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Hideous Kinky

By Esther Freud

'It's cos I flooded the bathroom and
the ceiling fell in and the cats ran off.

'That's when she started talking
about Morocco and the Sufis.

'Mum says, "A Sufi doesn't ask who a Sufi is."

'What the hell is a Sufi, anyway?'

MUM-MY!

Mummy!

Lucy!

Mum!

LUCY!

Mummy!

Mummy!

MUMMY!

Oh!

Lucy!

Mum? Is it Christmas yet?

- No, darling. Not till morning.

- Is it morning yet?

OK, come on.

- Lucy?

Mum? Toothbrush!

Hi! Hello, darling!

Hello!

- Merry Christmas!

- No, darling! Not in Morocco, it isn't.

Every week, a new set of men.

Prostitutes.

Do you think so? Where did you learn that?!

It's arrived.

What's this?

Paper hats! How useful! One for you.

And one for you.

King's Road!

Made in Morocco?

Another joke?

- Italian truffles?

Urgh! How gross.

Oh, well, at least they're edible.

- Two tickets to the Royal Albert Hall on January 1st?

- January 1st?

Mum?

- What do you think?

- Too big.

- Mum, it's the wrong parcel.
- No, it's addressed! It's definitely for us.
- It's the bloody Mandy and that boy. - Mum, where's our presents? - Kensington, if theirs are here!
"My darlings Mandy and Lionel..."
Darlings! Lionel! Oh, your bloody father!
- Merry Christmas, Mum.
- Merry Christmas, Mum.
Thank you.
- What's the point, Mum? - Everyone has to work. - But nobody wants dolls.
- Mum, can we have rice pudding?
- When your father's cheque comes.
- Sure, Father Christmas. - Don't we want to go home, Mum? - London's cold. Cold and sad.
- No camel. No Abdul the jellybean.
- No scorpions. - Can't we go home?
No, Lucy, not yet. Not by a long way.
- Eat your truffle paste, darling. - It tastes like mud. - It's a delicacy.
- Bea, when you grow up, do you want to be a shepherd?
- I don't think so.
What then?
I'd like to be normal. Go on
- "Once upon a time..."
Once upon a time, there was a big house, all alone in a desert. It had 100 rooms. They were all empty. No-one had lived there for lifetimes. But in the last room, where it was all dark, lived a spooky carpet. Years and years passed and the carpet lived on the floor. It was lonely and grumpy and no-one came - only ants and a few birds. And scorpions lived under it!
And then?
- Then?
- Someone died.
Dolls. Interested? Not interested?
Dolls?
- Mum, look!

- What, Lucy?

- Careful! What?

- Look!

This is my mum.

Hello.

- Bilal al Hamal.

- Julia. Um...

- Sorry, I'm learning. - Is
this your daughter? - Yes.

Thank you.

- Are you on holiday?

- No, we live here.

Hey!

Kids' father's a poet, right?

- In London.

- That's cool. This is Frank.

From Frankfurt.

Hi!

- Hi.

- Frank brought 300 trips from Frankfurt, didn't he?

Right there in his backpack.

He laid 'em on an entire village.

Hippies, freaks,

Moroccans, man, woman and child.

LSD pure - 300 tabs. Man, woman...

- Julia!

- Eva, hi!

Hey, Eva.

Eva!

- How are you?

- Fine.

See you, lady.

This is what happens when you come
to Morocco for a good time -

- you get married and join the Sufis.

- This is wonderful.

This is what you were asking about.

The greatest living Sufi.

Sheikh Ben Jalil.

- Did he give it to you?

- Yes, sort of.

- He must have tiny feet.

- The most elegant of old men.

A great teacher and a true saint.

- In a school?
- Yes. The school of the annihilation of the ego.
To find the god within thee.
Will you show me what he taught you?
I'd love to know.
I'd be no good. You'll have to go yourself.
In fact, Julia, I think you must.
Are we going to Algeria, Mum,
to see the Sufi?
- I'd love to. Wouldn't you? We'll have to make some money first.
- Make money? That's all right then.
But what does all that mean?
It means, um, "I'm all right. I'm fine.
I'm OK, I'm OK."
The road is dark. Hidden danger.
Loss makes you careless. A wanderer.
A hanged man. The world turned upside down.
A sacrifice.
A sacrifice?
- Bea? Lucy?!
Mum?
Welcome to my house.
These are my brothers - all 40 of them.
Hideous kinky!
Hideous kinky!
Oh!
Are you pleased to see me?
Hello, darling! Where did you spring from?
Ouch!
They work you like animals.
It's not England, Julia.
Sit.
Their father. He is a bad man?
No!
- Not bad. Just kind of forgetful.
- So he's a hippy?
Not exactly.
He's a writer and a poet.
- He's quite famous.
- But you left him.
Rather than share him, yes, I did.
- He has other wives?
- Not wives, exactly.
I need things for myself, Bilal,

and I need things for them.

Things?

Things. A different life

- different from before.

Lucy's made up a song.

Do you want to hear it?

- Maybe tomorrow. - Or maybe

for money. - Oh, good. Very good.

But I know how to make money.

That is how we make money!

Look what we can do.

- Ow!

- Look what she can do.

- Whose is the best somersault?

- Mind, Bea! - OK!

Watch me, Bilal.

- Yes, but...

- Anyone could do that.

Stop!

- You ready?

- Yeah.

Ow! Ow! Ow!

- OK, I know I need to work on it a little bit.

- Yeah.

- Bilal? - What? - If you said

something, would it always be the truth?

What?! Yes, always.

- And if you promised to do something, would you always do it?

- Of course.

Bilal?

Are you my daddy now?

Bilal is going to sing us a song.

- Am I? - But in the English way.

- You have to go in the wardrobe.

- You can't stop till we tell you.

- Yeah, go on!

- Please! - Go on. - That

will be so nice. - OK.

- Please! I love songs.

- OK.

OK.

Go on! Thank you, Bilal.

OK, you can start now.

Look!

Mum!

Bea?

You haven't been making Lucy
promise things again, have you?

Like?

Like promising not to speak to her mummy?

You know...

Daughters are often embarrassed
by their mummies. I remember mine.

She put on lipstick on the bus!

Mum, Bea has to say something.

- I have to go to school.
- You don't have to do anything.
- No, I have to go to school.
- Well, you can then.

No, I can't. I need a satchel, a white shirt and
a white skirt, none of which I have, so you see?

- Tomorrow, we'll go to the bank. If your father's cheque has come...
- What if it hasn't?
- We'll go the next day. - If it still
hasn't? - We'll manage. - It won't arrive.
- No.
- It won't - he's forgotten about us!

Hasn't he?!

- Bea? Lucy?
- What?
- We've got a job. For a Berber poet. I'm a translator.
- Hooray!

We're gonna make money!

- Oh, this word's in Berber.
- Oh, no. No. That is impossible
- not in English, not even in French.

Oh, go on. Try.

OK, it's like a... like a river? A great river?

- No, no, it's like a
boat. - Huh? - Two boats.
- Two homeless boats?
- Two homeless boats.

Two homeless boats!

- Mum, this one's still got bits in.
- Give it back.
- Bea! - Hi,

Lucy! - Hi, Bea!

So? How was your first day at school?

- Well, a little girl wet herself.

- And?

The teacher took her to the front
of the class and beat her...

and beat her with a cane
until she stopped crying.

Then she beat her again and the cane broke.

- My God! You can't go back there!

- Why not?

Of course I can.

Only joking!

"An Arab peasant looks at the moon.

" 'Do you know me? Surely not.

" 'Then how have I offended you that you'd go
a million miles just to plant your flag on my dreams?'

"Listen, America. I, the poet,

Ben Abdul Jalil Noar Edin, make this petition.

"I don't have much say in the matter,
but just a word, America.

"I read my soul by the light of her face.

"She will never again so brightly shine,

"or rise singing in the morning,
brushing stars from her hair.

"So you spared no expense, seducer.

"But for both our sakes, my enemy,
send her back to me! This I plead.

"In the name of my soul and of my people,
our revolution!

"In the name of the moon."

HE SPEAKS ARABIC

Ben Abdul Jalil thanks you.

May he have the typewriter back?

Of course, but I've only done ten poems.

Yes, ten poems.

He says, "A life cannot wish for more."

Oh.

Mum, what did he mean - only ten poems?

I'm afraid, Lucy, it means we're out of work.

- The bank is closed.

- Please will you look again?

- There must have been a mistake.

- There is no money here for you.

Tomorrow.

Merci. Merci beaucoup. Au revoir. Bonne journee.

Je ne comprends pas. What are you doing?

Qu'est-ce-que vous faites?

Please don't do that!

Hey! That's my towel!

Fuck!

Julia, what is wrong?

Julia?

Nothing.

- We have no money. - No money? -

Absolutely none. Not even for the rent.

- How can you have no money?!

- Meaning?

- I only mean you are English.

- Do you think I sell dolls for fun?

No, but it's money for the pocket. Julia?

Many English don't have any money, you know.

Most of them, in fact.

- Uh? - Just because I'm English

doesn't mean... - No problem.

So what's the problem?

What?

I left my job.

There are... two women. No, three women.

- And a journey.

- A journey? How original.

- Something's bad.

- What kind of bad?

Ten US dollars?

- Get lost!

- You must help me to tell you. It is most important.

So maybe you should tell the police.

Oh, no, no, no.

Nothing could possibly be that bad.

Please.

Well?

- You will never have a husband.

- That bad, huh?

- No husband?

- Sorry, but you should know.

You complete loser.

Have you seen my pink trousers?

Bilal isn't wearing them, is he?

- I don't think so.

- That's strange.

How could they do that?

And we have nothing! NOTHING!

- Stop her, Bea!

- No, Mum!

- Stop, Mum, please stop! I know what you're gonna do!

- I'm not going to do anything.

- No! - Mum, stop! Mum!

- Stop, Mum!

- Come out!

- Don't do it!

- It doesn't matter.

Come out! Those are my trousers!

.. Now you've taken my trousers!

Give them back to me. Get them off!

Right!

Sorry.

Right!

Don't do it!

Shit!

Bea, what did you learn today?

- And the five rules of Islam?

- Prayer, study, pilgrimage, fasting, charity.

Good. Very good.

You really are the little Arab girl, uh?

Would the schoolgirl like a vacancy?

- Bilal means holiday.

- But why? I'll fall behind.

- I've just started. - But just until

things get better. - Will you think about it?

- Hmm?

- In Bilal's village.

I'll think about it.

- Look, it's for you.

- Thank you, Bilal.

These are my people.

Do it like this. Whoo-hoo-hoo!

Bilal! Something wrong?

No, everything is fine.

She's so small.

She's beautiful.

OK. Now you're like a little English boy.

He says, "When you grow up,

he can see you'll be a good man."

- "How many wives in your country?"

- Mm, thousands and thousands.
He says, "Wives take lots of money."
".. And every wife adds trouble to trouble."
".. To add this sum, we need a great mathematician."
".. Life passes and youth is spent."
".. That's why to neglect a wife...
"is a crime against God."
".. And a mortal sin."
I suppose I feel, sort of, very at home.
- On the side of the hill.
- Yes.
On the side of the hill.
- To fill the eyes, it is important.
- Mm.
- For the memory.
- Yes.
For when we go.
What?
Tomorrow morning.
Why?
This is your village, Bilal.
We've just arrived.
No.
I don't have a village anywhere.
No mother, no father.
- Then where are you from?
- Nowhere.
- La honte. Le monde est fait de honte.
- "The world is made of shame."
Yes.
Papiers?
Papiers, Madame?
- English?
- Yes.
- And this is your husband?
Yes, she's my wife.
- Don't I know your face?
Je crois pas. I don't think so.
"I don't think so"? Hmm!
Thank you.
Come on, Julia!
Whoo!
- Mum's going to become a Sufi.
- And what do Sufis do?

They live in a mosque,
they pray all day, and they never go out.

- Well, she can't cos she's married to Bilal.

- Mum's married to our dad.

- You just don't remember!

- No, Bilal told me so on the bus.

Liar!

- Bea!

- Liar!

Bea!

- Hey! Oh! Julia! What are you doing?

- I could swim and swim.

Maybe I could reach the other side.

- Until you drown, you mean?

- Fine, it just doesn't scare me any more.

The annihilation of the ego.

- Huh?

- The death of the body.

How can you talk like that?

How can you people talk like that?

Hi, girls.

- It is from the hotel. - The
hotel?! - Have you been there?

Yes.

I had a job... with horses.

- Can we go there for a ride?

- It is nothing. Useless plastic.

- Please! -

Please! - NO!

OK?

I said no!

It is a bad place!

That's the last of it.

- We've got to reprovide.

- I suppose someone has to.

- Mum, where's Bilal?

- He's gone to find food.

- We'll have lunch when he gets back from the hotel.

- If he comes back.

What do you mean, darling?

Well, he's gone a bit potty, hasn't he?

- Mum, will we still have a garden?

- Hmm.

- And mashed potatoes every night.

- Hmm?
- And will you still want to have two little girls?
- What?!

When?
- When you become a Sufi.
- Oh.
- Bilal!
- Hey, girls!
Sardines. 46 tins.
- Is that it?
- And two cigarettes?
That's it, come on.
Oh.
Rub your tummies, rub your tummies.
- You have to go back?
- To Marrakech, yes.
I know, I know. Rub your tummies
and bring up some more.
OK, this man's called Mohammed
and he will drive you to Marrakech.
- Isn't Bilal coming? Aren't you coming, Bilal?
- No, there is work in Agadir. - Come on, girls.
- But aren't you coming with us?
- No, that is no longer part of the plan.
Look!
Learn and work is the only secret, OK?
- We will meet soon, God willing.
- Inshallah. - Yes, inshallah.
Now, go, go, go, go!
What did he say?
Bilal?
Bye, Bilal!
Hey, hey! Now, what should I call you, hmm?
The English Girls or the Arab Girls?
No matter. Shall we have tea?
Er, Jean-Louis Santoni.
- Mum!
I remember your husband.
I knew him in, er, the '60s. Quite a dandy.
- Does he still wear those gold waistcoats?
- Probably.
And those little tight, black,
elegant shoes?
Too small for him, with pointed toes.

I'm sure he does. And despicable
red socks, full of goat's cheese.

- Do you ever see him?

- London is such a big place.

It's booming - full of raincoats, pragmatists,
optimists, bank accounts, wives.

- Which is why you're here.

- Which is exactly why I am here. And you?

- Something similar.

- I have a house nearby.

- You must come and visit.

- Oh, Mum, could we?

- Please, Mum.

- Oh, we'll see.

We have to go now.

Here is my card. I have many spare rooms.

- Look at that one!

- They're making funny noises.

Come on.

- Mum, shall we write to Bilal?

- Well, he'll have to write first because I don't know where he is.

So he knows where we are?

No.

If he doesn't know where WE are and we don't know
where HE is, he won't be able to write, will he?

- He probably doesn't want to write.

- Don't we have an address, Mum?

I'm sorry, Mum.

Mum, don't cry.

- Bonjour, Madame. - Bonjour. - Puis-je
vous aider? - Je cherches Mr Santoni.

If she begs for money,

I'll kill her. I'll kill her.

Hello?

Ah, Julia.

I'm afraid you missed quite an average party.

Come, come in.

This is Charlotte.

And this is Monsieur Ben Said.

Do excuse the mess.

- Can I help?

- I'm not sure if that would be an improvement.

- On the contrary - how sweet.

- I'm Bea.

Oh! My God! Why are you hiding?

Not actually hiding, we're sort of exploring.

- Hideous Kinky! - Hideous Kin... -

Bea! How long have you been in Morocco?

About a year.

Tell all.

Father Christmas!

Mussolini!

- Billy Bunter. No! Your father!

- Sheikh Ben Jalil.

- What?!

- That's where Mum's going.

Isn't it, Mum?

The Sufis. And do you know

what to expect of these Sufis?

- Knowledge, I hope. Some kind of guidance.

- Let me tell you.

To start with, sitting around on cushions,
a great deal of illogic,
and even a greater deal more incense.

Days of fasting, interminable amounts of prayer,
and a personal visit from God.

That's our country's tragedy

- this escapism.

I'm not escaping anything.

I want to understand the truth.

You think the truth will just come
and curl up on your lap like a cat?

Be warned. They're quite, quite dangerous
to the mind, these Asian frauds.

- They wouldn't be allowed in Europe.

- But Europe lacks this inner world.

The world is simply the world for
present duties or passing pleasures.

- What's so great about passing pleasures?

- They're more amusing.

Oh, sure! Which is fine, you know.

You know, it's fine for children,
like cornflakes!

Julia, ignore Ben Said

- he works for the tax department.

- Actually, Ben Said IS the tax department.

- Oh.

- Mum, it still itches.

- Oh, Lucy, don't scratch.

I bought this in the medina,

but it won't open.

Charlotte.

Man's work.

- Ben.

- Hmm?

I command you to open this tin.

Oh!

- Look, Charlotte, it's boot polish.

- Wretched country.

My God!

You look grotesque!

You know, that language will land

those children in trouble.

- You need discipline, Julia.

- I had plenty of that in my childhood.

- I can't say it did me any good.

- I'd probably say the same, unfortunately.

- Shouldn't you go home? - To a
one-room flat? - It's better than here!

Or home in the evening with them rigid
from child-minders and TV?

- 14 working hours a day for nothing?

- But...

- Charlotte, you just don't know about these things.

- Of course.

Children are a gift, but you don't have
the right to put them in danger.

I beg your pardon?

- You can't drag them round Morocco in the company of escaped criminals.

- What the bloody hell do you mean?!

Bea?

Bea, what have you been saying?

So why did he lie?

So how come the policeman knew his face?

- Whose face? Bilal?

- So what about Fatima? What about his wife?

- What wife?!

- How come we had to go to Agadir and hide at the lake?

- That was just a holiday.

- Yeah, on the run!

- Does that mean Bilal can't come and stay with us?

- Lucy! God forbid!

Thump, thump! Its fingers travelled the world, strangling its victims.

It was the Black Hand.

The Black Hand left one clue on the necks
of its victims - a sooty print of its thumb.

She ran and ran, but she couldn't escape.

No-one was waiting at home for her.

Only the hideous scissors.

Lucy?

The cheque's arrived.

Bea, you have to tell Mum, you do!

The money's come, but not enough

- we'll have to hitchhike to Algiers.

Mum?

Bea has something to say.

I've been talking to Charlotte.

She says I can stay here until you get back.

- Is that what you want?

- If you really want to go.

- What does Charlotte say?

- That it's no place for girls to run wild in.

I don't need another adventure, Mum.

I have to go to school. I have to learn things.

I'll still be here when you get back.

Fine.

I never thought she'd say that.

- Bea?

- You know, Lucy, you don't have to go either.

Not if you don't want to.

Hideous.

Kinky.

- Charlotte?

- Where are you?

- I know you're here somewhere!

Charlotte?

- Hello!

- I can't find you.

Where are you? I know you're here somewhere.

I got you!

I found you!

I got you, I got you!

Bea!

See you soon, Bea. Bye, Bea!

- Bye, darling!

- See you soon, Bea!

Algiers?
Henning... Henning.
Henning?
Algiers.
Rush hour!
Henning? Henning.
Algiers?
- Mum, that's my turban.
- It's so he won't be so mad, darling.
You've got your blue one.
Lal! Hashish! Riffraff! Ramadan!
Jellybean! Jellybo! Sastra! Akabar!
Annihi-la-tion!
Hashish! Riffraff! Ramadan!
Jellybean! Jellybo! Sastra! Akabar!
Annihi-la-tion!
Qu'est-ce-que vous faites?
Attention!
Vous etes fou!
Hold onto me, Lucy!
Stop! STOP!
Bloody hell! Are you all right, Lucy?
- Are you from London? - Yes. -
Leicester Square. - Yes. - East Acton.
- My cousin lives there - Majam. Do you know him?
- No!
Please, wait here.
- Mum, is Sheikh Ben Jalil in here?
- Yes, darling. - Is he coming out?
No, I don't think so.
- He's dead.
- Oh!
- Mum, how long are we going to stay here?
- As long as it takes, darling.
Look at you!
You've gone all blue!
- 'Mum, what do Sufis do?
- The Sufis have a key, Lucy, to another world.
'And what's in the other world?
'A kind of pure joy,
a blissful emptiness and no pain.
'No pain at all.
- 'No tummy-ache?'
- 'Yes, no tummy-ache. '

- Mum, where's the lipstick from?

- I'm meeting the new sheikh.

- One moment.

Kiss.

Bye, Mummy.

I'm so sorry about Sheikh Ben Jalil.

He was getting old and a bit unruly!

Please.

You are from London. You work there?

Oh, well, I have a family.

Sheikh Habas, I wanted to ask you about spiritual baraca.

Of course. And your age?

- And father and mother?

- They're both dead.

- And children? - Yes, two.

- And they are here with you?

One is.

- And your husband?

- Yes.

- He lives in London.

- So you are apart?

Yes.

And you still have a feeling of love for him?

Actually, he's not my husband.

And yes...

- Yes, I do.

Sorry.

Sorry.

This is a bit of a surprise.

Tears are for memory. They are a gift from God.

Without them, how could we remember ourselves?

Let the wound remember him.

I'm not ready, am I?

Thank you.

Bea!

Bea.

Bea!

BEA!

Did Charlotte bring you here?

No, I walked, because you've both forgotten about me, haven't you?

No, Bea.

- And don't worry about Bilal. - Bilal?

- I'm his favourite now. - Oh, Bea.

What the hell is that?

- Mum? Are you OK?

- Yes, darling. Yes, I'm fine.

Oh, I'm fine, darling.

Go back to sleep.

Mum, is it really my birthday in two weeks?

- Two weeks and one day, actually. - So Bea's birthday is in one week and one day. - Yep.

- Would you like to give her a party?

- Yes, please!

- Bonjour! - Bonjour! -

Ca va? - Oui, ca va, merci.

- Hi!

- Oh, hi! Your daughter's not here, I'm afraid.

- What?

- This is my home, you see, and I had to ask them to leave.

- To leave?

- Too many arguments for my taste.

Jean-Louis and Charlotte left, but I think Bea was afraid of losing touch with you.

- You think?!

- She ran off. They couldn't find her.

- Mum, where's Bea? - I've

lost my daughter! - Where's Bea?

It will be OK.

Bea!

Bea!

Bilal!

Bilal!

Ou est Bilal? Ou est Bea?

Vous connaissez?

- Eva!

Hey!

- Where's Eva?

- Eva? She's in the desert. God's there.

- Is Bea here?

- Yeah, she split with Patricia.

- She's some Christian fanatic bitch, man.

- Oh, my God! What does she do?

- Sort of convert people, I guess. - Do you know where she lives? - Search me.

Don't worry about Bea.

I taught her to say "shithouse".

"It's a fucking shithouse." But did she say it?

No. I mean, what's a toilet, man?

That kid, she's trouble, truly.

Aziz! Viens la! Don't move, all right?

Aziz! You're glued to this table.

Come on.

Aziz! Aziz!

You must be Julia.

Wait here, please.

- Mum?

- Shh.

So you made it? Just in time, actually.

My little helper.

Would you like some of my birthday cake?

- Thank you, Bea.

- Happy birthday, darling.

- It's my birthday soon.

- Really?

I brought you a present.

- You've never had a party like this before, have you, dear?

- Never.

Julia and Lucy have nowhere to sleep tonight.

Shall we let them stay here?

Maybe.

And then we can all have a nice talk
about our Lord Jesus.

Maybe.

Mum, why does Patricia hate me?

I don't know.

She certainly detests your old mum.

- Well, I suppose it's what Bea always wanted.

- To be an orphan?

No, Lucy.

To be normal.

Bea, is Patricia your mum now?

- Mum won't like that.

- Really?

Don't, Bea!

Thank you.

Thank you, Bea.

Your coffee, darling.

Oh!

Coffee?

Honestly, Julia.

Just because she wants coffee
doesn't mean she should have it.

- The poor, wee orphan.
- What?
- I insist we go elsewhere to argue.
- And I insist I'll do as I please!
Have you ever done differently?
- Don't do that...
- Bea! I'm your mummy...
not her!
-
- You go there and take my daughter...
What are they saying?
.. I feed her, I wash her...
Kinky!
Happy?
Hideous.
Mes amies. Bonjour, mes amies!
Bonjour, mes amies!
Inshallah.
- Bilal, Bilal, Bilal!
Whoo!
What do you think?
- My job is with tourists and a horse called Magnificent!
- Magnificent.
Aaaah!
No, Lucy, the uniform belongs to the boss.
- And if he gets angry... - Does the
boss pay you himself? - And overtime!
And bonuses for special days.
- Bilal, don't spend it all on us.
- Anything you want.
- Can Bilal take us back to London? - No,
you can have a Fanta! - Is the boss nice?
- No, the boss is very, very scary.
- Scary like Black Hand?
Even scarier.
- Marrakech...
- Bea.
Bea!
Bea, what's the matter? Look at me.
- It isn't polio, is it?
- No, it's streptococcus.
- And just as dangerous.
- God!
Here's the medication.

- Can you afford this, madam?
- It's so expensive.
Yes, your Western companies
are not kind to we Africans.
I suggest you find some way
of taking these children home.
I hope so.
Bilal? Will Bea die now?
Bea would never do anything
she didn't want to do.
No, that's not possible.
Ce n'est pas possible!
I'm sorry, madam. With the Moroccan
postal service, anything is possible.
Come on!
Bilal! Bilal!
Bilal!
Bea, Bea!
It's Bea!
Where's the doctor?
Where's the fucking doctor?!
Bea! Bea!
Bea!
It's for you... to keep.
You're going away again, aren't you?
No.
Bilal?
Is Lucy really your little girl now?
No, you're both my little girls.
- Even if you've heard things? - Things?
- Or would I still be your little girl?
You must do something first.
You sleep now.
Remember to take care of Lucy.
Yes, of course.
Of course.
Aziz!
Aziz!
Where's Bilal's outfit?
Have you seen it?
Shit!
Mum? Where's Bilal?
He's gone back to Agadir, hasn't he?
No, darling. He's just vanished again.

Yeah, good. Perfect!

2,000 dirham.

- Sure 200.

- I said 2,000.

Hmm. 300.

50 American dollars.

- Passport.

- Passport?

Phew!

It's three tickets to London.

From Dad?

I suppose so, but I can't see how.

- I can't see how at all!

- Something strange is going on here.

At least we can get home!

If we want to.

Aziz! Aziz!

Aziz!

- So? What new mystery?

- Bilal's gone to Casablanca.

He stole the uniform to pay for our tickets.

He's in trouble, I'm sure.

- We've got to find him, Eva.

- Bilal's gone.

- You know what happens to a thief here.

- We can't just leave him!

Listen, the journey's over.

Use the tickets. That's what he wants.

- Bea!

Bea, what's wrong?

If we leave tomorrow,

does that mean we'll never come back?

No, no, darling, of course not.

- You can keep a secret, can't you?

- Mm-hmm.

When a holy man dies,

his things become magical.

So you can make a wish on the Sufi slipper.

- Make a wish!

- Please let me come back here to Morocco,

be in Bilal's village,

have all the rose petals thrown on us again.

Please let Bilal know that we love him.

And please, please, keep him safe from harm.

Do you know the story of the Black Hand?

1,300 times.

Yes, I do.

Anyway, go on.

Well, the nice Black Hand was nice,
especially to little girls.

So they asked the Black Hand
for a special favour.

To hide Bilal in a place
where the scary boss couldn't find him.

The only problem is,
the little girls couldn't find him either.

Lucy, come on.

Bilal?

- Come on, Lucy.

- Come on.

'The Sufi told Mum and Mum told me.

'If all the roads close before you,

'he can show you a hidden path

which nobody knows. '

Bilal!

Hideous kinky!

Hideous kinky!

Bilal!

Bilal.