



Scripts.com

# Dirty Pretty Things

By Steven Knight

Ryanair final call|for passenger Wilton,  
travelling to Brussels,|Charleroi, on flight FR 1014.  
Please proceed immediately|to departure gate 6,  
where this flight|is now closing.  
Do you want a car?|L10, theatre land?  
Car? London?  
supplied by divx.NeKryXe.com  
You want a taxi?  
Buckingham Palace.  
No-one.  
Would you like a car, sir?  
Are you from Sajit?  
I'm not here|to meet you in particular,  
but I am here to rescue those|let down by the system.  
- OK, let's go.|- I'm over there.  
Hey, Okwe, how are you, man?  
- Who's next?|- 2-9.  
Hey, my turn now.  
Let's me go.  
Hey!  
- Your name is now Mohammed.|- Thank you, Okwe.  
Hurry up now, man. Come|quick, quick, quick, quick.  
Quick, now.  
That bitch!  
This shit dustbin city.  
So... What, Okwe?  
Amoxicillin.  
You get that in Boots|all right, or not?  
- From a doctor.|- You're a doctor.  
I'm a driver.  
Look, they say|you're a doctor, right?  
You get me something now.  
I can't piss fire another day,|man.  
I'm a driver.  
It's for my wife's sake.|You know what I mean?  
OK... So, I'll get you|all the jobs in south London.  
OK, I'll see what I can do.  
Let me kiss you, Okwe.  
Maybe in return|you can get some soap.  
Early is as bad as late, Okwe.  
Hello, Front Desk.  
No, I'm afraid the kitchen|is closed from midnight.  
I'm sorry.  
Goodnight, madam.

Senay, perhaps today|I can cook you lunch?

No, Okwe.

- So, it's true what they say?|- What is true?

They say you and the Turkish|girl are nesting like birds.

I rent her couch.

In the morning,|when she's working here.

We're never there at the same|time. She has... rules.

You know she's a Muslim,|which means she's a virgin.

Like a little angel.

Ivan, I think|there's someone at the door.

Can you believe it?

One of the fuckers wanted|to put me on his Visa card!

Oh, my bloomin' feet!

Lucky I don't work standing up!

What?

Don't they have hookers|where you come from?

Where are you from?

Somewhere with lions, I bet.

I like lions.

Right... Oh, yeah.

You might want to send someone|to check on the room.

- There is a problem?|- How should I know?

I don't exist, do I?

See you tomorrow.

What's that? You're stealing|stuff already, huh?

Guy before you used to take|whole pigs from the freezer.

But you'd better hide it.|If Sneaky sees that...

Speak of the fucking devil!

Where's the greeter here?

This fucking place!

Hey! Instead of smoking,|you clean this place up!

Okwe! Everything is all right?

What's this? Lunch?

It was blocking the lavatory|in room 510.

It is a heart.

- A human heart.|- What?

What the fuck do you know|about hearts, Okwe?

Perhaps you should telephone|the police.

Police? You think|I should call the police?

Senor Juan, someone is dead.

OK. You speak to them.

You found it.|You do the talking.

I will introduce you.

What's your full name, Okwe?

And you never told me|where you are from.  
Or even how come you are here|in this beautiful country.  
Hello? Police?  
Yeah, I've got somebody|who wants to talk to you.  
Hello? Hello?  
You will learn, Okwe.  
The hotel business|is about strangers.  
And strangers will always|surprise you, you know.  
They come to hotels in|the night to do dirty things.  
And in the morning,  
it's our job to make things|look pretty again.  
For your trouble.  
You think if you don't take|the money, you are innocent?  
Take it.|Do something nice with it.  
No.  
It came to me last night|in a flash of inspiration.  
I can see.  
- That's a good move.|- Ah!  
Guo Yi,|there's something I need.  
Amoxicillin? You got the clap?  
No. My boss.  
- Which one?|- They're all the same.  
In this country,|the health service is free.  
You still driving cabs|in the day?  
You're going to kill yourself.  
I do not care to sleep.  
When you go quiet,|it means you've won already.  
Go on, Okwe. Don't be nice.  
It makes it worse.  
Well, shit.  
You want Chinese|or English tea?  
Chinese.  
Don't know|how you drink that stuff.  
I found it on a body. It's|blown my head wide open.  
You should read it.  
Medicine for your soul, Okwe,  
Guo Yi,|today I also found something.  
In a lavatory,  
in one of the hotel rooms.|Someone's heart.  
A heart. A human heart.  
I'm only telling you|because you are a rational man.  
Maybe there's an explanation.  
Maybe some guy with one of|the girls had a heart attack.  
Rooms are down as empty,

so the Spanish guy|had to get rid of the body.  
- Hotels hate dead people.|- It was a healthy heart.  
So your boss was right. |Somebody brought it with them.  
- Who carries human organs?|- Lots of people.  
- Name someone.|- Me, OK? Me.  
I do it all the time.  
I take my work home.  
What I'm saying is, I could, |if I was weird.  
And this is a weird city.  
Why would anyone do that |to a human heart?  
These sound to me |like questions.  
I don't ask questions |after eleven years here,  
and I'm a certified refugee.  
You're an illegal, Okwe. |You don't have a position here.  
You have nothing. |You are nothing.  
You wait outside. |I'll go get you those pills.  
Stick to helping people |who can be helped.  
Fresh stuff.  
Thank you.  
Having only one key |is making this impossible.  
I do not want you coming in |when I am there.  
At the hotel we are friends. |I am no different here.  
How would it look, Okwe?  
So it is better I always |chase you down the street?  
Wait five minutes, |then knock the door.  
Knock very, very quietly.  
Yes?  
Did you clean on the fifth |floor yesterday morning?  
Nothing works!  
Senay, did you clean room 510 |yesterday?  
What the hell are you |talking about the hotel for?  
Water, water, water!  
I was wondering if there was |a problem in 510 yesterday.  
You can fix these things?  
Okwe,  
you can fix...?  
They were not clean.  
- Glasses need very hot water. |- So do women.  
Everything here is connected |to everything else.  
Okwe, in Africa it is the men |who cook and clean?  
This came for you.  
- Why did you not tell me?|- I just told you.  
You have friends in New York?  
Your postcard.

I have a cousin.  
Ever since I was small, |she has written to me.  
I sometimes wish London |was more like New York.  
It would be easy |to drive a cab there.  
You have been to New York?  
- And you came back? | - I lived there for a time.  
In the winter, |they put lights in the trees.  
Is that true?  
And you can skate in the parks.  
And some of the policemen |ride white horses.  
Not all of them, but some.  
- What did you do there? | - I worked in a hospital.  
- You were a cleaner? | - I was there to study.  
So, why are you working |in a hotel?  
It is an African story.  
I've noticed you never answer |yes or no.  
You are very strange.  
You drink wine, Senay?  
Do you want to know |why I left Turkey?  
Because you wanted to live |like your cousin?  
No, because I do not want |to live like my mother.  
- Yes. | - Yes, what?  
I do drink wine.  
This is a recipe from Nigeria.  
In Nigeria they do many |interesting things with pork.  
But of course, I used lamb.  
Take one three times a day.  
Avoid alcohol.  
In here. Come.  
It's all right.  
So she's a popular lady.  
My warriors cannot work |with rotten balls.  
My friend is just a porter |in the hospital crematorium.  
Hello. Front Desk.  
No, I'm afraid the kitchen |is closed from midnight.  
Tssk!  
Hello?  
Yeah, Room Service.  
Sneaky doesn't know about this?  
Sneaky knows about everything.  
And you? You know everything |that goes on in the hotel?  
No, no, |not so much butter, hey.  
You guard the door, Ivan. |You see who comes and goes.  
You would know if somebody |came into the hotel,

and did not leave again?  
Why would someone not leave, |Okwe?  
I don't know.  
You should remove the crusts, |like in the Ritz.  
Everyone leaves, Okwe.  
Some leave quickly.  
Some stay for a long time.  
If you want to stay,  
don't concern yourself with |who comes and who goes.  
It's the little touches |that make the difference.  
That's capitalism.  
Now go. Don't forget, |you accept only cash.  
Room Service.  
Thanks.  
OK, you just make yourself |comfortable, and er...  
I'll go and freshen up. |All right?  
Fucking asshole!  
Come on, babe. Hurry up.  
OK, OK.  
Calm yourself, sweetheart.  
- What are you doing? | - Have a drink first.  
You look fine. |Just get out here.  
Stop!  
Enough. No more.  
Where the fuck |did you come from?  
You, leave now.  
- You don't have concussion. | - How the fuck do you know?  
Christ, you must be bored,  
getting your kicks |spying on me.  
I was making sure the blockage |had not returned.  
Perhaps...  
- It's Juliette. | - You should go home and rest.  
Rest? |Got three more before morning.  
So...  
Have you ever seen a lion?  
Oh, yes.  
On TV.  
I had it cut. It is yours.  
You were right. |This way is more sensible.  
Okwe, you must not tell them |at the hotel  
that you have a key.  
- I tell them only the truth. | - Even so.  
Show them that your back hurts,  
so they know |you sleep on the floor.

But that is not true. | I sleep on the couch.  
The couch is not as real | as the floor, Okwe.  
Believe me, I am a woman.  
And some of those bitches | won't know what is a couch.  
But they know floor. | They clean floors.  
For you?  
Immigration Enforcement | directive!  
Open the door.  
Miss Gelik?  
Senay Gelik? | Turkish national?  
Do you have your SAL handy?  
Standard Acknowledgement | Letter. Your ID.  
Oh, yeah, yeah. | I carry it always.  
Neighbours, Senay. | They see things.  
In the last few days they've | seen someone come and go.  
A man.  
Sometimes a woman in your position | can be exploited.  
There are people living in | London without any papers.  
- They prey on people like you. | - Pray?  
- There is someone here. | - There is no-one here.  
You are aware your ELR status | means you are unable to accept rent.  
You are seeking asylum.  
Or engage in employment of any | kind for at least six months.  
- You're not working, are you? | - Mind if I use your bathroom?  
Your case is under review.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Is that all you want?  
No, no, no.  
You know this stuff will not | only keep you awake.  
It'll blow your brains out. | You know that, don't you?  
- Hey, Okwe! | - Boy, your licence.  
Keys, there you are.  
Hey, Okwe, what happen, man?  
Hey, somebody's husband | come home early, right?  
Anyway, take this.  
We don't want the doctor | getting sick, right?  
I played them | one of these fellas' songs,  
and, actually, | they were very helpful.  
It's bound to happen.  
You stay here too long.  
You start dressing | like an Englishman.  
- Where is he, then? | - Who?  
I've a date. | Every pay-day, 4:45.



Hey!

Come on, lover boy!

Okwe, will you help me?

Hey, guy before you took L5, huh?

- No, no, no, no.|- But you watch the door, huh?

Come, my little princess.

Come, come, come,|lille princesso!

Security room is out of bounds|for half an hour.

Five minutes, max!

Immigration Enforcement|directive.

Can I help you?

What time|do the maids clock in?

- Wakey wakey!|- Five o'clock.

Do you mind if we wait?

No.

Excuse me, sir.|This is a non-smoking area.

If you wish to smoke, you can|wait in the designated area.

It's for you.

Hello? Okwe?

But I am almost there.

Senay will be here|in two minutes.

You must stop her.

I have a medical condition!

Lightning doesn't strike twice!

- Is that the last of them?|- Yes.

This is an interesting place.

Would you like to see|a rate card?

I have a friend.

In her factory,|they always need people.

It's a sweatshop.

Is it any worse|than cleaning up after whores?

It's better money.

Oh, you are so sad for me.

I do not wish to cause harm|to anyone.

That is all it is?

I will collect my things|and go.

- Go?|- How can I stay?

Okwe, who will cook for me?

If it's OK, I will call on you|if I have the time.

But I'm owed three days' money|by the hotel.

I will see Senor Juan|tomorrow morning.

I have no money for food.

I will see him today.|Meet me at the cafe at four.

You are here to see Senor Juan?

Looking for work?

Vous travaillez?

- Francais?|- No, no, no.

M'aidez.

Yoruba? You speak Yoruba?

Bantu?

What the fuck|are you doing here, Okwe?

Senay has decided to leave.

She asked me to collect|what she's owed.

Oh, yeah? What, are you|marrying her or something?

I'll get her money.

No, no. It's OK, it's OK.|I'm a doctor.

I'm a doctor, it's OK.

No, please, please...

Please.

You must get this man|to hospital now. Right now!

- He must go straight away.|- No, no.

If you are a doctor,|you can help this guy.

This is the wound|of an operation.

Where? Where did he have this|operation? Which country?

You must get this man|to hospital.

- They won't go to hospital.|- No, no, no, no hospital.

Guo Yi is here?

Shit.

It's my first day. I was told|to collect my green overall.

- Which shift are you on?|- Which shift?

Come on. Either you're late|or you're really late.

You couldn't do the bins|in the kitchen, could you?

OK...

You see these blue tablets?

He must take two every|two hours. You understand?

He must take two blue tablets|every two hours.

You speak English?

- And Somali?|- A bit.

He says to say thank you.|God is great.

Tell him he must take two|blue tablets every two hours.

And one white tablet|every six hours.

It is very important that|you get this exactly right.

Ask him|which hospital they went to

to have the kidney removed.

He says they didn't go to a hospital.

Ask him where they did this.

In a room.

He had his kidney removed|in the hotel, yes?

How much did he get|for risking his life?  
He is English now.  
He swapped his insides|for a passport?  
The man at the hotel said it would be|like taking out a tooth.  
Can I get you something?  
- I've been here one hour.|- An hour and a half.  
There.  
I will go|and collect my things.  
Why won't you sit down?  
- Okwe, where have you been?|- Africa.  
I thought you weren't coming.  
I would have got you the money|somehow.  
The money?  
Do you feel that?|Do you feel anything?  
I counted. I've seen you|laugh three times.  
Four.  
You think I'm so innocent.  
In my village,|they chew those leaves  
to forget|how hard their lives are.  
I use it to keep awake.  
You know it makes you look...  
You should keep away from me.  
You lost your job.  
Because of me,|you are in a sweatshop.  
And now you are going again.  
Be sure you make it|to New York.  
I will make it to New York,|Okwe, thank you.  
Best if you don't show up|until after five.  
Most porters are gone by then.|Only ghosts left.  
Showers are here. Water's|not too hot, but it runs.  
Couch in my office|is pretty soft.  
Oh, I forgot.  
You don't sleep, do you?  
My friend, welcome to my hotel.  
Beautiful, isn't it?  
And the other residents|are very... very quiet.  
- It would only be until...|- Until the world improves.  
Ca va?  
Best truffles|I've ever seen in England.  
Dug up fifteen hours ago|in Provence.  
Came through|on the night train.  
Shall we say L1000?  
I'm in the wrong fucking hotel.  
L1000, Senior Juan.|What do you say?

OK. L1000.

But if I give you that price, |I need a favour.

There is a night porter. |African.

He came from you so I guess |he came through Amsterdam.

Yes. What about him?

He is some kind of doctor. |What kind of doctor?

I need to know |what there is to know.

Police! Police!

Can I help you, gentlemen?

We're looking for someone |called Senay Gelik.

- She might be working here. |- Do you see anybody here?

If you see her,

give us a call.

You have been here |for two days,

and already, because of you, |I'm in trouble.

Maybe I should call |Immigration.

Should I call them?

You wouldn't do that.

I need a good reason. |What can you give me?

If they find out you've been |working, what will they do?

They will put you in prison.

And here, |they mix the men and women.

So, |every night you will be raped.

If you want to be |like a Western girl,

that's what happens |to Western girls.

If you want to go to jail, |fine.

If you can't give me |a good reason,

I will call the Immigration.

I'm a good man, Senay.

I know where to draw the line.

I don't want |to take your virginity, Senay.

I just want you |to help me to relax.

You have |such a beautiful mouth, Senay.

Achtung! Achtung!

My ladies and gentlemen, |your coach awaits!

Bitte. Bitteschon.

But you must take your own |luggage to the coach.

I will help only those who |cannot carry their own bags.

Okwe, get up here.

- This man is a doctor. |- I'm OK, I'm OK.

She's OK. She only needs |to rest a minute.

He qualified in Lagos.

He worked for |the Nigerian government.

His name is |Dr Olusegun Olatokumbo Fadipe.

We must hurry|or we'll miss the coach.  
In the end, I find out all|about everyone in this place.  
Here, take a look at this.  
French. It's a work of art.  
Lebanese guys I use,|who are the best in London.  
All you do|is give them a photograph.  
I have no idea what you are|talking about, Senor Juan.  
If you were just some African,|the deal would be simple.  
You give me your kidney,|I give you a new identity.  
I sell the kidney|for ten grand, so I'm happy.  
The person who needs|the kidney gets cured.  
So, he's happy.  
The person who sold his kidney  
gets to stay in this beautiful|country, so he's happy.  
My whole business|is based on happiness.  
But for you, Dr Olusegun|Olatokumbo Fadipe,  
I've a better idea.  
I do not want to get involved,|Senor Juan.  
Each time you operate,|you get three thousand.  
A passport for you,|and one for Senay.  
Take her on honeymoon.  
I do not want to get involved.  
You could even|go back to Africa.  
And no-one would know|who the fuck you are.  
Your choice. No rush.  
I just wanted to put a little|wasp in your head.  
Unusual.  
Chinese guy with no family.  
Maybe he's from|the back of a truck.  
I cut off his buttons|so his spirit can escape.  
I'm sewing up his pockets  
so he can't take his bad luck|with him to the spirit world.  
If he's an atheist,  
I'm ruining a suit|no-one will ever see.  
If he's a Buddhist, I'm giving|him eternal happiness,  
for the price|of a piece of thread.  
I have found out|why the heart was at the room.  
They are removing kidneys.  
One of their patients|died at their hands.  
Another I treated|for a staphylococcal infection.  
You're treating people?|I hope you charge.  
Did you hear what I said?  
There is nothing so dangerous|as a virtuous man.  
Okwe, if you're so concerned,|you should go to the police.

Get yourself deported.  
You think if it were just for|deportation I would not do it?  
I'm a wanted man, Guo Yi.  
Wanted for what?  
Okwe, you didn't know|people sold their organs?  
- Not here.|- What do you mean, "here"?  
Here in London,|you think it doesn't happen  
because the Queen|doesn't approve?  
I heard in London|it's ten grand for a kidney.  
For that, people take risks.  
If I had the courage,|I'd sell my kidney.  
Just to get out of here.  
Just to save my brain.  
The problem|with always being on time  
is that you can|always be tracked down.  
What do you think of the girl?  
She's my next customer.  
Eight years old.|She's called Rima.  
Her family|brought her over from Saudi,  
hoping for a miracle.  
If she doesn't get a new kidney|in the next few weeks,  
she's going to die.  
The doctor we use is no good.  
If he fucks up again,  
there'll be another heart|down the lavatory.  
Okwe, you still there?  
So, I'm an evil man, right?  
But I'm trying|to save her life.  
That's weird, huh?  
Kind of thing|that keeps you awake at night.  
Tonight,|London is colder than Moscow.  
I heard it on the radio.  
Okwe... it is a crazy idea.  
But we really can do it.  
You said you liked New York.  
But if not New York,|then maybe Boston.  
Or Los Angeles.  
I'm going there, Okwe.|What do you think?  
And Okwe,|you could go there, too.  
Are you OK?|Senay, where are you?  
What has happened?  
I knocked|but you did not hear me.  
Are you OK? What has happened?  
The factory does not suit me.

My hands are too soft. | I cut my fingers.

So...

I have decided | to go to America.

For America you would need | a visa, Senay.

Or maybe a European passport.

- Keep away from Senor Juan! | - It's like taking out a tooth.

He's lying!

Because you are poor, you will | be gutted like an animal.

They will cut you here, | or they will cut you here!

They will leave you to rot.

One of the laundry girls | did it, and now she's free.

Others are dead, Senay.

So, they are free, too.

What would your God say?

My God does not speak to me | any more.

Don't break. Save money.

Keep New York in your head | and work hard.

You know what kind of work | I do?

Lunch!

Aargh!

Okwe, somebody in | the back room looking for you.

She look like a film star, boy.

Look, Okwe, I know for sure | that this coat costs L300.

- This dress... | - Tell me what has happened.

We can sell the coat for L200.

Senay, where did you get these?

I bit, Okwe.

At the factory.

He said he would report me | to lmmigration,

and he made me suck.

But today, I bit.

I bit.

I bit!

Senor Juan sometimes has rooms | in the hotel.

- No, Senay. | - Just for tonight.

No.

Through there is hot water | and a shower.

Hurry, Senay.

What is this place, Okwe?

It is a place | where you can stay for tonight.

So cold.

If anyone comes, | you are a friend of Guo Yi.

Tomorrow we will find you | somewhere to live.

So... it is in there.

I can hear it.  
Your heart.  
Hello. Room Service.  
Buenos dias... Negro.  
Come on. Come on.  
She's nil by mouth|the whole day.  
Please.  
Sister.  
Help me, brother.  
Stop acting|like you've got a choice.  
Please!  
- Put on your clothes.|- Please, no!  
You came here|in the back of a truck,  
but you are going home|in chains!  
They'll deliver you like meat!  
The whole world is wrong,|except you, Okwe?  
What?  
You are going to cut me up,  
and flush me away?  
I really, really don't know|you at all, do I?  
- This is Senay. A friend.|- I am not your friend.  
- She has been out all night.|- I'd rather freeze to death,  
than go into that building|again.  
There are mornings|I feel the same.  
- Come, Senay, it's cold.|- It is the house of the dead.  
They are all dead.  
Maybe this will help.  
My cousin has a room,|in Chinatown.  
I guess there's space for two.  
You know, Okwe, good at chess|usually means bad at life.  
You do realise that she's|in love with you, don't you?  
I've been with her|twenty minutes, and I know it.  
But then, I'm bad at chess.  
There is something|I must tell you.  
- This is your religion?|- I have no religion.  
You have stopped|chewing the leaf.  
I can see from your eyes.  
Do you know, Okwe,|your eyes are quite pretty?  
- You are not bad looking.|- Listen to me.  
I come to this churchyard|often.  
I come here to be alone,|and to think about my wife.  
So now you see.  
What do I see?  
You should not see me any more.



Do you love her?|Do you love her?  
There is a room|above a restaurant.  
The lmmigration police|do not dare go into Chinatown.  
Here is some money|for the rent I owe you.  
There is more for the trouble|I have caused you.  
- Okwe, do you love her?|- Love?  
For you and I,|there is only survival.  
It is time you woke up|from your stupid dream.  
Yes?  
Are you going on holiday|or something?  
Senor Juan...  
- Senor Juan...|- America, maybe?  
Come on, you cleaned up|their shit so long.  
Now, you can be one of them.  
Who is it?  
It's me. I got some paperwork.  
OK. How old are you?  
Twenty-two.  
How old do you want to be?  
Twenty-two.  
Hey, come on, relax. I can|make you whatever you want.  
You want to be|Spanish or Greek?  
Italian.  
- You need a new name.|- Isabella Encarico.  
- You're sure that's Italian?|- She owns a cafe in New York.  
OK, you are at New York|lmmigration. What's your name?  
Isabella Fontanna Encarico.  
- How old are you?|- Twenty-two.  
- Where were you born?|- Napoli.  
- Where in Napoli?|- Aranella.  
Right.  
The trick, Senay,  
is to believe you are|the new person.  
If you believe it inside, the|lmmigration will believe it.  
Drink?  
What are you afraid of?|Okwe's gone.  
Got scared and go away.  
Go to hell!  
This is hell.  
I'm helping you to get away.  
Take off you robe.|Come on, come on.  
Hey, hey, stop that!  
Stop that!  
I can't believe it.

I'm arguing|like you are my fucking wife.  
Let me explain something.  
Your robe now  
is what the Americans|call a "deal breaker".  
So...  
No.  
You are this close to New York|and you said no.  
Wait.  
I want the whole thing.|That's the deal.  
Take it or leave it.  
You do not see me.  
You just do.  
Take it or leave it.  
So it wasn't so bad, huh?  
Nothing to cry about.  
I'm not crying.  
If you'd told me|it was the first time,  
I'd have cut a ribbon.  
I can't believe|Okwe never fucked you.  
You kind of love him, huh?  
Women love men most|who don't love them back.  
Well, you had a lucky escape.  
You know why he ran away?  
Because I found out|that in Africa,  
he murdered his own wife.  
You don't eat or drink|for 24 hours, OK?  
Doctor's orders.  
Senay is here?  
I will need a pill.  
There is a pill you can take|the morning after.  
You are a doctor.  
At least you can get me a pill.  
I won't allow you|to butcher her.  
You won't allow?  
I will operate on her myself.  
- You'll do what?|- I will do it.  
It is the only way I can be|sure she will not die.  
In return, I want a passport.|A new identity.  
Well, holy shit!  
So you are human?  
I will bring you our|photographs tomorrow morning.  
Hi. I'm Juliette.|I'm a friend of Okwe's.  
He said that you needed these.  
So, he did not care enough|to bring them himself.

Oh, Okwe's an angel.  
There. Never happened.  
So... What did happen?  
Before, I was a virgin.  
Jesus!  
Mohammed.  
What a pair!  
The virgin and the whore.  
The doctor needs a good car.  
Take it. | Last time you were lucky.  
Black is black.  
Wash these again, please.  
Boil, boil, eh?  
Hot, hot!  
Jose!  
So, | this is how you do it right?  
There can be no guarantee | against E Coli.  
Mmm!  
Wonderful!  
No, no, no, no.  
Passports. | It's something I do right.  
No parking.  
Okwe wants me to wait here.  
I gave her a sedative | an hour ago.  
She's only in a deep sleep.  
But now you are here,  
I can administer | the anaesthetic.  
Now I'm here?  
You are going to be | my assistant, Senor Juan.  
What the fuck is this?  
I have noticed that if you do | not drink, your hands shake.  
When you pass the scalpel,  
I do not want you | to cut off my fingers.  
When will they come to collect?  
If you faint | during the operation,  
I have half an hour before the | kidney begins to deteriorate.  
They come to the laundry bay. | Back of the kitchen.  
- You'd better start. | - Go and scrub your hands.  
Yes. Professional!  
It's decided. | It's fucking decided!  
You and me | are going into business.  
You know washing dishes?  
You know, | when you forget on Friday  
and come in Monday, | and there is a pan with sauce?

White... green... shit.

That... is...

Jesus!|Was I speaking English then?

What you say?

...don't understand it,|how the ice will help.

It'll make you last longer,|babe.

I don't want to last longer.|It's not even pay-day.

All right, make you harder.

Think what happens to water|when it freezes, eh?

There.

- Get a bucket.|- Bucket?

Come on!

You have removed kidneys before?

Many times.

In pathology.

What is pathology?

It means the patient|is already dead.

Did he tell you things|about me, Senay?

No.

Let me wipe your brow, doctor.

Juliette, put the ice|on the bed and put on the gown.

Take the bag.

Squeeze. Gently.

We must go and scrub up.

Cold tonight, huh?

On a night like this,|who would want so much ice?

You are Pylades.

Pylades was the boatman

who ferried the souls|to the land of the dead.

If you didn't put a coin

under the tongue|of your dead relative,

Pylades wouldn't take them|to Hades.

No matter how good|you had been in your life.

Knife.

- Jesus!|- You are not allowed to faint.

Pass me the ice.

- Is that it, then?|- No, I must sew him up.

Why?

Fetch me stitches.

Will you go and check|there is no-one else waiting?

Yeah.

Where's Senor Juan?

He's drunk.

How come I've never seen|you people before?

Because we are the people|you do not see.  
We are the ones|who drive your cabs.  
We clean your rooms,  
and suck your cocks.  
In one hour, call an ambulance.  
Send them up to room 510.  
Juliette?  
- Thank you.|- Sssh! It's OK.  
One hour, OK?  
Handa? Handa, it's me, Senay.  
You hear|how good my English is?  
I'm coming to New York.|I'm coming to New York!  
My hands are shaking.  
So are mine. I don't have|a driver's licence.  
It's dead.  
It's the tunnel.  
I must tell her|what time we land.  
Senay, what Sneaky told you|was true.  
He did not tell me anything.  
I did not kill my wife myself,|but still it was my fault.  
- I was a pathologist in Lagos.|- And now you are someone new.  
An official was shot. I was|told to destroy the evidence.  
I don't want to know.  
When I refused,|my house was fire bombed.  
My wife was still inside.  
The police charged me|with her murder.  
I had to run.  
But my daughter stayed.|Valerie.  
She's with my sister in Lagos.  
How old is she?  
Seven.  
I must go to her.  
Tell me about Lagos.  
Do they have hotels|that need maids?  
When you arrive at the airport,  
you will see|a whole line of yellow cabs.  
The car will take you|across a bridge.  
When you cross the river, you|will see lights in the trees.  
Policemen on white horses.  
No.  
I know it won't be like that.  
Goodbye, Okwe.  
Hold me.  
You must go... Isabella.

Always we must hide.

This is the cafe|where my cousin works.

I love you.

I love you.

Hello?

Valerie?

Yes, it's me.

At last,

I'm coming home.