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East Is East

By Ayub Khan-Din

So we waved our hands as we marched along
And the people smiled as we sang our song
And the world was saved as they listened to the band
And the banner man held the banner high
He was 10 feet tall and he touched the sky
I wished that I could be a banner man
And the drums went boom and the cornets played
And the tuba oompahed all the way
And the kids and the dogs were laughing... #
[Man] Tariq, check out the nurses!
And the banner man held the banner high
With an hallelujah in his eye
I wished that I could be a banner man
Glory, glory, glory
Listen to the band... #
That's right, Saj. Give 'em a scatter.
Ain't it something grand
To be as good as you can
Like the banner man?
So we reached the square on top of the hill... #
Annie... Annie,
it's George. He's back early from mosque.
Bugger. Red alert!
- What's up? - Your dad's back!
[Man] Shit!
And we marched right down into the town... #
[Man] Don't tip it, you'll drop Holy Mary!
[Woman] Come on, Spaz!
Glory, glory, glory
Listen to the band
Sing... #
- Wait! - Move it!
Ain't it something grand
To be as good as you can
Like the banner man?
La la la... #
[Boy] Bugger.
- [Woman] Stop. - [Man] Why are you stopping?
La la la... #
[Man] Go, go, go!
Hey, Ella, there's Annie.
Glory, glory, glory... #
Hi, Annie!
Listen to the band

Sing that same old story
Ain't it something grand...? #
Fucking wet meself!
Tariq, where's them nurses?
La la la... #
Keep still.
Ah! You're pulling my hair!
Keep your bloody head still, then.
Sajid, ask your dad for the nit comb.
- I haven't got nits. - Well, stop scratching, then.
[Tuts]
Maneer, you out of that bath?
I've just got in!
That bath don't half scratch your arse.
Hey, you, gobshite, I've told you, keep it shut.
[Mum] And leave him. Sajid, go and hurry those boys up.
I look stupid in this.
Do it yourself, then.
[Mum] You look lovely.
[Door opens]
All right, our kid?
All right, Saj?
Looks great, Dad.
Tradition, see, Son?
All our people wearing this.
The watch.
Here. Says your name in Arabic.
See? Nazir.
Son? Today you make me feel very proud.
You two, pack it in now.
Meenah, veil on. Sajid, you get me those cigs.
And take that bleedin' parka off.
Maneer, move it!
Abdul, Tariq, Saleem, let's look at you.
[Mum] Hat.
Ella?
Your son.
Sellotaping, sellotaping...
- Gorgeous. - One whole roll.
Sellotaping, sellotaping.
[Woman] They're 'ere!
[General chat]
Look at that lot. Pickaninnies' fuckin' picnic.
- All right, Saj? - All right, Earnest?

See you later.

What you fuckin' grinnin' at?

Nothing, Grandad.

They just look funny, that's all.

How you doing, my love?

Earnest! Get your arse over 'ere!

Room for a little 'un?

Ay-up!

[Cheering]

[All] Bye! Bye!

[Barks]

[Indian music]

[Doors slam]

[Music stops]

[Room grows quiet]

Abdul.

You all right, Son?

[Mum] Nazir?

- I can't do this, Dad. - Nazir, come, sit down.

No! I can't!

- Nazir, don't do this! - Sorry, Dad!

- Nazir! - Nazir!

Why he wants to do this?

And bring a shame on my family.

I no understand.

No understand.

Maybe I should have take family to Bradford long time ago.

More Pakistani there, see?

No this problem.

It will always be difficult for you, Zaheed.

They are different.

[Children's voices]

- She's lovely. - Shut up.

What the heck's that?

- You caught any fish yet, Spaz? - Get stuffed!

- She is just gorgeous. - Shut up.

Three pound, love.

- 'Ere y'are, love. - Your change.

[Ella] Ay-up.

Annie, Ella. How you gettin' on with that Islam?

Fine, thanks, Father.

Two dozen roses for the walk.

And three dozen shamrocks.

- Chips? - Please.

- How many? - Next?
- Hello, George, how you doin'? - Very good, thank you for ask.
Good man. Well, God bless.
Allah go with you.
Ha-ha. This man bloody stupid, I think.
Every day he got bloody flower.
Who's next?
[Tariq] Tell her to go away, Stella.
No, I fuckin' won't. I'm her best mate.
Yeah, she's me best mate, Tariq.
Tell her to stand in the entry. She's puttin' me off.
[Radio] 'Situation demands that...'
Will you put that bloody radio down?
Shh, news about Pakistan.
'..After three jets were shot down...'
[Annie] And a pickled onion, cock?
'The Islamabad government also accused India
'of supplying arms to rebels in East Pakistan.'
These bastard Indians.
[Annie] Ta-ra!
No bloody interest in East Pakistan,
only want Azaad Kashmir.
I bloody worry. Family live on border, they may be in danger.
- The answer's no. - What you bloody talking about?
I no bloody ask you.
I can read your mind, so you can piss off
if you think you're bringing her here.
Why talk like this, my darling?
If she sets foot here I'm off and I'll take the bloody kids.
Why big problem? First wife always treat second like sister.
Get stuffed!
[Annie] Salt and vinegar?
[Laughing]
[Meenah outside] Give me the ball, Spaz!
- What d'you do that for? - Shit! The mosque van's here!
You bloody kids hide again?!
Tariq, the mosque van's here.
All right, Gandhi.
Your grandad'll drop a bollock if he finds you with a Paki.
I don't care. Tariq's the only bit of happiness I've got.
So my grandad can go fuck himself.
Come along.
[Speaks Urdu]
I'll fix them.

- Come on. Get in. - I was just coming, Dad...
You think I daft? Where is Sajid?
Sajid?!
[George outside] Sajid!
You bastard!
[Mullah] Bismillah.
[Class] Bismillah.
Irachmah.
[Class] Irachmah.
Neerahim.
Neerahim.
[Mullah] Bismillah.
Bismillah.
[Mullah] Irachmah.
Irachmah.
[Mullah] Neerahim.
Neerahim.
[Mullah] Eh Laha.
Eh Laha.
[Mullah] Illalah.
Illalah.
Ho Mohammed Dar.
[Class] Ho Mohammed Dar.
Rasoo Lallah.
Rasoo Lallah.
[Shouts from outside]
- Night, Abdul. - Night, Jo.
Your wife's got a lot to look forward to, pal!
Gunga! Drink now!
- No, Mark, I don't drink. - It's tradition!
[Mark] He's gettin' married tomorrow! Drink, Gunga!
Take no notice, get off home, mate.
Leave him alone, Mark.
Shut it, fat twat! You'll get a budgie up the bum!
[Gasps and shouts in Urdu]
[Saj] Yes!
[Excited chat]
Let me see, Sajid.
[Talking in Urdu]
Sajid?
Uh-oh, here we go.
Come on, bastard.
I bloody fix him.
Hey, stop looking! You make a bloody fool of me, eh?

Jammy little bleeder.

What the hell's he done now?

Done? I tell you what he done. He make a bloody show of me!

Bloody family always makes a bloody show of me!

Now, how I looking mullah in the bloody face,

'cause your son got bloody tickle-tackle!

What are you goin' on about, what tickle-tackle?

Mullah sees, all the bloody children seeing!

Well, he must be seeing things because they were all done.

She's right, George.

You no believe me? You bloody looking!

Sajid, come here.

- Get stuffed. - Hey, hey, language.

I'll stuff you in a minute, now get 'em off.

[Whimpers]

Come on, let me have a look.

I've wiped your shitty arse before now.

It's still there.

You sees? Is all you bloody fault!

It's nowt to worry about, you can get him done.

I know who should've got done.

[Snorts]

No bloody funny, you sees.

Just get this fixed. This has to be cutting.

Hey! Come here, bastard!

[Saleem] We draw 'em at college.

It protects the end of the penis.

That's dead good that, Saleem.

I wouldn't be doing art if I couldn't draw.

[Meenah] You won't if Dad finds out, Mr Engineering Student.

- Foreskins are dirty. - They wouldn't be there, then.

- Why cut it off? - [Tariq] It lessens feeling.

- It doesn't! - [Tariq] How would you know?

You haven't used yours.

Yes, I have.

You can't have this thing.

It no belong to you.

Not our religion, see?

No worry about it. I buy you nice watch.

at his age, George?

Your son goes bloody hell with this. But we fixes.

He's not.

It's my house and I bloody control it.

- Your house? - Yes.

Whose name's on the rent book?
Maybe your house. My bloody shop money pay bloody rent.
And what d'you think I do in there morning till night?
- Counting mushy fuckin' peas? - I no bloody know.
When I look you with Annie,
talking, smoking, smoking, talking.
Nobody serve bloody chips!
I tell wife number one come. Second wife giving me trouble.
and send me over there.
But I'll tell you one thing,
she'll find it hard serving fish and chips dressed in bedsheets.
Keep your voices down, I've a husband on nights.
Frig off! And wash your bastard curtains, you dirty cow.
Come on, Saj!
Come on, Saj, it's only a little operation.
It won't hurt. [Echoing]
Ahh!
[Moans]
Hello.
Feet off the bed with your shoes on.
- It doesn't matter. - It does to me.
I'm not having my kids accused of bad manners.
People are quick to point. Well, not with mine.
Is everything all right?
Tickle-tackle all gone?
Circumcision was absolutely fine.
You Indian?
- I'm sorry? - George!
[Nurse] Doctor?
Bastard Indian.
See, puther?
This is very special watch. It tell you time in...Arabic.
'Here lies the crucial importance for you and me,
'and no less for those among the immigrants
'whose future does lie here,
'of that policy of assisted repatriation, resettlement...'
We could have a whip-round and get Dad repatriated.
[Both] Mmm!
Fucking gannet, wait your turn!
It stinks of burnt bacon in here.
[Coughing]
Watch what you're doing, Maneer!
- Dad'll smell it! - Put some curry powder about.
[Knocking]

'And with that abusive obloquy...'
[Meenah] What d'you want, Pongo?
Is Sajid back?
He's havin' his knob cut! He won't be spazzin' the streets!
D'you want a toffee, Meenah?
Fuck off! D'you think I want ringworm like you?
Ahh!
Dad's comin'!
- Ahh! - It's OK, we're home.
Uh, put him down, I'll get some bedding.
Hide that bloody folder.
Mam!
[Bollywood music]
[Kids shouting]
[Annie] Oo-oh!
How's little 'un doing?
He's all right.
Just a bit sore.
Where's old bothered-balls?
He happy now?
Yeah.
He bought him a new dressing gown and a watch.
Not much of a swap but better than nowt.
Annie, am I a good mother?
No, you're friggin' awful!
Would you put one of yours through this?
You had no choice, love.
I did. I could've put me foot down.
And given yourself a load of grief.
This is religion, Ella, and it's theirs, you know that.
You knew when you got married.
Just 'cause the man English...
no mean they not good Pakistani.
- I know people think this. - No, Zaheed.
I hear what they say about me.
Zaheed, until your sons join the community fully,
they will be a worry for you.
But listen...
I have a friend in Bradford,
his name is Mr Shah.
He has two daughters.
He is eager they be married.
Now, if you think any of your sons is suitable and ready,
would you be willing to meet them?

No problem.
They're ready.
You arrange?
In Shalla.
[Ella] I'm back!
Ella!
I buy you present from market.
For you, my love!
What the bleedin' hell is that?
Is good, I thinks. Bloody bargain!
It's an old barber's chair. The rubbish you bring in here!
It's not stoppin' there.
No bloody rubbish! Three bloody pounds!
I think it's bloody lovelies!
You want your head testing spendin' ten bob on that!
Come.
Come try for yourself.
Get off, you daft bleeder.
See?
- So comfortable. - Yeah, very bloody nice!
Yeah, good. Arms.
Look.
- Swivel. - Aah! [Laughs]
And!
Yah! [Laughing]
Get me off, you're gonna break me bloody neck!
You see? It's so relaxing.
Take more than this to make me relax around you.
You always relaxing with me, 'cause you're my lovely.
Tomorrow we go Bradford.
Maybe see film.
Hm? Mmm...
What's all this in aid of?
Want a cup of tea?
I'll have half a cup.
[Children's voices]
Sajid, comin' t'canal?. I'm getting some rats' tails.
I'm goin' to Bradford.
- He's gettin' rats' tails. - What for?
You get sixpence for 'em. My grandad said so.
He's havin' you on. Dad! The van's here!
[Ella from upstairs] Come on, you lot!
- Salaam-alacum. - Waalacum-salaam.
Eh? Heeey!

Why you no salaam me, eh?

Poppah Khalid, you're hurting me!

- Say salaam. - Come on.

Salaam-alacum.

Good boy.

What were your Abdul doing kissing that bloke?

Shut it, dickhead. It's Pakistani, they all do it.

Pigeon Dennis does it as well. He gave our kid a shilling.

- Did he heck. - More for a punch in the balls.

[Ella from outside] George! Come on!

[Ella] Out of the way, kids, thank you.

- Salaam. - Waalacum-salaam.

[Earnest] You look nice. [Meenah] Piss off, Pongo.

[Ella] George!

- Salaam-alacum. - Waalacum, Khalid.

Ella put him in bloody back. He's smelling.

Go in the back, cock.

[Bollywood music plays]

[Ella] They filmed 'The Dambusters' there.

[Meenah] Mam, you say that every time.

Well, they bloody did!

And less of your cheek, lady.

Ah... You never know what bloody happens, you see.

I come here in 1937.

I here maybe one year...

And I make a bloody film. [Laughs]

Were you the star?

[Whispers] Shut it now!

[George] No bloody star, stupid.

I was shouting in a bloody crowd.

'I kill bloody English!'

[All laugh]

When I come this country I have no luggage.

Today what I got?

You've got a chip shop, Dad.

Yes, own bloody business, see?

Everybody happy in this town, see?

I don't care how bleedin' big their grins are,
we're not movin' here.

Stupid.

There's hundreds of 'em.

[Spacehopper bursts]

- [Boy] Thanks a lot, mister! - [Khalid] Sorry.

- That was new. - I buy you new one.

[Man] He should send in the army
and sort out these Bengalis once and for all!

[Talking in Urdu]

[Man] Bastard...bastard!

[General chat in Urdu]

You speak Urdu yet, huh?

I send them learning, but...nothing.

[Talk in Urdu]

[Doorbell]

Hussein, go and take the boys to shop.
Sons,
go with Hussein, see how chicken killed.
Go!

Hey!

- Oh, Salaam-alacum! - Waalacum-salaam!

[Talk in Urdu]

- Mr Shah. - Mr Shah!

- Salaam-alacum! [Laughs] - Waalacum-salaam!

Zaheed, Mr Shah.

- Salaam-alacum. - Waalacum-salaam.

[Urdu]

The baby.

Look.

God, I can't believe Shareen's married.
When will she come back from Pakistan?
I dunno, love.

[Man banging on wall] Helen! Make tea!

[Whispers] Put the kettle on.

Hey, oh, cock...

Come on, now. Don't cry. Shh, eh, shh.

[Sobbing]

My baby.

My wife is really looking forward to seeing those.
We've heard so much about your family.

[General chat in Urdu]

I mean, six sons.

You've been truly blessed. [Laughs]

[Silence]

Five. One dead.

[Laughter and chat]

So, are we agreed?

Abdul will marry Nushaaba and Tariq will marry Nigget.

[Urdu and laughter]

Your daughters are my daughters.

We are one family.

Uncle, uncle, uncle, eh?

- Salaam-alacum! - Waalacum-salaam.

Aunty-ji, you're looking more beautiful every time I see you.

We all well, yeah?

Why didn't you tell me you were coming?

No problem.

We've come to see ''Chaudvin Kha Chand''.

Er, Iyaaz sahib, this film is not showing today.

- Ahh...Oh, well, never mind. - Aunty-ji, no problem!

Zaid? Change picture. Put on ''Chaudvin Kha Chand''.

Sahib, the film is already playing for half hour.

Bhentured! [Slap] Who owns this cinema?

- You! - So change it!

[Urdu]

Whatever my family want, you get. Go.

What the fuck you doing?

You supposed to be flipping working!

Change film, quickly!

You cow-worshipping bastards!

[Bollywood music]

sorry, up, please.

Thank you. OK, come on.

[Talking in Hindi]

[Crowd shouting]

[Audience cheers]

[Man hums softly]

She's a big star.

[Audience cheers and whistles]

[Sings in Urdu]

[George singing along]

[Dog barking in distance]

[Abdul whispers] Psst, Tariq.

Abdul, what you doing?

- I wanna come. - You can't.

I wanna see it.

Well, hurry up, then.

Hiya, love. Yeah, go on.

Sorry, lads, members only, yeah?

- What? - Listen, I said members only.

- This is shite. - On your way.

- Hiya, all right, in you go. - Sorted.

- All right, Tony, mate? - Bazza.

- Yeah, in you go. - Nice one.

Where do you think you're goin', Smiler?

This is our kid, um...

Arthur. Me name's Arthur.

All right.

All right, yeah? Hiya.

What's all this ''Tony'' malarky?

Don't worry about it, relax.

Enjoy yourself, ''Arthur''.

STRANGE KIND OF WOMAN: Deep Purple

Bloody Nora!

Tony! You look gorgeous!

Yeah, wonderful world, beautiful people

You and your girl, things could be pretty

But underneath this, there is a secret

That nobody can reveal...

[Chatting]

- Hiya. - Evenin', ladies.

- Thanks. - All right..

[Laughs]

DOUBLE BARREL:

What the fuck are you doing with my boyfriend, slag?

D'you fuckin' want some?

Sorry, I didn't know he was with you.

Well, you do now.

- Stella, we were just dancing. - I know, but she's a slag.

Drink?

Let's go.

Did you see that slag after my Tariq?

Didn't notice him complaining.

[Smash]

[Barman] Bollocks.

I'm thirsty.

Advocaat and lime, rum and black,

easy on the latter.

- Brandy and Babycham. - Can I have another lemonade?

You'll need more than lemonade with that.

SITTING IN THE PARK: Georgie Fame

She's up for it, our kid.

[Bed creaking]

[Ella] Take some of the weight on your elbows!

You caught the skin on me arms!

[Unzipping]

- Oof! - Fuck off.

[Still urinating]

- Tough. - Shh!

But he's fillin' it up!

Use the one in Mam's room. Quietly.

[Bleugh!]

[Urinating]

[Urinating]

[Bed creaks]

[Silence]

- Quick, bastard! - Huh?!

Unh!

I arranging a friend...

and a family come from Bradford.

I hope that boy not embarrass me.

His name Mr Shah.

Good family.

Been this country 25 years.

Got double extensions.

He got two daughters, you know?

Same age as Abdul and Tariq.

We're not gonna go through that again.

You've gotta talk to the boys.

[George] I tell them when I bastard want!

They have a right to know.

What do you mean, right?

Pakistani father ask son marry, son follow father instruction.

[Ella] I knew you were up to something.

Look what happened with Nazir.

Don't mention the bastard's name, he dead!

No, he's not, he's livin' in Eccles.

He might be dead to you but he's still my son.

Why you no listen? You stupid?

You don't live my way, pucker off and take your bastard kids!

- Where you going? - To make some tea.

I'll have half a cup.

- Mornin'. - All right?

[Saleem] Fuckin' mong. [Sajid] Get stuffed.

[Maneer] Will you two shut up?

Shut it, Gandhi.

Hey, time to get up.

[Bucket clanks]

Are you gonna say owt to the boys or will I have to?

You stupid. You no get involved with my business, missus.

I'm warning you.

You say nothing till I say. Understand?

[Door closes]

Abdul, Tariq, Maneer, Saleem, Meenah, Sajid, get up!

Your breakfast's ready!

ON A CAROUSEL:

Ridin' along on a carousel

Tryin' to catch up to you

Ridin' along on a carousel

Will I catch up to you?

Horses chasing 'cause they're racing

So they ain't so far

On a carousel

On a carousel

Nearer, nearer by changing horses

Still so far away

Night out, Mum?

Yeah.

You all right?

Your dad's...

You better go, you'll be late.

- Mornin', Mam. - Hmm.

Mam, I need three bob for me sculpture.

Hey, you, mucky-head. That's my new hat.

Salaam-alacum.

How are you?

Tariq...

Abdul.

All right, Saleem?

All right, Stella?

Nice frock, is it new?

Yeah, knock-off from docks.

Says, um, ''Leonardo'' on the label.

Fancy.

Is my Tariq in?

Yeah. Tariq!

[Bang]

Me dad'll be back soon.

Keep your hat on, Gandhi!

Let's send the buggers home!

Enoch's talking next Tuesday at the Salford Hall!

Sign the petition on repatriation and -

'Ere, look, there's one now. Got his bags packed.

Salaam-alacum, Mr Khan!

Shut up, you little bastard!
Come and see Enoch speak at the Salford Hall!
like Romeo and Juliet.
I'll never let the colour of your dad come between us.
It's not fair, I love curry 'an all.
Yeah, right. Nice one.
Come out tonight, we can sit by the Dock Mission.
Bring your Saleem for Peggy?
- Why bring fat-arse? - Shut it, she might hear!
Too late, she already did!
Hang on, he didn't mean it, did you, Tariq?
Ay up, come on, I'll give you free chips for a week.
D'you hear that, Peg? Free chips for a week.
A bottle of Coke as well.
And your Saleem to give us a snog.
I'll ask, but you might have to be happy with chips.
Hi.
You took your bleedin' time.
No start bloody trouble with me, missus.
I send for wife number one,
'Come quick, second wife giving me trouble!'
Me dad's back!
Meenah, Genghis!
Why only Maneer in the bloody shop?
Where is suit I buy for you to wear at college?
At the cleaners'.
How you get job dressed like a hippy?
Go change bloody clothes!
Leave pucking fish!
Hey, you?
I thought I telling you get bloody haircut?
Haven't had time. I'll do it tomorrow.
Maneer?! Go get me scissors.
No worry. I bloody cutting.
None of my sons looking like bastard hippy.
Honestly, I'll get it cut tomorrow.
[Screaming and banging]
Tariq! Tariq, help us! Tariq!
[Wailing and crying]
Get off her! You dirty great bastard!
[Wailing and crying]
[Ella] In you get. Come on.
[Ella] You've been where?
Your brother's been to Paris!

[Ella] How'd you get there, cock?

'By plane from Ringway.'

He's been on an aeroplane from Ringway airport!

- Did he get me 'owt? - A Messerschmitt?

- Don't be stupid. - 'Who's that?'

- Sajid. Have a word... - 'He still wearing that parka?'

- Yeah, still. - 'Oh, God!'

Sajid, talk to Nazir.

Hiya, our kid. Y'all right?

'Yeah. You all right?'

- Yeah. - 'You behavin' yourself?'

No, and he's got half a knob.

Get off! I'm talkin' to him!

When are you comin' home?

'I'll come home and see you soon, Saj, yeah?'

- Let me talk! - Pack it in!

- It's pissin' down! - Here!

- All right, our kid? - Ask what the talent's like!

- Tariq wants... - That's enough!

It's me again.

'Mam, why don't you come over and see me?'

Yeah, soon as I can. But you know how it is.

'Yeah.'

You are happy, aren't you?

'Yeah.'

- Look, I better go. - 'Say hello to Abdul and Tariq'

All right, cock. God bless.

I do miss you, Son.

[Pips go]

- Oh, Nazir... - 'Yeah?'

[Line goes dead]

[Boy] Come on, Earnest, pass us the ball.

All right, Meenah?

D'you want to play football?.

All right, Pongo.

Earnest?! Earnest! Come back here, you little bastard!

[Whistling]

What you doin', pervert?!

He's tryin' to look at your knob.

Come here, freak!

[Tariq] You smelly little bastard!

[Meenah] Spaz, come here, you pervert!

[Tariq] Where are ya?

I think it's time that coat went, eh, Meenah?

- No! No, get off! Mam! - Get the button!
I'll tell you a secret!
- What do you know, Spaz? - About the engagement!
What engagement?
Tell us!
Dad's got you and Abdul engaged and you're gonna get married.
Fuckin' hell.
Is this true, Sajid? If you're lyin', I'll have you.
I'm not. I heard him tell me mam.
Tariq, don't! Me dad'll kill us!
I don't believe this.
I'm not marryin' a fuckin' Paki!
- I bet you knew! - No.
- Fuck you, Gandhi. - No, I swear.
- Who does he think he is?! - Tariq!
Tariq, stop it!
Give up!
[Sajid] Stop it!
Tariq, leave it.
[Saleem] Let's clear this up.
- Shit! - Tariq, don't!
Morning, George!
Me dad's coming!
- Shit. - Come on! Come on!
Come on!
Quick!
[Shouting]
Who done this?
- Huh? - I dunno, Dad.
I ask you, who doing this?
[George] Huh?
I ask you bastard question!
You do this? Who do this?
I don't know, Dad.
You know who done this? Huh?
Come with me.
Come with me, bastard!
- Please... - Shut up!
Hey, hey, what you doing? What's he done?
Let go, George!
Look at this! Look what your bloody kids do! Look at this!
- Who did this?! - I dunno, honest.
- Come on! Who?! - Leave him alone! George!
Who did it?! He lucky I no kill him!

If you touch him I'll swing for you!
- Who do it? - Maneer, out back!
- Who do it?! - Leave him alone, you bastard!
I haven't finished with you, mister!
You same as you bloody kid!
I your husband, you should agree, like proper Muslim wife.
wife when it suits you.
But not when this shop needs opening,
or your relatives want help at the Home Office.
Don't make me bloody laugh, George.
No start, 'cause I fix you like your bloody kids!
- You all pucking trouble! - Only because you don't listen!
You never have!
You been married to me
Yeah, right!
to you, George.
I have sweated my guts out in your bastard shop!
And given you seven kids as well.
And I will tell you this for nothing,
I am not gonna watch you crush them
one by one because of your pig bloody ignorance!
- Oh! - You bastard bitch!
- You bugger! - No!
- You call me pig, bitch! - Oh!
You talk to me like this again, I'll kill you, bloody bitch!
I burn your bastard family when you sleep!
[Ella sobbing]
'This cloudy planet is the Earth, our home.
'We know it's crowded with people and life
'and things going on.
'But what must it be like on the other lonelier planets?
'Most of them have no life at all,
'No towns, no fields, no trees, no rivers,
'only rock. Just rock.
'Some of these stars and planets
'must be the loneliest places in the universe.
'Even the Clangers' planet, when the Clangers are indoors
'in their warm caves, must know what it's like to be alone.
'Ah, there's Tiny Clanger.'
[Clangers whistle]
Mam, I need another two and six.
'That's made them laugh.
'Oh, no, it's raining! Stop, you'll make them all wet!'
[Clangers whistle on TV]

So, when we gonna see this great work of art?
Sunday.
Make sure you're back by dinner,
we've got visitors coming over from Bradford.
'The Clangers are having a party.'
Do we all have to stay in?
Yeah, you do.
If he thinks I'm stickin' round he's wrong.
As long as you're living under his bastard roof,
you'll do as you're told.
Do you hear me?
Well, do you?!
You always take his side!
This wouldn't have happened if we'd known!
You can fuck off if you think I'm marryin' a Paki!
Hey, it's not me mam's fault.
Ah, just keep it shut.
Do what Dad tells you, there's a good boy.
Why can't we just talk to him?
Don't you understand?
He's never gonna give a shit about what you think.
'I am your father, you do as I say!'
And this is gonna solve everything?
Did for our Nazir, didn't it?
Abdul, come with me.
I don't want what you want.
What do you want?
I want me family, and I don't want anyone hurt any more.
Tariq, don't go!
Maybe he'll be satisfied with just one of us getting married?
I've had enough.
I can't stay.
- Where you goin'? - Nowhere.
Wait for me!
Where you goin'?
- Nowhere. - I'm comin' with you.
WHEN I'M DEAD AND GONE: McGuinness Flint
Tariq! Tariq, wait! Don't leave without me!
For fuck's sake.
They won't break us up.
Let's elope!
It'll be so romantic.
We can't. I'm eloping on me own.
[Stella] You're getting married to someone else!

No, I'm not. Well, that's why I'm going
That doesn't mean I was gonna marry you.
for fuck's sake, you mard arse.
Saleem, get your change out!
[Peggy whispers] Stella, we're in hat paradise.
Can I speak to Nazir Khan, please.
I think they mean Mr Nigel.
[Nazir] Honestly, flowers are all the rage this season.
Trust me, darling. The style, the colour. Looks fabulous.
D'you think you could, uh, put us up till I get sorted?
What's goin' on?
Tell him.
Nigel, there you are.
Mmh. Who are those dreadful girls out there?
They are damaging the...
Uh, these are two of my brothers, Tariq and Saleem.
This is my sister, Meenah. Tariq wants to stay for a bit.
You must! Are these yours?
Yeah, but I'm still in two minds what I should do.
welcome to stay any time.
Yeah, right. Nice one. Thanks.
[Speaks French]
Who's he?
- He's my friend. - Oh.
Why's he talk funny?
- He's my boss. - Oh.
So, what's goin' on at home?
Try that one.
[Door opens]
Etienne, get the car. We're going home.
[Peggy] Can we stop for lunch?
[Meenah] Can't wait to see Dad's face when he sees you!
[Etienne] I'm not sure this is wise.
[Kids cheering]
Bloody hell, look at all them knobs!
There's Myrna! Hey, Myrna! [Honking horn]
It's me, Peggy!
- Keep your fucking trap shut! - Oh, sorry.
Where is he, Maneer?
Is that them at last?!
- Nazir! - Mum! What's he done?
You can't stay, Son!
No, we've gotta sort it!
It'll make things worse if your dad sees you.

[Meenah] They're comin'!

- Please, Son, just go, please! - What are you doing?

- Your dad'll kill him. - Don't listen to her.

You said you'd sort this!

I can't, our kid. Me Mum's right, it'll make it worse.

[Sajid] Nazir!

- You've got my address? - Yeah, go.

- If he touches you... - Just go, Son!

I'll call soon, yeah?

And you!

[Cheering]

Nazir!

Nazir!

What we gonna do now, Tariq?

I don't care what you do, Stella.

'This is almost like a victory roll by these Indian pilots.

'They're so close, they're flying so low,

'and they're meeting absolutely no opposition at all.

'So on the 13th day...'

Maneer? Off pucking TV.

'With just 10 minutes of the Indian ultimatum...'

[Whispers] Oh, thanks, cock.

Why you wear bloody short skirt, Meenah?

It's her school uniform. She has to wear it.

She not in bloody school now!

Riffat send from Pakistan.

Can't I wear me trouser suit?

No bastard hear what I say?! You pucking deaf?

No bloody look at your mum!

She no bloody help you!

I telling what to do!

- Understand?! - All right. She heard.

Bhentured, I fed up with you all, puckers!

If I not see you show respect, I pucking sort you all out!

I no more playing bastard games with you!

Whoa, Gunga Din!

Drinking the white man's brew?

What you doin' here, Abdul?.

It's me stag night. I'm gettin' married.

Who to?

I dunno.

Me dad hasn't bothered introducin' us yet.

Don't bloody starting,

'cause I'm not in bloody mood.

Look, Dad, we're fed up of being told what to do and where to go.
I warning you, mister, I not bringing you up like this.
Pakistani son always shows respect.
Dad, I'm not Pakistani.
I was born here. I speak English, not Urdu.
Son, you no understand 'cause you...no listen to me.
I trying to show you a good way to live.
You no English. English people never accepting you.
In Islam everyone equal, see?
No black man, no white man.
All Muslim - special community.
I'm not saying it's not, Dad.
I just think I've got a right to choose who I get married to.
You want choose like Nazir? Lose everything?
You want bloody English girl?. They no good!
They go with other men, drink alcohol, no look after.
If English women are so bad, why did you marry me mam?
Bastard! No go too far with me!
Do what I tell you!
Bas! You understand?
You understanding?!
I understand you. I understand.
I'll do what you want. I'll do what you want.
I will get married to a Pakistani.
Good!
And you know what I'll do then?
I'll marry a fucking English woman as well.
Just like my dad.
[Brakes squeal and honks horn]
Mam! Mam! The Pakis are 'ere!
Right, here we go.
Come on, everyone, parlour, quick.
[Ella] George, they're here!
Right, come on.
Let one in and the whole tribe turns up.
- Salaam-alacum. - Earnest!
- Eh? Bugger off, bugger off! - Earnest!
- Salaam alacum, Mr Shah. - Waalacum-salaam.
Ella, Mr Shah.
Salaam-alacum.
Waalacum-salaam.
Salaam-alacum, Mrs Shah.
Why's she talking like that?
Would you like to come through?

- Abdul, salaam-alacum. - Salaam-alacum.
- Salaam-alacum. - Waalacum-salaam, Tariq, eh?
Salaam-alacum.
- Salaam-alacum. - Waalacum-salaam.
- Salaam-alacum. - Waalacum-salaam.
Sajid, come here.
- Please. - Thank you.
- Oof... - Is that too low?
Uh...
So, you found it all right, Mr Shah?
The thing is all these houses look the same...
To me.
[Posh voice] Meenah, would you fetch the tea?
Righty-ho.
How old are you?
Not old enough to get married, so don't ask me.
[Laughs]
I'm sorry about him, Mr Shah, he's, um...
He's just been circumcised.
Indeed.
Sajid, go see if Saleem here yet.
Ah, yes. Your college student.
Studying to be an engineer.
Ah, here's the tea.
[Speaks in Urdu]
Where did you get this sari?
Me Auntie Riffat in Pakistan.
Wear shalwar khameeze, it will look much better than this.
Her auntie said lots of girls
are wearing saris in Islamabad,
and she's quite well-to-do.
Riffat bloody stupid.
Even in Pakistan, women are getting too bloody moderns.
[Tutting]
Well, I think it looks lovely.
Well, it's just not traditional dress in Pakistan, Mrs Khan.
Tradition sees, Ella.
[Annie] Coo! Only me!
I didn't know you had visitors?
Annie, this is my friend, Mr Shah.
Hello.
His daughters go be married Abdul, Tariq.
You're lucky you two, aren't you?
Landin' a couple of beltters like these.

Meenah.

your sons are joining my family.

You've brought them up respectful.

You're right there. They're a credit to her.

And George.

Bring no trouble.

[Annie] They'll do anything for you, Mr Shah.

Good Samaritans they are, just like in Bible.

[Sajid] Mam! Get off!

Maneer, cock, go and see what they're up to.

- Shut up! - The state of them two!

[Meenah] The one with the teeth's got a moustache!

[Maneer] Tariq's is like Quasimodo!

[Sajid] Mam!

- Were yours like that? - No.

I believe in firm discipline.

Especially in a non-Pakistani environment.

Well, I think you can be too harsh, don't you, Annie?

can go before I knock him out.

Not just me husband, Mrs Shah!

[Laughing and snorting]

Well, I'd better be going.

And congratulations, again.

Ta-ra, George.

You'd better get changed, they're dying to meet you.

[Sajid] That's cheatin'!

That the famous sculpture?

What you gonna do with that?

I'm not gonna do anything with it. Oi!

What is it?

It's an example of female exploitation in art.

Mrs Khan, how do you manage

with so many children and such little space?

I've got three double beds, and a single for Meenah.

But where will you put my daughters?

of the chippie with Abdul.

Don't worry, it's very roomy.

Wouldn't it be more convenient

if your sons were to live with us?

I thought daughters-in-law lived with their husband's family?

Wouldn't you be grateful for the space?

I know I would.

Excuse me, I'll, um...go and see what's happened to those kids.

You should've been here an hour ago. Where's me cigs?

Look what's in the box, Mam.
You dirty little bastard.
Mam, it's Art.
I'll Art you, you dirty little sod.
I'll burn the bleedin' thing!
- No! - Give it here!
[Arguing loudly outside]
[Saleem] You're pulling all the hair ouuutttt!
[Silence]
- Ahh! - Waah!
What is this thing?! Move it!
Take it away from me!
I am so sorry, Mrs Shah.
The hair came off in me hand.
This is an insult to me and my family.
I will never allow my daughters
to marry into this family of half-breeds!
At least they're not friggin' inbred like them monstrosities.
- Ella! - Who d'you think you are?
Tellin' me my house isn't good enough for your daughters.
Your daughters aren't good enough for my sons, or my house.
And if I hear another word,
I'll stick that fanny over your bastard head.
Your wife's a disgrace.
Ah, go on, piss off.
Go on, sling your bleedin' hook!
Go on, piss off! Piss off out of my house!
And take Laurel and Hardy with you!
[Women screaming and dog barking]
You bastard bitch.
You bring a shame on our family.
No, you should be ashamed, George.
'Cause you're not interested in these kids being happy.
You just wanna prove what a great man you are.
Because you're ashamed of me and you're ashamed of our kids,
and you won't even admit it.
- Don't you dare!! - Don't touch her! Bastard!
[Abdul] No, Dad! Get off her!
Leave her alone! Leave her alone!
- Bitch! - Get off!
You will not touch her again.
No talk like that.
No, it's over, finished!
Sajid, will you pack it in?! [Ripping]

Are you happy? Is this what you wanted?
I know what is best for you all.
Maneer, you understand me.
Son?
Got the message?
Bastard! All your fault!
Calm down, right?
I only want to help you, Son.
I no want to hurt you.
Ella...
No, just go, George. Just go.
Ella...?
[Sobs]
Don't cry, it wasn't your fault.
Salaam-alacum, Mr Khan.
Waalacum-salaam.
[Saleem] Should've kicked his head in, Abdul.
I couldn't hit me dad.
That bastard's not a father.
Pack it in, you get on me bleedin' nerves.
If it's not you, it's your dad, if it's not your dad, it's you.
You're nothing but bleedin' trouble.
And you...
Pablo bleedin' Picasso.
That 'bastard' that you are talking about is my husband.
And whatever you might think of him he is still your father.
If I hear another foul-mouthed word, I will have you.
Where's Sajid?
He ran out.
I ripped his hood off.
Well, it's a start.
[Abdul] Sajid, come on out.
Get stuffed.
[Abdul] What have I done?
[Tearful] You shouted at me for hitting me dad.
I know, I'm sorry.
Come on out, please.
Here.
Well?. D'you want it or not?
No.
Well, stick it in bin, then, eh?
[Shutters rise]
[Bucket clangs]
Want a cup of tea?

I'll have half a cup.

- All right, Stella? - Piss off.

Stella, hey...

Hiya, Saleem. What you doin' later?

- Drawing. - Can I come?

Earnest, look what I got!

Whoa!

- What is it? - Dunno.

Bastard, you said you wouldn't show anyone!

- Oi! Mong boy! - I'll fuckin' have ya!

[Confused shouts]

MOVING:

Where I don't know who I am

No need to follow

There's no way back again

Moving, keep on moving

Where I feel I'm home again

And when it's over

I'll see you again

Got a low, low feeling around me

And a stone-cold feeling inside

And I just can't stop messin' my mind up

And wasting my time, whoo

There's a low low feeling around me

And a stone-cold feeling inside

I've got to find somebody to help me

I keep you in mind