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West Is West

By Ayub Khan-Din

Chalo.

Do two basket potatoes,
then phone a fish man.

- Hello, Mrs.

- Hello.

Hello, Mrs!

- All right, Charlie?

- Hiya.

I'll go, all right? Just leave me here.

I promise I'll go in.

You think I stupid?

I not your mam, mister.

I give you to teacher

and he bloody walk you in a school.

Mr. Khan.

Uh...

Go with your teacher and stay
in the school. Or I bloody fixing you.

Don't worry, Mr. Khan.

Come here, you Paki bastard! Get him!

Oh, no.

Nowhere to run now, Kid Curry.

- Oi, Gunga Din!

- Oh, shit!

To me, boy. To me.

Kya bloody baje do you call this
to be leaving us?

Sir?

The baje, lad! The skenning time.

Can you not speak Urdu?

No. I'm English, sir.

Rawalpindi. Do you know

Rawalpindi, Khan? Pakistan?

Never been, sir.

I was stationed out there just before
the outbreak of hostilities in '39.

Khushi thi bahut it were and all.

Can you show me Pakistan
on that map, Khan?

Poland.

Switzerland.

Prestatyn.

Never mind. Sit yourself down, lad.

Tropical warfare. Not a pretty sight.

The jungle is a killer.
You get bitten by
the wrong type of mosquito out there
and before you know it, elephantitis.
Testicles swell up the size of mangoes
- and explode.
- Really, sir?
Two-minute check in the morning,
just to be sure.
Remember that, Khan,
if you're ever in the tropics.
- I will, sir. Two minutes, sir.
- But don't linger, lad.
Or you'll go blind.
Your ignorance is a crime, Khan.
I shall endeavour to remedy it.
"He sat,
in defiance of municipal orders,
"astride the gun Zam-Zammah
"on the brick platform
opposite the old Ajaib-Gher,
"the Wonder House,
as the natives call the Lahore Museum."
It's a pungent place, Khan.
Pungent. Sultry.
Sir?
Does it not conjure up the heat
for you, lad? Eh?
Can you not smell those spices?
I can when my dad makes a curry.
I can't make head nor bleedin' tail
of this. It's all squiggles.
Is it in Urdu?
No. Maneer's writing. A chimpanzee
with a crayon would be clearer.
- Give it here.
- Can I go out now?
You go nowhere. It's a letter
from your brother in Pakistan.
- "Salam alaikum."
- Wa alaikum salam.
What do you say?
- Wa alaikum as-salam.
- "Hiya, all.

"Everyone here in Pakistan
sends you their salams."
Wa alaikum salam.
- Hey!
- It's only a letter.
I'll letter you in a minute, baster.
He's your brother.
You should show respect to him.
He in Pakistan!
Wa alaikum as-salam.
All my family
in Pakistan happy.
Because Maneer is there, you see?
Yeah, I'll say.
He took enough cash for them.
"It's got dead hot over here
at the moment.
"And I've been working my
"bullocks"?
George just bought a new pair
for you-know-who.
- What she say?
- Bought Mrs. Khan number one
a new pair of bullocks,
have you, George?
First she's seen in years.
Oh, stupy.
All work farm together. See? Sharing.
If I'd have known
I'd be sharing me bullocks,
I wouldn't have married him
in the first place.
It's a man's job, see, Annie?
Having to be strong.
Holding like this.
It's good. Maneer working in the fields.
All my family, see? He just like them.
Just like a Pakistani. He can do, in'it?
Why didn't you buy him a tractor?
Why are you always a bloody stupy?
"Who holds Zam-Zammah,
that fire-breathing dragon,
"holds the Punjab."
Bollocks to the Punjab!

So what part of India

are you from then, Shanti?

Oh, me dad, he's from Paki...

Um, Pakidilistan.

- Oh!

- It's a very spiritual place.

You know, these look good on you.

Oh, yeah, you were right.

Mmm, I find them really relaxing.

They're considered sacred

in my father's country.

- He sounds dead spiritual, your dad.

- Mmm.

He's practically Gandhi.

Do you think these are good

for me chakras?

Oh, aye, yeah. It, um,

transen-tit-ises them.

You know, I give mine

a good going-over every night.

- Which is a blast.

- Shanti...

All right, our Tariq?

What the fuck are you doing here?

That doesn't sound

very Pakidilistani now, does it?

- I've come to see our Nazir.

- He's in Bradford buying stock.

- Why aren't you at school?

- We're on a trip. It's half day.

And I've spent my bus money on chips.

I need...

- Whoa. You spent your money on chips?

- Yeah.

We've got a fucking chippy at home,
you knobhead.

Out now.

- Just my little brother.

- All right?

- Hiya. What's your name?

- Ravi Shankar.

Bye!

That's the little bastard.

- Mr. Jordan, what's happening?

- I'll kill him, baster.

Life, oh, best beloved,
is difficult for all men,
especially when we go from being
a man cub to a man,
and walk in a man's world.

- Baster! You make me ashamed!

- George, you've made your point.

- Point? I'll pucking kill him! Baster!

- That's enough, George.

Not even his bloody brothers
gave me trouble with the police.

- Yeah, and where are they now?

- Sajid.

I hate you!

Why don't you just fuck off?

What you... What you say to me?

- Get off me!

- Stop it!

Get away from me,
you dirty Paki bastard!

You want to know
why I don't want to go to school?

It's 'cause they all know
you're a fucking Paki!

You listen to me.

I don't care what your dad does.

Don't let me ever catch you
using that word to him again.

- But he started it.

- Never! Do you hear me?

I've had enough of this behaviour
and it's got to stop.

It will stop.

It's the kids at school, George.

The name-calling he gets.

How can my son say this to me?

Maybe he doesn't want to...

- To be a Pakistani?

- I'm not saying that.

But you're meaning this.

Is same with all my children.

Now all bloody English.

Well, so am I.

Or have you forgotten that?
You always take their side
against me. Why?
I your husband. You should support me.
- I'm still here with you, aren't I?
- It's no same thing.
Christ, George,
what do you want from me?
I no want it go wrong again.
Ella, he my last one.
This has to be done.
I know.
Don't mean I like it, though.
He not know who he is.
Not know who I am.
I tell you, he listen to me this time.
I bloody show him.
See? Bloody lovelies.
Pakistan.
- Yours?
- All mine.
Check. Check. Check. Check.
Check!
Yeah. Dead funny.
Uncle! Over here! Here, here.
- Salam alaikum.
- Wa alaikum as-salam.
- Everything okay?
- Good, good, good.
Salam alaikum.
Are you daft? She not with us.
- Sajid. You go other car.
- I take care. Come.
- Have you been to our chip shop?
- No.
I been your chippy chop.
I live in Bradford.
One year. Work in bloody mill.
Were bloody horrible.
I bloody come back here quick.
I you cousin.
You daddy is my chacha. Uncle.
My mummy, your daddy's sister.
I'm your first cousin.

- But I'm married to your sister, Rehana.

- Who?

Oh, your dad's other daughter, isn't it?

From his proper...

You know, his first wife.

- He related to us also as well.

- My daddy, his chacha. Uncle.

- Yeah, yeah.

- My grandmother's sister was married

- to your grandfather's cousin.

- Got it?

Camel!

It's a camel!

Loads of them! Camels!

Wedge. Tanvir, wedge, wedge.

Needing wedge for wedging.

Home.

Rehana.

Are they all related to us?

Maneer, Sajid.

Take these out.

- What have you come here for?

- Blackpool were fully booked.

Well, I'm not looking after you.

I'm going home soon.

Don't have to.

We're only here for a few weeks.

He's come to sort out your engagement.

He'll be lucky.

No one will fucking have me.

Can't think why.

Did me mam not send me

Nana Mouskouri tapes?

Then again...

Oh, great! I love this album.

Ain't she beautiful?

Poof.

Maneer!

Maneer!

- What?

- Where are you?

We sleep up here.

He dragged me all the way from Salford
to sleep on a fucking roof?

Some people might say
that were a step up.
I need the bog.
- Help yourself.
- Shit in a field?
Not the fields.
They like you to go in the scrub.
Bit fucking choosy, aren't they?
Over and over
I whisper your name
Over and over
I love you again
I see the light of love in your eyes
Love is forever
No more goodbyes
Maneer.
Maneer!
- What?
- What's that noise?
It's the djinn.
- The what?
- A ghost that lives down by the stream.
- Fuck off.
- I'm not kidding.
He's letting you know
he knows you're here.
Fuck off.
Just make sure you're not down there
of a night-time by yourself.
- Why?
- Djinns can possess you.
- You see anybody, just look at his feet.
- Why?
'Cause a djinns feet
will be on backwards.
Night-night!
- What are you doing now?
- Checking for elephant balls.
Oi! Come. Eat breakfast.
It's paratha. Good for you. Eat.
She made tea too sweet for her.
She always bloody doing it.
Everything okay? Home? Everybody happy?
Probably are, now my dad isn't there.

Hey, you be no cheeky, huh?
I hear what you up to in England.
I go be keeping very close eye on you.
I not take bloody any trouble from you.
Fuck off, you fat twat.
Hey! Come here!
I'll tell your father
about this, man!
Why you wearing that?
- 'Cause I want to.
- Well, take it off.
You said it were for Pakistan.
I no bloody mean now.
It's too hot wearing this thing.
Where are the Pakistani clothes
I gave you?
I'm not wearing them.
Why not? You looking smart like us?
I've already told you
what you look like.
- Go put on.
- No.
- Go, baster, put on!
- No.
I warn you, mister...
Go.
All this, mine.
Here, all the way back to village.
Uh, except that bit there on the right.
- Is mine from my father.
- Not much, eh?
- All family work together, see?
- Yes, this is all for family.
All the time I send money.
Buy more land. All for family.
And I working all land.
All for family.
For future, you see.
Oh...
- Popular, isn't he?
- So was Hitler.
Grundig C 6000 Automatic.
Automatic VHF fine-tuning.
...compact tape recorder.

Automatic recording.

Short wave, medium wave, long wave.

- All waves.

- Always.

See? They're having a party.

Here.

Sajid? Come here.

Master-ji Eyaz.

Say, "Salam alaikum."

- Salam alaikum.

- Wa alaikum as-salam.

And this is Pir Naseem.

We've met.

Ah, yes, yes! We have met!

We have been waiting for your
father's return for a long time.

Your mummy, Basheera,
and your sisters are very happy.

She's not me mam.

- Like mum though, isn't it?

- It's not.

Is in Pakistan.

Me mam's me mam, Pakistan or Salford.

- Sajid.

- I have a brother in England.

He works in the mill, in Ramsbottom.

Do you know Ramsbottom?

Ramsbottom?

Is there such a place, Sajid?

I don't know.

And if there were, would you
freely admit to coming from it?

Your father wishes to entrust me with
your spiritual and academic education

- here in Pakistan.

- You what?

You're going to bloody school, isn't it?

You said it was a holiday!

- Baster, don't you start that with me.

- You can't make me.

I didn't want to come
to this fucking dump in the first place!

I in charge here.

Your mum not here now.

She doesn't need to be.
You've got a slave here already.
- Sajid! Sajid!
- Sajid!
Sajid.
Carry on the way you're going, you'll
be here a lot longer than you think.
Fuck off! Just fuck off!
You can fuck off and all, Mowgli.
Are you deaf, twat head?
Come with me.
Here. Dead peoples.
- You want looky?
- Yeah, all right.
Bloody Nora! Dead bodies!
Who are they?
I think perhaps they're Moghul soldiers.
You know Moghul soldiers?
Fighting here, long time ago.
- Your English is all right.
- Hmm?
I mean,
you speak good English.
Better than you, yes. I do, true.
Pir Naseem's teaching me.
You speak Punjabi?
- No.
- Speak.
- It's not very good.
- Speaking, speaking.
No, no, no. Don't say these words.
Very bad words.
Who say these words?
Me dad on the phone.
You know, the telephone.
Maneer, you be respectful all the time.
- Right, Dad.
- And you,
say nothing.
No touch anyone. No look anybody.
Maneer!
Why don't you just try?
You know I can't speak Pun-fucking-jabi.
Sajid! Answer him.

Chigi-chigi-chigi!
All right! Fucking hell.
Bloody stupy!
- Where you going?
- What?
In.
Ah, this is the one.
Are you sure, Dad?
It was 30-odd years ago.
He was good friend. He at my wedding.
Abdullah! Jahangir.
He's a good boy.
She would live in England,
my wife will welcome her into our home
as if she were her own daughter.
You are my friend, Jahangir.
But there cannot be marriage
between my daughter and your son.
- But why?
- I mean you no disrespect.
But in England your life is
different.
Different from whose?
Girls here marry in England
all the time.
Your own eldest daughter
lives in England now.
I said your life, Jahangir.
I take it that were a "no", then.
No one want their daughter marry you.
I bloody ashamed!
Dad.
Oh! I'll just find
me own way back, then, shall I?
It's not like I'm in the middle
of fucking nowhere, is it?
All right! Chigi-chigi-chigi!
Are you all right, Dad?
It's all your fault, baster.
You and you family
pucking giving me trouble all the time.
Why you no go to your mam?
Get out of my house.
I no want you here.

Go home!
You no belong here.
You always said we do belong here.
- Go!
- What's changed your mind now, eh?
Don't talk to me like this.
You swan around here
like nothing's ever happened.
Jahangir Khan,
the King of England, returned.
- Shut up! Shut up!
- Too near the truth, is it?
You make me laugh.
Bringing Sajid here
to teach him a lesson?
I warn you, mister.
What were you going
to teach him, eh, Dad?
How to dump his wife and kids
for 30 fucking years?
It's not me your friends won't
let their daughters marry.
It's you.
Get out!
I mean, he's dead Pakistani
and everything, our Maneer is.
You can't fault him on that.
It's difficult.
And he's not that ugly.
- People worried.
- What about?
Go on. Tell me.
They think he will be like his father.
That maybe he will leave his wife here
and marry English woman.
- Like your father did.
- Maneer wouldn't do that.
Tanvir and Rehana tell people
this will happen.
They don't want you or Maneer
to live here.
I don't fucking want to live here!
They say your father will give
all the lands to his son,

and his daughters nothing.
Is that what all this is about?
Who gets left what?
They say you're not Pakistani.
Only half.
- And this is bad.
- Bad for me, all right.
I keep getting my fucking head
kicked in for it in England.
What a pair of bastards!
Fuck 'em. And me dad.
I'll find Maneer a wife.
- You?
- Yeah.
He's good enough
for any of them around here.
Bit of a twat, mind.
But, you know, I'll fucking show 'em.
- You can't do this.
- Yeah, I can.
You're gonna help me.
Sajid!
Baster.
Sajid!
He's a long way from home, Jahangir.
He learn. Is why I bring here.
Sajid!
He run wild in England.
- He's just a boy.
- You don't know him, Pir-ji.
He not know who he is.
All he know is he hate me.
- It's time he needs.
- He have that here, huh?
Master-ji Eyaz will teach him
everything else.
You brought him here
to teach him about your life.
Let him discover it for himself.
And if he no like what he sees?
What if you don't like what you see?
Send the boy to me.
I'll settle him down.
Then he will be ready

for Master-ji Eyaz and his books.
He needs discipline.
Then, with your permission,
I'll beat him regularly.
In Pakistan, they've got
the juiciest mangoes in the world.
What's that got to do
with getting Maneer a wife?
- Mangoes grows on trees, and a woman...
- Oh!
When we pick a woman, we have
to remember how we pick mangoes.
Yank them off a branch, don't you?
You have to take time.
Pick the ripest fruit.
Best size, soft skin, but firm to touch.
And then, give them a little squeeze.
They'd chop me bleeding hands off
if you get caught.
Yeah.
What about her?
Too old. Left on trees too long.
And the one in the red?
Too much colour. Too much sun.
Very sour inside.
And the one next to her?
No. Taubah, taubah, taubah.
Never, never, never
pick up fallen mangoes.
She shouts all the time. Talks too much.
Listens to the radio all night.
I think she makes a very bad wife.
Turned you down, did she?
Yeah.
- Have you, uh, ever had it off?
- Shut up!
Now get a move on. Pir Naseem's waiting.
- What kind of woman do you fancy?
- Shut up!
- I'm only asking, that's all.
- It's none of your business.
'Cause if people knew, they'd know
what to look for, wouldn't they?
Come on, will you?

Tall, small? Dark, light?
With plait, without plait?
- Get a move on.
- I'm not going. He's madder than me.
Okay. Make your own flippin' mind up.
I've had enough.
Hello? Anyone there?
Hello!
You're early.
- I'm not staying.
- You don't have to.
You're supposed to
teach me something, aren't you?
What do you want to know?
Never make friends
with an elephant keeper
if you have no room in your house
to entertain his elephant.
What's that supposed to mean?
If you're not staying,
what's the point in telling you?
Not very good, are you?
No.
I never have been.
But it occupies the time
and helps me to think.
And anything that stimulates thinking
is a good thing.
- What do you think about?
- Oh.
Entertaining elephants.
Come. Are you afraid of an old man?
I ain't scared of anything.
You could be a head-the-ball,
for all I know.
- What's a "head-the-ball"?
- A nutter.
- Someone that's poggled.
- Poggled. Yes, yes, yes.
It has been said of me before.
Head-the-ball!
- Bleedin' hell!
- That's as good a phrase as any.
Go. Go and explore. Go on, I'll be here.

Time. That's time, Sajid,
spread out before you.
Thousands of people
populated those stones,
each one leaving a trace of themselves
on the other.

All leading to you.

- Me?

- Yes, of course.

We're all part of the same story.

And we, in our turn,
will leave traces of ourselves, too.

But what we leave,
and how we choose to leave it,
is entirely up to us.

That's what makes life so interesting.

Huh?

We did lot of repair recently, Uncle.
The roof, the wall was falling down.
But I took care of it.

Mmm.

It is looking good, hai na, Uncle?

You can go to England next week,
with no worries
about what is happening here.

Everything is in safe hands.

I no going back yet.

Huh?

Time we had new house. Modern.

New house?

But Uncle, that is very expensive.

And time. What about chippy chop?

- I worry about time and money.

- Auntie Ella in England?

We build there.

Pull that damn thing down.

Here.

Nice.

Good.

I think I would like
to get married soon.

Me, too.

I want... You know. Soon.

Me, too.

Will you get married
to a Pakistani girl?
If they all milk cows like that,
I might.
Lucky cow.
Oh, my God.
- Come on.
- What is it?
It's Nana Mouskouri.
Quick! We're gonna lose her.
You take that roof, I'll take this one.
Oh, shit.
That one'll turn on you
if you're not careful.
He's right, chacha. Maybe you
start off with the water buffalo?
I know what I bloody doing.
I doing this when I same size as Sajid.
No, no, no.
What a dickhead.
- See?
- Very good, chacha.
No, no, no, no!
Move, bastards!
You are just a bit out of practice,
chacha.
I go back to house.
How does it feel?
- Looks all right.
- But how does it feel?
Comfortable. I feel comfortable.
Good.
"He sat,
in defiance of municipal orders,
"astride the gun Zam-Zammah
"on her brick platform
opposite the old Ajaib-Gher,
"the Wonder House,
as the natives call the Lahore Museum."
"Natives"?)
- What Imperialist rubbish!
- Pir-ji!
Very well.
"Who holds Zam-Zammah,

that fire-breathing cannon..."

- Holds the Punjab!

- Holds the Punjab!

Sajid! Come now!

Come. I'll walk with you.

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

- Ah? And what did you tell him?

- That you won't tell me anything.

Very good. Very good!

I wish you to remain ignorant.

He's still going on

about me being more Pakistani and that.

- You know, traditional.

- Mmm.

Your father, and many like him, have made better lives for themselves abroad.

But do you think you can move to another country and expect to find everything the same?

That your new world will not affect your life?

As for tradition, well, I walk to my hut every night by the same path.

Now, if a cobra decides to sit in the middle of that path, do I walk on and get bitten? Or do I take the other path and live?

We have to adapt to the situations and worlds we find ourselves in.

The alternative...

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

Yes. Amongst other things.

- Sajid!

- Ah!

Go. Your father's waiting for you. Have you just taught me something?

Who holds Zam-Zammah holds the Punjab!

Who holds Zam-Zammah holds the Punjab!

Oh!

You see all life
at the Khari Sharif, Sajid.
People from all over the world
travel to worship
at the shrine of the Saint.
All are welcome
who are in search of the light,
no matter what path they follow.
Come.
Let me show you something.
- What's the point of this one?
- What do you see?
Nothing.
Really?
Is it the same rude boy
who didn't like my flute playing?
I don't know any more.
I don't know what they want.
I don't know who I'm supposed to be.
But you still look like you.
What needs changing?
The boy?
Or the world around him?
Sajid.
Thank you for looking after him.
Sajid needs no looking after.
No, he has changed. I see it.
He not the boy I brought here.
That boy will always be there.
You just have to learn to accept him.
He's part of you, Jahangir.
Of your past, your future.
Part of the world you created for him.
When Sajid look at you,
there's love in his eyes.
If only he'd do the same to me.
Just once.
- Come on!
- Where?
We're going to a wedding.
Come on, now's our chance.
- Salam alaikum.
- Wa alaikum as-salam.
- Say exactly what I say, all right?

- Yeah.

Massi-ji, I hope you do not think
that I am being disrespectful
to you or your family.

We are from the same village.

I am the son of Jahangir Khan.

The fish fryer.

From long way across the big water,
in Salford, England.

Near Bradford?

I have seen your daughter,
though I haven't been looking at her
in the way that you are thinking.

- You know...

- Aye,

and you're gonna get yourself
in heap big bleedin' trouble
as well, pale face,
if you keep following me about.

- Where are you from?

- Japan.

Where do you think, knobhead? Rochdale.

- What you doing here?

- After a husband.

- What about you?

- After a wife.

Do you think I'm a cradle snatcher?

I'd like to talk to your dad, actually.

I've got a proposition for him.

He's dead. Tell us.

We make all the decisions now.

Ella?

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

I knew crimplene would be wrong
for this weather.

Mmm! These are the best kebabs

I have ever tasted.

And I know my kebabs.

Try them, Ella,

they're bleedin' gorgeous.

Did you make them, love?

I'll have to get your recipe.

Swap you with one of mine.

Has she ever had roly-poly pudding?

Oh, no, ta, cock. I'm stuffed.

Um... Hmm? No? No? Mmm?

Mmm!

So, Annie,

who look after your Peter

while you're here?

That's my husband.

Husband.

No, he's fine, George.

I got a load of baked beans in for him.

My husband is bloody useless.

He's only good for one thing.

And he's never been very good at that!

How is chippy chop?

Shut.

Mam?

Maneer!

- Flower. Flower!

- Auntie Annie.

Hello, love!

Well, come here and give us a kiss.

I've missed you!

You look so different.

- What are you doing here?

- I...

I've come to take you home.

I'm not going!

Sajid?

So, this is

where he keeps the harem, then.

Piss off, you.

Don't worry about Sajid, Mam.

A lot's happened.

Right! Maneer,

you were gonna show me the loo?

Uh, everything all right?

You can make it more lighting

if you wanting.

You make me

a bloody surprise seeing you here.

Yeah?

Think how surprised I was

when I didn't see you after four weeks.

I had it all worked out, what I was going to say to you when I saw you.
Now I'm here,
I don't know what I'm more angry about.
That you've been gone months,
or that you cleaned
the bank account out.
I needing more money for house.
And what was I supposed to live on?
Scotch bleedin' mist?
A month we said, George.
- Ella...
- We agreed.
I don't remember anyone talking about
you building a bastard house out here!
I was to go write letter, but, uh...
Did I deserve this, did I?
All these years, doing things your way?
Trying to make the kids understand you.
And you do this to me?
What?
- I... I only...
- You made me look stupid
- in front of everyone.
- No, Ella.
Oh, what's the bleedin' point?
Basheera, my daughters...
When I see how things are here...
- Ella, I having to...
- Or was it my turn, was it, George?
To hang about,
waiting for you to come home?
Like that poor cow out there?
I never mean to hurt you, Ella.
I only come to help with Sajid.
Then, uh...
Then what?
We'll not be here long.
I just came for Sajid.
- Ella...
- Just leave me, George.
Annie!
Annie.
Oh!

It's probably wind.
Probably kebabs.
I need the little girls' field.
Quick!
Told you the food
was going to be richer over here.
Ow! Ooh!
Good Jesus tonight, that was close.
I don't think I can hold it in
any longer.
Don't you dare shit yourself
in front of this lot.
Hi.
March on. Think of Salford.
Nearly finished, Uncle, huh?
Maybe.
Good work.
Have you thought about what
you're going to do, now it is finished?
Only, the family were wondering
if you would be staying here,
or going back to England
with Auntie Ella and the boys.
Perhaps we can't go back.
You, the boys and Auntie,
is that, Uncle?
Maybe I should never have left.
Uh...
Does this look like burnt copper to you?
More like tandoori red.
This house was built
for everybody, you know?
Yeah, well, I'm living in it now
and will be till I decide to leave.
- Oh, no, me mam. Here we go. Come on.
- Leave them to it!
Mam. Come on.
- Come on, Ella, leave it.
- No!
England, is it, love?
Well, don't knock it,
'cause it's kept you
for the past 30 years!
But actually, Auntie, we have worked

very hard here, isn't it, Uncle?
You? You haven't done a hard day's work
in your life, you bone-idle bastard.
And don't you start, either,
'cause I'm ready for you as well.
No, enough.
She had a terrible life.
A hard life with no husband.
Do you think mine was any easier,
do you?
Watching every penny we made
being sent over here,
to buy more bleedin' land
than none of my kids will ever see?
Your kids have never seen
a real father, is it, love?
Well, nor have mine.
They won't come near my house
because of him.
So don't you tell me
what a hard life you've had,
'cause I've had it in spades.
And what have I got to show for it?
- Nothing! Not even my kids!
- Shut it! Shut up, will you?
Maneer! Have you seen our Sajid?
No!
What matter?
It's Sajid!
He's still out in this somewhere!
I go looking. You stay here. Go inside!
Find him, George!
Jesus.
Not now.
I can't do this now.
Oh, you were...
You were very beautiful.
You,
beautiful.
Jahangir...
I didn't know about you,
either.
I...
I don't know what you're saying.

But you sound very kind.
You shouldn't be.
He's been with me all these years,
and I've never really asked him
about you and your girls.
I don't think I wanted to know.
I didn't care.
Do you understand me?
Jahangir...
- Okay?
- Yeah, yeah.
Open your eyes.
I always wanting going those villages
up there in the hills.
And villages after them,
and after them, and after them.
No one believe I would go do this thing.
My father laugh at me.
And did you?
What you thinking?
I reckon you probably did it.
Everyone in the village stand there
and watch me go.
I only maybe same age as you.
Weren't you scared?
Only when I was walking out of a village
and then walking back in.
And one day,
I walk out and no come back.
No see my parents again.
Never see my children grow up.
No see Basheera.
It's terrible thing I do, Sajid.
But you found your way back, didn't you?
That's the important thing.
You came back.
Come, let's go back home.
Here.
Sajid.
Who are you waving at?
Oh, I thought I saw Pir Naseem.
Aye up, Mam, they're coming.
Quick, bend.
Mam!

He'll be more impressed with three.
He'd better be,
'cause I'm only going to be
turning the bleedin' tap on in England.
All right, Sajid?
All right, Nelly? This is our Maneer.
All right, Maneer?
Yeah. Yeah, hiya.
- I mean, salam alaikum.
- Wa alaikum salam.
Been here long have you?
Um, about...
Year or so, eh, Maneer?
Yeah, year or so.
And you're looking to get married,
I hear.
- Am I?
- Yes, you are.
- Yes, I am.
- So am I.
- Did he say...
- Is he all there,
- or does he want it in sign language?
- Sorry.
Excuse me, I've got...
Oi! I've got three pots
on me head, you know!
- So what do you think, then?
- I love a decisive man, me.
- Is that a yes, then?
- Not pushy or owt, are you?
You better bring him round
to meet me mam.
Now sod off
so I can get rid of these bleedin' pots
before they do me neck in.
Yes!
Who is she? Where does she come from?
How do you know her?
Her name's Neelam Haqq.
She's from Rochdale
- and she works in the dentist's.
- What else?
She's got nice teeth, ain't she?

She's not engaged or married or owt,
is she?
Keep your hair on.
I've arranged for everything, all right?
We'll go and meet her mam,
who I know quite well,
so I don't foresee any problems.
So does she meet with your satisfaction,
or shall I tell her you don't fancy her?
No! I like her. She looks...
She looks like...
I know.
I'm great, me, aren't I?
Well, come in, if you're coming in.
Uh...
I wanted, uh, ask you
for help me.
Oh, yeah?
Maneer, he tell me
he see girl in village.
Our Sajid said.
He ask if possible arrange engagement.
Will you come with me?
If you think it'll help.
Yeah?
All years in England,
I think about Pakistan.
Wife and the children.
You don't have to say anything.
No, Ella.
All years I send money,
I think I good man,
look after family here.
But I not really think about them.
You know?
What happening. How their lives are.
When I bring Sajid here,
when I see them,
it make me feel so bad inside.
It make me feel like I wanting die.
Is why I stay here so long.
I ashamed myself.
I know, George.
You good woman, Ella.

Always looking after me,
believing in me.
Even when people call you name
on a street
because you are with a Pakistani man.
I see how they make you feel.
But you never care.
You take my arm
and walk with me.
And I treat you like this.
I sorry. I'm... I wrong.
George.
I love you, Ella.
I love you, too, you daft bugger.
- Salam alaikum, Ji.
- Wa alaikum as-salam.
Oh, God.
I didn't think you were gonna come.
Hot, isn't it?
Did you find it hot when you got here?
I was sweating cobs, me,
when I first came. Weren't I, Mam?
Drenched in it, I was.
I know your Sajid were and all.
Oh, he's dead nice, him, isn't he?
I bet he's a handful, though.
Told me all he'd been up to.
God, what a little bleeder...
Sorry. I'm dead nervous, me.
I just run off at the mouth
like I'm doing now.
Mrs Khan?
Oh, God! "Mrs Khan"!
I'll be Mrs Khan and all, soon!
Funny that, isn't it?
Mrs Khan number two.
Uh, three.
Oh, yeah? 'Cause of, um...
Thingmebob.
Very good.
Thank you very much.
Write to me, knobhead.
Sajid.
Who holds Zam-Zammah...

Holds the Punjab.

You all right, Eunice?

Ah, ta.

Eh, my lot can't get enough
of your kebabs, Annie.

Well, it's an old family recipe.

Isn't it, George?

Uh-huh.

Want a cup of tea?

I'll have a half a cup.