

HI, LIBIDO

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

(Sounds of)

CHURCH BELLS

A beat.

EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

SYNAGOGUE MUSIC

A burst of dusty orange. MONKS walk quietly.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Stained glass windows depict light and color.

Crucifixes everywhere. Rows of pews. Glorious candles.

INT. MOSQUE, MAIN HALL - DAY

MEN walk into the hall. Some greet one another.

The ATHAAN (Islamic call to prayer) booms from the speakers.

Men align shoulder to shoulder ready to pray. The IMAM PRAYS. The people follow in silence. All men.

SAMARA (V.O.)

When I was little, of all the religions, mine was the one that was dismissive of women.

Men pray.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Men got to go to the Mosque. Men got to go to work. Macho breadwinners. Women were breeders. Simpletons. We weren't welcome at a Mosque. We weren't even allowed to attend funerals.

PRAYER continues.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Samara's MOTHER MEMSIM (late 30s, wearing traditional South Asian attire) sweats by the stove.

BABY SAMARA cries in her baby chair by the dining table.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 Mom was the home-maker. The  
 caretaker...

Memsim turns to her but a pan inflames on the stove. She  
 retreats to turn down the heat.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 The slave.

Baby Samara continues crying.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

A radio controlled race car WHIRLS as it accelerates toward  
 the kitchen.

Kitchen door opens. Memsim is startled.

MOM  
 Samara, how many times? I'll step  
 on it. You want me to fall?

YOUNG SAMARA (8 years old. Crinkled curly hair. Bright  
 eyes) climbs down the stairs, radio control in hand.

YOUNG SAMARA  
 Mom, you have to see the range on  
 this. I drove it down the hall  
 all the way from upstairs.

Memsim picks up the car and passes it to her.

MOM  
 That's nice honey. Go wash up.

YOUNG SAMARA  
 Where's dad?

MOM  
 Mosque. Or garage. I'm not sure,  
 I think he'll --

The sound becomes inaudible as Samara is sent up stairs.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 As I grew though, it seemed like  
 my generation was one that was  
 gradually bringing change.

INT. MOSQUE, LADIES' HALL - DAY

WOMEN sit with prayer books in their hands. Some pray. Some  
 talk quietly.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
We were accepted into Mosques.

INT. MOSQUE, CLASSROOM - DAY

CHILDREN sit in a circle. Their desks pushed toward the walls. A FEMALE TEACHER instructs them while holding the Qur'an. Young Samara is attentive.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
In fact we were welcomed. Though  
that might be because we are  
better teachers than men.

A KNOCK at the classroom door. A MAN opens it, but doesn't enter. He speaks, but doesn't look at the woman.

Young Samara watches.

The man shakes his head dismissively as he closes the door.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
But it seemed, no matter how many  
inches we earned; a grumpy old  
man would always miss the days  
when we were insignificant.

The woman gives an 'I set you straight' look before confidently tending to her pupils. She nods to Samara.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Days where we didn't have a  
voice.

Samara begins RECITING aloud.

A beat.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Fact is, our voice mattered.

RECITING continues.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

TWEEN SAMARA (12) creaks open her bedroom door. She peeks through the gap. Only a movie on the TV screen lights up the room.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samara's sister YOUNG RIA (14) is with cousin YOUNG AFSHA (14) on the bed. They're engrossed in the movie -- where a man has lifted the skirt of a woman and his face is between her legs on the hood of a car (Body Of Evidence).

Tween Samara watches intently from the doorway.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
It was like nothing I'd ever  
seen.

Samara stares, eyes brighter than ever.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
This part of a woman, taken for  
granted by men. This woman,  
controlling the man with --

YOUNG RIA  
-- Hey!

Ria pauses the movie.

YOUNG RIA (CONT'D)  
Go away. I have the room tonight.

TWEEN SAMARA  
Not all night.

They BICKER.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
My sister. I love her...

TWEEN SAMARA  
Mom said dinner!

Ria throws a pillow toward the door.

YOUNG RIA  
Alright!

SAMARA (V.O.)  
... eventually.

Ria and Afsha get off the bed and exit the room. Samara's eyes are still glued to the screen. Afsha notices.

Ria calls to her Mother as she marches downstairs.

YOUNG RIA (O.C.)  
Mom! You said we had the room?

Afsha approaches Samara. She puts an arm over her shoulder.

YOUNG AFSHA  
It's what people do. For fun.

TWEEN SAMARA  
Fun?

Afsha nods and starts toward the stairs.

YOUNG AFSHA

Come on.

Samara closes the door and follows.

TWEEN SAMARA

Will you tell me about it?

YOUNG AFSHA

No. I'm a kid just like you. What do I know?

TWEEN SAMARA

You said it's fun.

A beat.

YOUNG AFSHA

Seems like fun, don't you think?

They walk down the stairs.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Afsha. One of my good friends now. She never tells me everything. Only enough to spark my curiosity.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Mother and FATHER; PAREK (early 40s. Dad bod), seem heated in argument. Tween Samara and Young Ria have breakfast at the table. Samara studies her parents.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Something I didn't understand was how did it happen. What leads to the point where a man had his head between a woman's legs?

Parek marches off with a piece of toast in his hand. Memsim is dejected standing by the sink.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I never thought it ever went down that way between my mom and dad.

Samara eats her cereal, deep in thought.

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND - DAY

Hectic playground. KIDS at play.

Some play with a soccer ball. Others talk. Tween Samara watches some of the older kids.

Girls chasing boys.

Boys chasing girls.

A girl grabs a boy and kisses his cheek.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Kiss-chase. Like *tag*, with  
kisses.

Samara watches the kids play kiss-chase in awe.

She spies a specific boy; YOUNG RICK (15).

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I became interested. More intent  
to study -- whatever this was --  
than I ever studied anything my  
entire life.

INT. SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

Tween Samara watches the clock tick down to 3:15PM.

SCHOOL BELL RINGS

The kids gather their books and belongings. Samara bolts  
toward the door.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tween Samara makes a mess of the bedroom. She's in search  
of something.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I looked and I looked.

Samara inadvertently wrecks the room as she searches  
through Young Ria's things. Namely through a stack of DVDs.

Ria storms in.

YOUNG RIA  
Brat, what the hell are you  
doing?

Ria pushes Samara away from her stuff --

YOUNG RIA (CONT'D)  
This is my side of the room. When  
will you stop bothering me? When  
will you leave me alone? I'm so  
gonna tell mom about this.

Ria tidies.

SAMARA (V.O.)

She's never been the understanding type, my sister. It took me a minute to realize I couldn't find the DVD 'cause it wasn't hers. Wasn't Afsha's either, before you ask. But in any case, they had returned it.

INT. FAMILY SUV - DAY

Memsim and Parek argue in the front seats.

Tween Samara and Young Ria mind their own business in the back. Samara glances at her parents.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Still, I couldn't imagine them being the way I saw on the movie. Eventually I did realize it was pretty gross to even try imagine your parents like that. But I was a kid, what did I know, right?

INT. SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

TEEN SAMARA (14) in class. Fellow STUDENTS are taking a test. She looks around, specifically at the boys.

A GINGER KID with patches in his hair.

A BOY chewing on his pencil, lead first.

A SWEATY BOY.

A TYPICAL JOCK.

She turns her head toward a window and sees a MAINTENANCE GUY (20) sweeping leaves. His back is to her. He turns and they make eye contact --

TAPPING ON TEEN SAMARA'S DESK

The TEACHER gives her an unimpressed look, then looks at her paper. Samara readjusts in her seat and tries to concentrate.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I wanted to know what it felt like. That's what I wanted.

A glimpse toward the window; nobody there.



INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Teen Samara storms in and slams the door shut. She's agitated, but controlled; a girl on a mission. She strips off her sweater and shirt.

She grabs her biggest pillow, opens her bed cover. Climbs in. Slides off her pants and kicks them to the floor. She pulls the bed cover over herself, fidgety as she mounts her pillow -- she freezes -- TEEN RIA (16) enters the room.

A beat as Samara watches her sister.

Ria has ear-buds in. She's talking on the phone, unaware of Samara's compromising position. Samara lays still atop her pillow. Luckily, Ria's oblivious and she leaves the room.

TEEN SAMARA

Ugh.

She exhales. Fidgets...

MOM (O.S.)

(yells)

Girls. Mosque!

TEEN RIA (O.S.)

Coming mom.

Samara tries to climax --

Ria re-enters the bedroom. Eye contact with Samara. An inquisitive look as she removes her ear-buds.

TEEN SAMARA

What?

A 'what are you doing' look from Ria. Samara is mostly off the pillow. She lays adjacent to it, casual as can be.

TEEN RIA

Come on. Mosque. Get ready.

Ria gets changed.

TEEN SAMARA

I don't feel well.

TEEN RIA

Shut up. You were fine at school. Get dressed.

TEEN SAMARA

But, I'm not clean.

TEEN RIA

Are you gonna get the sheets red?

TEEN SAMARA

No. It's not that. I'm just --

MOM (O.S.)

(yells)

Girls!

TEEN RIA

Coming!

SAMARA (V.O.)

No, I wasn't.

Ria is dressed.

TEEN RIA

I got bathroom. Bet I can do  
Wudhu before you're ready.

She marches off.

Samara exhales and gets off her bed. Exasperated.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Ria was as excited for Mosque as  
I was excited for --

Samara looks out her window. TEEN RICK (17) walks past her house, down her street.

SAMARA (V.O.)

... Rick.

EXT. KHAN STREET - DAY

Teen Rick walks along, smoking. He catches Teen Samara in his peripheral. She stands in the window frame in only her bra and panties.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Most people's instinctive  
reaction would have been to draw  
the curtains, and fast.

A beat.

Rick slows his walk to a stop as he turns to get a clear look at her.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I didn't mind that he saw me. I  
liked that he wanted to look.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Teen Samara jumps as her Mom enters and quickly pulls her away from the window frame.

MOM

What are you doing? You have time to stare at the sky? Get a move on.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Party pooper. Though I was never sure if Rick saw my mom yank me away. Maybe he thought I was being elusive and mysterious.

Memsim collects Samara's clothes off the floor and puts them in a laundry bag.

MOM

You know your sister's downstairs already?

SAMARA (V.O.)

How long was I staring?

MOM

Class starts in less than ten minutes. We have to drive because I'm picking up your father and you know what roads are like right now.

TEEN SAMARA

We could walk. Just Ria and me.

MOM

Nice try. I know you two have skipped Madrasa before. You think the mothers don't talk? Oh we talk.

Memsim hangs Samara's Mosque attire from the door.

TEEN SAMARA

Well it's not like the Mosque takes a register.

MOM

What?

TEEN SAMARA

Nothing.

Memsim near enough drags Samara to the clothes.

MOM

Come on, get on with it.

TEEN SAMARA  
 Mom I'm not clean. Please?

Memsim begins to read the riot act, inaudible.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 She didn't seem to understand. No  
 one did.

EXT. KHAN HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY

Teen Samara and her Mother exit the house and get in the SUV. Teen Ria is already in the vehicle, ear-buds in.

INT. FAMILY SUV - DAY

Memsim drives. Out the window Teen Samara sees Teen Rick walking. He's with a BLONDE GIRL (17). They seem to be getting along. Samara sits back dejected.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 I wasn't clean. Couldn't tell ya  
 how often I would go to Mosque  
 wet between my legs. My intention  
 was always there -- I washed  
 before leaving the house. Did  
 Wudhu too. But my mind raced to  
 the idea of pleasure. My body  
 craved it.

Teen Ria begins YAPPING to a friend on a call through her ear-buds. Samara stares out the window, unsatisfied.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

11:32PM on the clock. Teen Ria is asleep.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 In my early teens, nearly every  
 night was the same. I'd wait for  
 Ria to fall asleep. And then --

Teen Samara unlocks her cellphone. She goes to her *private browser* with a pin code. Hundreds of porn sites open.

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND - DAY

Teen Samara runs around. The atmosphere is busy and loud. She seems happy hanging with her friends.

Every so often, she looks across the playground.

Every so often, Teen Rick looks back at her.

INT. SCHOOL, RESTROOM - DAY

Teen Samara hurriedly enters and goes into a cubicle. Slams the door closed.

She breathes heavily.

A few minor moans.

A beat...

SAMARA (V.O.)  
My left hand became my best  
friend.

The cubicle door opens and Samara exits, at ease and smiling.

INT. SCHOOL, LIBRARY - DAY

Teen Samara is at a desk. Notepad and books open in front of her, but she's lost in thought. She moves from her seat and goes to the bookshelves. She reaches for a book on Egypt's Cleopatra.

(Sound of) KISSING.

Samara looks between the books. A couple is on the other side making out. She tries not to stare, then walks away.

TEEN SAMARA  
Watch my stuff?

Her friends nod. She heads toward the signs pointing toward the restroom.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I'm right handed, but using my  
left was my way of asking God  
forgiveness for my dark and dirty  
side. Everything turned me on.

MONTAGE

- a ball bouncing on a ping-pong racket.
- Men grunting as they played tennis.
- a glimpse of the school Maintenance Guy pouring water over his head.
- Teen Samara in her class. She sees her Teacher bend over.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Everything.

END MONTAGE

INT. KHAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Teen Samara has a blanket over her as she's on a single seater sofa. Teen Ria is by their Mom. Their Father is on the other single seater. They watch an old Bollywood movie.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Sometimes I challenged myself to see if I could come in the presence of others.

Samara's left hand fidgets under her blanket.

Parek drifts off and begins to SNORE. Memsim turns up the volume on the movie as a classic BOLLYWOOD SONG AND DANCE scene begins.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Sometimes I'd do it out of straight boredom.

Samara's arm movement coincides with the beat of the music on the film. Eyeing the hunk on screen, she smiles, climaxing. A look of satisfaction as she knows she'd gotten away with it.

INT. HOUSE PARTY, BEDROOM - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC. TEENAGERS everywhere. They all seem to have to shout to be able to hear one another.

Teen Samara enters a closet. She's followed in by the GINGER PATCH KID from earlier.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I honestly don't remember his name.

The closet door closes and stifles the sound of the music. A beat. It's a little awkward for the boy, but Samara's expression is eager.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Seven minutes kids got locked in that closet. We knew what we were supposed to do.

Finally some eye contact. A nod from the Ginger Patch Kid.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Most kids didn't know where to start, but I was becoming a legend.

Samara steps toward the kid and reaches for his face --

INT. SCHOOL, CAFETERIA - DAY

GROUP OF TEENS

Whoa!

Teen Samara is centre of attention with friends gathered around her.

GIRL

Him? You kissed --

SAMARA (V.O.)

-- Ginger Patch Kid --

Samara nods, somewhat proudly.

TEEN SAMARA

And John. And Derek. Lyle.

TEEN LYLE (14) at that moment walks by with his friends.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Lyle was the jock.

TEEN LYLE

Hey.

Eye contact. A smile from Samara.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Lyle's was actually the first dick I touched. Yeah, it was at a party... in a closet.

INT. HOUSE PARTY, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

TEENS everywhere. LOUD MUSIC. Teen Samara passes Teen Ria as she walks down the stairs. Teen Afsha follows.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Problem was that my world was small. Ria and Afsha were at most of the parties I was at.

Afsha pulls on Samara's arm.

TEEN AFSHA

Hey? You OK?

Samara keeps walking. Afsha follows. Ria looks down the hall. Lyle casually exits the bathroom.

INT. HOUSE PARTY, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

More TEENS. Teen Afsha follows Teen Samara out of the house.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Teen Afsha halts Teen Samara.

TEEN AFSHA  
Hey. What happened?

Samara holds back tears as she explains.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
He tried touching me. I didn't  
want him to. I only liked what I  
did. For myself, or to a guy. I  
wasn't ready to be pleased by  
someone else. Not by just anyone  
anyway.

Teen Ria comes out of the house and consoles Samara. The girls talk and there are nods of acknowledgement between them. Ria and Afsha head back into the house.

Samara loiters for a beat. She wipes a tear.

A hand touches her shoulder -- she jumps -- it's Teen Rick.

TEEN RICK  
Didn't mean to scare you.

She looks away from him to wipe her eyes. A put-on smile as she turns to face him.

Rick looks toward the house.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)  
Is the party any good?

Samara doesn't respond.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I was star-struck. The guy I had  
a crush on was talking to me.

Samara looks behind Rick and sees his car, a Sedan.

TEEN SAMARA  
That yours?

SAMARA (V.O.)  
The car was nice enough, but  
clearly wasn't his.

At the door of the house Ria and Afsha exit. They have their coats on and Afsha carries Samara's. Afsha notices Samara with Rick -- stops Ria --

TEEN AFSHA  
Wait.



TEEN RIA

What?

Afsha points toward the car subtly.

TEEN RIA (CONT'D)

So?

Ria sets to move, but Afsha holds her back.

TEEN AFSHA

No, wait.

They pause to watch. Samara and Rick sit on the hood.

TEEN AFSHA (CONT'D)

She likes him.

A look of bewilderment from Ria.

TEEN RIA

Well, are we leaving or not?

Samara looks toward them by the door. Afsha signals a thumbs up. Samara nods.

Afsha pushes Ria back in the house.

TEEN AFSHA

We're staying.

Samara and Rick become comfortable in their chat on the hood of the car.

TEEN SAMARA

My dad's family car is --

TEEN RICK

-- the SUV right? Yeah I seen it.  
You into cars?

Samara nods, but holds back on revealing any more.

TEEN SAMARA

You always fashionably late to  
these things?

Rick shakes his head.

TEEN RICK

No. I wasn't gonna come, but my  
friends told me my ex wasn't here  
--

TEEN SAMARA

-- the blonde?

TEEN RICK

Yeah. She wasn't serious and she wasn't on my level you know?

A beat.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)

Well maybe I shouldn't say.

Rick slides off the hood.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)

You wanna go back in to the party?

Samara instinctively reaches for his wrist. She doesn't move from the hood.

TEEN SAMARA

No, tell me.

Rick looks at her. She removes her hand from his wrist. He eyeballs her.

TEEN SAMARA (CONT'D)

What?

TEEN RICK

Girls are different from guys.

TEEN SAMARA

Can't put anything by you.

They share smiles.

TEEN RICK

I mean, why does it have to be so tough, you know?

A beat.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)

You don't know.

Rick leans on the hood of the car. He's uneasy.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)

Lets just --

TEEN SAMARA

You can elaborate?

A look from Samara. Rick had permission...

INT. TEEN RICK'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Teen Rick and Teen Samara lip-locked and heated, all over each other.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The party is still LOUD and active.

The Sedan somewhat rocks.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
We didn't go all the way. I'm not  
that type of girl.

MONTAGE

- Rick and Samara exchange glances at school.
- Rick carries Samara on his back.
- Rick chases Samara and she lets him catch her easily.
- Rick and Samara kiss in the playground.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
But we became exclusive. My first  
real boyfriend.

- Samara mixes with Rick's crew. She's smiley, but doesn't approve of Rick's smoking.
- Rick and Samara hold hands at a car show.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
He did eventually take my  
virginity.

- Rick surprises Samara with the fact that his parents' Sedan now had tinted windows.
- The Sedan rocks at night in an empty parking lot.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
It wasn't always in his car.  
After a while I met his mom. As  
much as I wanted life with him, I  
couldn't introduce him to my  
parents. The M-word would have to  
be in play for that to happen.

- Samara at home helping her Mother in the kitchen.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I did well at home. Stayed clean,  
went to Mosque, did things like  
chores and homework.

(MORE)

SAMARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Building that reliability and responsibility made it so that I was allowed out late. So long as I was home by eleven, unless it was a weekend.

- Samara with her family in their SUV, lively and chatty.

- Rick carries Samara atop his shoulders at a concert. It seems they are happy and in love.

SAMARA (V.O.)

But I was naive. While our year-and-a-bit was good, it all came crashing down.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WHOLE FOODS' PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The store is closed but cars are present, driving circles around one another. A teenage gathering atmosphere, but these YOUTHS were older.

Rick's family Sedan is there. Teen Rick (now 19) stands by the back window, which is slightly open. Teen Samara (16) is inside.

TEEN RICK

Wait here. I'll be back.

Concerned eyes from Samara. Rick walks off.

He talks to some older guys. They discreetly show him a packet of something.

INT. TEEN RICK'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Teen Rick gets in the back seat beside Teen Samara.

TEEN SAMARA

Hey.

TEEN RICK

Babe.

He's fidgety.

TEEN SAMARA

You alright?

TEEN RICK

I er, I need, you know?

Samara casually reaches for his crotch.

TEEN SAMARA  
Lets go somewhere.

TEEN RICK  
No, like; now.

Samara looks out the windows.

TEEN SAMARA  
Here?

TEEN RICK  
Can you? Just 'cause I need it  
babe. This kinda crowd has me all  
amped up and -- promise -- I'll  
do you too.

Samara smiles and shifts in her seat.

TEEN SAMARA  
Do me in a private place, or when  
they're all gone.

TEEN RICK  
Yeah --

Rick stops her from moving into position.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)  
-- Wait.

He pulls a bandana from his neck.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)  
Put this on.

He ties the bandana over her head and pulls it over her  
eyes to blindfold her. She smiles, excited.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)  
It's kinda like they can't see  
us, and you can't see my dick.  
Sexy right?

Samara's fine with it. She shifts in her seat again.

TEEN SAMARA  
Guide me.

TEEN RICK  
Hold on. A sec' OK? One sec' I'll  
be back.

Rick exits the car.

A beat.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The guy that showed Teen Rick the packet, hands it to him and gets into the car.

Rick stands by the slightly open window.

(Sound of) A ZIPPER OPENING.

TEEN RICK  
All right, go on.

Teen Samara doesn't say anything. She lowers her head into what she thinks is her boyfriend's lap.

Teen Rick doesn't watch through the gap in the window. He instead plays with the packet of drugs in his hand.

The drug dealer gasps in his seat.

(Sounds of) SUCKING.

INT. TEEN RICK'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Teen Rick drives. Teen Samara beside him. All is quiet.

EXT. KHAN STREET - NIGHT

The Sedan pulls up at the corner of the street. Teen Rick and Teen Samara exit the car.

Rick still fiddles with the drug packet.

Samara goes to him and links his arm as they walk slowly toward her house.

TEEN SAMARA  
You forget something?

A look from Rick.

TEEN SAMARA (CONT'D)  
My (she mouths pu-ssy).

Rick's expression is indifferent. Samara leans in to kiss him, he jolts away - all of a sudden he's four feet away.

TEEN SAMARA (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

Rick looks at her with a scowl.

TEEN RICK  
You can't kiss me. You ain't clean.

Samara is stunned. Confused.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)  
Tell me what you do with it.

Samara's lost, she has no idea what he's talking about.

TEEN RICK (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

TEEN SAMARA  
With what?

Rick becomes angry.

TEEN RICK  
With what? What are you a moron?  
The come Samara. The goods in  
your mouth, what did you do?

Samara's body language inverts.

TEEN SAMARA  
Well --

TEEN RICK  
-- well what?

TEEN SAMARA I swa -- SAMARA (V.O.) I swallowed.

Rick marches toward her and swings an angry fist.

BLACK SCREEN --

THUMP...

THUMP. THUMP.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Naive little girl.

A beat.

INT. TEEN AFSHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Teen Afsha (18) drives. She looks over to Teen Samara, who's bruised on her face.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
That night I got Afsha to come  
and get me. I stayed at hers for  
over a week. Luckily the timing  
was in my favour; it was midterm.

Afsha drives.

INT. DORM, AFSHA'S ROOM - DAY

The room is narrow and not at all spacious. Fashion study books are on Afsha's desk. Cloth and various other materials scattered around.

Teen Afsha is on her bed. Teen Samara is on the floor in a makeshift cot.

TEEN AFSHA  
Love isn't a thing. Not for us.

TEEN SAMARA  
What do you mean?

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Naive.

TEEN AFSHA  
He said he loved you? Then treated you like this?...

Samara pauses to ponder.

TEEN AFSHA (CONT'D)  
We're protected in our religion.

TEEN SAMARA  
... Protected?

TEEN AFSHA  
Yeah. Think about how your parents met, how mine met. How the majority of our people marry.

TEEN SAMARA  
There's, I mean surely there's more to it than that.

TEEN AFSHA  
In a fairy-tale. Or for like two weeks when you first meet a guy.

TEEN SAMARA  
It's been nearly two years for us.

A look from Afsha.

TEEN AFSHA  
And it's turned out as you hoped?

SAMARA (V.O.)  
It turned out that Rick was a drug addict.

(MORE)



SAMARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Whether he became one with me by his side is a question I don't tend to ask myself. But he hit me and he lost me in an instant.

TEEN SAMARA

You knew this before. Why didn't you stop me?

Afsha pulls Samara up onto the bed.

TEEN AFSHA

Because I've been there. It's something you have to learn the hard way. Now it's out of your system. I'm just sorry you got physically hurt.

TEEN SAMARA

But, I don't want a guy chosen for me. I...

A beat.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I was thinking about sex.

TEEN AFSHA

Look our lives aren't about us. They're about procreating and putting on a show. My mom brags about me, her mom bragged about her. Between women it's all about bragging rights. For the men it's about making money and building their little empires.

TEEN SAMARA

So I can find a guy to build a life with. A good guy I mean.

Afsha shakes her head, going into an inaudible monologue about the pitfalls of relationships. Samara lays in Afsha's lap and looks forlorn. A tear rolls down her cheek.

SAMARA (V.O.)

That afternoon I cried more than when I got hit.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teen Samara removes makeup by a mirror. She reveals remnants of bruising.

SAMARA (V.O.)

It took a while for my face to heal.

(MORE)

SAMARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Had to ghost it all out on a daily basis. My dad would have had a heart attack if he had known what happened to his little girl.

Teen Ria enters the room and sees her sister's face.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I never told Ria about it either. But she knew. We both knew she knew. But we were never close enough to talk about it. Afsha thankfully kept my secret.

Samara grabs her phone and deletes photos of her and Rick.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I understood that Rick didn't love me. I feared that no one would take my love again. My left hand became my best friend. Again.

INT. MOSQUE, LADIES' HALL - DAY

Teen Samara has a Kitab in hand. Seems like she's reading, but her eyes wander the room.

WOMEN everywhere. Some of their faces covered by niqabs. Others have their hair loose. Most of them wear incredibly tight clothing.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Everything turned me on. Even in the most inappropriate of places.

A girl meets Samara's eyes and smiles at her. Samara quickly looks down at her Kitab.

EXT. SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND - DAY

The playground is busy with KIDS. Teen Samara notices the guys playing basketball, some of them topless.

Samara sees the younger kids playing kiss-chase.

SAMARA (V.O.)

It wasn't necessarily the case that I wanted to find a boyfriend. Or love for that matter.

Samara looks at guys and girls in the playground. Pretty girls with prominent arching cleavages. Teachers too; big butts to tight butts...

INT. NIGHTCLUB, DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT

The atmosphere is dark and busy. Silhouettes between strobe lights and INCREDIBLY LOUD MUSIC.

Samara (adult, 18) dances, seemingly in her own world.

SAMARA (V.O.)

... I just wanted to explode.

Samara bounces on the dancefloor along with a crowd, including Afsha. They all have a great time.

There's some dirty dancing.

Afsha kisses a random guy. Then another. Samara sees.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, BAR - NIGHT

Samara approaches the bar and asks for water. A BUSSER (24, we've seen him before) clears the glasses on the bar. He looks at Samara -- eye contact -- but she drinks her water.

The Busser looks back at her as he walks off.

The Ginger Patch Kid (all grown up, 18) approaches the bar, big smile on his face as Samara recognizes him.

(They shout over the music).

GINGER PATCH KID  
Heyyy!

SAMARA  
Hi!

(Music drowns him out).

GINGER PATCH KID (CONT'D)  
You know --

Samara motions to suggest she can't hear. She pulls him close to her ear.

GINGER PATCH KID (CONT'D)  
You must know this place well?

SAMARA  
Yeah, you been here?

GINGER PATCH KID  
Yeah. The -- reen Roo --

SAMARA  
What?

They can't hear properly. Samara pulls Ginger Patch Kid by the arm and drags him to the dance floor. They dance. Samara grinds on him and pulls his hands around her body, guiding him to grope her breasts.

She forces his hands, but then he pulls away and walks off. Samara stands confused. She rushes after him.

Ginger Patch Kid heads toward a hallway. Signs point toward the Green Room. Samara catches up.

(Music is dampened in the hallway).

SAMARA (CONT'D)  
Hey, hey --

Samara turns him. A look; he's not happy.

SAMARA (CONT'D)  
What? What'd I do wrong?

Ginger Patch Kid looks at her. He believes that she's clueless. His expression changes, sympathetic.

GINGER PATCH KID  
You don't know?

SAMARA  
Know what?

Ginger Patch Kid eases up. People pass them in the hall, dressed extravagantly. Ginger Patch Kid looks at them as if he knows them.

GINGER PATCH KID  
I hang out in the Green Room.

Samara nods, oblivious.

A beat.

GINGER PATCH KID (CONT'D)  
Because I'm gay.

Samara looks shocked.

SAMARA  
You're...

Ginger Patch Kid nods.

They both laugh.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Seriously, I didn't know.

Samara glances toward his crotch.

SAMARA  
But.

GINGER PATCH KID  
What?

SAMARA

I felt you.

Ginger Patch Kid laughs.

GINGER PATCH KID

Well, you got a nice ass I guess.  
For real though, that's my place  
right there.

He signals toward the Green Room.

GINGER PATCH KID (CONT'D)

You wanna come?

Another batch of people pass them in the hall. The last person a girl that looks back and smiles at Samara.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I thought about it.

Eye contact lingers -- Samara shakes her head.

SAMARA

Nah. I only swing one way.

GINGER PATCH KID

Alright.

More people pass. Samara and Ginger Patch Kid talk.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I learned that he came out a year  
prior. Shame. If he was straight  
he probably coulda had me that  
night.

Ginger Patch Kid heads toward the Green Room.

Samara sets to exit the hall, but she's caught up in thought.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I questioned myself. Was it  
because of me as we grew up that  
he turned gay?

Samara walks through the dancefloor absentmindedly.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Was he put off women because of  
me? Was I simply undesirable?  
Unlovable?

INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samara enters and hits her bed.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I was confused. Yet, horny. I thought if I curl up and cuddle myself, at least that way no one could hurt me. It was me and my left hand.

She begins to masturbate.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Again.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is packed full of FAMILY, (indistinct chatter). People seem to be joyful. Emphasis is on Afsha. She has a beaming smile on her face as people applaud. There are congratulatory banners everywhere - for Afsha's Engagement.

LATER...

The merriment has distilled. Samara and Afsha (20) sit side by side.

SAMARA

Big announcement.

AFSHA

Somewhat.

A beat.

AFSHA (CONT'D)

Are you doing OK? You seem quiet.

Samara fakes a smile.

SAMARA

I'm alright.

A look from Afsha.

AFSHA

But?

Samara looks anywhere but at her. Another pause.

SAMARA

I don't want you to get me wrong. And I don't want you to think I'm judging or anything.

AFSHA

Spit it out.

SAMARA

Well. Is this what you want?

Afsha's expression turns less friendly.

AFSHA  
What I want?

SAMARA  
Yeah. I mean. Fashion? Didn't you  
have dreams?

Afsha eases.

AFSHA  
I did.

SAMARA  
So?

A RELATIVE comes by.

AUNTY  
Oh Afsha, we're so happy for you.  
If you need anything --

Afsha nods and smiles. The Relative walks on.

AFSHA  
So?

Silence from Samara.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
What's there to judge or be  
concerned about? I told you about  
all this. It's the way we go.

SAMARA  
But, why? You dropped out of  
College for this?

A look from Afsha, sympathetic.

AFSHA  
Come on, you need it all  
explaining again?

SAMARA  
I just don't --

AFSHA  
-- it's how it is for us. We  
grow, we get married, we buy a  
house, we spurt out some kids.  
Rinse and repeat. What's the big  
deal?

SAMARA  
But I thought you wanted more?

AFSHA

Do you? I mean maybe it's not about me here, maybe you're trying to figure out if the life we were bred for is what you want.

Samara is quiet.

AFSHA (CONT'D)

Look if it is about me, you don't have to worry. I'm fine. My guy's an Accountant, filthy rich already. I'll be fine.

Afsha is called from across the room. She stands, puts on a smile.

SAMARA

Will you, be fine? Or are you?

Afsha maintains her smile and walks off.

Samara's Dad steps in and quickly takes Afsha's place. Samara leans her head on his shoulder for a moment.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Is this the route you expect me to take?

He doesn't answer.

Samara looks up at him.

DAD

Such a loaded question, with such a sad face. Is this life so bad?

Samara absorbs the atmosphere in the room.

SAMARA

It's how you and mom met?

He nods.

CHILDREN run by. Samara watches them.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

I don't think --

DAD

-- Samara, this is Muslim life. We belong to Allah and as His beings we have to do as He wishes. To bring life. To grow a family.



SAMARA (V.O.)  
His words seemed so decisive.

Children play and Parek nods at a waving Relative.

Samara tries to speak --

DAD  
I want this for you. Your mother  
happy, everyone celebrating like  
this, we'd be happy.

He looks at Samara directly. He puts his hand up to her  
chin and squeezes it.

DAD (CONT'D)  
But this face; if I am seeing  
this face, I won't be happy.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
As if I wasn't conflicted enough.

SAMARA  
What are you saying?

DAD  
Samara, I want to be proud of  
you. I don't want you to lose  
connection with Allah. I don't  
want you to conform or fall as a  
victim to western ways.

SAMARA  
Is that what you think of me?  
That I'm so easily influenced?

DAD  
No. That's why I speak openly to  
you. If you were weak, I would  
forbid you making your own path.

A look between Dad and daughter. Samara eyes the room.

SAMARA  
Isn't this conforming too? To  
Islamic ways.

DAD  
This conformity is safe. A father  
wants his child to be safe, no  
matter her age.

Samara's expression seems resigned.

DAD (CONT'D)  
But this face, I don't want my  
daughter to have *this* face. I'll  
do a deal with you.

SAMARA

A deal?

He nods.

DAD

Same deal I offered your sister. You go to University and you study something substantial. Something that will get you a solid job. Nothing that helps people. Doctor, Dentist, Lawyer -- none of those.

SAMARA

None of those?

DAD

They're all thankless jobs. You do something that keeps your brain active, that doesn't rely on human interaction. You finish your studies. During this time you find a man and you marry by twenty-five.

SAMARA

Twenty-five?

DAD

Yes. That gives you time to study, to work and even travel if you wish. Insha'Allah you find a man that matches your intellect and you then settle. If by twenty-five you haven't settled, we find you a man. Then you have all this.

Parek waves his arm proudly. Samara ponders for a beat.

SAMARA

What if this face is still here then?

He looks at her.

DAD

You will have lived on your own terms for years. Studying, working. Maybe by twenty-five you will see that this life isn't so bad. Life isn't easy Samara. It will hit you. There's a reason generations of women have chosen the other option.

SAMARA

Which is?

DAD

You don't go to University. You help around the house and you marry as soon as possible. The husband is the bread-winner and together you raise a family.

They watch Afsha across the room. She seems happy.

DAD (CONT'D)

Being an adult is all about choices. You have to make yours, then own them.

Samara sighs and reaches around Parek to hug him. She kisses his cheek and her sad face seems to be gone.

SAMARA

You know I'm choosing the twenty-five option don't you?

He nods. She hugs him tighter.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

So, tell me about Accounting.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Samara reads at her desk. A bunch of Accounting books beside her.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Thereafter I studied relentlessly. I wasn't a natural at math, so I had to focus. The deal from dad gave me purpose.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, SAMARA/RIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samara's in bed watching porn on her phone, masturbating.

SAMARA (V.O.)

But it didn't halt my urges in any way. I still couldn't sleep without coming.

Samara climaxes. A small YELP.

INT. DORM, HALLWAY - DAY

Samara carries a couple of bags and a pulls along a suitcase.

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - DAY

Samara moves in.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I got accepted into College.

She unpacks her stuff. Her parents and Ria (20) are present.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I never asked my dad why he won.  
Either way; I would end up  
married and settled. I suppose  
this was his way of letting me  
have some freedom in my life.

Group hug as Samara's parents and sister set to leave.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Still, I didn't question it. I  
thought it was a fair deal to get  
me the life I was working toward.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

Tons of STUDENTS make their way to classes.

Some students lay around on grass. Other students stop and chat. Samara walks by many of them, every so often she glances at a guy.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
And who knew who I'd meet along  
the way.

Random guys smile at Samara as she passes.

MONTAGE

- Samara studies in her dorm.
- Samara pays attention in class.
- Samara at a party mingling and making friends.
- Samara at a bar.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
There was an art to it; balancing  
studying and partying. I didn't  
care for the latter. Drink and  
drugs weren't my thing.

- Samara at another party, surrounded by tipsy students.

END MONTAGE

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Samara (19) sits studying. She has a small novel within her Accountancy encyclopedia.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Sometimes I'd sit there with an open book, but I'd be reading something erotic instead. See how wet I'd become before I'd have to go back to my dorm for a come. Then...

CLEMENT (early 20s, tall, dark and handsome) walks by. A lingering look from Samara. She's in awe for a long beat.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Sorry, where was I?... Right --

Clement browses books on the shelf opposite Samara's table. He chooses one and turns to lean on the shelf.

She looks his way over her book.

He looks her way over his book.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

Samara and Clement walk and talk. They're smiley and inaudibly chatty.

MONTAGE

- Samara and Clement sip milkshakes together.
- Samara and Clement study together in her dorm.
- Samara and Clement study together at the library.
- Samara and Clement all smiles as they walk at night.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Finding a guy like this was like a dream. A genuine stud, a Muslim one at that. I hit jackpot.

- Samara and Clement kiss.
- In Samara's dorm, Samara and Clement make love. They cuddle. They seem happy.
- Samara and Clement watch a movie in her dorm. Clement turns over and goes to sleep. She seems frustrated.

END MONTAGE

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - DAY

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Until of course; I woke up.

Clement slides out of bed. Samara is already half awake.

SAMARA  
Where are you going?

Clement begins putting on his clothes.

CLEMENT  
Gym.

Samara lets the duvet drop from her shoulder seductively.

SAMARA  
You don't wanna...

Clement is dressed. He rushes to her and kisses her forehead.

CLEMENT  
I'll catch you later. How about  
we meet for lunch?

Samara is quiet. A little agitated as Clement starts toward the door. He looks back.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
Lunch?

Samara nods politely.

Clement leaves. Samara pulls the duvet over her shoulder and curls herself up in bed.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

Samara approaches Clement and links his arm as they walk.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Samara and Clement are at the counter. Clement orders and Samara reaches for his hand. She places it on her butt. He removes it. Samara smiles feigning shyness.

SAMARA  
Are, you OK?

Clement nods and reaches for the drinks. He lifts his eyebrows in the direction of seats and a table.

CLEMENT  
Lets go sit.

They walk to a table and sit. He's is a little off.

SAMARA  
What's wrong?

A beat.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Nothing. No response. All of a sudden he was furious at me.

SAMARA  
Clem?

He looks at her.

CLEMENT  
Can we talk about it later?

SAMARA  
Well what's there to talk about?

CLEMENT  
*Later?*

Clement sips his drink.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
Tell me about your day.

Samara sits back, dejected. They gradually talk.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I didn't know what the issue was.  
I got it out of him eventually.

The scene fast forwards until --

CLEMENT  
This just isn't the time or place. We don't do that.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
By we he meant Muslims.

SAMARA  
OK, I didn't mean --

CLEMENT  
-- it's private, this kind of thing.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I thought a little flirting was fun. I thought a little grope would get him going. It frankly did the opposite.

A beat.

SAMARA  
Did you want to come over  
tonight?

CLEMENT  
I don't know. No. Don't think so.

SAMARA  
Why?

SAMARA (V.O.)  
OK that sounded desperate.

CLEMENT  
Just. I found it difficult to get  
to the gym this morning. It threw  
me off my schedule.

SAMARA  
But you still got there. And you  
can miss some days can't you?

Clement shakes his head.

CLEMENT  
It's my routine.

He finishes his drink.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
Working out makes me feel good.

Samara reaches for his hand.

SAMARA  
I can make you feel g --

CLEMENT  
-- look, stop. Don't put so much  
pressure on it, OK?

Clement pulls his hand away and makes to leave. Samara  
looks at him apologetically.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
I'll text you later.

He walks by her and kisses the top of her head.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

Samara marches through a crowd of students.



INT. DORM, HALLWAY - DAY

Samara marches down the hall and enters her room.

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - DAY

Samara enters, shuts the door and strips on the way to the window. She closes the curtain and slides into bed.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Hey Lefty Laura, how ya doing.

She finds porn on her phone and begins to masturbate.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
No sex the night before. No sex  
that morning. No sex at lunch. It  
was shit. I liked Clem, a lot.  
But this... this was shit.

Samara pulls the duvet over herself, angry in masturbation -  
- then a BIG SCREAM of released pleasure.

EXT. SHOPPING COMPLEX - NIGHT

Samara and Clement walk out from a theatre exit. They seem  
in decent spirits.

CLEMENT  
And then the guy's on a train,  
for like ten minutes? The wind  
would have blown him away, the  
train was going so fast.

Samara laughs.

SAMARA  
Just a movie. It's just a movie.

They smile and hug, then keep walking. Clement reaches for  
her hand.

A beat.

CLEMENT  
You good?

Samara nods. Fakes a smile.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
You're not. I know when you're  
holding back. What's up?

Samara fake smiles again. She shrugs and shakes her head.

SAMARA  
It's fine. I just, suppose I'm a  
little confused.

CLEMENT  
About?

She looks down at their hands.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)  
You don't want me to hold your  
hand? Is that it?

She holds his hand tighter.

SAMARA  
No.

CLEMENT  
Then what?

They walk and talk.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I told him that I thought he  
wasn't that attracted to me.

Clement looks at Samara as if to suggest she's silly. He  
smiles at her, kisses her...

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clement ravages Samara under the sheets. Her YELPS and his  
GRUNTS indicate they're having a great time.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
And we talked about his routine.  
He told me he didn't mean to make  
me feel rejected.

Samara on top, she rides him. Time passes.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Sex with Clem' was fantastic. But  
as awesome as it was, it became a  
part of his routine.

Clement climaxes.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I took what I got and I was  
content at the time.

He grabs his clothes and leaves.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
But I was left wanting.

Samara sits in bed. She sighs deeply and lays back.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Some Friday nights he could only go once. Other Friday nights he wouldn't even stay over because of the gym. I was routine, not priority. There was rarely sex on a weekday or middle of a day. I had to deal with that myself.

She begins to masturbate.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

Samara walks and Clement is close by. They talk but they're not in their usual spirits.

SAMARA (V.O.)

There was a lack of attention.  
Lack of affection.

They walk and talk, noticeably not holding hands.

SAMARA (V.O.)

He seemed to be fine with it. But I wasn't happy.

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clement on top of Samara as they make love. He climaxes and she holds him close. She looks at the clock: 9:23PM. He rolls off her. She puts on a smile.

SAMARA

More?

Clement breathes heavily and relaxes.

CLEMENT

Maybe.

He rolls out of bed. Samara looks absently at the ceiling.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I mean, what was the point of the gym if it did your stamina no good?

The door closes.

Samara is left alone.

SAMARA

Ugh!

INT. CAFE - DAY

Afsha (22) sits at a table. Samara (20) walks over, hot drinks in hand.

AFSHA  
God, thank you.

She takes her drink. Samara sits.

SAMARA  
It's so good to see you.

AFSHA  
I know, it's been a while.

Samara looks at Afsha's bag. It's near exploding with kids things; a coat, toys, medication.

SAMARA  
You certainly look busy. And tired.

AFSHA  
You don't know the half of it. Terrible twos, tantrums, teething, late night screams that I swear would make you think the kid's in need of a poltergeist.

Samara laughs. Afsha's surprised.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
What?

Samara tries to prevent coffee coming from her nose.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
My life amuses you that much huh?

SAMARA  
No.  
(holding back giggles)  
It's just... you chose this.

AFSHA  
Chose the sleep depriving kid? I chose this?

SAMARA  
Well yeah. It came as a package deal with a husband and that wedding band no?

AFSHA  
Ah OK OK, so I deserve what I get?

SAMARA

It's not that. I couldn't imagine being in your shoes. Didn't you want some time to enjoy your hubby first, before kids?

AFSHA

What do you mean?

SAMARA

You know; travel. Companionship. Doing husband and wife things.

A look between the two.

AFSHA

Things? Oh you mean *things*!

Samara nods.

AFSHA (CONT'D)

Honey, no. I don't know where your happily ever after mind wanders to, but it's like I told you before; we're built and meant for one thing.

SAMARA

Procreating.

Afsha nods sipping her coffee. Samara rolls her eyes without actually rolling her eyes.

AFSHA

Tell me about you. I know you. You didn't go down the study route just to study what's in a book.

SAMARA

What do you mean?

An eyebrow raising look from Afsha.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Alright. Well, I am involved.

AFSHA

Involved?

SAMARA

Yeah. A guy named Clement.

AFSHA

Cle'mont? Is he French? -- Tell me the juicy details --

SAMARA  
No, but --

AFSHA  
What?

SAMARA  
-- but you're married. Don't you  
have supposed details to tell me?

AFSHA  
Do you want me to talk more about  
my kid?

SAMARA  
Not that, I mean your husband.  
Life with a man. Is it not *great*?

Afsha shrugs.

AFSHA  
What are you really asking me?

Samara looks around wary of listening ears. She leans in.

SAMARA  
Your sex life.

Afsha's eyes indifferent.

AFSHA  
What about it?

Samara looks around again. They talk quietly.

SAMARA  
Isn't it something that makes it  
all worth it?

Afsha makes eye contact with Samara.

AFSHA  
You think I have the energy?

A beat. Samara seems dejected.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
You have this Cle'mont guy --

SAMARA  
*Clement.*

AFSHA  
Clement. Isn't he keeping you...  
happy?

Samara's gaze is down.

SAMARA  
It's not great. The relationship  
is, overall. I think. But --

She quietens.

SAMARA (CONT'D)  
-- sex is... sparse.

A beat. Afsha then takes an intentional fake tone;

AFSHA  
So you're not a virgin?

Samara's eyes widen --

SAMARA  
Seriously?! Wanna say that  
louder?

Afsha laughs.

AFSHA  
OK OK, sorry. So what, he has a  
problem in the bedroom?

SAMARA  
No. It's not that there's a  
*mechanical problem*, it's that his  
engine just isn't as warm as  
mine.

AFSHA  
So he doesn't last long?

SAMARA  
It varies, but it's not that.

A bewildered look from Afsha.

SAMARA (CONT'D)  
He just --  
(whispers)  
-- doesn't want to, as much as I  
do.

Afsha sips her coffee.

AFSHA  
How long you guys been together?

SAMARA  
Over a year now. I was actually  
thinking of bringing him to your  
little one's birthday.

AFSHA  
No shit, so you're serious about  
this guy.

Samara nods.

SAMARA  
I wanna be.

AFSHA  
And the bedroom stuff, does he  
ever complain about it?

Samara shakes her head.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
So he's getting what he wants?

Samara makes a face.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
He's not getting what he wants?

SAMARA  
No, he does.

AFSHA  
But?

SAMARA  
But I guess, it's me that is left  
unsatisfied.

AFSHA  
Alright, from where I am it  
sounds like you two are married  
already. But you're the horny guy  
--

-- Samara leans in --

SAMARA  
Could you shhhh.

Afsha laughs and grabs her bag.

AFSHA  
Come on. I know where to take  
you.

Samara follows.

SAMARA  
Where are we going?



INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

Afsha leads Samara in.

AFSHA  
 Alright, now we can talk as loud  
 as we want.

Samara looks around intrigued.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
 Isn't marriage factored into your  
 happily ever after?

SAMARA  
 It is, but are you telling me  
 that a relationship is only hot  
 in the beginning? Life afterward  
 is just routine and boring?

Afsha refrains from answering. A longer-than-it-should-be  
 beat.

AFSHA  
 No.

SAMARA  
 No?

Afsha shakes her head.

AFSHA  
 No.

SAMARA  
 Then what?

AFSHA  
 Honey you have to tame what is  
 the animal of a man.

Samara looks at her intently.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
 No matter where you are, what  
 you're doing and especially when  
 you are out with your man; you  
 have to make yourself  
 irresistible -- to other men. So  
 much so that other guys flirt  
 with you.

Samara instinctively shakes her head.

SAMARA  
 I don't want that.

AFSHA

It's not for the other guys. It's for your man.

Afsha feels the material of some lingerie.

AFSHA (CONT'D)

Listen babe, men are oafs. They're *basic*. So incredibly stupid --

SAMARA

-- speak for your own husband here.

AFSHA

What I'm saying is; he'll get jealous. He'll be mad about the attention you get and he'll either cause a scene or argue with you about it.

SAMARA

Again, kinda don't want that.

AFSHA

But then you'll make up and he'll fuck you senseless.

Samara looks around as it seems that Afsha blurted that out a little too loud. The sex store is pretty empty.

AFSHA (CONT'D)

He will make sure that he knows, to keep you; he has to satisfy you, you understand?

Samara nods, absorbs the advice for a beat.

Then...

SAMARA

So, you're too tired to have sex?

AFSHA

Not always, but when it happens I just let him get on with it.

SAMARA

*Happen often?*

Afsha shakes her head.

AFSHA

No. But we're pretty much the same in that sense. If it happens it happens, if not it's no big deal.

Afsha sees that Samara is dejected.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
For you it's a big deal?

Samara nods, almost ashamed.

AFSHA (CONT'D)  
Try make him jealous. You'll see.

Samara ponders.

SAMARA  
And if that doesn't work?

Afsha holds up a vibrator and hands it to Samara.

AFSHA  
If that doesn't work; do it  
yourself.

Afsha smiles and goes to browse another section. Samara  
stares at the vibrator in her hand.

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

Samara removes her coat and sits on her bed.

Clement's arms are expressive.

CLEMENT  
What the hell was that?

He barks at her -- inaudible yelling --

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I didn't do anything awfully  
terrible. But I did link a random  
guy's arm.

Clement marches back and forth, barking his disappointment.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I had pretended I was drunk, when  
really the whole time I was  
getting my kicks off guys looking  
down my blouse. Clem didn't like  
it.

Clement continues saying his piece. Samara sits and waits  
to get a word in.

SAMARA (V.O.)

This was supposed to be where we'd make up like Afsha said. But...

SAMARA

I only did that to get a reaction.

CLEMENT

Reaction? Reaction to what?

SAMARA

My clothes, my hair. Guys come up to me and compliment me, do you know how captivating that is?

SAMARA (V.O.)

Like an idiot I was too honest. Maybe that was the continued naivety in me.

CLEMENT

Captivating? Isn't it enough that you have me?

SAMARA

When did you last even graze my arm in public?

CLEMENT

I'm not going to put on a show Samara.

SAMARA

It's not about a show. It's about being connected. Don't you want that?

CLEMENT

I thought we had that? Our conversations, our texts and through the *private* time that we have in the bedroom.

SAMARA

What private time?

Clement is shocked. Samara gets off the bed and approaches him confidently.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Come on, tell me. I quite purposely had my hand playing when you came over the other night and you were there, by the door. I saw you, you saw me and you left. Me. You. Private --

CLEMENT

I --

SAMARA

What? --

CLEMENT

-- I didn't find you sexy.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I had to ask.

Samara backs off. All confidence gone.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Naive little idiot.

She slumps on her bed. Clement approaches her.

SAMARA

You don't find me sexy?

CLEMENT

No. I didn't mean it like that.  
If you weren't sexy, I wouldn't  
react this way to all the  
attention you got right?

She looks up at him. Her face screams anger and shock.

SAMARA

Then what? What is it? You've had  
me so as a man you have conquered  
your quest is that it?

Clement shakes his head.

Samara keeps talking at him. Tears flow on and off.

SAMARA (V.O.)

This wasn't my finest moment.

Clement sits beside her as they talk.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Fact was that I was with someone  
that didn't have as high a sex  
drive as me. And we both knew  
that it had become a problem.

The inaudible conversation goes quiet.

Clement puts an arm around Samara's shoulder for a half-hug. He then leaves.

SAMARA (V.O.)

He wasn't my person.

She cries.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The Khan family is gathered. Barbie pink birthday banners everywhere. A lot of fuss around Afsha and her daughter.

A familiar face is one of the WAITERS; FARIS (South Asian, thin, 26). He is busy working, topping up buffet tables.

The merriment is ongoing. It seems like the family has hired out the entire restaurant, but they're just a big family.

Faris sees Samara. His eyes raise to her again while he is busy. Then again.

Samara stands by the buffet mindlessly looking at the food. Memsim approaches.

MOM

You can't eat with your eyes.

A half smile from Samara. She lingers.

MOM (CONT'D)

What is it? Too much to choose from?

SAMARA

Maybe not enough.

MOM

Weren't you going to bring a friend today?

Samara doesn't respond.

MOM (CONT'D)

Is that what you're upset about?

SAMARA

I'm not upset.

Samara reaches for anything and puts it on her plate. A look from her Mother.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

I'm...

A beat as Samara looks around the restaurant. Family members talking to one another. Children play. Afsha content enough with her husband.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 I wasn't upset. It was just that  
 I knew I had a deadline  
 approaching and that I may never  
 have true joy in my life at all.

Samara looks back at the food as she walks. A metaphor for  
 all the choices she could make.

Her Mom catches up with her.

MOM  
 You can talk to me you know.

Samara looks down at her plate.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 OK, so maybe I was a little  
 upset.

SAMARA  
 You wouldn't understand.

She walks faster to evade her Mom. She approaches the  
 drinks table and eventually bumps into Ria (22).

RIA  
 Hey.

SAMARA  
 Salaam.

RIA  
 Salaam.

SAMARA  
Salaam.

Some children rush by mocking them.

CHILDREN  
 Salaam! Salaam!

They all laugh.

Ria looks at Samara.

RIA  
 Mom?

A 'you-know-Mom' look from Samara.

RIA (CONT'D)  
 She's just being mom.

SAMARA  
 I know.

RIA  
Worried you'll make the wrong  
choice.

SAMARA  
I know.

Faris walks toward the sisters and purposely leans the other side of Ria to collect empty bottles. He looks at Samara, but she doesn't see him. He walks away.

SAMARA (CONT'D)  
You seen dad?

RIA  
Out front I think. But don't go  
out there yet.

Samara takes a drink.

SAMARA  
Why not?

RIA  
I have a guy. He's a plant.

Samara side-eyes her sister.

SAMARA  
Isn't that a sex toy?

Ria nudges her --

RIA  
Shhhh! Shut up. I mean I brought  
a guy here, but dad doesn't know  
that. He's charming dad, so that  
dad suggests him to *me*.

Samara nods as she sips her drink.

SAMARA  
So you're manipulating dad?

A look from Ria.

RIA  
Didn't I say shut up?

Samara shakes her head.

SAMARA  
What does it matter anyway? Dad  
gave you the same deal he gave  
me.



RIA  
Yeah, but you're closer to home.  
I study out of town -- meaning I  
have less for my wedding in terms  
of money honey.

SAMARA  
So?

RIA  
So that means I need to give mom  
and dad a win. If dad thinks he  
set me up with this guy it means  
I have that in my back pocket if  
things go wrong.

SAMARA  
You're so messed up.

Samara begins walking. Ria walks with her.

SAMARA (CONT'D)  
And the guy --

RIA  
Wassim.

SAMARA  
Wassim. He's in on this scam?

Ria nudges her.

RIA  
It's not a scam.

A sly look from Ria.

SAMARA  
But?

They stop. A look from Samara. Ria smiles.

RIA  
But it means that if he is doing  
this for me now, he'll always do  
anything for me.

Samara shakes her head.

SAMARA  
So he's wrapped around your  
little finger.

Ria brings her little finger to her mouth and makes a GUN  
RELOAD SOUND then blows her little finger. Big smile on her  
face. Samara shakes her head and walks off. Ria is  
distracted, offered food by another family member.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Samara steps out the front door and sees her Dad talking to WASSIM (late 20s). Parek's back is to her, but Wassim nods in her direction.

SAMARA (V.O.)

He had a nice smile, but my taste didn't match my sister's. This guy oozed "creepy car salesman" the way he was talking to my dad.

Parek turns.

DAD

Samara!

Samara smiles and walks to him. Wassim puts a hand to her Dad's arm.

WASSIM

Talk inside Insha'Allah?

DAD

Of course.

Wassim walks past Samara and into the restaurant. Her Dad seems pleased.

DAD (CONT'D)

Good no?

Samara's confused.

DAD (CONT'D)

For your sister? This is a man with his head screwed on.

Samara looks at him in judgment.

SAMARA

You're shopping for Ria?

DAD

Not shopping.

SAMARA

Don't you think she'll make her own mind up?

SAMARA (V.O.)

I played along as best I could. Ria and I didn't always see eye to eye, but we did always cover for each other, as sisters should.

DAD

I'm doing my due diligence as her father, as I will for you.  
Anyway, you were looking for me?

SAMARA (V.O.)

I was looking for dad to tell him I had enough of searching for a life of my own. My studies were fine, but he could find me a significant other if he wanted. I was done looking --

Parek begins to walk with his phone in his hand.

SAMARA

Dad --

DAD

-- your mother is calling me.

He walks off.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Ugh.

She loiters and puts her cup on a table. Other restaurant goers pass her to head inside. She picks at her food.

Faris exits the restaurant and sees her. He approaches her table. Samara still doesn't see him. He points to her cup.

FARIS

This yours?

Samara looks at her cup. Nods while chewing some food.

Faris wipes the table and Samara notices a food stain on his shirt. She finally looks at him.

Side-eye from him. A slight smile.

SAMARA

Sorry.

She chomps her food.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Must think I'm an animal.

A more direct look from Faris.

FARIS

You're alright.

He smiles, finding it tough not to watch her eat. He walks to the next table, trying to keep it cool.

FARIS (CONT'D)  
That your family in there?

Samara nods again.

SAMARA  
Yeah.

Faris "cleans" some other tables close by. His expression searches for what to say next.

He looks toward Samara. She's busy eating. He looks again. She looks as if she's about to sit down, but Faris rushes over and puts a hand on her hip --

FARIS  
-- not there.

He guides her to remain standing as he then wipes the bench where there may or may not have been something that would stain her dress.

Samara looks at him properly now, as they're so close.

A beat.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I knew I recognized him. But  
couldn't place him.

FARIS  
Food.

Faris wipes at Samara's hip and almost instantly takes a look over his shoulder to make sure no one had caught him.

FARIS (CONT'D)  
Wouldn't want your dress getting  
dirty.

He stands upright. Samara locks eyes with him. She smiles.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Maybe I wouldn't need to talk to  
my dad after all.

She finally sits down. Faris leaves her in peace, pleased with himself.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The family gather, taking photos and singing "Happy Birthday" to Afsha's daughter.

Samara spots Wassim and Ria giving each other flirty looks across the crowd. Everyone is smiling.

Samara looks across the restaurant and catches Faris' eye. He smiles back at her.

The family clap as Afsha helps her daughter blow the candles.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Family members are leaving and Samara notices Ria linking her arm to Wassim's. Samara raises her eyebrows. Memsim and Parek pass her, talking.

DAD

She listened to me, I can't believe it. Wassim will be so good for her.

MOM

And who is he? Was he invited to the party?

DAD

No, a restaurant goer by chance. It's fate, alhamdulillah!

Samara shakes her head.

Faris loiters in the restaurant doorway behind her, checking her out. Samara turns and spots him. Faris smiles at her, clearly not taking his eyes off her.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I panicked.

She puts a hand to her face.

SAMARA

What? Something on my face?

Faris shakes his head.

FARIS

No, you dropped something there.

She turns around and looks at the ground. Looks toward the front door, turns back round to face Faris.

SAMARA (V.O.)

He basically wanted to see me twirl.

SAMARA

No I didn't.

Faris is smiling.

FARIS  
I guess you didn't.

Samara looks confused.

FARIS (CONT'D)  
Are you coming inside?

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Euphemism.

She nods and walks toward him. He steps aside to allow her through. He then follows her in, checking her out. She opens the door but Faris' hand continues to --

SAMARA (V.O.)  
He squeezed my ass.

A look of shock on Samara's face.

Faris' hand gradually leaves her backside as he not-so-subtly presses past her to walk into the restaurant.

Samara loiters in the door frame as other restaurant goers and family members pass her.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
And I liked it.

Samara walks further into the restaurant. She looks over to Faris, who's legitimately working.

He catches her glance and raises his eyebrows toward Samara's table.

Samara walks to her table where she finds her handbag. Underneath it she finds a napkin; Faris' name and number. She looks up, but he's gone.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Not only because it felt good.  
But because he had the guts to do  
it.

Family members pass Samara and guide her to leave the restaurant. She looks over her shoulder in search of Faris.

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Samara masturbates in bed.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I liked this guy.

FLASHBACK

- Faris touching Samara's hip.

END FLASHBACK

Samara's continues masturbating.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
His demeanor.

FLASHBACK

- Faris' hand on Samara's rear end in slow motion.

END FLASHBACK

SAMARA (V.O.)  
It just felt so...

Samara climaxes.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Exciting.

A beat.

FLASHBACK FOR THE AUDIENCE

The Maintenance Guy at Samara's old school -- Faris.

--

The Busser in a Nightclub -- Faris.

END FLASHBACK

Samara breathes heavily and reaches to check her phone.

A reply to a message -- from Faris.

She lays back and purposely leaves her phone on the floor.  
Drops her vibrator there too. She curls up and goes to  
sleep.

MONTAGE

- Samara and Faris on a date. They're talkative albeit a  
little trepidatious. Faris touches her face; wiping her  
mouth. She acts the ditz claiming to be clumsy with food.

- Samara and Faris on another date. They laugh more and  
they're at ease. Faris shows her something in the distance;  
his hands on her hips as he stands behind her.

- Samara and Faris on another date. They're not saying  
much, simply walking and enjoying their time together.  
Hands touch. Fingers entwine.

END MONTAGE

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Samara gets ready for a date.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 For a long time while seeing  
 Faris I chose to hold back from --

She reaches for a vibrator under her pillow. She moves it and tidies her bed.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 -- my friend Laura. It was a way  
 for me to enjoy his subtleties --  
 the foreplay when we had time  
 together. Would he touch me,  
 wouldn't he. Would he grope me,  
 wouldn't he, would he have the  
 nerve to grab me and have his  
 way?...

She continues getting dressed.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 I kept hoping. And part of it was  
 to stay clean. But really I was  
 training myself to have a life of  
 a wife. To only be touched when  
 he wanted. To only have intimacy  
 when he wanted. The more I  
 thought about it, the more I  
 realized that it was going to be  
 a life of service. To a man. To  
 my kids.

She finishes getting ready, then takes a seat at her desk. There's a piece of paper on it with what looks like a list (unreadable to the audience). She studies it.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
 Unless I did something about it.  
 Something radical. Something  
 incredibly forward for what was  
 the fourth or fifth date.

Samara neatly folds the list and puts it into her handbag. She gets up, turns off the lights and leaves.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Samara is at a table with Faris. They're quiet. A Waiter comes to place a jug of water on their table.

Samara hands Faris a piece of paper. He takes it.

FARIS  
 What's this?



He unfolds the paper and takes a look.

SAMARA

A list.

FARIS

List of what?

Samara watches him as he begins to read. Her face screams 'have I done the right thing,' but her words keep things cool.

SAMARA

A list of no bull. It's about what's important to me.

Faris reads and looks up at her in between the lines.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Up until this point, Faris and I hadn't made love. We hadn't even kissed. It was just touches here and there.

Faris smiles.

FARIS

Some sort of *wish list*?

SAMARA

More than that. Look I know I'm risking scaring you off, but the last guy I was with I wasted my time on. I was heartbroken, but I was angry, 'cause I went with whatever he gave me. I want control in my life and I want to be loved.

Faris looks up sharply.

FARIS

Loved?

Samara blinks hard.

SAMARA (V.O.)

L-word. Shit. I still can't believe I said the L-word.

SAMARA

I know, I know. Too soon for that, but look I don't date a guy without the outlook of a future.

Samara's expression suggests the F-word may be scarier than the L-word.

A beat; she's frozen in a touch of panic.

Faris reads the list.

Then...

SAMARA (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to be honest from the beginning. Then there are no surprises, and maybe we can accept each other for our true selves.

A Waiter comes along and places Menus on the table.

FARIS

And you're OK with this?

Samara looks at him confused.

SAMARA

This?

FARIS

With me? My life?

SAMARA (V.O.)

I was shocked. Him. His life. I was so focussed on what I wanted - and all I thought that he wanted, was me.

Faris leans in to talk to her intimately. Bluntly.

FARIS

I'm not on your level. You're a smart girl.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I had no idea what he was getting at.

FARIS

What if life gets to a point where you want nicer things. What if I can't provide what you deserve.

Samara looks deeply into his eyes.

A beat.

SAMARA

You're afraid of losing me?

Faris gradually touches her hands and looks at them.

FARIS

I'm afraid I won't be enough for you. For me to be happy, all I'll need is you. But will you be happy with all that I am? Because all I will ever be is a restaurant worker.

Samara looks at Faris' hands touching hers. Glances at the Waiter for a split-second.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I was right. He only wanted me.

A beat of worried looks between them.

SAMARA (V.O.)

This was where I realized where we hadn't quite met before.

FLASHBACK

Samara in class back in High School. *The Maintenance Guy* she spies out the window... --

Samara in a Nightclub. *The Busser...* --

END FLASHBACK

SAMARA (V.O.)

He'd been there all along.

Faris opens up.

FARIS

I didn't know I'd like you as much as I do. You are respectful, albeit silly. You are focussed on your studies, you're already smarter than me.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I wasn't listening. I had to do something. I couldn't lose him.

Samara leans over the table sharply -- their first kiss...

-- We enter their bubble; the passion between them grows with a burst of almost illuminous red. It's bold and beautiful. Their kiss lingers for a long time.

They unwillingly break the kiss, fading out of their bubble. Faris sits back. He looks at her as she smiles ear to ear.

FARIS

You won't be disappointed in me?  
If I never make money?

Samara's unmoved.

FARIS (CONT'D)  
The family gatherings you have;  
you won't be able to brag about  
your husband as most wives do.

Samara's eyes widen.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
He said *husband*.

Faris keeps talking.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
He was telling me about all his  
insecurities. Telling me to be  
prepared, that people may not  
like him or accept him.

Faris continues talking. Samara remains unmoved from the  
smile after their kiss.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
But what I heard was that we were  
both looking to a future  
together. And we may well be two  
people that would fall in love  
and become husband and wife.

FARIS  
So if you want to go, our kiss be  
it, you can go. I understand,  
really.

Samara remains unmoved. Faris looks worried.

A beat.

SAMARA  
Are you gonna kiss me again or  
what?

Faris leans in this time.

They kiss -- a burst of illuminous red.

They unlock and Faris sits back. He smiles and refolds the  
list. He puts it in his back pocket.

FARIS  
I can keep this?

Samara nods.

SAMARA  
Yeah.

Faris smiles and pours them glasses of water.

A beat.

FARIS

What?

Samara gestures with both hands signalling she wanted more of a response. Faris sips his water.

SAMARA

You -- what --

FARIS

The list is absolutely fine.  
Don't worry about it.

SAMARA (V.O.)

It wasn't fine. I thought I had put him off. Maybe I had scared him. Out of one relationship, potential for another, but I blew it. I fucked up with the guy that may have been meant for me and now he was going to finish dinner with me just to be polite --

FARIS

-- think I might give you one.

Samara's eyes widen.

FARIS (CONT'D)

A list.

Faris passes Samara a glass of water.

FARIS (CONT'D)

Drink?

Samara takes the glass and has a sip. A comfortable silence as they look at one another.

SAMARA (V.O.)

I went with his flow. I embraced the moment for what it was. I didn't want to be anywhere else.

Their date continues. They enjoy their dinner. Their hands touch over the table, a lot.

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Samara in bed rolling back and forth, unable to sleep.

SAMARA (V.O.)

This was at a time when I was refraining from my left hand or my vibe. I hadn't come for almost a month. I've tried to do that in Ramadan by the way; not play. It's near impossible. You can be as holy as you want; if you gotta come, you gotta come.

Samara reaches for her vibrator. Then she leaves it.

SAMARA

Ugh!

She rolls over and tries to sleep.

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - DAY

Samara is at her desk studying.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Days went by, until --

Her phone pings. A message reads: **Meet me by the river opposite our first date. Wear a dress. No panties.**

Samara watches as Faris completes typing... **7PM.**

She eagerly leaves her desk and goes to her closet.

SAMARA (V.O.)

He had my attention.

She flicks through her clothes and wonders which dress is best to wear.

SAMARA (V.O.)

He hadn't really spoken to me like that before. His hands had previously done any talking.

She picks out a few dresses and hangs them to view.

SAMARA (V.O.)

This was a guy I had become close to. A guy I had an intense attraction to. He was different from men in my past. They weren't the ones for me.

Samara touches her dresses and considers them one by one.

SAMARA (V.O.)

Faris was older than me. Wiser. His resume wasn't my concern. The way he treated me.

(MORE)

SAMARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The way we clicked... could it be  
that he was right for me? Is he  
the one?

She stares at a black dress.

A beat.

SAMARA (V.O.)

'No panties.' He had me wet in my  
thong there and then.

She unhooks her dress and removes it from the hangar.

SAMARA (V.O.)

He could have me.

EXT. ACROSS FROM RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sporadic sprinkles of rain. A lot of wind. Faris sits on a  
bench holding an umbrella.

Samara approaches. She's in a long puffer coat. Faris stays  
seated. Samara slightly raises her voice under the wind.

SAMARA

You wanna get outta here?

Faris doesn't move. He lifts the umbrella.

FARIS

Wanna get in?

Samara looks at him, then looks around. Cars on the road.  
Strangers across the street.

SAMARA

In?

She points to his lap. Faris nods and holds out a hand. She  
takes it and he pulls her to sit on his lap --

-- In their bubble; the rain drops slowly. The wind eases.  
Their attention on one another and their connectivity is  
enhanced. This is a magical space, as intense and as  
beautiful as their first kiss.

Samara smiles as Faris hands her the umbrella. He has an  
arm cradling her on his lap. His other hand is free.

FARIS

I took another look at your list.

She smiles nervously.

FARIS (CONT'D)  
I decided that it's something  
I'll sign, if in turn you sign  
mine.

Her smile becomes eager.

SAMARA  
Sign? You have a list too?

Faris nods and smiles.

FARIS  
Yeah. It's pretty much exactly  
the same as your list with X2  
written by everything you said.

Samara smiles, at ease.

SAMARA  
It, doesn't faze you?

Faris shakes his head. His hand goes to the bottom zipper  
of Samara's coat. He unzips it to her knees.

FARIS  
I wasn't sure if what you were  
telling me was a joke. I wasn't  
sure if I had pushed too hard or  
behaved wrongly when we first met  
or when we went out.

He puts his forearm between Samara's legs and reaches  
between them. She sits comfortably and doesn't take her  
eyes off him. The boldness of their bubble intensifies.

FARIS (CONT'D)  
And I wasn't sure if you would  
accept me, simply as I am.

Faris looks out toward the passing traffic. The passing  
strangers. No one has a clue what he's doing -- Samara  
gasps -- the bubble's red vibrantly enhances.

FARIS (CONT'D)  
But your list helped me. Because  
it gave me something I never had.  
Something I didn't know existed.

Samara lets out heavy breaths in between talking. Faris is  
fingering her within her coat.

SAMARA  
And what's that?

She trembles.



FARIS  
Compatibility.

Their eyes lock. Faris continues playing with her. Samara's grip on the umbrella is *hard*.

SAMARA  
This is why you asked me here? To  
finger me in the rain? Am I a  
conquest or something?

Faris shakes his head. He pecks her lips quickly.

FARIS  
No. You know you're not, or else  
you wouldn't have obeyed my  
request.

Intense look from Samara.

SAMARA  
Obeyed.

Her expression oozes pleasure. Her eyes don't leave his. He nods as if to give her permission -- they kiss as she climaxes.

-- Their bubble enhances with that passionate illuminous red. No passer by knew what they were feeling. No traffic nor rainfall could ruin their connection.

Samara's free hand holds Faris' face. Smiles between them. Smiles between their kisses.

She rests her head on his shoulder.

A beat.

FARIS  
You OK?

Short slow breaths from Samara.

They kiss again. They lock eyes. Samara smiles.

SAMARA  
You always do things in a funny  
order?

FARIS  
Sometimes.

They kiss.

MONTAGE

- In Samara's dorm, Samara and Faris kiss and mount her bed.

- In Faris' car, Samara jerks Faris off.
- In a store, Samara and Faris sneak into a changing room.
- In a museum, Faris stands behind Samara and dry-humps her, unbeknownst to anyone else.
- In a theatre, Samara sits on Faris' lap and they laugh at the movie they're watching.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
We spent the rest of my time at  
college together.

-- faster clips --

- sexy text messages between them both.
- half nude selfies exchanged.
- kisses sneaked in public.
- cuddles in the dark.
- Faris helps Samara with her studies.
- smiles/happiness and joy from both of them.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
It was amazing.

- Samara drops her vibrator in a bin.
- smiles and laughter as Samara and Faris lay naked in each other's embrace. Her dorm a sexy mess.

END MONTAGE

INT. KHAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Samara (22) cooks with her Mom.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Until a harsh dose of reality  
hit.

MOM  
Your father doesn't know? His  
age?

Samara continues food prep.

SAMARA  
Well I just told you.

Memsim stops and turns to Samara.

MOM

You are playing with fire. This isn't the way the deal is supposed to go.

SAMARA

He said to meet a guy at college mom. I did didn't I?

Memsim shakes her head.

MOM

You are setting him up. Does the boy know your father doesn't know his age?

Samara considers.

SAMARA

Well --

MOM

Well?

SAMARA

I didn't really mention it. He knows he's coming for dinner to meet my family. Age doesn't come into it for me.

Her Mom mutters under her breath.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

And he did warn me actually.

MOM

Warn you?

SAMARA

Yeah. He said he may not be accepted down the road. That's why we kept our relationship quiet for so long.

MOM

Until you graduated. And with your sister's wedding coming you thought you could get away with this?

SAMARA

I'm not getting away with anything.

Memsim continues cooking.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

And you're still here, helping --

MOM  
I'm doing all of it.

SAMARA  
All of it.

Samara looks around the kitchen and at her station.

SAMARA (CONT'D)  
OK. Point is, you will welcome  
him right?

A beat.

SAMARA (CONT'D)  
Mom?

INT. KHAN HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Samara, Memsim and Parek approach the front door. They open it. Faris (28) stands sharply dressed. He smiles at Samara, but he's quickly met with her Dad's cold gaze.

SAMARA  
Salaamalaikum.

FARIS  
Wallaikumsalaam. Mrs Khan. Mr Kh -  
-

DAD  
(sharp)  
Come in.

Dad walks from the doorway toward the kitchen. Mom smiles politely and Faris steps in. He subtly squeezes Samara on the hip.

Mom turns her back to walk down the hall.

Quick kiss on the lips between Faris and Samara.

FARIS  
You good?

Samara nods.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
I wasn't. I was nervous as shit.

Faris removes his shoes and follows Memsim to the kitchen. Samara shuts the front door.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The parents, Samara and Faris sit and eat.

CLINKING CUTLERY echoes as the loudest sound in the room.

Parek gives unimpressed looks toward Faris every so often.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
Safe to say the first meet wasn't  
great. Dad predictably didn't  
approve.

Another look from Parek; almost a scowl.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
He didn't approve at all.

EXT. KHAN STREET - NIGHT

Samara waves Faris off as he drives away.

She steps back toward the house. Her Dad stands in the doorway; a vision of disappointment.

INT. KHAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Parek sits staring at the TV. Samara storms in.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
But I fought.

SAMARA  
Not a chance? You couldn't give  
him a chance.

DAD  
Watch your tone with me.

SAMARA  
Dad. We had a deal.

DAD  
You twisted the deal. Luckily  
there's still time on your side.  
Bring a boy more suitable next  
time will you?

SAMARA  
No.

Huge eyes from Parek.

DAD  
No?

SAMARA  
No -- Dad I met him while at  
college. He is a wonderful,  
fantastic man.

DAD  
A Waiter?

Samara holds her tongue.

DAD (CONT'D)  
A Waiter?!

Memsim enters --

MOM  
Parek, be calm.

DAD  
My daughter is telling me that  
she will be an Accountant and she  
will marry a *Waiter*.

He begins to laugh. Samara looks a little scared. Looks at her Mother.

MOM  
Maybe he will work his way to --

DAD  
To what? Barista?

He laughs more.

DAD (CONT'D)  
You know, this was a good example  
of what not to do. Good show,  
Samara, well done for showing us  
how not to be. A good joke,  
funny. But you can stop the  
nonsense. He's not welcome to be  
with you.

Samara looks at her Mother again. Her Dad flicks through the TV channels, chuckling to himself.

Samara stands defeated.

INT. DORM, SAMARA'S ROOM - DAY

Samara lays on her bed. She's upset. Faris kneels at her bedside. He strokes her hair.

FARIS  
How much longer do you have this  
room?

SAMARA  
Couple weeks.

FARIS  
Wanna make the most of it?

Samara half smiles and pecks his lips.

SAMARA

Yes.

She shakes her head.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

I just can't believe my dad. He treated you like you weren't even there. I'm so sorry.

Faris smiles as if he expected it.

FARIS

It's alright.

SAMARA

It's not. I want to be with you, they're gonna have to accept that. Things were so different when Ria showed them Wass'.

FARIS

I remember that story. First night we met right?

Samara nods.

FARIS (CONT'D)

But she was smart with it.

Samara looks sad, adrift almost.

FARIS (CONT'D)

I mean. I don't think we should manipulate your dad, but maybe he needs some kinda reassurance.

She looks at him.

FARIS (CONT'D)

That I'm not an asshole.

SAMARA

I can tell him that. My word should be enough.

Faris kisses Samara's nose. Then her cheek. Then nose, eyes, cheek -- she smiles and begins to giggle.

SAMARA (V.O.)

The next part; my dad and Faris told me about later.

EXT. KHAN HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY

Parek rakes the grass in the front lawn.

Faris approaches.

SAMARA (V.O.)  
He fought for us.

FARIS  
Salaamalaikum. I can help you  
with that.

Parek sees Faris, but immediately refocuses on raking.

DAD  
(beyond gritted teeth)  
Wallaikumsalaam.

Faris approaches.

FARIS  
I'm sorry dinner didn't go as we  
all might have hoped. I didn't  
mean to cause you any angst.

Parek stops raking.

DAD  
Apologizing is a sign of  
weakness. Anyone ever told you  
that?

He rakes.

FARIS  
It could be seen as a strength.  
For one to admit a mistake in  
order to rectify a matter. Shows  
great character I think.

Parek stops raking.

DAD  
Is that what you're here for? To  
build character off your argument  
to the father of a girl you like?  
You think your character will  
serve you to a good life?

FARIS  
Mr Khan I don't have a *bad* life.  
Samara attests to that.



DAD

You have no shame. Within weeks she will get an Entry Level Accountancy job, earning more than you right away --

FARIS

Yeah?

DAD

So? You're not ashamed? What kind of man is this. You won't be the bread-winner of the house.

FARIS

No. Maybe not. But I'm real proud of her.

DAD

(angry)

I'm talking about you. How can you be a man, nearly thirty and you live a life of minimalism. No career, no aspiration. What kind of life is that? A waste.

Parek returns to raking.

DAD (CONT'D)

Leave here now. Don't make me call the police.

Faris stands, almost waiting.

Parek rakes.

DAD (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Go!

Faris shakes his head.

FARIS

I do have an aspiration.

Parek continues raking, angry body language.

FARIS (CONT'D)

If you're willing to listen to me I can promise you that it's something that may change your mind about me.

DAD

I doubt that.

FARIS

Can you, listen, Mr Khan? For Samara's sake?

Parek stops the raking. Looks at Faris. Parek points to a bag. Faris grabs it and brings it over. He begins putting the leaves in the bag.

DAD

You have until those leaves are put away. Then you can get out of here. Out of all our lives.

Faris gathers and bags the leaves, slowly but assertively and properly. He doesn't miss one leaf.

FARIS

OK. Well my aspiration Mr Khan is to become part of your family.

Parek's eyes almost fall from his head.

FARIS (CONT'D)

I know you don't trust in anything you see of me, my age nor my job. But what I am willing to do is be the best I can be for your daughter.

Parek smirks.

DAD

Your so called best is a Waiter?

FARIS

No. It's not.

A beat.

DAD

What you don't understand is that my daughter deserves the best. She needs someone to look after her.

FARIS

And I do. I am her best friend.

DAD

Friend? That's not going to pay the bills. Bring up children. Make a good long and happy life --

FARIS

So help me.

DAD

Help, you?

Faris is getting to the end of the leaves. He stands and talks to Parek face to face.

FARIS

Help me learn. I will work at your garage. You can teach me all about cars. I will study it all.

Parek scoffs.

DAD

You are not my son.

FARIS

I want to be. That's my aspiration.

Stern looks from both men.

FARIS (CONT'D)

I know it's not an easy life. But it's one that I truly respect -- look at the family you have. The amazing person that Samara is, because of you. She's told me about her love of cars and I want to give her the greatest gift insha'Allah.

DAD

Yeah? What's that?

FARIS

A car. Put together by her father... and by her husband.

A look from Parek.

Faris ties the bag and holds it toward Parek.

FARIS (CONT'D)

We love her.

Parek, it seems, finally listens...

INT. HOTEL, HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Hands are choosing which jewelry to wear. It's Ria (25). She's in a magnificent wedding dress.

The suite is quiet.

Ria looks ponderous. Memsim enters dressed to the nines. She greets her daughter and other family members walk in and out of the suite.

Ria's phone pings. It's Samara; **Ready for this?**

Ria responds, smiling.

MOM

You sisters. Why are you texting?  
She's in the next room.

Ria smiles, excited.

INT. HOTEL, EVENT HALL - DAY

Seemingly hundreds of family and friends are gathered. Noticeable Waiters from restaurants earlier. Afsha (25) is in the crowd with her husband and daughter.

On the main stage there's a table with Registry papers and a REGISTRAR.

A groom, Wassim (now early 30s). Parek greets him and shakes his hand.

People stand and look toward the opening doors.

ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYS.

A bride emerges in the doorframe. Then another bride steps to stand in the doorframe.

On the stage another groom steps up -- it's Faris (29).

Both brides' veils are down as they walk together. Their Dad Parek holds back tears. Their Mom Memsim cries abundantly.

The audience are in awe as Ria and Samara walk each other down the aisle.

A beat as they reach the stage.

They lift one another's veils and then step past each other to step toward their husbands to be.

An IMAM is at the Registry desk along with the Registrar. The Imam begins to pray.

In the front row Ria and Samara's parents squeeze one another's hands.

DAD

So different to our day.

MOM

They look so happy.

He hands her a tissue as wedding procedures continue.

Ria and Wassim sign their papers first. Then Samara and Faris sign theirs.

Faris moves the bottom sheet to reveal a familiar list to Samara. He signs it. So does she. A look of acknowledgement between them; they belong to each other now.

The Imam continues traditions with the presence of the girls' Father as everyone sits quietly, listening in.

Eventually the Registrar announces the two newlywed couples as husbands and wives. Faris and Samara hold hands tightly. Her wedding ring being the focus.

INT. BOOK SHOP - NIGHT

Samara's ring the focus. Reveal Samara sat before a small audience. She has a headscarf and niqab on (her face covered aside from her eyes).

SAMARA

And I can honestly say that our  
happily ever after; is every day.

People in the audience applaud and close their books. Books are titled "Hi, Libido."

There's some minor chatter within the audience.

Someone raises their hand.

AUDIENCE 1

Faris, he's really a mechanic  
now? With your dad?

Samara nods proudly.

AUDIENCE 2

And you gave up Accountancy?

SAMARA

No. That's my day job. I write on  
the side.

AUDIENCE 3

What about your identity? Your  
religion? You were explicit about  
many things in this book.

AUDIENCE 1

Well isn't that the point?

Samara nods.

SAMARA

That is the point. No one in this  
book is named by their real name,  
not even me.

(MORE)

SAMARA (CONT'D)

And you can look for a father and son-in-law working on cars together, but I promise you in my culture that's hard to find. But the people in the story are very real. My urges; very real. You have to make sure you are open with your partner.

AUDIENCE 3

Why did you write a book about it?

SAMARA

'cause I wanted to show women that they have a choice. And that they can be themselves, without having to have the daunting ball and chain type of a typical marriage that you would see in our culture. I mean, I don't know what would be on other womens lists. Some may have new shoes. Some may need flowers once a week or diamonds every birthday. Some may have ice cream on Sundays. It could be anything. But I think every woman and man should have a list of what they want and be honest about it. And welcome a person's bravery to be that honest. It's a deep leap of faith. I got lucky that Faris is my person. I trusted him enough to open up. Someone else may have thrown that list right back in my face. Someone else may have taken advantage.

Samara looks toward an aisle in the book store. Unbeknownst to the audience; Faris stands leaning against a shelf. He winks at her.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

But he loved me. We belong together.

A beat.

Audience members mumble approvingly amongst themselves.

Samara moves to step toward Faris in the aisle -- they're in their bubble. He lifts her niqab aside, revealing her face. They smile ear to ear. They kiss.

THE END