anger.
It was Sam's grief
that made you say it.
We all know you love him a lot.
Then why don't you... - There is no
space for love in my life right now.
Love will weaken me.
Hate will help me fight this battle.
And I have to fight for Sam.
I can't be Khan's wife right now.
I'm just a mother
whose son has been killed.
I've had a long day, and
I've sold enough tickets.
I'll have to call you back, alright.
For dinner with the
president is $500 you know.
That's... that's 500.
What church are you from?
- Church? Church?
This is a Christian's only event.
But... but it says, it's a fund
raiser for the draught in Africa.
For Christians, honey.
Honey, Honey keep it.
For those are not
Christian in Africa.
Honey. Honey, feed Africa.
Offer it to him as well?
Excuse me, would you
like to have some?
What's your name?
- Rizvan Khan. Khan.
I'm lmran and this is Sajida.
Where are you off to?
It's time for the bus to leave.
Prayer time.
Prayer time?
Now? Here?
You should pray depending upon
the place and the people around.
No. No, no.
Prayer should never depend
upon the place or the people.
It should depend only
on your belief.
My God, my knee.
Oh my God, my knee is bleeding.
I'm sorry,
but I can't repair your knee.
But can you at least help me please.
- Help?
Oh, yes I can do that.
Okay, thanks.
Joel, that better be you.
Hello.
You are an angel.
You've saved my baby.
He could've been out
there lying, bleeding.
Oh, thank you, thank you.
You little frisky thing, aren't you?
- Please don't hug me.
Alright.
- That's my Mama Jenny.
Always trying to hug everyone.
- Mama Jenny, please don't hug me.
Joel Izale Williams. I told
you not take that bicycle out.
Now off to bed with you.
- Yes, ma'am.
You. You Mr. Repair man.
- Rizvan.
Rizvan. Oh, you hungry child?
You want little dinner?
No, I want lots of dinner.
First we've got to get
you out of those clothes.
You want me to be naked?
- No, no, no.
Just get this cleaned up,
that's all.
Funny hair Joel and his
Mama Jenny are good people.
Mama Jenny is strict
and a little fat too.
But I like her.
Mama Jenny's elder son, James...
...was killed two
months ago in the Iraq war.
But he loved his country.
Mama Jenny too asked me
about Sameer.
Sam has been gone for 179 days...
...and for the first time, someone
made a mention of him to me.
Poor baby.
Poor baby
Mama Jenny and Funny Hair Joel live
in Wilhemina, Tarrow County, Georgia.
This small town has 204
people and 754 cows exactly.
All the people here
work at the dairy farm.
And pray at the Church Of Rock.
Today, there's a memorial service
for all the soldiers killed in Iraq.
Mama Jenny has added Sameer's
name to the list of martyrs.
Mama Jenny said by
remembering and talking about them...
...we can get closer to them.
Letters just stopped.
My mom's never been the same,
she cries all the time.
I loved my brother so much,
and I just want him to know...
...if he's out there,
that I miss him.
He's always...
I too tried to get closer to Sam.
Sameer Rathod Khan, my son.
Weight 56 kilogram,
blood group O positive.
Sameer loved Xbox and soccer.
He loved his soccer shoes so much that he would sleep in them. That was the only bad habit he had.
Sam was six years old when I married his mother.
Sameer was a good son. He did not mind sharing his mom's love with me. But I couldn't be such a good dad to him.
Other dads sense their children's unsaid needs and fulfil them. But I can't sense unexpressed feelings. So, I couldn't fulfil them.
But... but, Sam never complained.
He never complained.
Sam had one more bad habit. He told us only good things. He always hid bad news from us. He would never tell me when my favorite team Manchester United lost. Never.
Unless we had a bet. Then he would tell me. Then I would have to give him his mint chocolate-chip ice cream. Two scoops.
Two scoops, always. Two scoops.
On 27th November 2007, he was killed.
He was 13 years, nine months and four days old. Sameer was not only my son, he was my dearest friend. Actually, my only friend.
My... My... only best friend. I'm sure Allah is happy that Sam is with him in heaven.
I... Mama Jenny, I don't know what to say. I don't want to say anymore.
Come on, Rizvan.
Okay.
- Okay.
Bye.
Bye, Rizvan.
- Bye.
Bye.
- Bye.
Okay, okay bye.

God bless you, my son.
What do you mean you're shutting the case?
Understand it's been six months.
Okay, no witnesses, no suspects, no evidence.
There's been no movement on this case, Mrs. Khan.
Look, I really have no choice.
But you know, maybe... maybe there's somebody at school...
...who will remember something.
You know, maybe you can go door to door, class to class.
Door to door and homes, and something...
You know I've done that already.
- But, you know...
Maybe there's something else that you'll find.
You see these files?
These are all those waiting for justice too.
Look, I'm sorry, Mrs. Khan. I truly am.
Sometimes there really are no answers. - No.
I don't accept that.
I do not accept that.
There has to be an answer.
And if you can't find it, I will.
Hi.
- Hi.
I'm looking for any lead on the boys who killed my son.
Any information at all.
My number is there. - Okay.
I have reached Los Angeles now.
The President is coming
visit the college campus here.
I have reached
three days before him...
...so that I don't miss
him this time around.
I am going to pray that
Allah wills it so too.
Listen, listen, listen brothers.
We are digressing.
I have said it before.
I have no problem with
Christians or the Jews.
In fact, I have no problems
with our Hindu brothers too.
I treat a lot of Hindu
patients in St. Benedict's hospital.
I get angry only
when this same grace...
...is not
reciprocated towards us Muslims.
My blood boils...
...when Israeli Jews
massacre our Palestinian brothers.
Or when Hindus in India...
...cut our women and children
to pieces with their swords.
That's when my blood boils.
Doesn't your blood boil? Answer me.
Doesn't your blood boil?
- It does. It does.
It does. It does.
So, do something then. Do something!
I, Dr. Faisal Rehman,
take an oath that I'm ready.
Are you people ready? Are you?
Yes, we are. Yes. Yes, we are.
Are you people ready?
Yes, we are. Yes. Yes, we are.
Mighty Allah had even asked
Ibrahim to sacrifice his son.
And without asking a single question, Ibrahim agreed to sacrifice him.
It's our turn today.
It's our duty to let our blood flow for the cause of Islam.
This is what Allah demands!
This is what Islam demands!
No, no, no, no.
No.
You are lying.
Wait... Wait...
Why, brother?
Don't you believe that the Lord had asked for Ismail's sacrifice?
No, no.
My Ammi has told me the story.
Saint Ibrahim did not doubt the compassion of the Lord.
No, no, no. No.
The story is an example of his immense strong faith and belief.
And that's the reason...
...why despite being incited by a stranger repeatedly...
...Saint Ibrahim did not waver from his path of righteousness.
No.
He didn't listen to the stranger.
He was sure Allah would never allow the blood of his progeny to be shed.
And he was right.
The mighty Allah saved Ismail's life.
My Ammi also said, "Rizvan...
...this story shows that the path of Allah is that of love...
...not of hatred and war."
You are lying.
Dr. Faisal Rehman is a liar.
- You are lying.
Look. The meaning of the story is clear.
Dr. Faisal Rehman is a liar.
- Our brother here speaks the truth.
Allah's path is that of compassion. That's why his loved ones are called 'blessed by the compassionate!' Dr. Faisal Rehman is a liar. Ask him who was that stranger? I'm not lying! You are lying! Our times demand...
- Ask him...
The stranger who tried to veer Ibrahim from his path...
...was he an infidel?
How does it matter who he was?
But Doctor, who was he?
Listen I can explain everything.
Brother, tell us who he was.
Satan! Satan! Satan!
The world is strange, Mandira.
The more I try to understand it...
...the lesser I understand.
I miss you.
Hello.
- Hello.
Bhai... You? Where are you?
FBI. Do you have a number for the FBI?
FBI? Why?
Please.
It's our college, and they are pushing us around.
I wonder why they are so excited.
That too for this President.
Lousy pods of garlic!
I love it.
There are no better cusswords than Indian ones. - Really.
Boys and girls.
Come on. This is the man you waited for hours to see.
Let's give him a warm round of applause.
I present to you, the man, the legend.
The president of the
United States of America.
Alright, yes.
Alright, come on everybody.
Let's give this guy a nice warm round of applause...
...for his esteemed support.
And there he is.
Alright everybody, alright.
Everybody, make some noise.
President.
Mr. President.
Mr. President.
Mr. President.
My name Khan,
and I'm not a terrorist.
Mr. President.
My name Khan,
and I'm not a terrorist.
Did he just say terrorist?
I'm not a terrorist.
- Terrorist!
He says he's a terrorist.
- I'm not a terrorist.
Move.
Don't move.
I got him.
Don't move, man. Don't move.
Keep your hands
where I can see them.
My name is Khan, and
I'm not a terrorist.
I don't understand.
He is strange.
First, he was standing silently.
Then all of a sudden,
he was screaming.
And what was he screaming...
I'm not a terrorist.
I'm not a terrorist. Strange.
There's something more to his story.
Yes. But why are
we after this story?
Listen, Raj. This
can't be our project.
I don't want to get into this Khan story. I'm scared. Scared because he is a Khan? If he was a Khanna, you wouldn't be, right? What do you mean? You know what I'm saying, Komal. Listen, this is going to be my project. Are you with me? He's been following the President for some weeks now. And we... frankly can't know whether he's a 'Jihadi' or not. I have made a mistake again, Mandira. And now, the President is angry with me. He has even told the judge about it. That's why the judge has asked me to be shut away. He has also ordered that I should meet a psychiatrist. He says he will meet me after that. I will tell him then that I'm not an enemy. I'm not evil. I am unable to say anything now, Mandira. I'm very scared. His name is Rizvan Khan. - Rizvan Khan. - Yes. They are not saying anything beyond that right now. I knew the police wasn't going to tell us anything... Now? Now what? There are other ways of finding out. Come on, let's go. Guys, you know this is illegal. Yes. And you never do anything illegal, right?

Here. Complete
information on Rizvan Khan.
House, work address,
social security number.
Credit records, salary statement.
In short, his entire life!
Wow, dude, Inder you're a rockstar.
- Yes, thanks.
Bye.
- Okay, okay, okay.
Stay out of jail.
Yeah, I'll call you back. Bye.
Yeah, I'm telling you, it's a
great piece for your paper, okay.
This man, Rizvan Khan,
is a simple guy.
He sells beauty
products for a living.
Listen.
He's no enemy combatant.
That's what you think.
I just interviewed an extremist
in a Kabul prison last year.
He was just a tailor.
There's no story here, bud.
This place is strange, Mandira.
There are no windows to any room
and the bathrooms don't have a door.
And the toilet has a lock.
My eyes burn and I feel sleepy too.
At times, it's very hot here.
At other times, it is very cold.
I told them I would
repair their air conditioner...
...but they won't let me.
They don't even tell me
the time so that I can pray.
That's why every time
I feel scared...
I bow and pray.
Oh, sorry guys, sorry.
Give me two minutes, okay.
Look, I've looked over the details.
I'm not really interested, but...
...why don't you try
Bobby Ahuja, at PBC.
He might able to
But why? Why do you want
to meet the President?
Why do you know so
much about the President?
Why were you reading
up on the President?
Do you know these people?
Azhar Mahmood, Omar Khan...
I think they are angry...
...because I'm not able to answer
their questions about the Al Qaeda.
But I don't know
anything about them.
Mandira, I should have
read up on Al Qaeda before.
Why? Why were you at
the Rally? Okay, what?
It's time for his session with me.
As ordered by the judge.
Do you really buy this, "My wife
told me to meet the President"shit?"
Would it matter if I said yes?
Hello.
- Hi.
Raj.
- Raj, Bobby Ahuja. Please sit.
I didn't have your number or I would
have called to tell you that...
...I can't cover the
Rizvan Khan story.
I have a busy schedule.
I have no time for
another two months.
You know otherwise, you know
I would've done something.
But... you know what I mean?
If you don't mind me asking, sir.
Was this photograph
taken before 9/11?
Yes. Why?
What's so funny?
No, it's not funny at all actually. They confused a Sikh for a Muslim and you changed your entire life. And here, they are not even treating a Muslim like a human... ...and you aren't able to change your schedule? Thank you for your time, sir. You have one new message. Hi Raj, this is Bobby Ahuja from PBC. Don't forget to watch the news tomorrow. My name is Khan, and I'm not a terrorist. Mr. President. Rizvan Khan of Banville California was arrested... ...on June 15th at the CLA Presidential Rally. He has been accused of being a terrorist... ...and has been jailed for the last 15 days. Without any evidence. And without legal representation. And today, we have with us Mr. And Mrs. Zakir Khan. Family of Rizvan Khan. Imran, the Khan from the bus is on PBC. Quick, switch on the TV! Very angry and very upset. I mean, how can anyone call him a terrorist? That too without any evidence. Tell them how last month Bhai called for the FBI. Bhai had called last month. He wanted the number for the FBI. He wanted to report some terrorist recruiter called, Dr. Faisal Rehman. Yo, how's business, asshole? Fuck you. I mean we're told to
report suspicious characters. Participate in... protecting the country from extremists. And then when we do that... ...we're just put into the jail, like my brother. Yeah, this is judge Preston, can you give me the FBI please? The question over here is, not why he's trying to meet the President. The question is, what's wrong in an ordinary citizen... ...wanting to meet the President of his country? Or is it just wrong for a Muslim man to even try? And as Rizvan Khan continues to be treated as guilty... ...until proven innocent, for PBC News, my name is Bobby Ahuja. And I'm not a terrorist. He is right. Zakir Bhai is right. We are told to report to the government any information... ...we have on any terrorist activity. And when we do that, what happens is before you. Why is this being asked over and over again? "Why does Khan want to meet the President?" What's the harm if an ordinary citizen wants to meet the President? What's wrong? Or then tell us clearly that Muslims don't have right to do so. Yes, good afternoon. This is Tracy Brennan... ...Chairperson of the American Autistic society in San Francisco. Would you put me on to your officer in-charge of the... ...Rizvan Khan case, please? This is about the Rizvan Khan case.
Any information you
have on Rizvan Khan.
Look I've been calling all morning.
I need to know where Rizvan
Khan has been taken, please.
Hello, hello.
My name is Rizvan Khan.
Khan, from the epiglottis.
I want to report a man.
I have to report a man.
I met him at a downtown mosque.
I met him at a downtown mosque.
His name is Dr. Faisal Rehman.
Faisal Rehman, he works at
the St. Benedicts Hospital.
He is a bad man.
He is a very bad man.
Your call helped
them arrest Dr. Rehman.
Eight others were arrested with him.
It's a big catch, Rizvan.
You are free to go now.
You are free.
Hey, watch it.
Finally, Rizvan Khan's
innocence has been proved.
He will be freed in a few moments.
A small, but increasing group of
supporters have gathered here today...
...and have shown no
signs of leaving.
Bano, come quickly! Rizvan Khan
has been released. He's been freed.
Bare Essentials Mystique,
Mandira's perfume...
35 dollars, 99 cents.
On sale now, at Walmart.
Hey, you famous or something?
- On sale now at Walmart.
You some Guru or something?
Some crazy lady was just
here shouting about your...
...innocence and what not.
- Crazy lady. Mandira.
Mandira was here.
Crazy lady, Mandira was here.
Where did she go?
Where did she go?
Where did she go?
Where did she go?
- She went out the back way.
Mandira.
Mandira.
Mandira.

Sorry Mandira, I couldn't meet you...
...since I haven't
fulfilled my promise to you yet.
But somehow Mandira,
as soon as I saw you...
...the pain in my chest vanished.
Where did Rizvan Khan go?
And why does he want to meet
the President? No one knows.
So why he wants to
meet the President...
...and what is his message about
continues to remain a mystery.
This is Bobby Ahuja, PBC news.
- Yeah, so...
Thank you so much for
this internship, sir.
We promise not to let you...
Thank me later...
First find this Khan...
His story has moved
thousands of Muslims.
I wish I knew where Bhai was, Raj.
He calls me.
Yeah. Yeah, next time he
calls me I'll let you know.
Yo, Paki loser.
Hey! My name is Abdul!
You want a piece of me.
You show me the finger?
- Enough, okay buddy.
Come, I'll show you once
and for all. - I'm done.
Come I'll show you!
What you looking at?
For a while now I have been fighting with myself. I teach you about identity when my own has been changed so drastically. My hijab is not just my religious identity. It is a part of my existence. It's me.
Khan stayed in room 22 only. You want to stay in the same room? Only 25 dollars extra, to be a part of history. And mind you, my name is Jitesh. And I'm not a terrorist. Mummy, I want to tell you something today. Today I'm proud to be a computer hacker. Ya... I have eaten already. At least listen to what I'm saying first. Hurricane Molly... now moving at 125 miles per hour... has severely hit the southern coast. And the authorities around the southern region have been alerted. We now go live to Alex, who's on location. Thank you, Janice.
Attention all passengers... E- 52 bus to Portland has been delayed by 10 minutes. Again, E-52 Portland bus has a ten minute delay. We regret the inconvenience. We have a fresh update, this just in. We've news that the hurricane has hit Wilhemina, Georgia. I repeat, Wilhemina, Georgia has been hit. Full on by hurricane Molly.
At this point we don't have any indication as to...
Mama Jenny... Mama
Jenny I have to go to her.
Raj... Bhai called... You wanted to know where he was, didn't you?
Yes, Zakir bhai?
He's going to Wilhemina.
Wilhemina? That's in Georgia, right?
Ya... Somewhere there.
What is he doing there?
He said that he has to meet some Mama Jenny there.
Mandira, there's going to be a delay in meeting the President.
I have come to Wilhemina, Georgia.
Mama Jenny and Funny hair Joel are in trouble.
There's too much water here,
Mandira...
...and I don't think Mama Jenny can swim.
She's a little fat.
Rizvan. Mama Rizvan.
Rizvan. What are you doing here?
Mama Jenny, I'm happy, Funny hair Joel and you are not dead.
I'm happy.
Thank you for coming, Rizvan.
But you should not be here.
- I'm happy, I'm here.
No, you must go.
No, you must go.
- No, no, no.
Listen to me.
- No, no, no.
You should not be here.
This one you cannot repair. Now go.
Mama, Rizvan.
Oh, God the church is going to fall.
We're going to die.
The church is going to fall.
Hadith says that the Almighty does not judge by color or creed...
...but by actions and deeds.
If that is the truth...
...then Rizvan Khan by the
sheer force of his actions...
...has elevated the entire
humanity in the eyes of God.
Just recently this
man was arrested...
...and tortured for being
an enemy combatant of this country.
Wonder what the government
officials would call this...
...Muslim enemy combatant today?
As he selflessly tries to save
the remaining lives in Wilhemina.
Just a few days ago this
man was called a terrorist...
...and tortured mercilessly.
Today we wait for the response
of the government officials...
...as he tirelessly
strives to save innocent lives.
If the authorities want
to find the true enemy...
...combatant of this country.
Then they would find it in the
grief and debris of Wilhemina.
It's a long journey
to change the world.
But the first few steps have been
taken by Rizvan Khan in Wilhemina.
Isn't it our duty now to
take this journey forward?
Raj Burman, Star News.
Please don't take my
baby away from me.
Please don't take my
baby away from me.
Mandira, people are suffering
here and are very helpless.
I wish I could take
all of them from here.
But I don't have the
physical strength to do that.
Mama Jenny is right...
This one... this one I can't repair.
Now we can only await
the Lord's merciful eye.
Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama!
While several hurricane hit areas...
...have suffered from
government inaction.
One small town in Georgia is
slowly getting back on its feet.
This group has brought
something more valuable than money.
They brought themselves.
The US government may
have forgotten the flood...
...inflicted area of Wilhemina,
Georgia...
...but one man has
refused to be indifferent...
...to the plight of its inhabitants.
This one man has spared
no efforts in helping...
...rehabilitate the
population of Wilhemina.
Looking at him as an
inspiration today...
...many Americans have
rushed to Wilhemina...
...and its neighboring towns to help
in rebuilding the destroyed towns.
And all this just
because of one man...
...whose name is Rizvan Khan...
...and who, in his own words,
is not a 'terrorist'...
Following the example of Wilhemina...
...towns are being
adopted across the country.
And while our military
is tied up in Iraq...
...reconstruction of these towns...
...has been taken on
by ordinary Americans.
And today, as our
special guest from Wilhemina...
...we have the man, who
got the whole ball rolling.
Mr. Rizvan Khan.
Oh no, no, no it's Khan.
- Excuse me.
Khan.
- Excuse me.
Khan.
- One minute.
From the epiglottis, ma'am. Khan.
I'm sorry, Rizvan.
Maybe you could tell us why
you want to meet the president?
Senator, you need to take a look
at these campaign accounts. - Later.
I want to watch this.
My beautiful wife, Mandira.
She... she told me to go and
meet the President of America.
A long tiring journey,
Rizvan. What kept you going?
My son's soccer shoes.
My son Sam, and his best friend
Reese, they they love playing soccer.
I'm sorry Mrs. Khan,
I didn't know what to do.
And I was scared.
And they threatened hurt me.
And I'm sorry.
I'm just really, really sorry.
I'm sorry Mrs...
- Sorry is not good enough.
That's just not good enough.
Thank you for asking
for leniency for me.
I didn't do it for you,
I did it for your mom.
My mom won't forgive me.
She will. She's a mom.
Mandira, this is Sarah.
Thanks.
Thank you for Reese.
And I hope and pray that
Sam's soul rests in peace.
Mandira, we both know what it feels like to lose people we love.
I lost my husband to hate.
Don't lose Rizvan.
Let go of your anger, just let go.
I love you son.
Zakir, Hasina.
I'm leaving now... Bye, bye.
Bhai why do you have to leave so late at night?
I've to go now.
It is three days to the Presidential election.
After that the President will change.
I have to meet him before that.
Now, I need to meet him now.
Now, now.
Leave me!
You got Dr. Rehman arrested!
You are an infidel!
This is your punishment, Khan!
This is your punishment!
You have to die!
Islam will never forgive you!
Leave me!
Oh Lord!!
The United States of America has a new President.
Doctor, he just got up.
Let me check all his vitals, lets go.
There are only two kinds of people in this world.
He died because of you.
Because of your surname!
Leave me alone.
Go right now! This instant!
Go now, now.
When should I come back, Mandira?
I... I didn't die, Mandira.
No, you didn't.
Can I get a hug, please?
Please.
I love you.
- I know.
I love you too.
Today the President elect visits
flood inflicted Georgia State.
The question is
whether Rizvan Khan...
...who has just been discharged from
the hospital will get to meet him.
Khan has refused to go back home
until he meets the President elect.
Raj Burman... Star News.
Khan... let's go home. You
don't need to do this now.
No, no, no.
Why?
- No, no, no.
I have to meet the President.
Ammi had said, "A Khan
always keeps his word!"
Folks, we'll make sure
we do everything we can...
...to bring Georgia back on its feet.
Thank you.
After winning the election...
...the President elect in
his first Presidential tour...
...has announced a
special relief package...
...for the flood
inflicted Georgia State.
After offering aid to
the state of Georgia...
The President will go to
New York from here to...
...participate in the
United Nations' special summit.
Back off please, clear the area.
Please clear the area.
The President has left. Please.
That's Rizvan Khan.
Please back.
- I want to see the President.
President's left please.
Rizvan Khan who has been in the news for all his efforts in Wilhemina... is now at the Governor's mansion.
He has been trying to meet the President for a while now.
It's sad that he won't meet the President even today.
Rizvan Khan's supporters are quite dejected at this prospect.
However it looks like he'll face disappointment all over again.
A disappointed group of Khan's supporters...
...are getting ready to turn back.
Copy that, Regal is on foot.
Repeat that please.
- Regal is on foot.
Are you Rizvan Khan?
- Yes, sir.
Yes.
- Yes, sir.
The President wants to meet you.
Greetings...
Rizvan Khan, good to see you hale and hearty.
You're on TV more than me now.
Mandira. He knows my name.
You already know my name.
- Yes, I do.
Your name is Khan.
- Yes.
And you're not a terrorist.
- Oh no, no I'm not a terrorist. No.
And... this is my son.
He... he wasn't a terrorist either.
My son. - I know.
You know.
I'm so sorry for your loss.
- Okay.
Yeah, thank you.
He's sorry.
All of us share this world before brief moment in time.
And I'm honoured to share
the time of Rizvan Khan.
Rizvan has reminded us...
Sam...
Our Khan has managed to achieve,
with his love and humanity...
...what my hatred
could never achieve.
My anger threw us apart...
...but today his love has
brought us together in a way...
...where we remember
you with renewed hope.
Now I will never let
him go anywhere, Sam.
I will keep this love with me...
For me... For you... Forever!
Anything else, Rizvan?
- Yes.
John Marshall, Homeland security,
San Francisco said to say, "Howdy".
Howdy?
- Howdy.
I tell you what, security has
any other messages, you call me.
Good, good can I
have your number please?
Thank you Mr. President.
- Thank you.
Shall we go home?
- Yes, let's go home.
Let's go home. Let's go home.
Thank you.
- Goodbye.
Goodbye.