

ONE DOLLAR CURRY

An original screenplay by
Vijay Singh

Vijay Singh
53 rue Hallé
75014 Paris
Tel: (331) 43 27 68 34
silhouettefilms@vijaysingh.net

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1

EXT. / PARIS. MONTMARTRE STEPS / DAY

Half way up the Montmartre steps, you see an enormous, unshapely, olive-green “bed-roll”, that Indians still use to pack their belongings. Behind the bed-roll, holding it tightly back with strings, are two men – an Indian and a black Caribbean. Their back-patting suggests a certain affinity between them.

The Indian is a thinly-bearded Sikh, soft-looking, handsome, thirtyish. He is wearing a tightly-tied turban that resembles a smart head-dress. The Caribbean is tall, wiry, alert, with a big mouth and a perpetual *joie de vivre* on his face. He has a walkman around his neck.

The two men manage to bring the bed-roll down a couple of steps, before the strings snap, and the giant roll goes tumbling down the steps towards the street.

TITLES

They run after it. The Indian looks concerned. The Caribbean is more amused than anything else.

The bed-roll stops dead in the middle of a street, bringing a couple of cars to a screeching halt.

They try to move the bed-roll out of the way with difficulty.

CARIBBEAN

(jokingly, to the Indian) You’ve brought your whole country in this rag!
My foot! A political refugee!...

The Indian examines his bag, then kicks it forward. The Caribbean gives it another kick, and so rolls on the shapeless bundle over pavements and pedestrian crossings, attracting many an amused look...

2

EXT. / PIGALLE / EVENING

The bed-roll enters a street, flanked by soliciting prostitutes. As it rolls behind the legs of two prostitutes walking in front of it, its strap snaps - and out come steel glasses, pots and pans, spice cans, onions, garlic, ginger, lentils, and several small colourful bottles...

The two men start chasing the scattered things.

CARIBBEAN

Holy Shit ! Just look at this mess!... *(to an amused prostitute)* Hey, Nadejda, stop smiling there... Come here, honey... Give us a hand...

Nadejda and another prostitute help them gather the paraphernalia.

Nadejda picks up a bottle and looks at its label which says: **Kamasutra Nandi Bull Oil.**

NADEJDA

(to Nishan)

Oooh! Kamasutra?

She winks at Nishan, licks the bottle, then sticks it in her midriff...

NADEJDA

(invitingly)

Come... Come get it.

Nishan hesitates.

NADEJDA

Come on... I'll be your first lover in Paris... Come, give me your hand.

She takes his hand and pulls it on to her breast.

NISHAN

Aré Baba!

Nadejda laughs and shows the bottle to the Caribbean while Nishan is gathering the scattered bottles.

CARIBBEAN

(amused)

What! You're going to be selling these here, man?

NISHAN

O no, no, no... *(Slightly embarrassed)* They're not mine. I'm just carrying them for a chap here... Seriously...

CARIBBEAN

O these incredible Indians! Making a living off giving the French a hard-on!... You're in the right city, man...

The Caribbean, still titillated by the aphrodisiac bottles, hugs the Indian around his turban with affection.

CARIBBEAN

(to Nadejda)

O, I love this aphrodisiac Maharaja with his turban?!.. A smart fella!

Nishan puts the bottles in his pocket and they leave with the bed-roll. The Caribbean sends a flying kiss to Nadejda.

3

INT. / A DINGY ROOM / EVENING

The Caribbean and Nishan walk into a dingy flat and see three, excited young men crouched around a condensation-hole in a door. They are peeping into the neighbour's flat where a young European woman, who resembles the prostitutes of the earlier scenes, is dancing to loud music. Large mirrors in the room give a wholesome view of her body. It seems she is rehearsing a strip-tease show.

One of the “peep-show” watchers is even taking photographs of the stripper with an instamatic camera.

The Caribbean looks amused.

CARIBBEAN

Oh, you peep-hole fuckers! Incurrigible!

BALE

(shushing the Caribbean) Schch!

Bale gets up and walks towards the Caribbean, while the latter gestures Nishan to take a look through the peep-hole. Nishan sees a beautiful girl doing a strip-tease.

CARIBBEAN

(to Bale, patting him on the back) I see, we offer free entertainment to our boys.

BALE

(jovial) Free! Where's the television that the landlord promised, Fixer?

FIXER

Who needs a television with a neighbour like this, man! You have it live. *(Fixer then says something strange to him, which doesn't really mean anything. He is actually mimicking speaking Singhalese)* So... *vana – tana- sukram – sexybabe – tamtamata- fuckin'orgy...*

Bale plays the game back and speaks to him in Singhalese. Both laugh.

Nishan returns to Fixer, a bit overwhelmed.

FIXER

Come, let's be serious... *(introducing Nishan)* Your new friend – Nishan. *(in private)* I've got him a refugee card for the time being, but we must get him the proper one soon... And he even speaks some French, can you believe it?

Bale raises his eye-brow in surprise.

FIXER

(introducing Bale to Nishan) And this is the neighbourhood's smartest jack of all trades – Bale...

Fixer touches one of the several jackets hanging from a costumes railing.

FIXER

...Tailor in the day.... *(Showing a picture of Bale with a nude girl lying on a couch)* Tantra masseur in the evening ... And look here...

Fixer points to the hidden side of the room, which is filled with pornographic photos – some on a makeshift desk, others pinned up on the walls... Here and there, you find articles written in Hindi, Punjabi, Urdu, Sinhalese, Tamil

FIXER

And at night, our friend edits the Kamasutra Times - the local Indian craze...

(Laughs, to Nishan) So you're in good hands, man.

There's a knock at the door. Bale opens the door and an ageing Sikh gentleman walks in, accompanied by a very coy, traditional-looking Indian woman.

SIKH GENTLEMAN

(polite)

We've come to meet Satti-the-tailor. Is he here?

BALE

But he's gone from here.

SIKH GENTLEMAN

Where? *(confidentially)* Actually... Satti's and *(pointing to the girl)* her parents have agreed to their wedlock...

BALE

What! Satti has changed his sex! He's run away with a French man! He's now called Marie-France!

Nishan is shocked while girl almost swoons. Fixer taps Nishan on the shoulder and they go out of the flat.

4

EXT. / OUTSIDE NISHAN'S BUILDING/ EVENING

Nishan and Fixer walk out of a building just as some prostitutes are entering it. The last prostitute grazes Nishan with her opulent bust and smiles. Nishan looks back at her intently.

FIXER

Cool it, cool it, man - it's a male.

Nishan is taken aback.

FIXER

(laughing) This is Paris, man, Paris... Every citizen endowed with a hole shall have the right to make a living off it, states the French Constitution
(serious) Now, in all this excitement, don't forget to apply for political refuge, man. Send in a letter first - you'll gain time.

They start walking up the road, then Fixer points to a barber shop.

Nishan notices "*Khan's Coiffure, where hairstyle helps you become French*". In the show-window, there are two photographs captioned "Before" and "After". One shows a turbaned and bearded Sikh, while, in the other one, the same man has a trendy, frizzy-haired look with a curly tuft dropping over the right eye.

FIXER

(pointing to his turban) Why don't you get rid of this, man?

NISHAN

What! A Sikh would lose his head than a tuft of his hair.

FIXER

I know, I know... Your religion and all that crap, man!.. But everyone doesn't like turbans like me here, man... They want people to look, speak, behave the same. They even have a name for it - Integration! Besides, it might make it easier to find you a job...

Just then, Fixer quickly shifts his gaze to a shady-looking man in the street.

FIXER

Hey, have you got those bottles handy?

NISHAN

Yes... *(slipping his hand into his bag)* But they're not mine... They belong to that chap...

FIXER

But he's gone, man... He's even become a fuckin' she... Come on, give... Quick...

Nishan gives Fixer the bottles. They walk up to the pimp.

FIXER

Ever tried this bomb, Charlo? Super stuff - straight from the land of the Kamasutra. 10 bottles for 50 Euros... ten times cheaper than Viagra...

Expressionless, Charlo scrutinises the bottles.

CHARLO

Safe?

FIXER

and Safer than Viagra... No chemicals... (*chortling*) 100% Bio... Sex safe green...
Charlo gives Fixer the money, who hands it on further to Nishan.

FIXER

See the rule of the game... You give someone a hard-on at night, he gives you something to eat in the day... Now, go buy yourself a pizza... And I'll see you soon...

NISHAN

know (*Gratefully*) You've really been so nice to me, Fixer... And I don't even your name...

Fixer takes out a visiting card from his wallet.

FIXER

They call me Fixer, but my real name is - Alan Brahmas, after the Hindu God, Brahma. I am a descendant of the Hindu slaves, you see, who were brought to Caribbean isles. (*Thoughtful*) My father was quite a Hindu - he wanted a cremation at the end.

NISHAN

Ah, he's no more...

Fixer takes out his family photograph from his wallet.

FIXER

(*pointing to the faces*)

Dad... mother... sister... dog... All killed, man... in the riots back home in Haiti... And I landed here one day - no papers, no money, no woman, no man... And, guess what, man? I run into a Jewish man, the first day... He buys me a pizza... and says something I've never forgotten: "*Be always bigger than tragedy.*"

Nishan is touched by Fixer's story, but the latter changes the subject.

FIXER

(*Laughing,* Hey, but I'm not letting you off without a bottle of that stuff...
taking a bottle) My commission, man! And see yeah soon, man...

Fixer walks up to a colourful, exotic-looking three-wheel vehicle (an Indian "auto-rickshaw") parked on the sidewalk. He drives off into a one-way street.

5

EXT. / PIZZA STALL / EVENING

Nishan is in a queue outside a pizza stall. He is looking quite intently at the pizza vendor, who is a trendy, handsome, fair-skinned, French-speaking European-looking man. He even resembles the man in the picture outside the barber shop. Nishan is quite fascinated by him.

6

EXT. / PIGALLE AREA / EVENING

Fixer is on his auto-rickshaw, leaving behind a trail of black smoke. Bursting with energy, he throws flying-kisses to road-side prostitutes. He stops near Nadejda and kisses her.

FIXER

Come on, quick... We're going to have some fun tonight... *(showing her the bottles)* Two drops of this and we'll be in the 7th heaven!

Fixer starts putting a few drops into his mouth.

NADEJDA

Hey! You don't drink this, you apply it.

FIXER

No way! It's to drink... *(Showing the label)* Here...

The label says something in Hindi followed by a line in English: "5 drops + 1/2 spoon of honey + moonlight."

NADEJDA

(Amused) It's obvious – it's to apply... *(Teasingly)* In any case, you're no good at figures!

FIXER

Hey... I don't need to be a mathematician to get a hard-on. Come on, get in there.

Fixer drags her onto his auto-rickshaw. They leave, kissing each other.

7

EXT. / PIZZA STALL / EVENING

Nishan is having a pizza standing by the counter. He is still staring at the vendor, a bit puzzled.

NISHAN

(to the vendor, in Punjabi)

Are you Indian?

The vendor frowns, even slightly amused by the question.

VENDOR

(in English with a French accent)

Indian? Me?... *(smiles)* Sorry, I am French ! *(to a customer, in French)* Alors, Madame, qu'est-ce vous fera plaisir aujourd'hui ? (So, Madam, what would you fancy today ?) Regina ?

The Vendor serves the lady, then speaks to an Italian customer in Italian.

VENDOR

Pizza Napolitane, Napolitane, Napolitane... A man from Napoli will never try anything else... here...

When the vendor's customers have gone, he turns to Nishan again.

VENDOR

(laughing, breaking into Punjabi)

From which village are you, *Bhaji*?

Nishan is startled.

NISHAN

(Laughing) So, you are Indian! I thought as much... But why did you say you were French?

VENDOR

Are you new here?

Nishan nods.

VENDOR

You'll learn, my friend, you'll learn... A foreigner here must wear a dozen masks to earn one day's bread... *(Pointing to his turban)* So get rid of all this, become like the French and get on with life...

INT. / NISHAN'S FLAT / NIGHT

Bale is massaging a shapely, nude girl lying on her belly on a high, stretcher-like table. Around him, are several pots of oil and strange ingredients. In one corner, a pan of oil is on an out-dated stove. The girl seems to be enjoying her massage. There's a knock at the door. Bale goes out of his cabin and sees Nishan.

BALE

O, come in, come in... I was just finishing a massage...

NISHAN

(excited, a bit wicked)

Do you want a hand? Massage is in my blood, you know. That's what my father does for his living.

BALE

(Surprised) Yeah?

NISHAN

Well... *(light-heartedly)* Try me out...

Bale motions his hand and Nishan joins him in the massage.

GIRL

(anguished) A... ah... It's really around my waist... the blockage...

BALE

Yes, yes, I can feel the knot in the energy channel... *(indicating a spot)*
Here?

GIRL

Yes, exactly.... Yes... Right there...

BALE

Now, just a second, just a second... You need...a special oil...
Vanaprastham... It was first brought to the West by Marco Polo... *(Bale winks at Nishan)* Just relax...

Bale pulls out a sunflower oil bottle from under the table and pours it on her body. Bale gives Nishan a couple of eggs and some ginger – and winks. Nishan breaks the eggs, chops up the ginger and starts massaging with the concoction.

BALE

Relax... Feel the energy start flowing again... See the charkas opening, the desire returning to the yoni... *(Pouring more oil)* Re-lax... *(to Nishan, in Punjabi)* So how do you find this?

NISHAN

(manifestly happy)

I think I've found my job, Bhaji... I'll be your assistant...

BALE

(forthright) No, no, no, Bhaji... Let's be clear... The rule of this house is each according to his imagination and capacity... You'll have to find your own thing...

Nishan feels a bit reprimanded. He goes back to massaging.

NISHAN

Well, I guess I'll start by selling some small things...

BALE

That's how we all started...

9

EXT. / MONTMARTRE STEPS / DAY

Nishan is standing at the bottom of the Montmartre steps with a large Aluminium spatula in one hand. By his feet, are a few containers - a steel-bucket full of a yellow liquid, a plastic box with cooked rice, some empty plastic bowls. Every now and then, he stirs the yellow liquid noisily and mumbles something like: "*Dal and rice, Try my spice; Dal and rice, Try my spice ; Just 2 Euros, for my Dal and Rice*"...

Passers-by look at him oddly and leave. Nishan musters up the courage to accost a couple.

NISHAN

Some Indian food for you, Madame. Only 2 Euros.

MAN

Non, merci.

A bit frustrated, Nishan forces himself on a couple of Japanese tourists.

NISHAN

Madam, Madam, some Indian food for you.

JAPANESE WOMAN

(in broken English, very excited)

Ah... ah... ah.. Indian?

NISHAN

(serving her a bit forcibly)

Here, try some...

JAPANESE WOMAN

Oh...oh...oh... No, thank you... Thank you...

NISHAN

Please... Try some... You pay no money...

JAPANESE WOMAN

No money! Why?

NISHAN

For you, no money...

JAPANESE WOMAN

In Japan, no money mean no good... But your food look good...*(she giggles)*
Please... Sir... Please... one photo.

The woman poses with Nishan, her hand on his turban, and her friend clicks a photo. She gives Nishan a coin and leaves. Nishan is so frustrated that he empties out his lentils and rice into a nearby trash-bin which belongs to a restaurant.

RESTAURANT-OWNER

(shouting from a distance, rude) Hey, hey, Monsieur... What're you doing?... You can't dump your rubbish in my bin!

Nishan quickly empties the stuff and runs away.

10**INT. / GANESH CAFÉ / DAY**

SOUNDTRACK: A song by Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan.

A large-screen video projection of a Bollywood film in an Indian café. An actor and an actress are dancing to a song.

As we track back, we see Mauritians, Indians and Pakistanis in the café. On the walls, are Indian film posters.

Then we see Fixer and Nishan. On their table, is a copy of the newspaper *Le Parisien*, a jug of water and two glasses. Nishan looks a bit despondent.

FIXER

(as though continuing an earlier discussion) But... but you don't sell food in Paris from a bucket, man! Even a dog here eats from a proper dish.

Nadejda, who was speaking on her mobile in the background, comes into the café.

NADEJDA

When are *(To Fixer, pointing to the phone)* Hey, hey, Fixer... It's my sister ...
you bringing her in?

FIXER

(with affection) Cool it, cool it, sweetheart... You don't want you to pay 5,000 dollars to see her sent back from the airport...

NADEJDA

She's getting impatient...

FIXER

Patience, man, patience... And tell her : once she gets here, she does the work and you retire and join me at home... Enough of this... We'll make do with what we have... So we meet this evening?

NADEJDA

(to Nishan, childlike) Eh, eh... Monsieur, please don't give him those bottles, he doesn't let me sleep...

Nadejda gives Fixer an affectionate peck on the cheek and leaves.

FIXER

(to Nishan)

I still think Indian food is a brilliant idea ... But you've got be professional about it, man – no buckets, steel glasses, or holy vegetarian shit like the *Dal, man*... Why don't you do a curry?... Can you make a meat curry?

NISHAN

(hesitant, self-deriding) Oh.... I tried it once. My father said it tasted like
spicy horse piss...

FIXER

Well, if you've done it once, maybe the second time it will be better...

Fixer gazes at something out on the road, reflects, then looks back at Nishan.

FIXER

(Pointing to a food shop through the window) See that souvlaki place
there... *(Nishan casts a glance)* That bloke has made millions selling
souvlaki sandwiches that even my dog won't eat. So why not a
curry? Do it – it will sell.

Nishan looks more confident. Fixer gets up in excitement and starts going round and round their table.

FIXER

And, to start with, let's sell it cheap... dirt cheap... And we give the stall some crazy fancy name ... Leave it to me... You'll see, it'll work... *(slapping Nishan's*

hand) Done... I'll get some handbills ready. *(Intoning)* "A great curry by a great chef".

NISHAN

O no! I barely know how to make a curry...

FIXER

Well, they barely know what it tastes like, man!

NISHAN

I'll get caught, Fixer!

FIXER

Hey, you coward, who the fuck is going to find out whether you were a great chef in some god-forsaken shit-hole called India. Come on, man, you've got to move your ass, you've got to do things - beg, borrow, steal, lie, cheat, do anything, but win the battle of life... Look at Bale, he does porn photos and massage for a living... And do you know what his father is? - he's a priest! *(Shaking him)* Wake up, man! You are in a battle!

Nishan looks half-persuaded. Fixer gives Nishan some money.

FIXER

150 - for the stuff. Let's go 50:50. Is that OK?

Nishan nods, looking more determined.

Bale walks in with an envelope in his hand and pats Nishan on his back.

BALE

(to Nishan) Bhaji, for you... See you, I'm in a rush.

Nishan tears open the envelope excitedly. A female off-screen voice reads the letter :

I'm waiting to see the day when destiny will bring us together again.
Write soon. Forever yours, Yamini

NISHAN

(smiling, slightly nostalgic) From my fiancée...

FIXER

I could tell from your face... Maybe, it's a good omen for you...

Nishan looks more and more confident. He exchanges a longish glance with Fixer. They clink glasses and down their drinks in one go. They clasp hands.

Nishan begins to hum a hymn and closes his eyes... His determined face becomes more and more faint as the following shots is superimposed on it.

11

INT. / SIKH TEMPLE IN PARIS / DAY

SOUND TRACK: A Sikh song

Nishan is praying, inclined before the *Guru Granth Sahib*, the Sikh holy book, which reposes on its regal seat under an embroidered Golden canopy. The ambience is solemn. A Sikh priest is singing a hymn at once martial and mystical:

*"O Shiva, bestow on me the boon
That once on the battle-field
All indecision shall I overcome
And fight until justice is won."*

12

EXT. / PASSAGE BRADY AREA / DAY

SOUNDTRACK: The Sikh hymn dissolves into lively Indo-European fusion rap.

There's sudden a burst of colour and music on the screen. We first see Fixer's colourful, flower-decorated auto-rickshaw from the front, advancing ceremonially up a road. Nadejda is driving, Fixer is standing beside her, waving to the curious onlookers and distributing flyers. On top of the rickshaw, is a hand-painted placard announcing :

One Dollar Curry

Prepared by the Maharaja of the Indian cuisine

On either side of the placard, is a portrait of a turbaned Maharaja.

The camera back-tracks and rises. And we see an ingenious kitchen-on-wheels trailing behind the auto-rickshaw. Dressed in flashy clothes, Nishan is cooking, flamboyantly juggling his tools and trying to give the appearance of a chef.

His cooking installation is indeed ingenious : five supermarket caddies (three in front, two behind) have been fastened in a rectangular form, leaving one side open. In the space in the middle, Nishan is standing on a rickety roller-platform. Around him, is the food, attractively arranged – curry, rice, salad, condiments, a jar of *Lassi* (buttermilk).

Hand-made placards, mounted on wooden flag-posts, announce in all directions : **The Maharaja of Indian cuisine.**

The cortège creates excitement amongst the roadside shopkeepers and the passers-by. People look out of shops and windows...

The cortège stops. Fixer accosts a roadside Sikh boy who is biting into a souvlaki sandwich.

FIXER

Eh, eh, young friend... Haven't you had enough of these souvlakis?

The Sikh is half-taken aback half-amused.

FIXER

Come to the Indian spice shop... in 5 minutes. A hot Indian meal for you – for free. (*Fixer snatches his sandwich and throws it into the bin*).

The cortège takes off again.

Fixer notices an attractive, young, slightly Indian-looking woman on the pavement, accompanied by her French girl-friend. The young woman has a walkman in one hand and a small camera hanging from her shoulder.

FIXER

Eh, eh Mademoiselle...

Fixer stops the cortège, runs up to her and gives her a flyer, which says "*One Dollar Curry, The Maharaja of Indian Cuisine*". The women read the flyer.

INDIAN-LOOKING WOMAN

Where's this, Monsieur?

FIXER

(*indicating Nishan*) There... Come to the spice shop in 5 minutes...

The cortège leaves again.

INDIAN-LOOKING WOMAN

(*to her friend*)

Want to try this curry?

FRENCH FRIEND

But, look, silly! ? (*Indicating on the flyer*) "The Maharaja of Indian cuisine"... Why don't you try a film on him instead... better than the one on those dreary Indian spices...More fun.

INDIAN-LOOKING WOMAN

(*reflecting*) Yes, makes sense... But these guys don't want to be seen around on TV, you see....

The cortège stops in front of a spice shop. Fixer detaches the cuisine from the auto-rickshaw and rushes into the shop.

13

INT. / INDIAN SPICE SHOP/ DAY

A crowded Indian shop. Fixer is distributing flyers. He comes up to the salesgirl, who is talking to an old Hindu priest, dressed in a white *dhoti* and tunic, a large red blob on his forehead.

PRIEST

(showing a bottle of water)

Is this pure *Ganga-water* ?

SALESGIRL

Yes, straight from the Ganges.

PRIEST

Very auspicious. Very, very auspicious. *(Polite)* Now I also need some natural antiseptic. Would you have some cow urine?

The salesgirl is horrified.

PRIEST

Why, it's the finest antiseptic in the world. But it's OK, I'll have it brought over from London ...

Fixer touches the priest's feet melodramatically and gives him a flyer.

FIXER

Please come, Sir, just 1 Euro. *(sarcastic)* It may not be prepared with with the anti-septic in the world, but it's delicious...

14

EXT. / PASSAGE BRADY/ DAY

Nishan snatches a pile of flyers from Fixer's hand and runs towards the **SOUVLAKI CORNER**, which has a long queue of customers outside it. Nishan distributes flyers.

NISHAN

(to customers)

Hot Indian food... *(to a customer)* Curry – for just 1 Euro... Save 20 Euros every month on lunch. Home delivery at the same price... If you don't like the food, don't pay.

CUSTOMER 1

(to his friends) Want to try Indian curry? *(to Nishan)* Hey, hey, where's this, Monsieur?

NISHAN

There...

People look back at Nishan's stall where customers are gathering.

NISHAN

If you don't like the food, I'll return the money.

SOUVLAKI CORNER OWNER

(noticing Nishan, angry)

Stop this damned publicity here. Don't you dare enter my shop.

NISHAN

I'm not in your shop, Monsieur. This is a public street.

SOUVLAKI CORNER OWNER

You sell crap for 1 Euro.

NISHAN

Be my guest. If you don't like it, don't pay.

SOUVLAKI CORNER OWNER

Bloody illegal workers... Thieves... Get lost...

The owner's rudeness distinctly upsets a couple of customers who defect and head towards Nishan's stall.

15

EXT. / PASSAGE BRADY. NISHAN'S STALL / DAY

Nishan is working at his stall, a bit panic-stricken. Fixer is chopping onions. A small crowd is waiting to be served. Soft Indian classical music plays on the tape-recorder. Nishan changes the music and the Indian fusion returns, enlivening the atmosphere.

Fixer's auto-rickshaw is parked by the side of the stall, with piles of plastic boxes in it. A placard on top says "One Dollar Curry Home Delivery."

Fixer's mobile rings.

FIXER

Bonjour, One Dollar... Yes, hot... 1? Great! Thanks...

Fixer scribbles on a piece of paper. The mobile rings again.

FIXER

Bonjour, One Dollar... Yes, a great Indian chef... Seven?! You said – seven!
Yes... half an hour... Bye.

Fixer makes a “V” sign to Nishan and starts preparing the home delivery boxes.
Through the following scene, Fixer’s mobile rings constantly.

Nishan serves a customer.

CUSTOMER

Smells lovely. Is it very spicy?

NISHAN

(Joking) Uh! Will set your tongue on fire! *(whispering to her)* Madame,
it's made to suit the French taste.

The customer leaves, pleased with her plate. A Sikh customer follows:

SIKH CUSTOMER

Well, if it is made to suit the French taste, it can't be very authentic then.

NISHAN

Don't panic, my friend. *(Pointing to two different containers)* See this -
for the French... for us. Just try it... Genuine, *Punjabi* curry.

SIKH CUSTOMER

Lots of pickles, please. *(Noticing Nishan closely)* Hey, aren't you the chap from
Jandiala?

Nishan nods.

SIKH CUSTOMER

Good gracious! What's your father's name?

NISHAN

(slightly impatient)

Bhaji, people are waiting....

SIKH CUSTOMER

But aren't you the chap whose granduncle's sister-in-law's grand daughter is
married to my cousin's sister-in-law's son? Ah! *(Excited, to another
customer)* He's my cousin... Bloody shit, oye, my blood cousin! *(To Nishan)*
Now, you're not going charge money from a brother!

NISHAN

(irritated)

OK, OK... Please....

