

BREAKING UP WITH BRADFORD

BBC RADIO 4

AFTERNOON DRAMA

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TO BE RECORDED ON LOCATION IN BRADFORD

BY KAMAL KAAAN

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY CHARLOTTE RICHES

AGENT:
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CHARACTERS:

KASIM: early 20s

RICHARD: early 20s

SID: late 20s

ZAYNAB: early 40s

**BENEFITS ADVISOR
TRAIN STATION STAFF
BOOK SHOP ASSISTANT**

SETTING:

ALL ACTION (EXCEPT FOR SCENE 1) TAKES PLACE IN ACTUAL
LOCATIONS FOUND IN THE CITY OF BRADFORD.

SCENE 1.
INT. CAMBRIDGE. BEDROOM. DAY.

SFX: A flowing river outside the window accompanied by birdsong.

Music plays.

KASIM typing a letter on his laptop.

KASIM: Cambridge. Dearest,

I watch the sun lower into the earth, for last time,
melting as dark oil into the river outside my window.
It was love at first sight with you
seduced by your gothic spires.
I was just a boy from Bradford,
walking through your cobbled streets,
then we'd nest in the secrecy of the great Christopher
Wren library.

Alas. A thing of beauty can't be a joy forever,
I'm leaving, broken, by you
returning back to the one who will love me
unconditionally.

Infinitely with devotion
for the shape of you
will always be printed on me.

Yours truly,

Kass

Oh. And kiss kiss.

The music then transforms into...

SCENE 2.

INT. TRAIN. DAY.

SFX: A train speeding along. Music plays.

Inside, KASIM is sat, looking out.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER: Thank you for travelling with us today.
The final destination is Bradford Interchange,
please take all your belongings with you.

SFX: KASIM getting off the train, folding bicycle in one hand and suitcase
being lugged behind.

STATION STAFF: Ey up lad! Wanna come through this way with that bike?

KASIM: Thanks!

STATION STAFF: Av a luvly day!

SFX: KASIM going through the ticket barrier.

SCENE 3.

INT/EXT. BRADFORD INTERCHANGE. TRAIN STATION. DAY.

SFX: The busyness of a train station.

KASIM: Sid?

SID: KASIM, brooooo!

SFX: KASIM and SID embracing.

KASIM: Honestly, so good to see you!

SID: Calm down, it's not that exciting...

KASIM: Missed you man!

SID: Softy. Wait -

KASIM: What?

SID: Your voice! *(imitating KASIM'S accent)*
'So good to see you'.

KASIM: Ey?

SID: Ya sound like ya swallowed the queen?

KASIM: *(in a thick Bradford accent)* Don't mess about broo.
You've changed.

SID: Noo. DFA man!

KASIM: Been gymming?

SID: Oh right. Yeh, benching 150 now. Feel em?

KASIM feels SID'S biceps.

SID: Solid! Birds love em. Come gymming with me. I'll get you
discount innit - looks like you need it bro!
Why's ya jumper so baggy?

KASIM: This?..oh...it's not mine.

SID: OMG. From a charity shop?

KASIM: ...Err...a friend's...
It's cashmere?!

SID: From Pakistan? You converted?
I thought you were Bengali?

KASIM: The wool? Feel it...

SID: You want me to caress ya, in public?

KASIM: *(alarmed)* What?

SID: I'm joking broo!

KASIM: Duh...*(beat)* Where are you parked?

SID: Over here.
Hang on, where's all ya stuff?

KASIM: Just finished my exams but I'm still at uni?

SID: So you going back ta your Cambridge-land then?

KASIM: Just for graduation in a months time. Then, I'll be home
for good!

SID: Eh? You see my confused face bro?
You're gunna move *back* ta Bratfud, full time, after
graduation?

KASIM: Why not?

SID: People who leave never come back!
Look what happened to 'r bro Zayn Malik?

KASIM: But I'm not a member of a teen pop boyband am I?

SID: Ya got the looks and ya don't need any talent?

KASIM: Better than having neither?

SID: Go back. I'll drop you off?

KASIM: *(laughing)* No chance. This is home.

SFX: KASIM and SID walking, with a suitcase being rolled, the bell on KASIM'S bike pings.

SCENE 4.

EXT. STREET. ZAYNAB'S HOUSE. DAY.

SFX: Children playing. SID'S car screeching to a halt.

SID: You better not touch my car with that ball, or else!

SFX: Children laughing.

KASIM: You coming in?

SID: Bro, your sister scares me...

KASIM: She's harmless!

ZAYNAB at the doorway of her house.

KASIM: Zaynab, *Affa* (older sister)!

ZAYNAB(O/S): (*warmly*) Kasim! Is that Sid?
There's loads of food. Come in?

KASIM: See?

SID: *Salaam Alaikum Affa*, sorz, on a protein diet innit.

ZAYNAB: You're missing out. Give my *salaam* to your mum; tell her to come round later, I've made my special biryani!

SID: Will do. I've gotta go, need to open up shop!

SFX: KASIM laughing.

SID: What's so funny?

KASIM: *Affa*? Sounds like Jaffa cake?

SID: Bro, stop being weird?

KASIM: I haven't spoken Bengali in ages – sounds funny.

NEPHEW: *Mamaa! Mamaa!* (Uncle, uncle)

SFX: KASIM getting out of the car and getting his stuff from the boot.

SFX: Car honking behind.

SID: (*to the cars behind*) It's not ya dad's road! I'm moving!

KASIM: Go. Thanks for the lift!

SFX: KASIM walking away.

SID: (To KASIM) Oi! (*gently*) Good to have ya back.

KASIM: Errr...Now who's being soft?

SFX: The deep exhaust of SID'S car as he shoots off and horns again.

SFX: KASIM bringing things into the garden, children playing, over which

KASIM speaks:

KASIM (V/O): Bradford, you beauty!

From our house on the hill,

you can see the glistening moors spread out like an emerald carpet.

Nearby reclines the handsome Lister's Mil and beside it, the hermit crab shaped Valley Parade stadium.

How I've longed to be wrapped in your terraced streets again, knitted with multi-lingual threads of races and faces - Bradfordian lasses and the posh middle classes. Home is where the heart is; the heart is where you are.

Let me rest my cheek against the beating under your shirt?

ZAYNAB: Hurry up!
Food's getting cold!?

SCENE 5.

INT. ZAYNAB'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. DAY.

SFX: KASIM closing the door.

KASIM: Woah!

ZAYNAB: Do you like it?

KASIM: Bunting?

ZAYNAB: Isn't that what they do in your Cambridge to celebrate stuff?

KASIM: That's very sweet.

ZAYNAB: Hurry up and eat before chaos begins.
Your *Sassi* (auntie) from 107, and your *Sassa* (uncle) from top end are coming.

KASIM: Just for me?

ZAYNAB: It's a big deal you coming home! It's like a village here you know, we all look out for each other.

KASIM: I want to look after you too.

SFX: ZAYNAB is busy laying the food, moving and fourth from the kitchen.

ZAYNAB: You? Hah. You're looking like a bag of twigs. You not been eating?

KASIM: Couldn't stomach anymore mash potato and gravy. I've had to carry around a bottle of chili sauce!

SFX: KASIM begins to scoop up the food and eat.

ZAYNAB: “Hot sauce in my bag. Swag”. Like Beyoncé?
Kas-yonce! You little diva.

KASIM: Right...

SFX: KASIM eating, changing the subject.

KASIM: Ohmygosh, this daal is de-licious!

ZAYNAB: Still not eating meat?

KASIM I read this article in The Guardian, it said that within a hundred years we'll have eaten so much/...

ZAYNAB: Eh watch it, you're dropping food all over the carpet,
I just hovered?
And who on earth is The Guardian?

KASIM: I've not eaten with my hands in ages! Feels soo good.

ZAYNAB: I bought you new spoons and everything,
from that John Lewis?

KASIM: Look at *you* being all posh!

ZAYNAB: I've got competition now, haven't I? Anyway, how come you're back, I thought you were coming after graduation.

KASIM: Well...erm...things suddenly changed and needed a bit of tender, quiet home loving.

SFX: Kids screeching up in the background.

ZAYNAB: Would you lot shut up! Go play outside!
They drive me crazy.

KASIM: Okay, probably not quiet. I've missed 'em though.

ZAYNAB: When are you going to start making some?
Is there someone?

KASIM: No... Don't be daft.

ZAYNAB: You need to find a nice wife. I've got this blinging sari that I'm saving to wear to your wedding!
Settle, marry, kids: simple.

KASIM: I needed to talk to you about that...

ZAYNAB: Go on..

KASIM: Look...I need somewhere to stay after graduation.

ZAYNAB: You gonna rent?

KASIM: I was thinking, like, here?

ZAYNAB: *Bhaiyaa* (sweet brother) you know there's no space.

KASIM: Won't be for long. Honest. Just till I get a proper job?

ZAYNAB: Baby Amir has got your room now.

KASIM: What happened to looking out for each other?

ZAYNAB: Is it my fault there's not enough rooms in this house?

KASIM: And it's my fault that I went to University?

ZAYNAB: You left Bradford and said that you weren't coming back?! I'm sure Sid can help you find somewhere then you can have your own space and start your own family, *achaa* (okay) ?

KASIM: Is that all you can talk about, homes and babies and settling down?!

SFX: ZAYNAB puts her folk down and is taken back.

KASIM: Sorry... I didn't mean to...

ZAYNAB: What would *you* like to talk about then?

KASIM: How's life?

ZAYNAB: Great.

KASIM: *Dullabhai* (brother in law)?

ZAYNAB: Working away.

KASIM: Then I'll keep you company? I'm desperate...I'll share the room with the baby? Please?

ZAYNAB: Fine. Just for a bit.
And don't complain to me if he disturbs your beauty
sleep!

SFX: Doorbell ringing.

ZAYNAB: That's them! Where's my headscarf?
Are you ready Kasim? Go wash your hands.

SFX: ZAYNAB opening the door. A commotion of people, voices in Bengali.

ZAYNAB: Ah! Salaam-Alaikum! Come in!

SCENE 6.

INT. ZAYNAB'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. A FEW DAYS LATER. MORNING.

KASIM (V/O): Bradford -
everyone has embraced me back with open arms,
but I'm beginning to hear voices and I can't concentrate.
Half of me is wanting the *other* half that I've left behind,
there's a terrible taste of dishonesty in my mouth –
that's just not *me*.

Tell me everything will be okay?
Take me to your bosom; sing me a tasty *Gulab Jaaman*
(Indian dessert) sweet lullaby and let me rest in this
reverie a little longer?

ZAYNAB: Kasim, WAKE UP! It's bloody two thirty in the afternoon!

KASIM: *Gulab Jaaman!*

ZAYNAB: What on earth you going on about?

SFX: KASIM huffing and pulling covers back over him. Kids come running in.

NEPHEW: Park ! Park! We wanna go the park! Please!

ZAYNAB: I've got loads to do. Take them.

KASIM: Can't. Busy...

ZAYNAB: With?

KASIM: *(under his breath)* They're your kids Zaynab /

ZAYNAB: / This room is a mess!
What are these daft books everywhere?!

SFX: ZAYNAB picking up a book off the floor.

ZAYNAB: Eh? E-mile Brontea, *Wuthering Heights*?

SFX: KASIM snatching the book.

KASIM: Who's scribbled in my book?!

ZAYNAB: It's nonsense anyway. Why did you leave it lying around?

KASIM: Actually. It's an exploration of the finite and tragically self-consuming nature of love and morality.

ZAYNAB: How's any of that gonna help you get a job? Get off your backside and do summat about it! NOW!

KASIM: Okay...calm down...I'm off.

SFX: KASIM throwing the covers and shooting off.

SCENE 7.

EXT. BRADFORD. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

SFX: KASIM cycling through the streets of Bradford. Music plays.

SFX: The sounds of a busy city creep in.

KASIM (V/O): I cycle down your curved spine and into the sandstone
stage of the city-centre.

You've not aged since the Victorian times –

I think that's why I love you...

You look dashing in this light -

the sun never knew how great it was

till it kissed the side of your stones.

I follow the stream of the city to reflect in the mirror pool.

My sighs ripple: who's out there for me?

What's here for me in this city

after the imminent birth of my shiny English degree?

SCENE 8.

INT. JOB CENTRE. OFFICE. DAY.

SFX: The sounds of an office. An automated ticketing machine calls out a
number.

ANNOUNCER: Ticket number 69 to booth number 3.

SFX: KASIM walks up to the booth.

ADVISOR (*enthusiastic*) And how can I help you today?

KASIM: (*upbeat*) I'm looking for help finding a job?

ADVISOR: Have you completed our online application?

KASIM: No. No. Just curious to see what's out there?

ADVISOR: Qualifications?

KASIM: I've just finished reading English?

ADVISOR: You can read English? Congratulations (!)

KASIM: No - at Cambridge - they have this silly thing of saying –

SFX: The ADVISOR typing on a keyboard, stops -

ADVISOR: Wow. Cambridge University?

KASIM: It's no big deal honestly.

ADVISOR: You don't get many from Bradford going there!
What would you like to do?

KASIM: That old joke of 'what do you do with a BA in English' eh?

ADVISOR: Right...Let's have a look then!
Do you have any other interests?

KASIM: 19th Century Gothic Fiction? or...Poetry?

ADVISOR: Plenty of jobs in retail? Especially with our glossy new Broadway?

KASIM: As a stepping stone job?

SFX: The advisor typing away.

ADVISOR: Or, catering and hospitality. UK Fried Chicken?

KASIM: Sorry to be a pain. Not a huge fan of handling meat. I'm a vegetarian?

ADVISOR: Ohh, I think your experiences will be invaluable in the fruit and veg section here then! Morrisons?!

KASIM: It's not really related to my degree is it?

ADVISOR: Or... you can always sign on?

KASIM: Why's this so stressful! Anything in publishing? Or even marketing? PR at a push...

ADVISORS: You can use our freephone to make job enquires or use our PCs over there to complete the electronic application form? I highly advise you to get started. Now.

KASIM: But I don't... I've never filled one in, where are the instructions?

ANNOUNCER: Ticket number 70 to booth number 3.

SFX: KASIM getting up to leave.

ADVISOR: *(lost enthusiasm)* Now, how can I help you today?

SCENE 9.

INT. JOB CENTRE. TELEPHONE BOOTH. DAY.

SFX: KASIM is on the phone.

KASIM: *(upbeat)* Hi! I'm calling about the job vacancy?
Not those skills specific skills, but I can apply other
knowledge I have? Oh, okay thank you for your time.

Cut to:

Hello! Yes.
No I've haven't got any *actual* sales experience and have
read books on how to?
Okay...bye.

Cut to:

(excited) Yes I'm willing to do that!
Yes, I'm passionate!
Of course I'm dedicated! Absolutely would love to!
(beat)
Oh. No. I couldn't do that, wouldn't know where to begin...
Sorry for wasting your time.

SFX: KASIM ending the call.

KASIM: HUFF!

SCENE 10.

EXT. BRADFORD. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

SFX: KASIM walking through the city. Sound of the city.

KASIM: Hello? Bradford, are you still there?
Your sandstone halo is beginning to decay.
I feel the cracks between your grey pavements...

When this pensive mood clouds over me,
I go for air into my favourite bookshop inside the old Wool
Exchange, with the café in the sky...

SCENE 11.

INT. WATERSTONES BOOKSHOP. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (CONTINUED)

SFX: The quite sounds of a café in the background.

KASIM (V/O): This has always been the place where my imagination
danced, into faraway lands and happily ever romances.
That's fantasy and this is real life.
I fear the truth will cause such friction as to why I came
back here. Can you help me write a new chapter?

KASIM is at the till.

KASIM: Excuse me; do you have *Wuthering Heights*?

ASSISTANT: (*dramatic*) The greatest love story in the whole of
Yorkshire!

SFX: The BOOK SHOP ASSISTANT checks on the computer.

ASSISTANT: Out of stock. Sorry.
Were you looking for anything else?

KASIM: Do you...have any self-help books?

SFX: The BOOKSHOP ASSISTANT guides KASIM.

ASSISTANT: We have a whole range just here.

KASIM picks up a book.

ASSISTANT: I see you've eyed up our bestseller!

KASIM: *Surviving and Thriving in Uncertain Times?*

SFX: KASIM'S phone rings, it's really loud and disruptive in the quiet bookshop. KASIM answers.

RICHARD: Please don't hang up!

KASIM: Richard?! What on earth??

RICHARD: Can you speak for a second?

KASIM: Why are you calling?

RICHARD: I need to see you.

KASIM: How?

RICHARD: Please?

KASIM: Bye /

RICHARD: / Don't!

KASIM: Have you called just to toy with me?

RICHARD: Course not. Look, I'm...in Bradford.

KASIM: What?!

RICHARD: At The Great Victoria Hotel?

KASIM: Why?

RICHARD: To meet.

KASIM: I'm hanging up.

SFX: KASIM ending the call. He lets out a huge sigh.

KASIM: Sorry about that...
I'll take the book. Thanks.

SFX: Music plays.

SCENE 12.

INT. THE GREAT VICTORIA HOTEL. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

SFX: Hotel lobby music. RICHARD is waiting, KASIM arrives.

RICHARD: You came! I was about to give up.

KASIM: What on earth are you doing here?!

RICHARD: To apologise?

KASIM: Okay...

RICHARD: I appreciate that I'd behaved terribly...

KASIM: And?...

RICHARD: And...Despite still having revision and exams and all that jazz, I've driven *all* the way up north to try and - like - make amends?

KASIM: *All* the way up north?

RICHARD: Took me three hours you know...

KASIM: That's...(very nice).
That's awful of me to have made you drive 'all the way' up north. I'm sorry if where I live is too Northern and inconvenient for you.

Beat.

RICHARD: (*sweating*) This isn't awkward. Hah.

KASIM: Look /

RICHARD: / Also. Got you these!

SFX: RICHARD pulls out a bouquet of Lilies.

KASIM: Lilies?

RICHARD: They were our favourite?

KASIM: They're a symbol of death?

RICHARD: (*lovingly joking*) They're Morrison's 'Extra Special' ones?

KASIM: You've left the reduced label on.

RICHARD: So sorry...

KASIM: You came all the way to deliver a bunch of death flowers?

RICHARD: No...

KASIM: (*gently*) Richard. Dear. I value the effort. But why don't you take those lovely flowers...(*seething*) and put them on the grave of our former relationship!

RICHARD: (*breaking*) I've made all this effort and now I'm regretting that I even considered that you might be feeling remotely melancholy... or needed to talk in person. But if this is how you're going to treat me, I shall leave you in peace!

SFX: RICHARD storms off.

KASIM: Fine!

SCENE 13.

EXT. BRADFORD. STREET. DAY.

SFX: Music plays.

KASIM: What was it that Charlotte Bronte wrote:
"Life appears too short to be spent nursing animosity".
But I'd made up my mind. I've chosen *you* Bradford.

SFX: Music swells and fades.

SCENE 14.

INT. BRADFORD BALTI HOUSE. DAY

SFX: A forlorn KASIM walks into SID's restaurant. Tinny Bollywood music plays in the background.

KASIM: Sid, you busy?

SID: Broo! I'm just about ta open up.

KASIM: No worries...

SID: Hang on, you got that confused face, I see it.
Come here. Sit, tell uncle Sid what's wrong?

KASIM: It's...my sister? All blah blah, wife, blah job, blah blah

SID: What ya gunna do?

KASIM: I assumed it would be a piece of cake getting a job here
with a degree...

SID: Well then, super Sid to the rescue init! Fancy working
here? You can charm the ladies with that poetry talk, ey?
(*dramatic*) Too spicy or not too spicy, that is the
question?

KASIM: No way. I mean,
not err quite what I had in mine.
I'm probably not qualified for that type of work.

SID: (*punctured*) Bro. You don't need qualifications ta wash dishes. I need to get back ta work.

SFX: SID getting up to go.

KASIM: Wait! No disrespect, honestly.
I need to ask you something?

SID: You got 60 seconds. 59...58...

KASIM: (*rushed*) What would you do if, like, an old 'friend' got in contact?

SID: What type? With or without the benefits?

KASIM: With?...

SID: And?

KASIM: They wanted to meet /

SID: / Benefits still included?

KASIM: Yeh?

SID: Safe. Do like her?

KASIM: But...erm...err

Beat.

SID: 29..28..

KASIM: They're, like *different*?

SID: How?

KASIM: Erm.. well...It doesn't matter. Sorry for wasting your time..

SID: Wait! It's simple. Bring em down here,
I'll do you my special with extra chilies - coz ya know -
they're an aphrodisiac? It'll make you both propa horny,
have a quick bang, and shabba!

Beat.

KASIM: That's the most ridiculous thing you've ever come out
with! They can barely handle salt and pepper, never mind
'extra chilies'!

SID: There's people starving out there and you wanna let a
delicious masala go to waste!?
Loser.
And 3..2..1.

KASIM: No I'm not!

SID: Didn't teach you how to be a man in your Cambridge-
land?

SCENE 15.

EXT. BRADFORD. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

SFX: KASIM furiously cycling, ringing his bell.

The sounds of the city filter in.

KASIM: Get out of my way!

SCENE 16.

EXT. BRADFORD CITY PARK. MIRROR POOL. DAY.

SFX: A sunny afternoon. Children splashing in the water and a multitude of voices surrounding the water feature.

KASIM: (*gently*) I knew you'd come here.

RICHARD: (*curt*) How?

KASIM: The water... I come here too. To reflect.

RICHARD: Rather obvious metaphor. Not hard to miss.
And, why did you steal my jumper?

SFX: KASIM sitting down next to RICHARD, the sound of water in the background.

KASIM: Thanks for the lilies?
(*beat*)
Budge up.
I didn't mean to be, so, mean before.
It's not been easy - the way it ended... *you* deciding we needed to move on and we had no future together.

RICHARD: You think I wanted it to be like that?

KASIM: You broke up with me and I was left like some...washed up wreckage.

RICHARD: Me too...

KASIM: What?

RICHARD: I panicked!

KASIM: Over?

RICHARD: Losing you.

Beat

KASIM: I don't understand...

RICHARD: When you said you couldn't wait to come back to Bradford. I...didn't want you to go. Thought it would just be easier.

KASIM: For you.

RICHARD: For *both* of us.

KASIM: Why didn't you tell me this before?

RICHARD: Exams, graduation, it was all too much. And there I was... feeling all alone and soggy like... a giant puddle.

SFX: KASIM scoffs.

RICHARD: What's so funny?

KASIM: That. Lovingly *known* as 'the puddle'.

RICHARD: Brilliant (!)

KASIM: Close your eyes?

RICHARD: Why?...

KASIM: Go on. *(beat)* It sounds like being back at Cambridge.
Sun shining, sitting by the river Cam?

SFX: Intrusive music playing from a wireless speaker and children shouting.

KASIM: Well – *almost*.
(beat) It's why I took your jumper. Okay - borrowed.
I come and sit here with it - you wrapped around me,
my tears melting into the puddle.

RICHARD: I'm here now. *(beat)*
So...erm.. can I have it back?

SFX: KASIM laughs.

KASIM: Listen. I've got something to confess...

RICHARD: What?

KASIM: I'm currently... like... seeing/

RICHARD: Who?!

KASIM: Let me introduce you:
Richard meet Bradford.
Bradford meet Richard.

Beat

SFX: RICHARD forces out laughter.

RICHARD: Nice to meet you. So...
What's this great lover got that I haven't?...

SCENE 17.

INT. BREADFORD. BOMBAY STORES. DAY.

SFX: The sound of Bollywood music playing in the shop.

KASIM: Bombay Stores: the UK's largest Asian department store.
People travel from all over the country come to wrap
themselves in Bradford's finest fabrics. Wanna try a sari
on?

RICHARD: I think I'd look fabulous in one.

KASIM: This way...

SCENE 18.

EXT. BRADFORD. THE MEDIA MUSEUM. DAY.

SFX: Sounds of the city.

KASIM: This is the National Science and Media Museum – the
first of its kind in this country and houses the biggest
IMAX cinema screen in the whole of Yorkshire!

RICHARD: Bigger really is better.

KASIM: Yup!

RICHARD: And what's that next to it?

SCENE 19.

EXT. BRADFORD. THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE. DAY.

KASIM: She's The Alhambra Theatre. Named after the palace in
Granada, Spain. Stunning isn't she?

RICHARD: She looks beautiful in this sun.

KASIM: Costa Del Bradford!

SCENE 20.

EXT. BRADFORD. THE ODEON BUILDING. DAY.

SFX: Music that illustrates each building.

KASIM: And he's the Odeon, once known as The Gaumont - the
biggest music hall outside of London!
The Beatles have even played there.

RICHARD: I love the Beatles!
(singing) I wanna hold your hand.

KASIM: You're soo embarrassing!

RICHARD: Come on?

RICHARD tries to hold KASIM'S hand.

KASIM: Not here silly...

RICHARD: Would you like to come back to the hotel for a drink?

KASIM: It's late... I should be getting back...

RICHARD: What's the rush? Still early.

KASIM: Just, different rules here...

RICHARD: It's up to you?

SCENE 21.

INT. THE GREAT VICTORIA HOTEL. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

SFX: Door closing.

RICHARD: Lovely isn't it?

KASIM: This is niice.

RICHARD: Cheap as chips.

KASIM: That's Bradford for you: honest, great value and unpretentious. Ohmygosh! A roll top bath by the bed?!

SFX: KASIM goes and sits on the bed.

KASIM: Is that the candle I bought you?

RICHARD: Wanted to be reminded of you...

SFX: KASIM lighting the candle.

KASIM: Great view.

RICHARD: Yeah...charming little mounts out there. Looks like the city has been sprinkled with a dusting of fairy lights.

KASIM: I meant *this* view.

RICHARD: (*embarrassed*). Hah.

KASIM: All that rowing?

RICHARD: No. Just plain narcissism.

KASIM: Always so cocky.

RICHARD: You love it though don't you?

SFX: RICHARD plays Angus and Julia Stone: *You're the One That I Want*.

KASIM: Our song! Do you remember?

RICHARD: How can I forget?

KASIM: We punted all the way down from Cambridge to Grantchester.

RICHARD: I punted; you just sat there, like a prince-cess.

KASIM: Not my fault I don't have big rower's arms.

RICHARD: We got to Byron's pool -

KASIM: The sky was splashed with pinks and purples -

RICHARD: The last bird song of the day lingered in the warm mid-Summer air -

KASIM: I put a blanket down under the old sycamore tree where Rupert Brooke and Lord Byron mingled -

RICHARD: I laid out the Boots meal deal -

KASIM: Reduced.

RICHARD: Bargain.

KASIM: I was in your arms -

RICHARD: Hidden in the secrecy of the long wispy grass...

KASIM: I could feel your heart beating -

RICHARD: You looked royal in that light -

KASIM: Your breath gently stroked the naked nape of my neck -

RICHARD: And then?

KASIM: I stopped you and said; 'I've got a great idea!' - and got out my phone and played the song -

RICHARD: And totally ruined it!!
Which loon plays music from a phone?!

SFX: RICHARD and KASIM laugh.

KASIM: Come here.

SFX: KASIM pulls RICHARD onto the bed. They kiss. It's deep and passionate.

SFX: KASIM'S phone rings.

KASIM: Typical.

SFX: The phone stops ringing. They continue to kiss.
The phone rings again.

KASIM: Bloody hell!

RICHARD leans over to look at the phone.

RICHARD: Who's *Affa*?

SFX: KASIM switching his phone off.

KASIM: Look. I'm tired...Just feeling a bit overwhelmed.

RICHARD: (*annoyed*) Cool...

KASIM: How about we take things slowly?

RICHARD: But? /

KASIM: / Can we just lie here and hold each other.
Please?

RICHARD: If that's what you'd like...

SFX: The music fading away.

SCENE 22.

INT. THE GREAT VICTORIA HOTEL. BEDROOM. DAWN.

SFX: An open window. Gentle breeze. The sleepy sounds of a waking city: cars and birdsong.

KASIM: *(hushed)* Bradford -
 you angry at me?
 I wasn't expecting it either.
 Does this mean it's over between you and me?
 I'm not cheating on you - honest –
 you know what it's like,
 when they're there in the warm flesh,
 as the candlelight flickers in their misty eyes.

RICHARD: Who are you talking to?

KASIM: No-one.

RICHARD: What time is it?

KASIM: Still early. Go back to sleep.

KASIM: As the sun dresses itself for the new day.
 Wrap us in your streets and keep us safe.

 You'll look after us, won't you?

SFX: KASIM creeps through the room and leaves.

The door creaks behind him.

SCENE 23.

INT. THE GREAT VICTORIA HOTEL. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Music plays.

SFX: KASIM wobbling, carrying a tray.

KASIM: Wakey wakey!

RICHARD: What's this?

KASIM: Breakfast in bed? Budge up.

SFX: KASIM rattling the tray and getting into bed.

KASIM: I even got us veggie sausages.
 They said downstairs they're 'extra special' ones, by her
 that was married to one of the Beatles?

RICHARD: That's very sweet.

SFX: RICHARD leans over and kisses KASIM.

KASIM: Last night...

RICHARD: I know it was a bit of a shock, just turning up.
 Let's start again?

KASIM: How?

RICHARD: I want to actually understand your beloved Bradford.

KASIM: What do you think we were doing yesterday?

RICHARD: Not the touristy stuff!

KASIM: You will... C'mon, food's getting cold.

SFX: RICHARD eating.

RICHARD: If we're going to give this a proper go, then I want *no* secrecy between us.

KASIM: Sure...

RICHARD: (*excited*) Perhaps even meet your family and friends hey? I want to see *your* Bradford.

SCENE 24.

INT. RICHARD'S CAR. MAIN ROAD. MORNING.

SFX: RICHARD Driving.

Music playing on the radio.

SFX: RICHARD has to swerve around another bad driver.

KASIM: (*in a thick Bradford accent*)
Welcome to 'Bradistan' broo!

RICHARD: Pardon?

KASIM: You know? Like in the film, *East is East*?

RICHARD: Where the son runs off to be with his boy and comes back to save the family...
Sounds like a rather familiar story...

KASIM: Shurruup!

RICHARD: I'm jesting.
Ahh. It's endearing.

KASIM: What?

RICHARD: You sound really northern when you get angry.

KASIM: *(embarrassed)* Noo...
(In a thick Bradford accent)
Don't mess with me broo or I'll mess you up.

RICHARD: You little terror, you still know how to blow me away.

GOOGLE MAPS: You have arrived at your destination.

SCENE 25.

EXT. ABU BAKR MOSQUE. LEEDS ROAD. BRADFORD. DAY.

KASIM and RICHARD are stood in front of the mosque.

SFX: The last remains of the call to prayer.

RICHARD: This mosque is spectacular.

KASIM: You think so?

RICHARD: Was that the call to prayer?

KASIM: Doesn't it remind you of Cambridge?

RICHARD: How?

KASIM: St. Mary's Church?

RICHARD: Those *annoying* bells in the morning?

KASIM: The call to prayer is like the Bradistani church bells:
Middle East meets gritty Bradford, could be a soap?

RICHARD: Middle-East Enders?

KASIM: Hah. Welcome to my life...
(*aloud*) *Salaam- Alaikum* Uncle! You going to the
mosque?

RICHARD: What side of the family is he from?

KASIM: He's not a *real* uncle.
It's what you call your elders, out of respect?

RICHARD: That's sweet.
Do you go to the mosque?

KASIM: When I can...

RICHARD: Didn't know you were religious?

KASIM: Here, it just kinda works.
I've never believed in shoving your own beliefs in other
peoples' faces. For me it's about the goodness you have
inside you: kindness, compassion and love.

RICHARD: You're such a romantic.

KASIM: It's about having a soft heart.
You know, they have an open door policy for *anyone* to come in for a tea and biscuits and a chat.

RICHARD: How very British.

KASIM: When the EDL came to Bradford.
The mosques were like, come in - have tea - we don't hate you!

RICHARD: That's really beautiful.

KASIM: So it makes me proud, to have my faith.

RICHARD: But one question,
why are they wearing dresses?

KASIM: Cross dressing is embraced (?!)

RICHARD: Interesting...

KASIM: Silly. It's called a *shalwaar kameez*.
People just like to wear them to the mosque.

RICHARD: Do you wear it?

KASIM: Yeh... but I look a bit like Aladdin in one.

RICHARD: I always had a thing for Aladdin...

KASIM: Naughty...
Come on Jasmine, hop on my magic carpet.
I still have a whole new world to show you!

SCENE 26.

EXT. BRADFORD. DAVID HOCKNEY HOUSE. DAY.

SFX: Children playing on the street.

KASIM: Can you see that house?
Number 61, Steadman terrace?

RICHARD: What's so special about it?

KASIM: Only like the greatest living British artist was born
there...David Hockney init!

RICHARD: Wow.

KASIM: I know.

RICHARD: Did you...just say 'init'?

KASIM: *(in Bradford accent)* Shurrup!

RICHARD: Oh gosh. It gets worse...

KASIM: Bradford is famous for its sandstone terraces. You've
always got a neighbour on each side for company and
the kids all play out in the street.

RICHARD: Did you grow up in one?

KASIM: Yeh, it was nice. In some of those tiny houses, you get
like 8 people living in one!

RICHARD: How come?

KASIM: Families usually live together and close by. Almost like back home in Bangladesh!

RICHARD: Do you see yourself buying one and living in Bradford forever?

KASIM: I'd be near to my family and friends.

RICHARD: And us?

KASIM: Would you move here to be with me?

RICHARD: What would you want?

Pause.

KASIM: I want... to eat!
(Inhales deeply) Can you smell that?

RICHARD: Yeah, what is it?

KASIM: All the restaurants, opening their doors for the evening, nice isn't it?

RICHARD: Scrumptious! Remember you said your friend had a restaurant and he does the authentic stuff. Sid wasn't it? I'd love to meet him too!

KASIM: Oh...There are tons of other places?

RICHARD: I've seen your Bradford, but haven't met any of your friends yet?

KASIM: You'll hate him.

RICHARD: *Kass*. You've got that look...

KASIM: (*in a Bradford accent*) Noo...

RICHARD: Then why don't we go there?

SFX: ZAYNAB approaching.

ZAYNAB: Kasim?

KASIM: Zaynab! What you doing here?

ZAYNAB: Going to pick the kids up. Who's this?

KASIM: My, er, mate Richard... from Cambridge.

ZAYNAB: Why didn't you tell me before?!

KASIM: It was a surprise!

RICHARD: Lovely to meet you.

ZAYNAB: (*shy and smitten*) Very polite. What a well brought up boy you are. Why can't you be more like him Kasim!?

KASIM: Right... We're gonna get a bite to eat.

ZAYNAB: Who spends money eating out when you can eat it at home for free! Come round, I made my special biryani?

RICHARD: That's very kind of you.

KASIM: We've got plans.

RICHARD: Do we?

KASIM: Remember?

ZAYNAB: Where?

RICHARD: Sid's?!

ZAYNAB: (*bitter*) Friends over family eh?

KASIM: We really need to go! Bye!

SFX: KASIM and RICHARD walking away.

RICHARD: (*tentative*) Kass? Was that?...

KASIM: (*annoyed*) You wanted to go to Sid's?
So come on. I'm taking you to Sid's.

SCENE 27.

INT. BRADFORD BALTI HOUSE. EVENING.

SFX: A busy restaurant: glasses clinking, laughter, waiters walking.

RICHARD: This place looks great!
Let me take your jacket?

KASIM: No. Thank you. I can manage.

RICHARD: That woman we met /

SFX: Footsteps as SID comes over.

SID: / Easy bro. How's it going?

KASIM: Great! Sid, this is my friend Richard.

SID and RICHARD shake hands.

RICHARD: Nice to meet you. Heard lots about you!

SID: It's all a lie. I didn't do it.

RICHARD: Highly complimentary things.

SID: Propa posh you. Where ya from? /

KASIM: / Why don't you bring us some poppadoms?

SID: Ezee bro, hungry are we?

SFX: SID walking away.

KASIM: Told you he's so embarrassing! Let's go before it's too late?

RICHARD: We've only arrived. Here, let me put that napkin on your lap?

KASIM: I'm...fine, thanks. *(beat)*
Is it warm in here or is it just me?

RICHARD: Drinks?

KASIM: Go ahead.

RICHARD: Let's celebrate! Bubbly?

KASIM: Doesn't really go with curry...

RICHARD: A bottle of vino to share?

KASIM: I'm, good. Thank you
(*upbeat*) They do a delicious mango lassi though?

RICHARD: Right. Whatever you think is best. (*beat*)
He's rather 'dishy'.

KASIM: Who?

RICHARD: Sid.

KASIM: That's an *awful* dad joke!
And why are you eying up my best friend?!

RICHARD: Great arms. Does he row?
He knows about us right?

SFX: Footsteps as SID comes over with poppadoms and pickle tray.

SID: Here you go sirs.

SFX: SID putting the poppadoms down.

SID: Now, what can I get ya lads? It's all on the house!

RICHARD: Wow. That's very kind.

SID: Oh yeah Kasim, what happened to that bird of yours? I thought you were gonna bring her down 'ere?

RICHARD: Bird?...

SID: Bro, in Bratfud we call girls 'bird', because they're delicate and beautiful init.

KASIM: We've...sorted it.

SID: Sick broo. Come to me anytime you need relationship advice!

KASIM: Why don't you give us a few more minutes?

SFX: SID walking away.

RICHARD: So? This bird?

KASIM: Come on?

RICHARD: With your culture and everything.

Awkward pause.

You hear about things like this all the time?

KASIM: Richard. You think I'm having some kind of 'arranged marriage'!?

RICHARD: Who is she then?

KASIM: There's no *other* woman. (*lowers voice*) Do you honestly believe that I'm some secret alpha heterosexual?

RICHARD: *(lowered voiced)* Right now Kass, I'm readily losing faith
in your ability to distinguish between truth and falsehood!

SFX: SID returning.

SID: Ready?

RICHARD: Not sure anymore.

SID: Want me to recommend summat?

KASIM: *(curt)* No.

SID: Ey up, rudeboy.

KASIM: I fancy somewhere else? Pizza?

SID: Bratfud is 6 times curry capital award winners, and you
wanna go for a pizza?! What's wrong with you Kasim?

KASIM: Shurrup Sid.

SID: Man looks like he's got his panties in a twist.

RICHARD: Are you okay Kass?

SID: Kass? Why you calling him dat?

RICHARD: Don't you think it's charming?

Beat

SID: Riiight.

KASIM gives RICHARD death stares.

KASIM: I'm stuffed on these poppadoms. Can we just get the bill?

SID: Don't be daft.

RICHARD: How about a takeaway?...

KASIM: No.

SID: Oi. I told ya, you need bulking up?

KASIM: I told *you*, I'm done!

SID: Chill out brooo.

I know!

I'll do you my Sid's special, with *extra* chillies!

RICHARD: That sounds lovely - but I'm afraid I'm a wimp when it comes to spice!

I can barely handle salt and pepper!

KASIM in horror.

SID processes this.

RICHARD innocent and confused.

SID: Hang on are you? /

SFX: KASIM rapidly getting up, cutlery flying off the table chair screeching.

KASIM: / YOU STUPID
I'M GOING!

RICHARD: Broo? (*Lovingly imitating SID*)

SID: Oi. Only I can call him that.

SFX: RICHARD getting up.

RICHARD: Look. Sid, thank you –

SID: No worries.
I think ya better go after the Romeo...

SCENE 28.

EXT. BRADFORD. HILLY STREET. EVENING.

SFX: Music plays.

RICHARD: Come on...

KASIM: Leave me alone!

SFX: RICHARD panting, out of breath.

RICHARD: I'm can't keep chasing you!
These hilly streets are exhausting.
Where are you going?!

SFX: Hurried footsteps.

RICHARD: *Kass!*

SCENE 29.

EXT. BRADFORD. FIELD OVER LOOKING THE CITY. EVENING.

SFX: RICHARD stops to catch his breath.

RICHARD: Thank goodness.
Where are we?
The view from up here is beautiful.

KASIM: Stop trying to be romantic.

RICHARD: I think you have some explaining to do?

KASIM: Why did you gang up on me?

RICHARD: What happened to being honest with each other?

KASIM: I really tried. Otherwise I wouldn't have brought you to *my*
Bradford!
I can't do this anymore.

RICHARD: What?

KASIM: Pretending...*(beat)*
They don't know.
About...us.

RICHARD: Does anyone here?

KASIM: Please don't do this to me...

RICHARD: That woman? Was she your sister?

KASIM: We're not like everyone else.
Do we need to post pictures of us on social media - all posed and loved up to validate what we have?

RICHARD: That's not the point.

KASIM: Then?

RICHARD: It's about truth!

Pause.

KASIM: Did I ever tell you what it means?

RICHARD: What?

KASIM: Kasim. It's Arabic. It means 'divided'.
It's so easy for you.

RICHARD: How?

KASIM: You have the right hair,
the right name,
the right accent,
the right bloody arms.
But what about me ey?
Always having to be two different people.
At Cambridge, I believed that I could be who I wanted
with no-one to judge me, but you know it wasn't like
that...That whole stiff upper lip thing - people saying one
thing, but meaning something else.
Here,

the expectation of having to be a good Bangladeshi boy,
a decent Muslim, a well behaved brother –
there are so many voices in my head,
I feel like a schizophrenic!
Don't do that.
Don't drink.
Don't hold hands with people in public.
And yes,
I respect all of those things and I like having rules to
follow 'cause it keeps me grounded.

(beat)

When I'm here,
I don't want people to hate me for who I am
or what I believe.

(breaking)

I wasn't white enough to fit in at Cambridge
and I'm not brown enough to fit in Bradford.
So *where* do I fit?

RICHARD: You belong...
Do you have any idea how much I envy that?

KASIM: *What?*

RICHARD: I think we both just need to stop trying to hide and
be honest to ourselves *and* others.

KASIM: Are you trying to force me to..?
Easy for you to say that. What have you got to lose?

RICHARD: You know,
my silly mother thinks it's just a phase that I'll grow out of,
and has grand delusions of me bringing home a pretty
rosy cheeked girl one day.
I've told her what I've chosen.

KASIM: So, you want me to choose between Bradford and you?

RICHARD: Don't be silly. That's not what I'm trying to do.
I just want you to be happy.

KASIM: *How?*

RICHARD: By being you - the one you showed me here.
This place has inspired me,
seeing how the people are so connected
to their culture and beliefs, it's beautiful.
Even hearing your cute Bradford accent come out!
(Beat)
I just want you,
Kasim,
to be amazing.

Pause.

KASIM: Why?...

RICHARD: I *never* wanted to make it harder for you...
There's enough hatred in the world already,
but at last, I think I understand,
because
the amazing you who is who I love.
(beat)
Come here.

SFX: KASIM AND RICHARD embrace.

RICHARD: What happens now?

KASIM: This the part in Bollywood films where they break out into
 song and dance and live happily ever after.
 Wait –

SFX: KASIM gets out his phone and plays a song from it.

RICHARD: Oh no! No, No, Nooo!

KASIM: Come on!

SFX: Music playing, they have a little dance.

KASIM: Gosh...I'm starving.

RICHARD: I wrapped up the left over breakfast if you fancy a cold
 veggie sausage sandwich?

KASIM: You're too adorable.

RICHARD: I should get going, still got my exams.
 Unlike you - doing such a leisurely degree.

KASIM: What happens after graduation?

RICHARD: Let's climb that mountain when we get to it.
 (beat)
 Talking of mountains, this place is my favourite.
 Almost like something out of a Brontë novel?

KASIM: Wuthering Heights?

SFX: RICHARD laughing.

KASIM: What seems huge close up
feels tiny from here
and makes you believe you can take it all on.

SFX: The music swells and fades.

SCENE 30.

EXT. BRADFORD. THE FIELD OVER LOOKING THE CITY. NIGHT.

SFX: The occasional passing by of a car and a slight breeze.

KASIM (V/O): Bradford -
and it all comes down to this.
You still talking to me?
I know what I need to do,
but I'm terrified.
Give me the courage please?
(beat)
Did I ever tell you what Richard means?
'Brave'.
(beat)
Listen. It's late. I'll let you rest.
Sleep smiling.

SCENE 31.

INT. BRADFORD BALTI HOUSE. NEXT DAY.

SFX: KASIM enters into the restaurant.

SID: What do you want?

KASIM: Bro/

SID: I'm busy.

KASIM: Please Sid. I bought you these?

SFX: KASIM pulls out a bunch of purple Hyacinths.

SID: Eh? What on earth are lads supposed to do with flowers?

KASIM: They're Hyacinths? A symbol of sorrow and regret?

Beat.

SID: Go on sit down...

SFX: KASIM and SID pull up chairs and sit down.

SID: They smell nice.

KASIM: Look, I'm sorry...

SID: Ya bird was hot.

KASIM: Please don't /

SID: / I don't care.

(beat)

Girlfriend...Boyfriend...

KASIM: I thought?...

SID: What does it matter what I think.

I'm no angel...Who am I to judge you bro?

KASIM: Why aren't you freaking out?!

SID: Kasim...Kass. Come on, I wasn't born yesterday. I was waiting for *you* to be honest with me.

KASIM: *(teary)* I thought you'd hate me.

SID: Why are you crying for you big wimp?

KASIM: That's why I love you man.

SID: Eurgh. Stop it.

SFX: SID hugging KASIM.

SID: You're right. That jumper is really soft.

SFX: KASIM laughing.

KASIM: Thanks.

SID: He had good arms. Does he gym?

KASIM: Hah, said they same thing about you.

SID: Well, what can I say? Bird magnet init. *(beat)*
What do they call boy birds in Bratfud?

KASIM: No idea!

SID: Does your sister know about your boy bird?

KASIM: Not yet. I know I'll have to tell her at some point.
Perhaps I'll just wait for the right time...

SCENE 32.

INT. ZAYNAB'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NEXT DAY.

SFX: ZAYNAB getting ready, noisy kids in the background.

KASIM: Come on, we're gonna be late for graduation!
I told you English time, not Asian time!

ZAYNAB: Perfection can't be rushed!
You know Mum and Dad would be proud. How many
Bengali boys from Bradistan - whose parents worked in
mills - get the chance to graduate from Cambridge ey?

ZAYNAB sees KASIM'S dejection.

ZAYNAB: You okay?

KASIM: Thank you.

ZAYNAB: For what?

- KASIM: Inspiring *me*. You're a hard working mother; a brilliant sister and you make the best biryani in the whole world. Please never change.
- ZAYNAB: Stop it. *You'll* need to though...
- KASIM: What do you mean?
- ZAYNAB: Change. Go. Have your happily ever after: "Why did you betray your own heart? Honest people don't hide their deeds".
- KASIM: Did you just make that up?
- ZAYNAB: I expected better from you! (*Showing off with the correct pronunciation*) That Emily Brontë book of yours, *Wuthering Heights*? I found it one night when the kids had gone to bed. I couldn't put it down!
- KASIM: I'm impressed!
- ZAYNAB: Don't tell anyone. You're a bad influence Kasim, all that reading books and stuff.
I'll probably be speaking all poetic the next time I see you.
- KASIM: Next time?
- ZAYNAB: Well, you've found somewhere to stay after graduation right?
- KASIM: Erm /

ZAYNAB: / I mean - I'm not chucking you out.

Pause.

KASIM: I hate you.

ZAYNAB: What?!

KASIM: You're always right...*(beat)*
I don't think I'm ready to come back.

ZAYNAB: What about renting with a friend from uni?
Ooh! That one I met.
What was his name...Rashid?

KASIM: *Richard!*

ZAYNAB: He was niice!

SFX: KASIM hugging ZAYNAB.

ZAYNAB: What's that for?

KASIM: Just, because.

ZAYNAB: *(posh accent)* Good sir,
you look dashing!
(Bradford accent) Come on Heathcliff,
go get em!

SCENE 33.

EXT. BRADFORD. THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE CITY. DAY.

SFX: KASIM standing on top of the hill. Music plays.

KASIM (V/O): My dearest own Bradford.

From up here,
I watch the sun sweep away the day to make room for the
paper moon.
The city looks like a page from a well-read book;
creased at the edges, the lines of sandstone terraces
filled with assorted adjectives of people.

This story has now been re-written:
I've changed Bradford, and you,
well you've kinda stayed the same.
And for that reason,
I'll always love you.
For it's better to have loved and lost,
then to never have loved at all, right?

And so, when I'm lost, I'll close my eyes and see the
shape of you, for you will *a/ways* be printed on me.
I'm thankful for every little chapter we both shared.
Beloved -
until we meet again?

Yours,
Kass...no, Kasim.
KISS, KISS.

SFX: Music swells and fades.

THE END.