

RIKA, 20, puts down her travel case. She holds two books. Rika is dressed in an unfashionable village frock that probably went out of vogue in the twenties. Her skin color is middle-eastern.

She looks excited to be here. Her face beams. Looks around the room. Runs her hands over the drapes.

RIKA
Niiiiice.

Bayllo, ZOUBA, 50 AND SPADE, 25 are also in the room. Zouba is Pakistani / Touareg or similar. Same as Spade.

They have unimpressed looks on their faces.

CLOSE UP

Discretely, unseen by Rika, Zouba casts a hard look at Bayllo. His face says "Pay up". Zouba subtly holds out his palm. Bayllo lumps a bundle of bank notes into Zouba's hand.

ZOUBA
(grim)
Rika...

Rika still admires the surroundings.

ZOUBA
You always wanted to come to
England ...

RIKA
(excited)
My dream finally came through..

Rika returns to admiring the wall paper.

RIKA
Woooah...

ZOUBA
(grim)
England cost money... that wall
cost money ... everything cost
money.

SPADE snatches the books off her. Aggressive. Intimidating. Flings them away.

Rika stops. Alarmed.

Zouba holds out a traditional wedding dress.

RIKA
A wedding dress?

Zouba nods.

Rika's joyful countenance evaporates. She is confused.

ZOUBA
That is your husband.

Bayllo manages a grin. Like "I'm cool".

Rika is bewildered. She casts a horrified look round.

RIKA
Husband?

Now it dawns on her.

RIKA (CONT'D)
I thought you brought me over for
school.

Spade smiles crookedly. A crooked "you don't know what
you've gotten yourself into" look.

ZOUBA
School cost money.
(waves around the room)
House cost money. Food cost money.

Rika's face shows she is bitterly disappointed. Regretful.
Betrayed.

ZOUBA (CONT'D)
Visa cost money. Transport cost
money.

Zouba motions at Bayllo.

ZOUBA (CONT'D)
He paid the money. He is not
charity.

Rika folds her hands.

RIKA
So ... this is all a trick.

ZOUBA
(shrugs)
Arrangement. You get a new life
here.

(motions at Bayllo)
He gets ... a wife.

RIKA
(wisens up; realizes)
And you make some money.

Zouba shrugs.

ZOUBA
Arranged marriage. Nothing new.
(in Urdu; SUPER: ENGLISH)
That's the way in India and
Pakistan.

Rika folds her hands.

RIKA
I'll return to the village.

Rika pushes past Zouba. Grim. Her demeanor shows she is not having it.

Spade stops her. Shoves her back. Roughly. Holds out a tablet.

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SPADE
Someone wanna speak to you.

INSERT: TABLET

INT. A POOR HUT - DAY

RIKA'S MOTHER is on screen. Writhing in pain. On a mat. Hyperventilates. Gasps. Eyes bulging. Flays her fingers.

RETURN TO SCENE

RIKA
(heart wrenched; screams)
Mama!! So sick! Terrible pains!

SPADE
(evil)
We been buying her medication.

Spade pulls out his phone. Begins to dial.

(CONTINUED)

SPADE
(ominous threatens)
We stop her medication...

Rika lurches for his arm. Stops him making the call. She drops to her knees. Pleads.

RIKA
No! Please!

ZOUBA
Medicine cost money...

Rika is so distraught. Buries her face in the bedspread in distress. Raises it. Abject distress in her eyes.

RIKA
(cries out; heart broken)
Mama!!

ZOUBA
Even death ... cost money.

Zouba throws the wedding gown into Rika's face.

ZOUBA
She lives or dies ... depends on
you.