

Out of the Fire Into the Frying Pan

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Cast of Characters

NAWAZ :

ZAHEER :

MARYAM :

WARDEN :

POLICEMAN :

BALOO :

ACT IScene 1INT.JAIL CELL - NIGHTFinding a camera man

A gloomy jail cell with 2 mattresses and a toilet. ZAHEER a 26 year old convict sits in the cell holding his stomach. Suddenly NAWAZ, the former Prime Minister of Pakistan is thrown into the jail cell.

Enter Nawaz

NAWAZ

What a dump.

ZAHEER

Holy shit!

NAWAZ

Excuse me?

ZAHEER

I'm sorry sir. I was just shocked to see you in here.

NAWAZ

I am in shock myself.

ZAHEER

I'm sorry sir. I should have introduced myself. My name is Zaheer. Pleasure to meet you.

NAWAZ

Very well. You must know who I am.

ZAHEER

Of course sir, who doesn't? The whole country has been talking about you.

NAWAZ

Yes. It's quite annoying. Oh well, do you have anything to eat in here? I'm starving.

ZAHEER

I'm sorry sir, they don't allow us to bring food into our cells.

NAWAZ

Oh is that so? Just a few hours ago I was in the VIP ward of Jinnah Hospital having a hot bowl of the best Pai in Karachi. Tsk tsk tsk should have gotten some packed. Look where I am now. This bed has stains all over it, and it smells terrible. This place is filthy!

ZAHEER

Sorry for the smell sir, actually I -- .

NAWAZ

I don't need to know the details.

ZAHEER

You were at the hospital sir, is everything alright?

Nawaz stands.

NAWAZ

Yes, yes I'm fine. I wasn't sick, I just go to the hospital for the food. Their cook is just unbelievable. I can't help it. That was the whole point of staying in the VIP guest house you know, it has a nice big room, with a huge bed, a flat screen TV right in front of the bed, 5 to 6 men at my service 24/7 ... And oh the air conditioner was perfect, they had just installed it. Basically standard. Every morning I would wake up and get a cup of chai with fresh milk straight from my Australian cow in my bed, can you believe it?

Zaheer nods.

As soon as I could finish the chai, 5 desi eggs fried to perfection in desi ghee along with a few slices of focaccia bread would be waiting for me at the breakfast table right outside my bed room. Then for lunch, I would fake a heart attack or something and would be taken to the hospital where I would have my second meal. Pai. Ahahaha. Should have gotten some packed tsk tsk tsk. Then for dinner my sweet sweet daughter would get me food from home.

Zaheer holds his stomach.

ZAHEER

And what would your daughter cook for you?

NAWAZ

Cook? She can't cook to save her life. She would just

go to my favorite restaurant and pick up my favorite meal.

ZAHEER

And what is that?

NAWAZ

Mutton chops with caramelized onions, dijon mustard glazed carrots and roasted butternut squash with garlic and parsley.

ZAHEER

Oh, sounds quite fancy sir.

NAWAZ

Allah mian! Now I can't stop thinking about my next meal. I hope the food is good in here. I'm starving.

ZAHEER

It's not that bad, for my standards at least. For breakfast, we get a cup of chai which is literally dirty warm water and a piece of bread which is usually stale because the Warden likes buying expired food. It's cheaper you know I would do the same. And then for lunch and dinner we get salty boiled potatoes and water ... Oh! And once in a while we have this mushy brown thing which tastes like raw potato and fish oil.

NAWAZ

That sounds like dog food.

ZAHEER

The Warden does have a dog ... Oh, that makes sense now.

NAWAZ

Are you serious? I won't be able to survive in here. I have to get out of this place. Let me out! Guard! Guard! I need to make a phone call. Hello! Let me out I said. Guard! I swear to God when I get out each and everyone one of you -- !

ZAHEER

Sir! Sir! Please don't call the guard. He'll get the warden and trust me you don't want that. You need to make a call? You can use my phone.

NAWAZ

You have a phone in here?

ZAHEER

Yes sir. I just got it last week. I watch dirty videos on it at night when everyone is asleep.

NAWAZ

(Aside) That explains the stains on the bed.

How did you get it?

ZAHEER

I smuggled it in through a friend. He works as a plumber. He usually comes to fix the toilets every week.

NAWAZ

Now that's what I'm talking about. A man who can get things done. Give me that.

Nawaz snatches the phone, dials a number and waits for someone to pick up.

Hello? Hello! Beti this your father ... Yes, yes relax I am fine ... Okay, okay I know I know I love you too ... I told you I'm fine in here, for now at least. I've actually met this young man who is quite something. He knows a few things which can help me in here.

Zaheer silently celebrates on the side.

Anyway, I should get to the point. I don't have much time, the officer can come any minute and take away this phone. Now listen carefully, you need to get me a list of food items when you come to see me tomorrow. Understand? Good. I will send you a text message through this phone. It's a long list.

ZAHEER

Who was that sir?

NAWAZ

My daughter Maryam. She listens to me unlike my stupid brother. He's working on getting me out from this shit hole. Now what all do you think I should tell her to get us?

ZAHEER

Us?

NAWAZ

Yes you seem like a smart boy. You work for me now.

Zaheer grins.

ZAHEER

Of course sir, what-ever you need.

Nawaz texts on the phone.

NAWAZ

Hmm, we will need some chicken, beef, garlic, ginger, eggs, tomatoes, lots of onions, Shan masala, Garam masala, coriander. What else?

ZAHEER

Daal? Oil? Salt ... ?

NAWAZ

Very good! I forgot about that. Now tell me, what else can you smuggle into this prison?

ZAHEER

You name it sir you will have it the next day. But, there is one small problem, my friend can only get things which can fit in his bag.

NAWAZ

Hmmm ... If that's the case I need you to get me a small hot plate and a pot.

ZAHEER

Hot plate? Sorry sir, I don't know what that is.

NAWAZ

You dumb ass! Just get a small stove and a pot so I can cook in here. He can fit that in his bag right?

ZAHEER

Yes, I suppose. Okay sir I'm on it.

Nawaz lies down on his mattress and dozes off while Zaheer uses his phone.

Scene 2

Delivering the ingredients

INT.VISITING ROOM - DAY

Nawaz is sitting waiting. MARYAM enters. She hides food in her fluffy coat.

MARYAM

Salam papa.

Nawaz kisses Maryam on the forehead and notices she is wearing a coat.

NAWAZ

What on earth are you wearing? It's boiling hot and you're wearing a coat? Are you crazy?

MARYAM

Yes papa. I -- I mean no papa I'm not crazy. I needed to bring you your food that you asked for. I thought why not use this coat, I don't even remember the last time I wore it.

Maryam takes food out of her jacket.

Here Papa! These are the things. Five litres of oil, one Kg beef, some chickens, one dozen eggs, two loaves of bread, tomatoes, garam masala, coriander, onions, garlic, ginger, salt, three types of daal ... This one is your favourite na papa? Oh, and this bag of spices and Shan masala ... Am I missing anything papa? Uff Allah! There are so many pockets!

Maryam checks all the pockets of the jacket.

Oh wait, I found another tomato!

NAWAZ

Very good! Shahbash! You always out perform yourself. It's okay you can go now.

MARYAM

No, no papa I want to stay for longer. I need to tell you something ... But papa, what are you going to do with all this food?

NAWAZ

What do you think Maryam? What do people do with food?

MARYAM

Sorry papa. I understand. You are going to feed the people inside to buy their support right?

NAWAZ

What?

MARYAM

You are going to feed people right?

NAWAZ

Of course not. These people can go to hell for all I care. This food is for me.

MARYAM

Sorry papa. I forgot the doctors told you to never stay hungry, even during the night.

NAWAZ

Yes.

MARYAM

I spoke to uncle before coming, you know?. He has been working very hard since you are not there anymore. He misses you everyday. He even told me to give this letter to you.

Maryam hands Nawaz a letter.

He's saying you'll be out any day now, any day. He's been visiting different people about your matter. I can't believe this is happening to us. Why do bad things happen to good people papa?

Nawaz puts on his reading glasses.

NAWAZ

That's how the world works, beta.

MARYAM

I can't begin to imagine what you are going through. It must be really hard to be in here. I mean look at this place, it's disgusting.

Nawaz hands the letter to Maryam.

NAWAZ

It's been very hard but I am managing. Alright, so what your uncle is saying is that it might take a bit longer to get me out than expected because the new Prime Minister is not cooperating. But don't worry beta, we have been in this business since this scum was playing cricket. He's new to all of this. We will figure out a way to beat this son of a bitch.

MARYAM

But papa I don't understand a word that is written in this letter.

NAWAZ

Oh, of course. That's the whole point. Your uncle and I use this code so that no one else understands what's written. You can go now.

MARYAM

But we still have 15 minutes papa and I have to tell you something!

NAWAZ

What?

MARYAM

I've met this young man.

NAWAZ

Oh Maryam! You and these young men. When will this all end? You are not getting any younger. You know the party has been pushing me to marry you to Bilawal Bhutto so that we can influence that poor bastard, but I keep telling them that my daughter is smart she will find someone for herself.

MARYAM

But papa!

NAWAZ

But, now I am sick and tired of these boys! Every time I hear about a new boy. Enough is enough. Okay now go. I have things to do.

MARYAM

But papa! I haven't even told you the whole story. He is the nicest I've met so far. He is even in the army.

NAWAZ

Can't you hear me? Stay away from him! Okay go now! I have to go figure out how to cook all of this food you have brought me.

MARYAM

You are going to cook?

NAWAZ

Yes! And why is that so surprising?

MARYAM

You have never cooked anything in your life.

NAWAZ

Oh beta. Sometimes in life you have to do things which are uncomfortable.

MARYAM

Jee papa you are absolutely right.

NAWAZ

Okay go now!

MARYAM

Jee papa. Take care.

Maryam picks up her jacket and walks out.

Exit Maryam

NAWAZ

Haye! How will I take all of this back to the cell?

Nawaz attempts to pick up some of the food items but gives up.

Zaheer!

Enter Zaheer

ZAHEER

Yes sir!

NAWAZ

Take all of this stuff to our cell.

ZAHEER

Yes sir!

NAWAZ

Shahbash! What would I do without you.

Exit Nawaz and Zaheer

Scene 3

First time cooking

INT.JAIL CELL - DAY

Enter Zaheer and Nawaz

Zaheer carries all of the food items to the cell.

ZAHEER

We will have to find a place to hide all of this stuff! If the Warden sees this -- .

Enter WARDEN and POLICEMAN. Nawaz quickly picks up a book and starts reading.

WARDEN

Well well. What do we have here. A rich man in a prison cell. What a sight!

POLICEMAN

Stand at ease.

Nawaz continues reading.

NAWAZ

Who are you?

ZAHEER

She's the freaking Warden, show some respect.

Nawaz puts the book down and stands.

NAWAZ

I mean of course I know who you are sir.

WARDEN

Sir? Do I look like a man to you?

NAWAZ

I am sorry sir. I mean madam. I am sorry madam.

WARDEN

I am the Warden of this prison. Which means I am in command here.

NAWAZ

I am not denying your command madam.

WARDEN

You cannot do anything in here without my permission you understand?

ZAHEER

Yes madam! We are not doing anything.

POLICEMAN

Answer the Warden when she addresses you!

NAWAZ

Yes madam! We are not doing anything.

WARDEN

I understand you come from wealth and power. Let me get something straight. You are a prisoner, in my prison. And as long as you are in here you will follow my rules. You understand?

NAWAZ

Yes madam!

POLICEMAN

Good!

WARDEN

You can continue reading.

Exit Warden and Policeman

ZAHEER

Whew that was close. Thank God she didn't see anything. I was trying really hard to cover all of the food.

NAWAZ

Yes, yes. Don't worry about her. She seems like somebody that can easily be bought. Now let's start cooking. I'm starving. Where's the small stove and the pot I asked for?

ZAHEER

Behind your mattress sir.

NAWAZ

Very well. Let's begin.

Zaheer lights the stove with a match stick and places the pot on top of it. He adds oil and lets it heat up. Meanwhile, Nawaz does an absolute terrible job peeling and cutting the the onions and tomatoes. After a while of trying Nawaz gives up and dumps all the food items into the pot.

ZAHEER

Sir, are you sure that's the right way?

NAWAZ

Now you're going to teach me you little scum bag?

ZAHEER

Of course not sir. I was just -- .

NAWAZ

Shut up! Pass me the salt.

Nawaz puts a lump of salt into the pot.

Now, all we have to do is stir.

ZAHEER

Yes sir!

Nawaz is stirring the pot.

NAWAZ

You know I have never cooked in my life. This is the first time. It's actually fun, I can smell the food. Where's that phone?

Zaheer takes out his phone from his underwear.

ZAHEER

Right here sir.

NAWAZ

Take a picture of me cooking so that I can send it to my brother. He'll find it funny. Since we were kids our parents would try to teach us how to cook, in case God forbid we ever have to cook for ourselves. For the longest time I thought that day would never come. And now look at me, I'm cooking food like a freaking peasant.

Zaheer starts making a video and gives the thumbs up. Nawaz stirs the pot.

NAWAZ

My brother and I are quite different you know. He is more of a people's person, and politics is all about people. Anyone who thinks it's about the country they are wrong. If you are a politician and you can't make good friends who will help you reach the top then you will never reach the top. It's simple as that. I on the other hand was not too keen on making so many friends. I had a passion for food. You would always find me next to the buffet or the food court trying new cuisines and dishes. My brother hated that about me. He wanted me to be more like him you know, so that there would be two of him, and he would be

unstoppable. But that was not possible because I was different. I was the older one so I inherited the most from our father, God bless his soul. When I was 23 I was made the head of our political party. My brother couldn't stand it. He thought that father would see how interested and hardworking he was and would give him the seat. When I got the seat our dynamics changed forever. He would wait for me to fuck up so that he could come in and fix it and I got used to it. I would fuck up, he would fix it. It became a cycle. But this time fucking up was much easier than fixing it. And look where it has gotten me, I'm in here cooking for the first time to feed myself and he's outside trying to fix it. Again.

Nawaz licks the spoon.

I think this is ready. Bring me the bowls quickly.

ZAHEER

Yes sir.

Zaheer hands Nawaz the bowls while still filming.

NAWAZ

Here eat!

Zaheer takes a bite.

ZAHEER

Sir this is delicious!

Nawaz takes a bite.

NAWAZ

Are you serious? It's fucking disgusting ... The problem is this place is too small ... We need more space. Like a proper kitchen!

ZAHEER

The cook is a pain in the ass. We will have to do something about him.

NAWAZ

Like what?

Nawaz slices his fingers across his neck. Zaheer nods in agreement.

Very well. So then I'm sure you know what to do.

ZAHEER
Yes sir!

NAWAZ
I need to sleep now. You do what you need to do.

ZAHEER
Okay sir.

Nawaz goes to sleep. Zaheer uploads the video onto YouTube.

Scene 4

Kill the chef

INT.KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zaheer sneaks out of the his cell and tip toes to the kitchen. He finds some food and nibbling on it he sneaks into CHEF'S room and finds him snoring.

He accidentally drops a piece of bread and Chef stops snoring. He starts to suffocate Chef by putting a pillow on his face. It does not work.

He then takes out a packet of white powder from his pocket and stirs it into a glass of water and places it on the table next to Chef's bed. He then tip toes out of the room and out of the kitchen. The Chef wakes up and and takes a sip of the water. He chokes to death.

Scene 5

Leverage

INT.JAIL CELL - DAY

Nawaz wakes up in his cell while Zaheer stares at the ceiling.

NAWAZ
Did you do it?

ZAHEER
Yes sir!

Nawaz goes back to sleep. Enter Warden and Policeman.

WARDEN

Oye! Wake up! Hello!

Nawaz wakes up frightened.

NAWAZ

Yes sir! I mean ma'am.

WARDEN

I did not imagine this day would ever come ... But I need your help.

Nawaz has a smirk on his face.

NAWAZ

I'm listening.

WARDEN

The chef is dead.

Nawaz acts surprised. Zaheer trying to hold his laugh.

NAWAZ

What?

WARDEN

Yes he died this morning. I think somebody poisoned him or something.

NAWAZ

Poison? In this jail? In your jail?

WARDEN

Yes! And if the press find's out I will lose my job. Can you help me?

NAWAZ

Me? You need my help? The Warden lady needs my help.

WARDEN

Quit messing around and tell me if you can do something about the body. We need to get rid of it before somebody sees it. You understand?

NAWAZ

Yes I understand. But how do I do this while sitting in my cell?

WARDEN

You can leave the cell. You have my permission.

NAWAZ

Hmmmm ... So listen Warden, I am going to take advantage of this situation right now and ask you something that you cannot refuse.

Warden gets annoyed.

WARDEN

I'm listening.

NAWAZ

Make me the new chef!

Warden laughs.

WARDEN

What? You want to be a chef?

NAWAZ

Yes why is that so funny?

WARDEN

You can be the chef if you want. You just made my day a lot easier. I needed to find a new chef after this. But if you want, you can be the new chef.

NAWAZ

And I want you to get me new supplies and ingredients for the kitchen.

WARDEN

Hell no! This is not a negotiation.

NAWAZ

Then you can take care of the dead body and find a new chef yourself.

WARDEN

Okay, okay you fucking politician. You will get your supplies and new ingredients for your kitchen. These scums always know how to get their way.

NAWAZ

Thanks to my brother.

WARDEN

What?

NAWAZ

Oh nothing. Let me go now and figure this out. Let's go, let's clean up this mess.

Exit Nawaz and Zaheer

Warden and Policeman stand surprised at all the food these two have in their cell.

WARDEN
Fucking Haramis!

Scene 6

Going viral

INT.KITCHEN - DAY

Zaheer and Nawaz stand in front of a dead body.

ZAHEER
Sir look at this!

Zaheer shows Nawaz the smartphone.

NAWAZ
What on earth is this?

ZAHEER
It is you from yesterday when you were cooking in the cell. When you told me to take a picture of you I got an amazing idea.

NAWAZ
What amazing idea?

ZAHEER
I watch these dirty videos on my phone at night and I love them. So that means there are many more men out there watching these videos right? And the reason why I watch them is because they are entertaining.

NAWAZ
So what?

ZAHEER
So I thought what if I put up your video and see if people like watching it, for the sake of entertainment. So I put the caption " Ex Prime Minister cooking in jail" and posted it on YouTube. And look! You have gotten 15,491 views already! It's viral!

NAWAZ
Show me this you asshole!

Nawaz snatches the phone from Zaheer.
You're right! The number of views are increasing as we speak. 15,492, 15,493, 15,494.

ZAHEER
We have something going on here.

NAWAZ
We do!

So tell me Zaheer! You are telling me 15,000 people are watching me cook right now?

ZAHEER
Yes sir!

NAWAZ
And it's viral?

ZAHEER
Yes sir!

NAWAZ
You are right! We have something here. It's like a Dharna on a phone. I can talk to my people outside who are dying to hear from me.

ZAHEER
While doing something you love!

NAWAZ
Zaheer my son, you are a genius.

Enter Policeman

POLICEMAN
Your daughter is here to see you.

NAWAZ
Alright I am coming.

Exit Policeman and Nawaz

Scene 7

The daughter knows

INT.VISITING ROOM - DAY

Nawaz is sitting in the visiting room. Maryam

walks in with bags full of food items.

Enter Maryam

MARYAM

Papa! What on earth are you doing in here?

NAWAZ

Excuse me? Is that the way you talk to your father?

MARYAM

You are putting videos on YouTube?

NAWAZ

Yes, what's wrong with that?

MARYAM

Everything! You run a political party papa, you can't do this.

NAWAZ

Look where we are Maryam. We are in prison. I am not the Prime Minister anymore. People do not support us like they used to back in the day. Times have changed. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

MARYAM

But that doesn't mean you start putting stupid videos on the internet. And, you were talking about private family matters. People do not need to know the details papa, we are already in a lot of shit. Uncle is furious.

NAWAZ

To hell with your uncle. He has controlled me all my life now. And now that I am far away from him, and finally doing something I actually love, he says I can't do this? It's bad for our image? Well I don't care.

MARYAM

But Papa -- !

NAWAZ

Do you understand how important food is?

MARYAM

I know you love to eat papa.

NAWAZ

It's an art form. And people need to understand that.

MARYAM

(Aside) He's gone crazy in here.

Papa, I know I cannot tell you what to do. But, all I am trying to say is that uncle is working hard to get you out as soon as possible but if you continue to attract attention on social media like this things are just going to get harder.

NAWAZ

You sound just like your uncle.

MARYAM

Papa, I need to tell you all of this. He controls everything now. Sometimes I feel he is listening to everything.

NAWAZ

I don't care if he controls you, he can't control me in here. You can even tell him that if you want.

MARYAM

Maryam takes out the food from the huge bags.

Here's your food papa. And about that young man I met a few -- .

NAWAZ

Again with that young man! I am sick and tired of this.

Maryam gets furious.

MARYAM

Papa! You know what? I am sick and tired of you dictating my life like this.

NAWAZ

Excuse me?

MARYAM

All I want is your blessing and you always have a problem with each and every person I want to be with.

NAWAZ

That's because all of them are losers.

MARYAM

Well maybe I like losers.

NAWAZ

What?

MARYAM

I mean he's a nice man he's not a loser papa.

NAWAZ

You are going to marry Bilawal!

MARYAM

No!

NAWAZ

Maryam!

MARYAM

Papa!

NAWAZ

Maryam!

MARYAM

Papa!

NAWAZ

Maryam!

MARYAM

Papa!

NAWAZ

Maryam enough is enough!

MARYAM

I don't care what you think. He has already met uncle and he loves him. Their family is coming to set the dates tomorrow and we will get married in the winter. And as for the cooking. It needs to stop.

NAWAZ

You have no respect for your father.

Maryam starts crying.

MARYAM

Honestly papa, you have no respect for me! You use me to get your things done and that's it. You never spend quality time with me, you never even listen to me, you never ask me how I am feeling, you, you ... just don't care about me anymore. You are selfish. All you care about is you, you and you. And of course

your food.

NAWAZ

Maryam!

MARYAM

I'm leaving. And don't expect me to bring you your food anymore. I am done with you.

Exit Maryam

Nawaz just sits there for a while. After a while he gets up and takes the bags back to his cell.

Exit Nawaz

Scene 8

Clean up the mess

INT.KITCHEN - DAY

Enter Nawaz with food supplies in his hands.

ZAHEER

Sir you look upset, is everything alright?

NAWAZ

A piece of advice, never have children. They are cute when they are young but as they grow older they just ... She fucking wants me to stop cooking! Can you believe it?

ZAHEER

Who? Your daughter?

NAWAZ

Actually its my fucking brother. He wants to control me even while I'm in here. He is saying that because of the video it will be harder to get me out of this place.

ZAHEER

And what did you tell her?

NAWAZ

What do you think? I told her that I wont stop. I finally can do something that I love, and they want to take that away from me. And then she tells me she's marrying this loser and she doesn't care if I approve or not.

ZAHEER

It's alright sir. Trust me she will comeback begging for your approval. Women just get emotional and say things they don't mean.

NAWAZ

I am done with her.

Nawaz looks at the dead body.

We should probably do something about the body.

Zaheer tries to pull the dead body.

ZAHEER

He's so fat sir! I cant move him.

NAWAZ

Wait let me try.

Nawaz tries to pull the dead body from its leg and hears a crack in his back.

NAWAZ

Ouch!

ZAHEER

Sir please do not hurt yourself.

NAWAZ

Zaheer do something quickly! I want to start cooking!

ZAHEER

Sir what if we cut the body into pieces and just cook it.

NAWAZ

Are you out of your mind?

ZAHEER

It was just an idea sir.

NAWAZ

Well there is no time for stupid ideas. We need to do something fast.

Enter Warden

WARDEN

Well, well Mr. Nawaz I hope you have figured out something to do with the body because in a few hours

it is going to start smelling.

NAWAZ

Um ... Yes we have figured it out.

WARDEN

Also the items you asked for are here in the pick up truck outside. Go get them.

NAWAZ

Thank you madam.

Exit Warden

ZAHEER

Sir, I have an idea!

NAWAZ

This better makes sense asshole.

ZAHEER

What if we quietly put the body in the pick up truck outside.

NAWAZ

That way the body can leave the prison without anyone knowing and it wont be our problem anymore.

ZAHEER

Exactly!

NAWAZ

You're a genius!

ZAHEER

Thank you sir.

NAWAZ

Now come on drag the body outside.

Zaheer holds on to the chef's legs and pulls as hard as he can.

ZAHEER

Ahhhhh! He's so fat!

NAWAZ

Come on! You can do this Zaheer!

Zaheer pulls the body slowly gaining momentum.

ZAHEER

Sir, we should probably cover up the body as well.

Exit Zaheer

Nawaz looks around the kitchen and finds a stack of aprons.

NAWAZ

Just cover it up with this.

Nawaz throws the aprons off stage and sits down to catch a breath. After a moment Zaheer enters with a huge sack of food supplies.

Enter Zaheer

NAWAZ

Did the driver find out?

ZAHEER

No sir I made sure that I put the body in before taking the sack out so that he thinks I was just struggling with the sack. Thank God he didn't come to help.

NAWAZ

Smart boy.

Scene 9

Internet sensation

INT.KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nawaz and Zaheer are in the kitchen starting to cook.

NAWAZ

Alright! Now that we have things sorted out let's start cooking! I'm starving.

ZAHEER

Yes sir! It's almost dinner time.

NAWAZ

Let's see what all we have here.

Zaheer starts emptying the sack of kitchen supplies.

ZAHEER

We have, plates, spoons, forks, knives, spatulas a cutting board, mixing bowls, measuring cups, a can opener, a vegetable peeler and a rice strainer.

NAWAZ

Very well. Also take out the stuff Maryam brought from home.

Zaheer empties out the bags.

ZAHEER

What should we cook?

NAWAZ

I've been craving chicken karhai.

Zaheer starts cutting.

ZAHEER

Alright sir, let me start cutting the onions and tomatoes. The prisoners will love this food. I'm sure they have never tasted anything like this before.

NAWAZ

Aren't you going to make another video of me?

ZAHEER

Of course sir. People need to see this.

Zaheer takes out his smart phone and places it in front of Nawaz while he fries the onions in the oil.

NAWAZ

Imagine if I had started cooking when I was young. Life would have been so different. Much more simple actually. Dealing with a younger brother who controls every single details of your life is not easy. When I cook, I feel free. I feel like I can actually make a difference. After all these years I have just realized how important food is. It touches people's hearts. It connects people together. Ah, imagine life without food. Actually I can't, food is life.

ZAHEER

Excuse me sir, I think the onions are burning.

NAWAZ

Alright smart ass. Come here, add the chicken and stir while I open this packet of masala.

ZAHEER

Yes sir!

Nawaz adds the masala.

NAWAZ

Keep on stirring. This time I'm going to get it right.

ZAHEER

Sir you stir so I can film you and share it on YouTube right now.

NAWAZ

Great idea! How do I look?

ZAHEER

You look great sir, just be natural.

NAWAZ

I think this is almost ready. Are the prisoners ready to eat? I am about to change their life forever.

ZAHEER

Yes you are sir! Yes you are!

NAWAZ

Alright bring me the bowls.

*Zaheer takes out the bowls to serve the food.
Nawaz empties the chicken karhai into the bowl.*

NAWAZ

Now go feed them.

Zaheer takes the food out of the kitchen.

Exit Zaheer

Nawaz sits on his chair and enjoys the food he just cooked.

NAWAZ

This tastes great! Wow! I can actually cook!

Nawaz continues enjoying his food.

Enter Zaheer. He is still filming.

ZAHEER

Sir! They loved it! Some were even crying because

this was the best meal they have had in years.

NAWAZ

Well now they will get this kind of food everyday. These poor people need to eat well so that they can understand the pleasures of life.

ZAHEER

You are right sir.

NAWAZ

Food has the power to change people for the better. I can say I have changed. I have embraced my passion and I am loving it. I don't care if I don't have my wealth. As long as I can cook for these poor prisoners and help them transform their lives I have done my job. I feel better than being the Prime Minister.

Zaheer stops filming and uploads the video on YouTube.

ZAHEER

The people will love this.

NAWAZ

Of course they will. People need to see the new me, because I love the new me.

ZAHEER

Sir! Sir! You wont believe this! Look!

Zaheer shows Nawaz the phone.

NAWAZ

I already have a thousand views? It's only been a minute.

ZAHEER

People have been waiting for this! Sir you have no idea what is happening! You have become an internet sensation, the people love you!

NAWAZ

Wow! This is great! Come on let's go back to the cell and plan our next moves. We need to figure out a way to keep getting these supplies so that we can keep on cooking. I do not want to stop now. I am loving this.

Exit Zaheer and Nawaz

Scene 10Time to goINT.JAIL CELL - DAY

Nawaz is in his cell getting ready to go to the kitchen.

Enter Maryam

MARYAM

Salam Papa. The day has finally come, get ready you are being released today.

Nawaz and Zaheer are surprised.

NAWAZ

What? How so soon?

MARYAM

I told you na papa, uncle had been working on this for a long time.

NAWAZ

Hmm acha.

MARYAM

So gather your stuff na papa.

NAWAZ

I don't want to leave.

MARYAM

What do you mean you don't want to leave?

NAWAZ

I don't want to leave. I like it in here.

MARYAM

What is this nonsense papa? You have to leave this place and come back to your real life.

NAWAZ

This is my real life. This is what I have always wanted to be.

Zaheer stands with his mouth open.

MARYAM

But what will people say papa? Such a big politician leaves his life of wealth and fame for cooking in a small dirty prison?

NAWAZ

You do not understand beta. You do not understand how I feel.

MARYAM

I don't care how it feels. I care how it looks. I am about to finally get married and my father who used to be the most powerful man in the country is now a cook in a prison? How will that look papa? Just think about that for a second.

NAWAZ

People will understand.

MARYAM

No they will not. The type of people we know will not understand. They will see this as a joke. They already talk about your stupid YouTube videos.

NAWAZ

People are loving my videos. Have you seen the amount of views I have? It's unreal.

MARYAM

Papa! Why don't you understand?

NAWAZ

I am going to do what I want to do. And this is what I want to do. I want to stay here and cook. Go tell your uncle. He can take care of the business and politics like he always has. It's the first time in my life he is not here to control me, and I love it.

MARYAM

What are you saying? You can't stay here! Papa!

NAWAZ

I am transforming these prisoners' lives. Eating good food has a positive effect on your mood. My goal is to help these people improve so that when they go out in the real world they can fit in.

MARYAM

What has happened to you? When have you ever thought of these average people. They are nothing. They deserve to rot in here, and you deserve to go back to

your real life. Come on papa, listen to me please!

NAWAZ

I am a changed man. There is no place for the new me in my old life. It's like I have found my life's purpose. It's amazing!

Zaheer stands awkwardly.

MARYAM

This is not your life's purpose papa! Why are you doing this papa? Please come home. Everyone is waiting for you. We even cooked your favourite dish papa, you love Pai na?

NAWAZ

You can go back and tell them that I am not coming. Go! Go and tell them that.

MARYAM

No! You are coming with me whether you like it or not. This is over. It's time to go back to your real life. Baloo Bhai!

NAWAZ

You brought Baloo with you?

MARYAM

Baloo Bhai! Come inside.

Enter BALOO

BALOO

Yes ma'am! Salam sir, how are you?

NAWAZ

Maryam?

MARYAM

Pick up papa. We are taking him home.

BALOO

But ma'am -- .

MARYAM

Pick him up I said! Pick him up and lets take him home whether he likes it or not.

Baloo tries to picks up Nawaz. Nawaz fights back.

NAWAZ

Baloo! Put me down you son of bitch! Listen to me!

BALOO

Sir! Please let me take you.

NAWAZ

No!

MARYAM

Come on let's go.

NAWAZ

Don't take me back! I don't want to go! No! No! Put me down I said! Put me down! I swear to God once we get out I going to -- !

Zaheer watches them take Nawaz. Zaheer has tears in his eyes.

Exit Nawaz, Maryam and Baloo