



tamasha

presents

## My Name is...



**A new play by Sudha Bhuchar  
directed by Philip Osment**

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## THE STORY

### **A captivating new play about love, family and ever-shifting identities.**

*My Name is...* tells the story behind a story that fleetingly hit headlines in 2006 and continues to resonate throughout the UK and beyond.

When Gaby disappeared from her Scottish home, it was assumed that her Pakistani father Farhan, had kidnapped her and the spiraling headlines were only momentarily silenced when it emerged that Gaby may have fled of her own accord, choosing to spend her life with her father in Pakistan. To her Scottish mother Suzy's distress, Gaby declared, "my name is Ghazala" and turned her back on 'Gaby' and seemingly, the West.

This moving verbatim play reveals a cross-cultural love story that began in early 80s Glasgow, a world away from the frantic 'tug of love' well documented in the world's press.

## THE TOUR

*My Name is...* will open at the Arcola Theatre from 30 April – 24 May 2014 and Tron Theatre, Glasgow from 29 – 31 May 2014. It will then tour to small scale venues nationally in September and October 2014.

## THE AUDIENCE

- Wide theatre-going audience (due to universal and current themes)
- New writing audience
- Wide age group (age guideline: 14+, relatable characters aged 12 – 50)
- British Pakistani audience
- Wider British Asian audience
- Documentary / verbatim special interest audiences
- Schools groups (Drama, English, Politics, Media Studies)

## BACKGROUND & DEVELOPMENT

Sudha Bhuchar: Co-Artistic Director, Tamasha/Writer:

"I was inspired to explore this story after reading [an article in The Guardian](#) in 2007 (see below) which appeared a year after a supposed 'abduction' which occurred in the glare of the media:

*"The saga appeared to die without the real story ever having been aired, of how a relationship that blossomed in the 80s on the streets of Glasgow, between two young people without a religious bone in their bodies, had by 2007 disintegrated to the point where they were unable to agree on something as simple as their daughter's name."*

I met journalist Adrian Levy and, with his generous leads, set off on a journey that led me to Pakistan and Stornoway. My interest was captured by the story behind the story, revealing two teenagers who simply fell in love and with faith and courage took on a life together involving compromise and conversion to try to gain acceptance. The sacrifices made transformed them irrevocably; no longer the people they were when they fell in love, fragile ties broken apart. This deeply personal story played out in the public arena, become a tale to serve wider agendas around 'Islam vs. the west'.

British society is changing and mixed race/religion relationships are on the increase. There is pressure on these unions and, children of mixed heritage walk a tightrope in gaining acceptance. I was taken by the central role of religion in the lives of each of the protagonists and wanted to give this centre stage. The characters' relationship with faith and forgiveness resonates through their lives and choices.

*My Name is...* is a universal story about multiculturalism. It asks the questions: "What lengths would you go through to attain love?" and 'If you can't be where you come from, are you fundamentally incomplete for the rest of your life?'"

The piece has been developed over a period of 4 years with support from dramaturg, Lin Coghlan and in 2013 was part of the High Tide Festival.

"A deeply personal story, played out in a public arena, showing how two cultures relate and have shifted over time" James McDonald, Freelance Director

"Fantastic material, crafted as it was told...with incredibly simple honesty" Lin Coghlan, Dramaturg

## THE CREATIVE TEAM

**Sudha Bhuchar (playwright):** Sudha is a playwright and actor. Writing credits for Tamasha include *Balti Kings* (co-written with Shaheen Khan), *Fourteen Songs*, *Two Weddings and A Funeral*, *Strictly Dandia*, *A Fine Balance* (all co-written with Kristine Landon-Smith), her first children's play *Child of the Divide* (Polka Theatre, Best Kids' Show of 2006 - Time Out London) and her adaptation of Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba - The House of Bilquis Bibi*. Her recent writing credits include *Small Fish Big Cheese* for the Unicorn Theatre. Sudha jointly won, with Kristine Landon-Smith, the 2005 Asian Women of Achievement Award for Arts and Culture and the 2010 First Women Award in the Tourism and Leisure category. As an actor, Sudha appears in Birmingham Repertory Theatre and Royal Court Theatre co-production, *Khandan* by Gurpreet Kaur Bhatti from May 2014.

**Philip Osment (director)** is an award-winning playwright, director, dramaturg, teacher and facilitator. His recent play *Whole* won the Writers' Guild Award for Theatre Play for Young People. Philip directed landmark productions for Gay Sweatshop in the 1980s and for Theatre Centre and Red Ladder in the 1990s. More recently, he created and directed *Mad Blut* (a verbatim play about knife crime) and wrote and co-directed *Inside* (about young fathers in prison) for his company Playing On at The Roundhouse. He has also directed for the National Theatre Studio, Bristol Old Vic and three productions for Graeae.

**Arun Ghosh (composer / sound designer)** is a British-Asian clarinetist, composer and music educator. In 2008 he was selected for Edition IV of the Jerwood/PRS Foundation 'Take Five' initiative for emerging jazz musicians produced by Serious. Since 2010, he has been Associate Artist at The Albany and in 2011 was Artist-in-Residence for the Southbank Centre's Alchemy Festival. Ghosh was a BT Celebrity Storytellers for the London 2012 Olympics and was also a featured artist with his Arkestra Makara pan-Asian chamber orchestra as part of the Cultural Olympiad. In 2012, Ghosh was selected as one of two UK musicians for the 2nd edition of 'Take Five Europe' and toured in 2013.

**Miriam Nabarro (designer):** Credits for theatre include: *Bang Bang Bang* (Royal Court), *The Great Game: Afghanistan* (Tricycle/ US tour), *Dr Korzac's Example* and *Palace of the End* (Royal Exchange Theatre), *The Winter's Tale* (Headlong), *Mad Blut* (Theatre Royal Stratford East), *Tombstone Tales* and *George and the Dragon* (Beggarsbelief), *The Snow Queen* (Polka), *Twelfth Night*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth* (NT Education), *Sabbat* (Dukes) and *Qudz* (Yard). Miriam exhibits widely, is Artist in Residence at SOAS, and works regularly internationally as an artist and educator for NGOs and the British Council.

**Ian Scott (lighting designer):** Recent theatre includes: *Frozen* (Fingersmiths, UK tour), *Curlew River* (Barbican), *A Hitchhiker's Guide To Fazakerley*, *Sons Of The Desert*, *Bouncers*, *Ladies Day*,

*A Nightmare On Lime Street, Macbeth, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Little House On The Prairie and You'll Never Walk Alone* (Royal Court Liverpool), *Coronation Street* (Australia/New Zealand tour), *The Victorian In The Wall* (Fuel), *Where The Wild Things Are / Higglety Pigglety Pop!* (Aldeburgh Music/LA/Barbican), *Corrie!* (The Lowry and UK tour), *The Three Musketeers* (Unicorn Theatre), *The 39 Steps* (Criterion Theatre), *Be My Baby* (Derby Theatre), *Reasons To Be Cheerful* (Graeae) and *Inside* (Playing On/Roundhouse).

### PRODUCTION INFORMATION

- **Age Range:** 14 plus.
- **Running time:** c. 1 hour 30 mins (no interval).
- **Nuanced dialects:** ranging from Glaswegian /Pakistani to pure Glaswegian mixed with perfectly honed Urdu. The hybrid language is an easy mix of Urdu and English, rarely seen on a British stage.
- **Highly visual:** full of images that invoke powerful feelings from the character of Farhan in his eighties John Travolta suit, singing with his children in full Pakistani shalwar kameez to Suzy in a full niqab, white hands and feet in her 'hippy' flip flops.
- **Soundscape** including well-known songs of The Jackson Five, The Commodores alongside Bollywood hits.

### WORKSHOP FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Tamasha has commissioned writer Sumerah Srivastav and director Jane Fallowfield to create a short play, inspired by the themes of *My Name is...*, using material generated in workshops with London's young people.

Taking the theme of identity as their starting point, Jane and Sumerah will run research and development workshops with young people aged 14+. They will start with a blank page, and use the workshops to create characters, story and dialogue.

Jane and Sumerah are offering a workshop that will:

- Give participants an understanding of how a new play is created, by taking them through the building blocks of character, story and dialogue.
- Explore the theme of identity, asking questions such as: What makes you who you are? Who are your heroes? When do you feel most yourself?
- Include playwriting and performing exercises to generate material.

**Length of the workshop:** 90 minutes straight through or 2 hours with a break.

**Maximum number of participants for each workshop:** 20 ideal (up to 30 possible).

**Dates:** Workshops can be delivered between 30<sup>th</sup> April and 14<sup>th</sup> June. However workshops taking place before 24<sup>th</sup> May can also benefit from a ticket offer to [My Name Is...](#) at the Arcola.

**Space:** Ideally a drama studio, but a large classroom would also work, providing chairs and tables can be cleared to one side.

**Fee:** All workshops are FREE.

We hope this will be an exciting opportunity for young people to have their say about an issue that affects them and to be at the heart of the creation of a new piece of theatre. We are keen to find a couple of groups that we work with more than once, allowing the participants to go deeper into the process of making a new play.

**For more information and to book please contact: Geraldine Smith at Tamasha: 07990877904/[tamasha.mynameis@gmail.com](mailto:tamasha.mynameis@gmail.com)**

## Workshop Facilitator Biogs

Jane has directed *Bird* by Laura Lomas (National Theatre Studio, Derby Theatre), *The Only Way Is Chelsea's* by Frazer Flintham (Soho Theatre, York Theatre Royal), *Cosmic* by Tom Wells (Hull Truck), *Lagan* by Stacey Gregg (Ovalhouse). She is a Staff Director and a Connections Director at the National Theatre. Jane has assistant directed at the Royal Court and RSC. Her education work includes Clean Break and the Almeida Theatre.

Sumerah's media career began in independent film production before moving into commercial radio where she launched and ran Club Asia Radio, a pan-London youth station for eight years. She has been a member of the Royal Court's Critical Mass and Studio writers' programme and Stratford East's Musical Theatre Initiative. Her plays include *Border Lies* (rehearsed reading, Kali and in development, Talawa), and *Downfall* (Tamasha). Sumerah is a BBC script researcher on *Eastenders*. [www.sumerah.com](http://www.sumerah.com)

### **STUDENT NIGHT: Mon 12<sup>th</sup> May - £10 tickets w/ teachers' free (groups 10+)**

On Student Night, school groups can receive substantial ticket discounts, a pre-show introduction from Tamasha and the Arcola team, as well as the chance to submit questions to the cast at the end of the production. Responses are then recorded with the cast/creatives, uploaded onto YouTube and the link sent to schools so you can watch in class.

Due to transport and the logistics of evening performances, Arcola has found that most schools and university students were unable to stay for traditional post show discussions so this digitally delivered Q&A allows students to engage with the people behind *My Name is....* It also means those who do not have the confidence to ask questions in public still have a chance to express their opinions and find out more. If you are able to stay, come and meet the team in Arcola Café Bar afterwards!

Student Night tickets are only £10 (teacher free with every ten purchased) and can be booked in person or over the phone between 12.30pm and 6pm Monday-Saturday, using the code: STUDENTNIGHT.

Please Note: schools are asked to arrive at 7.30pm for Student Nights to be seated early and be welcomed by the Arcola Team.

<http://www.arcolatheatre.com/production/arcola/my-name-is>

## About us



tamasha

Tamasha is Britain's foremost touring theatre company producing new plays inspired by the diversity of a globalised world. Our work places the voices of emerging and established artists from culturally diverse backgrounds centre-stage.

Our approach is boldly investigative and located along 'cultural fault lines', leading the debate around the meeting points and multiple narratives of contemporary Britain and beyond. We:

- Present new plays from seldom-heard voices, charting the reality of lived multiculturalism
- Train theatre artists and young people through 'Tamasha Developing Artists'
- Facilitate theatremakers to engage creatively with communities and audiences.

Following co-Founder Kristine Landon-Smiths's appointment as Lecturer in Acting at NIDA in Sydney playwright and producer Fin Kennedy joins Sudha as co-Artistic Director from November 2013 and the company begins an exciting new phase. [\[Click here for more details>\]](#)

***My Name is...*** represents an important piece of work within Tamasha's Small Lives, Global Ties season which looks at how the personal story sits within its wider political landscape.

*"Tamasha means commotion, creating a stir, and the company is certainly doing that."*  
Whats On Stage on Tamasha's production *Snookered*

In addition to productions and touring the company runs Tamasha Developing Artists, an artist-led professional development programme for emerging and established theatre artists. The programme offers intensive training courses, workshops, masterclasses, bursaries and traineeships and ongoing professional support.

*"TDA opened up an industry which previously felt closed to me. It has directly led to paid commissions for film, (Gurinder Chadha), TV (Channel 4) and theatre (Manchester Royal Exchange). I am now a professional dramatist - all because of Tamasha's amazing work nurturing talent from diverse communities."*

Ishy Din, writer of *Snookered*  
[www.tamasha.org.uk](http://www.tamasha.org.uk)

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## PRESS COVERAGE FOR MY NAME IS...



*The Molly Campbell abduction scandal: from custody battle to international drama, The Guardian, Monday 28th April 2014*

[www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2014/apr/27/molly-campbell-abduction-custody-battle-scotland-pakistan-muslim](http://www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2014/apr/27/molly-campbell-abduction-custody-battle-scotland-pakistan-muslim)

*Revealed: The story of an international tug-of-love battle that made headlines around the world, Daily Record, Sunday, 13 April 2014*

<http://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/news/scottish-news/revealed-story-international-tug-of-love-battle-3408506>

*A Day In The Life Of: Tamasha Theatre Company, London Calling, 19 April 2014*

<http://londoncalling.com/features/a-day-in-the-life-of-tamasha-theatre-company>

**Original article, which inspired *My Name is...*:**

***Why Molly ran*, The Guardian, Saturday 23 June 2007**

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### **Why Molly ran**

By Cathy Scott-Clark and Adrian Levy

When 12-year-old Molly Campbell disappeared from her Scottish home last year, it was feared she had been kidnapped by her father to be married against her will in Pakistan. But, like her name, the truth wasn't quite as it seemed.

On August 27 last year, images of a heartbroken Louise Campbell were beamed around the world. Slurring and weeping, her eyes made lazy by sedatives, Campbell was so devastated, she only just managed to explain the reason for the press conference: that her 12-year-old daughter, Molly, her "lovable little girl", had last been seen two days earlier, talking to strangers at the school gates. The police had gathered all the available evidence. Molly Campbell had been taken from the Isle of Lewis aboard a British Airways twin-prop bound for Glasgow. There she had been spotted with an unidentified man and woman, boarding a Pakistan International Airlines flight for Lahore.



Photographs of a lost girl from the isles, giggly and in her navy school uniform, were released to the media.

If there were any doubts over the nature of the crime, they were ironed out when Louise's mum, Violet Robertson, waded in, telling the newspapers that her granddaughter had been kidnapped to become a child bride. Violet backed her theory by revealing that Louise had been hitched to Sajad Rana, a British man of Pakistani descent, years earlier. Their relationship had fallen to pieces, leaving both parties embittered.

This was a crime ripe for reporting - especially given its backdrop. Lewis is a historic settlement renowned for its world-famous tweeds. The strongly Christian enclave, where the Sabbath has traditionally been strictly observed, is a refuge from the ills of the 21st century and has a crime rate almost one third lower than the Scottish average. Ordinarily, the police's biggest problem, on an island where public houses are separated by miles of peat bogs and gorse banks, is drunk drivers. However, even here, on the edge of the world, where faith and the inclement climate throw residents into each other's arms, children were apparently not safe. What made it worse was the hint of a much-hyped "clash of civilisations", with Pakistan fingered as to blame for the vanishing of a 12-year-old schoolgirl. There had been no escaping the impact of Pakistan on British life since 9/11, particularly so in 2006. An inquiry into the London bombings of July 7 2005 had found that those responsible were under the influence of Pakistani controllers. Dame Eliza Manningham-Buller, then head of MI5, warned that she was dealing with 30 similar plots, and tracking the movement of 1,500 jihadis, most of them from the million-strong British Pakistani community.

Now, following Louise Campbell's TV breakdown, it was as if the tentacles of a warlike Islamic culture had seized Molly in their grip. Nowhere was safe.

Then Molly emerged. But if her appearance was calculated to dampen the story, it had the opposite effect. Filmed strolling down a street in Lahore, the footage confirmed that she was indeed in Pakistan and was the first indication that Molly was even alive. She was shown hand in hand with a large, bearded Pakistani man in traditional kurta pyjamas. She was dressed in a pink shalwar kameez and pointedly told reporters her name was not Molly Campbell. She was called Misbah. She was with her father, Sajad. And she was not coming home.

With her dad ever present, Molly insisted she had not been abducted. Speaking with a broad Scottish accent, she described her life at her mother's stark council flat in the tiny Lewis fishing village of Tong as a "living hell", and said she had escaped to be with her older sister, Tahmina, 18, and two brothers, Omar, 21, and Adam, 16. Sajad Rana, too, had a message, saying Misbah had fled a "lunatic fringe of white racists". The truth was difficult to determine. What was being portrayed in Stornoway as child abduction was 4,026 miles away in Lahore being described as the emancipation of a daughter.

The two sides would become only more divided. Sajad's lawyers in Lahore, who readied to go to the Sharia court, pronounced Louise an apostate for living in sin with her boyfriend, Kenny Campbell, with whom she'd recently had a daughter, Rachel. Suggestions that, should she travel to Pakistan for the court case, Louise could face the death sentence for life choices made in the UK were made by the lawyers, who argued that "no Muslim girl" should be placed in a culture that "encourages promiscuity". The Daily Record sent a volley back: "Here in Scotland, it's Scottish law that counts. And in Scots law, Molly is too young to decide where she lives."

Which, if any, of these versions was true? The case of the girl known as Molly and Misbah set the British public on edge and UK Muslims on the defensive.

However, in January 2007, Louise suddenly and surprisingly renounced her rights to Molly/Misbah. She said her priority now was Rachel. The saga appeared to die without the real story ever having been aired, of how a relationship that blossomed in the 80s on the streets of Glasgow, between two young people without a religious bone in their bodies, had by 2007 disintegrated to the point where they were unable to agree on something as simple as their daughter's name. And how that

journey mirrored a dramatic transfiguration of multicultural Britain that lurched from an age of tolerance to mutual suspicion before falling to pieces in hatred.

In August 1983, Louise Robertson was a 15-year-old tomboy who could think of nothing better than hanging out in her roller boots. She skated most days, grabbing the bumpers of cars outside her home on Glasgow's Paisley Road West, tailgating until she was spotted. Humming Easy (Like Sunday Morning), from the Commodores LP she'd just bought second-hand for 50p from a bargain bin in Barras Market, Louise rarely bothered to go home.

Living in the heart of Ibrox, a tough pocket of the city within sight of Rangers' football ground, her home was a two-room tenement too small to escape from the argy-bargy. She lived there with her two sisters, their mother, Violet, two alsatians and her mother's boyfriend, Ian, who she claimed got a little too touchy-feely after a night on the 70 Shilling. Most evenings Louise skated, smoked, kicked a football around with her friend Frank, or they'd scramble down the mud bank behind her flat to where the M8 motorway was being built and gouge out newly-laid Catseyes. "So much cooler than marbles."

Just across the construction site, half a mile down leafy Nithsdale Road, in the southside suburb of Pollokshields, Sajad Rana was having a good summer. Too good. His friends recalled him standing in front of a mirror at his family's five-bedroom home, trying on a new white, Travolta-style suit straight out of Staying Alive, which had come to the Odeon earlier that year. He rued his expanding waistline. Mushtaq Rana, his father, a leather trader who had migrated to Britain in 1965, had upped sticks to get the family's ailing business in Pakistan back on track, leaving behind Sajad, now 21, to run the family's Glasgow leather store. Sajad had never exactly seen eye to eye with his dad, and with him away he had partied hard. "I was a lad having fun with my mates," Sajad remembers, downplaying his wild years, home alone. "Too much fun."

Squeezing himself into his jogging trousers, Sajad called his friend Waseem and headed to the athletics track at Bellahouston Academy, his old school, in nearby Gower Terrace. They ran a few circuits before Sajad spotted a group of girls in the stands. Louise remembers "this Asian lad" hitching up the hood of his black parka, "trying to be slick and cool", and sauntering over to introduce himself. Louise stood out - a teenager with frizzy curls whom Sajad had seen before, being pulled along Paisley Road West in her roller boots by two great alsatians. Mouthy Louise, he thought. She remembered thinking her romantic dalliances to date had been limited to trying to teach Frank to french kiss in the school cloakroom and that she could do better. But Sajad played the fool. She says: "He put on this phoney Pakistani accent, pretending he was just off the boat." In her final year at Bellahouston, treading water until her 16th birthday came around and she could flee from the CSEs she knew she was about to fail, she had nothing better to do and the two became friends.

They had their rebelliousness in common. Sajad liked her noisiness. Louise had peroxide streaks in her hair, stuck up two fingers at anyone who crossed her and was different from the Pakistani girls on whom Sajad's mother had her eye. Sajad was born in Pakistan, but had lived in Britain since the age of three, when his father, then an engineer for Massey Ferguson tractors, decided to get better qualified by becoming the first member of his family to leave their home in Sahiwal, in south-eastern Punjab, for Britain. From a small home in Slough and a leather garment business in Brick Lane in the East End of London, Mushtaq Rana eventually bumped into old friends from Sahiwal who had come to live in Glasgow. They persuaded him to settle in the city, too.

Now, almost two decades later, Sajad could barely recall his ancestral home. Settled, planted, a Glaswegian, Sajad and Louise were content. She says, "In those days, lots of my friends dated Asian guys. Everyone was mixed up." By 1983, the Pakistani community was well integrated - a Pakistan-born justice of the peace and town councillor, Bashir Maan, had been elected to office 20 years earlier. "Religion wasn't on the agenda," says Maan, a friend of the Ranas. "The Asian community had found its feet."

That winter, the news from back home that reached the Pakistani community in Pollokshields was of a war in Afghanistan where Pakistani volunteers and the mujahideen were fighting to evict the

Soviet Red Army. As fundraisers went door-to-door in Nithsdale Road and Albert Drive, Sajad and Louise discovered a shared passion for Shalamar's Night To Remember at Cardinal Follies, a nightclub that had taken over the disused Elgin Place Congregational Church at the corner of Pitt and Bath streets. Photos show Louise in a white, Human League-style shift dress, arm-in-arm with Sajad, posing for the camera in a short-sleeved shirt. By February 1984, Louise and Sajad were rarely out of each other's arms. She decided to get more serious. "It was a leap year and a schoolfriend said that if you ask your boyfriend to marry you on Valentine's Day, he had to say yes or cross your hand with gold or silver. So I said, 'Will you marry me?'" Sajad claims not to recall where Louise proposed to him. She can. "We were in bed. I didn't know I had such a thing as virginity till I lost it. We had sex. I sat up and asked him to marry me. He looked puzzled." Sajad says, "I thought, was she serious? I started mulling it over. We could do it. We were different from our parents."

Over the next two months, Sajad tried to figure out what to say to his family. They were already bitterly disappointed that he had not finished his education and become a doctor or lawyer, instead of following the money. "Sajad was always the black sheep," says Shahzad, his younger brother, who today runs an Islamic bookshop in Pollokshields. "Our dad wanted him to go to the mosque and be a dutiful son, but Sajad didn't see himself that way." Sajad's parents were born in India, his mother in Bombay and his father in Punjab, before fleeing to the new Pakistan after partition in 1947, and they always followed events back home. But Sajad's earliest memories were dominated by a photograph of himself and his parents, suitcases in hand, entering London in 1965. Arriving in the new country had come to matter more than departing the old one.

April 15 1984 was a fateful day: Louise's 16th birthday. Lionel Richie was number one with Hello. She woke up to find her clothes bundled into bin liners and thrown into a skip. "My stepdad told me to fuck off and jump in the skip, too." Without pausing to think, Sajad asked Louise to marry him. His family would welcome her as a new daughter, he said. His mother would become her mother. "I was desperate for a nice family, so I said yes," Louise says.

She moved into Sajad's West End apartment and fantasised about a big Asian wedding with music and cascades of rose petals, while he continued to struggle with how to break the news to his family. In the end he called Shaha, his eldest sister, who had moved to Saudi Arabia. She'd let the family down gently while Sajad went shopping. "He bought me a beautiful traditional Pakistani red wedding outfit and gold jewellery," Louise says. In 16 years, it was her first proper gift.

Then Louise met Sajad's married younger sister, Samina, and her husband. "I was scared shitless. It was like the Spanish Inquisition." Louise recalls the embarrassment of being quizzed by intelligent young Asians her own age who were clearly far better educated and had a different perspective. "They asked if I was a virgin, how many boyfriends I'd had. Everyone presumed I was pregnant."

Shahzad says his family was reeling: "Pakistani mothers expect their daughters-in-law to be super-wives, trained from an early age to know what to expect, to do their own thing, a career or whatever, but also to meet the needs of an extended family: cook, clean, be respectful. The trouble with Louise was she didn't even know how to fry an egg."

Sajad's parents struggled to be happy for their son. But unable to countenance a public wedding, the ceremony was held in Samina's bedroom in Nithsdale Road. "His mum was so ashamed," Louise says. "She took away the wedding outfit and jewellery, and made me wear some clothes belonging to Samina. During the ceremony she sat in a corner of the room weeping." Louise barely understood what was going on. "Sajad had asked me beforehand to agree to taking an Asian name. We chose Shaza. I was told not to look up and just to recite the funny Arabic words after the imam. I thought we could marry and just carry on having a laugh."

And they did, to start with - photographs of their honeymoon in Disneyland, Florida, show a sunny couple. But back home Louise realised she was not getting what she wanted. "His mum now wouldn't talk to him. She just turned up at the flat, charged in shouting." Louise claims to have been so frightened that she barricaded herself in the bathroom. Sajad can recall no such row and

was oblivious to Louise's increasing isolation: ignored by her old friends and her mother, cold-shouldered by her in-laws. Six months earlier, she'd modelled herself as a kind of Gregory's girl, the football-crazy teenager in the 1981 movie, yet now, while old classmates listened to Ultravox and the Stranglers, Louise sat in their flat as her new husband went out to work, a situation she decided to remedy when their first son was born in 1986.

She called him Omar, after Omar Sharif, her Hollywood take on the Islamic heritage she had come into contact with. It was a name the Pakistani family despised. But the birth triggered a reconciliation, of sorts, when Sajad's mother moved in to supervise the upbringing of her first grandson. Louise had to adapt. She learned to oil and comb her mother-in-law's hair, to rub her feet, to bathe her. She took Urdu lessons and, of her own choice, began to pray five times a day and to read the Qur'an - although it was a struggle for a girl whose only prowess at school had been woodwork and football.

The family continued to grow. In 1989, the year in which the news was dominated by the end of the Afghan war, Louise gave birth to a daughter, Tahmina, and two years later to another son, Adam. But still she felt an outsider, while Sajad was preoccupied building his new business, having moved into real estate. "Whenever I kissed the children, my mother-in-law would wipe their faces," Louise says. "She refused to wash her clothes in the same machine as mine." Whether these slights were imagined or real, Louise's feelings of rejection - harboured since her own family threw her out - made her decide to embrace Islam entirely in 1991. "It dictated every moment of my life, so I felt I should try to get closer to it. I said to Sajad, 'If I'm going to follow this properly, the first thing I should sort out is my clothes.' I learned that a full Islamic scarf worn around the head and neck was the correct attire and I began to wear it." Soon, Sajad, who still preferred a T-shirt and jeans, put on kurta pyjamas. "It was Louise's decision," he says. "I was pleased she was taking it seriously."

Through the 90s, as sections of the British Pakistani community began to become more assertive, influenced by men returning from the Afghan jihad with their faith invigorated, Sajad became steeped in the community that once he had avoided. Louise's social life was dominated by jamaat, fixtures in the Muslim calendar when families travel around Britain or abroad to congregate with friends and relations. "A whole coach load of women I'd never met before turned up outside our house. I just sat on my own at the bottom of the stairs looking at this sea of shoes scattered across my hall, thinking, I still don't belong."

For a girl whose stepfather had pitched her life into a skip, being part of something was key. But Louise did not understand what anyone was talking about when in 1993 the community was abuzz with the news about how Ramzi Yousef, a Pakistani national who was being hunted after attempting to blow up the World Trade Centre in New York, was thrusting to centre stage conflict between the Muslim and Christian worlds. And when she visited Pakistan in 1995, shocked to be staying with Sajad's relatives in a baked-brick village in Punjab, she asked nothing about the country where Benazir Bhutto was then prime minister for the second time and where Pakistanis who had fought in the Afghan war were readying themselves to fight another.

By the time their youngest daughter, Misbah, was born in 1995, Sajad had embraced a new conservatism, returning from a trip to the Middle East with several abayas (full-length black coats). Louise says, "Sajad brought these clothes as a gift, thinking nothing of it. He said I should wear them even though it was high summer and they were so hot." Sajad remembers it differently. "It was Louise who kept pushing us on as she desired to cover up her difference."

In 1997, when Omar turned 11 and the talk in Pollokshields was of how the Taliban had seized power in Afghanistan, bringing order to a country ravaged by warlords, it was Louise who suggested that their eldest son attend a madrassah. She says, "There was no Islamic school in Glasgow then. We should do things properly and the good school was in Blackburn." As Sajad's business was in Glasgow, where he had by now made a fortune, he bought his family a house on Moss Street, directly opposite Blackburn's Jamiatul-Ilm Wal-Huda.

It would be a few years before schools such as this would be targeted by the British security services, accused of pandering to extremism, or, Louise claims, be forced to expel one pupil alleged to have been experimenting with bomb-making. For now, though, the Ranas embraced the Qur'an and Louise's struggle was with the local Christian community that had turned hostile to the Pakistani life springing up all around them. "I remember pushing my baby in a pram. I was head to foot in black and there was a white couple behind me, goading me, pushing their pram into my heels. They had no idea. I swung round and gave them a gob-full in my broadest Glaswegian." Alone every night after her children went to bed, Louise befriended another white woman who had converted to Islam and lived a few doors away. "My new friend was much bolder than me. She'd refused to give up smoking and used to lift up her niqab to take a puff." She reminded Louise of her former self, and they began to confide in each other.

Watching news reports about how women in Afghanistan were being oppressed by the Taliban, Louise and her friend discussed their own situation. "We spoke about how silly it was that even inside the house we were always covered up. My children had never even seen my ankles, let alone my stomach. My friend said show them if you want to, so I did."

Sajad blames Louise's friend for causing fissures in their marriage. "There were signs of defiance in Louise I'd not seen before. She began to disrespect her faith. My family. She'd expose herself in the house. She was smoking and perhaps drinking." Having been pushed to embrace his past, Sajad was unhappy with his wife's future. "The new Louise was not very nice."

In August 1998, Islamic terrorists rammed trucks filled with explosives into US embassy compounds in Nairobi, Kenya and Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, killing hundreds. Days later, the US responded with missile raids on Osama bin Laden's training camps in Afghanistan. As the Pakistani community in Pollokshields looked for answers, Sajad and Louise travelled to Mecca on hajj. It was Sajad's first pilgrimage, and it would be their last holiday together. Feeling the pressure of family and peers, Sajad made it clear that Louise's appearance on the trip would be critical; he was also worried about her safety. She, too, was paranoid in her adopted faith. She wore a full-length coat, double niqab, socks and gloves throughout, covering up every square inch of whiteness. "It was Ramadan," she says. "There was fasting during the day. I kept fainting because it was boiling. I came from Glasgow, for God's sake. I couldn't cope."

Shortly after their return, Sajad remembers being woken up. "Louise was banging her head on the wall, screaming and shaking like some wild animal. I took her to the hospital and they gave her pills. I said I would do anything for her." Louise had had a breakdown and spent the next two months in psychiatric care. Sajad called and visited, but everything he said Louise found hurtful. "I took one call from the ward phone. He said, 'I think God's punishing you for being ungrateful.' I just slid down the wall."

Sajad says that everything he did - new carpets, new wallpaper, new kitchen - seemed to make her more miserable. When Louise was discharged, the Islam that she had hoped would make her belong instead felt as if it were strangling her. "I said I was never wearing those Asian clothes again. My sister brought me some British clothes from a charity shop." It was the first time in 15 years she had worn a skirt and T-shirt. But soon, Sajad convinced her to come back. He says, "I wanted her home. I would have done anything to help her." But he stopped in a car park just before they drove into Blackburn and pulled her old coat and veil out of the boot.

"When we got to my wee house in Blackburn," Louise says, "there were 16 people waiting - my kids, Sajad's two sisters and their families, my mother-in-law. They put me to bed with some pills. A few days later I snapped again when I heard Sajad's mother saying I was lazy, lying in bed. I went downstairs, opened the dishwasher and started throwing all the plates around, shouting, 'I'm cleaning the kitchen, I'm cleaning the fucking kitchen' like something out of *The Shining*."

While Louise struggled to cling on, Sajad felt he could not abandon the community she had persuaded him to embrace. After an earthquake devastated parts of Turkey in August 1999, he flew to work for an Islamic aid organisation. Left to fend for herself with four children and still suffering the vestiges of her mental illness, Louise embarked on an affair with a mental health worker at her clinic. "Even then I was willing to give it another go," Sajad says.

Louise filed for divorce. In the summer of 2000, Louise Rana walked away from her Islamic life and her four children, leaving Sajad on the steps of the family court after the first divorce hearing, and her niqabs and black coats in a wardrobe in Blackburn; her toothbrush was still in its mug. For the next two and a half years, Misbah, then five, and her brothers, nine and 13, and sister, 10, heard little from their mother.

After September 11 2001, life became increasingly challenging for Britain's Pakistanis, as evidence emerged of a minority who were travelling back and forth to Pakistan under the influence of al-Qaida. It felt, according to Bashir Maan, as if everyone of Pakistani descent was being accused. "We felt pressured to eradicate our Islamic ways of life, to prove our Britishness."

Shahzad Rana says, "As teenagers, Sajad and I had believed integration and assimilation were the same thing. We felt like Glaswegians, not Pakistanis. But now we felt as if Britain wanted its Pakistanis to assimilate and not integrate, to stop wearing our traditional clothes and beards. To stop standing out. When Sajad and I realised that our parents - who we saw as old-fashioned - might have been right all along, it was a terrible moment."

In 2003, soon after police seized alleged al-Qaida supporters in early-morning raids in Glasgow, the Rana family moved to Lahore, where Sajad had bought a palatial villa staffed by a cook, housekeeper, gardener and nanny. Omar, Sajad's eldest son, says, "We were all up for it. It was going to be an adventure." Louise agreed to let Sajad take the children. "She said, 'You're a much better person than me - you keep them as Muslims. I can't look after them that way any more.'" Sajad remarried, this time to a Pakistani super-wife.

However, shortly after Omar decided to get married, Louise changed her mind. She called Sajad. "She said she was better and ready to see the kids," he says. Sajad gave the children £1,500 spending money and sent them to Stranraer, where Louise was living with her new boyfriend, Kenny Campbell. "After two weeks, the two older ones rang, saying they were leaving," Sajad says. "Louise had spent all their money, accused them of sponging off her and sent Adam and Omar down to the local Tesco to get jobs. She told them she'd kill herself if they ever left." Tahmina and Omar ran, leaving a desperate Louise to obtain a court order to keep Misbah, 11, and Adam, 14. But shortly after his 15th birthday, Adam fled, too, to be with an aunt in London. Sajad said, "They all said this wasn't the mother they knew and loved. They said she had begun teaching against Islam, drinking wine and cooking pork. She told them Islam was a bad thing. She was angry with their faith."

Louise decided Misbah would become Molly, a pet name she'd used since the child's birth. Although her daughter had settled in well at a new school in Stranraer, joining the majorettes and Girl Guides, Louise planned to make her vanish. Sajad would come for her, she argued. "We decided to hide." She drew up a shortlist, a sheet of paper she headlined What To Tell Molly. Upon it she wrote a script: "Adventure: good, exciting, new friends, new start for us three. Bad things: leave friends, not tell anyone, far away." She wrote out the pros and cons of moving to the Scottish Borders, "very near, lots of roads"; then the Highland towns of Ullapool ("far away"), Lochinver ("not an island") and Kinlochbervie ("never very busy"). Last, she scribbled down the Isle of Lewis - "very, very far away, hard for visitors to visit, long ferry trip". Days later, Louise, Kenny and Molly skipped to the Outer Hebrides.

For months Sajad frantically sought out news of his daughter, until August 2006, when he and Tahmina flew to Lewis, having learned of her whereabouts from one of Louise's friends. As soon as they touched down, Tahmina went to the Nicholson Institute, the school where "Molly Campbell" was registered. "She was overjoyed to see her sister," Sajad says. "Louise had told her we had abandoned her. Misbah wanted to run away. I told Tahmina, 'Don't encourage her, she's a ward of court, let the lawyers sort it out.'"

Sajad returned to Glasgow, leaving Tahmina to stay on for another day. When he arrived to pick up his daughter at Glasgow airport on August 25, Misbah was there, too. "'Oh no,' I thought. I was delighted. Terrified. I could see what was about to unfold. The whole world would be against us. I had to think on my feet. I just ran to the Pakistan International Airlines counter and bought three

tickets to Lahore. The plane was leaving in just over an hour and Misbah wrote two letters, one to the police, saying, 'You know me as Molly Campbell and I'm running away', and another to her head teacher. Then she rang her three best friends in Stornoway. I made her call Louise, too." As soon as they reached Lahore, Misbah called Louise again. She contacted the Northern Constabulary, too - something investigators now admit. However, the next day the Ranas were shocked to see Louise on television, shaking uncontrollably and claiming that a daughter called Molly had vanished, with the police appearing to back her story. "I was still Sajad, from Glasgow, yet suddenly I was this bearded Muslim, a jihadi kidnapper of a white girl called Molly. They kept calling her Molly. Her name is Misbah. But Misbah would not have been a story. Who would have cared if the victim was a Pakistani girl?"

Louise concedes she could have fought her case and possibly won. But that would have entailed her flying to Pakistan to confront things she had come to fear deeply - Islam, the clothes she would have to don and her own children. She decided to give in and move on. Molly was Misbah once again and living in Pakistan. They took to chatting on Yahoo mail, a screed of thoughts between mother and daughter about everything and nothing, while Sajad settled down in his home country. Last week, Misbah started emailing us, too, after hearing from Louise that we would soon be coming to Pakistan. "Heeyah," she wrote, "mama gave me your e-mail adress so i thote that i wil send u an e-amil and becom friends with u b4 u cum... i hav herd soo mucha abwt u... lol... (gud things)... emm... i am not quit sure how to say wot i wont to say... lol... emm... ok then... i wil tok to u soon then... and hope u reply ect... thank u... byeez... Xx-misbah-xx."

The following day, she wrote again, with a special request for something she could not get in Pakistan: "HEY! Howz u... can i ask u sumfing... knw how i hv been dying ma hair... well... pakistani dis woshes out... even wen i by the permenent die... so wud u b able to by a die from the UK... plz... thank u so much..."

Suddenly, Misbah's email cut out. Then she was back - "i wos reedin ur e-mail just wen i sent it... and den the lyt went... and den wen the light came bak (electrizaty came bak) the net stopped workin 4 sum reeson... so we got the internet fixed abwt anour ago... i hope u hv a gud lyf... is it kwl over dere... apart from the rain... em... ryt... ok i wil tok to u l8er... byeeez." And that was the last we heard.

Louise's windswept council house, on the prow of a hill, was lashed by rain and 30mph winds when we visited her, even though it was the last week of May. When we knocked, she answered with a face like drawn curtains. "It's all screwed up again," she said, still in shock. Kenny had moved out, unable to cope with the Molly/Misbah merry-go-round. Days earlier, he had returned to take away their baby, Rachel, saying that Louise was sick and an unfit mother. Now she was back in court, fighting for the return of another daughter, waiting for social services reports that would decide who should get custody.

Teenage Louise Robertson had had nothing. Louise Rana had abandoned everything. And now Louise Campbell has only a shrine in a bedroom crammed with mementos for a baby taken from her. Spending her days looking out from her kitchen window, where a flotilla of sullen clouds skulks in the bay, she jots down some lines: "My baby's noises I can't hear, her face I can't see, her smell I've forgot. Heartbreak again. Can your heart break again when it's already broken?"