

**A NICE INDIAN BOY**

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Based on the play by:  
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LEVANTINE FILMS

NOTE: It may enrich the read to (re)familiarize yourself with the song "Tujhe Dekha Toh" from the Bollywood classic "Dilwale Dulhania Le Jayenge."

View it here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cNV5hLSa9H8>

INT. EVENT SPACE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: ARUNDHATHI GAVASKAR, 24, fully made up for her super traditional Hindu wedding: Bindi on her forehead, henna on her hands, pearls dripping from a headband.

Over this, we hear the voice-over of NAVEEN, her brother.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

I was twenty-one when my sister got married.

We're MOS, in SLOW MOTION, as she grins, laughs, bounces up and down within frame, held aloft by several pairs of hands.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

That's her. Stunning, right? The whole wedding was stunning. It better have been because planning it consumed my mother's life for an entire year. But my parents were thrilled. Because Arundhathi, after scaring the shit out of them with a string of truly atrocious college boyfriends, had finally agreed to let them fix her up with, as my mom puts it --

REVERSE ON: the GROOM, MANISH, 28, held up by several more hands, gazing across at Arundhathi, bouncing and laughing and shouting.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

(imitating his Mom's accented English)  
-- 'a nice Indian boy.'

Manish is cartoonishly handsome in an embroidered kurta and turban. His eyes alight with affection for his new bride.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

Manish Rao. A future orthopedic surgeon, no less. I think my dad actually cried when he saw his bio-data.

FIND: MEGHA and ARCHIT GAVASKAR, in their 50s, looking on from just nearby.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

Which is funnier, I guess, if you know that my dad's face usually looks like this.

Archit is stonefaced.

FIND ARUNDHATHI AGAIN. Laughing and bouncing, then camera pans slightly down and to her left...

NAVEEN (V.O.)

And... yep, this is me, here.

... to reveal a SWEATY, SCRAWNY 21-YEAR-OLD BOY, one of four men holding her aloft. It's our NAVEEN, straining hard. He looks miserable.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

And not doing so hot if we're being honest.

Finally, from the wide angle, we see: the Varmala ceremony. Arundhathi holds a garland of flowers, trying to place it around Manish's neck. Manish's handlers, meanwhile, keep him away. It's a like a very fancy swimming pool 'chicken fight'.

We END SLO-MO as Arundhathi LUNGES for Manish's neck, causing Naveen's arms to finally give out. FWUMP! Arundhathi plummets out of frame.

CROWD

(horrified)

Ohhhhhh!

Arundhathi pops back up into frame.

CROWD

Woooo!

She shoots Naveen a subtle, but unmistakable death glare, then grins back out to the crowd. A BUFF COUSIN pushes Naveen out of the way and the four men pick her up.

Properly supported, Arundhathi finally gets close enough to place the garland around her new husband's neck.

Naveen loiters to the side. An UNCLE approaches, puts his arm around him, points to Manish.

UNCLE

Hey Naveen, don't worry about that.  
Next one of these, it'll be you up there.

Naveen gives him a weak smile.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

This would prove to be a refrain throughout the wedding.

INT. EVENT SPACE - LATER

At the altar, Manish and Arundhathi slowly circle a fire as a PRIEST reads blessings. Behind them stand Naveen, his parents, and MANISH'S PARENTS. MANISH'S DAD leans over.

MANISH'S DAD  
You're next, my friend.

NAVEEN (V.O.)  
An endless chorus of reminders that  
one day, I'd have this, too. The  
big, Indian wedding.

Naveen looks out to the crowd. A particularly ANCIENT AUNTIE points at him and mouths:

ANCIENT AUNTIE  
(subtitled Hindi)  
*[You are next.]*

INT. EVENT SPACE - NIGHT

The reception - lights are down, the DJ is blasting music, everyone's dancing.

Sitting to the side, Naveen nurses a beer, eyes fixed on the crowd.

NAVEEN (V.O.)  
And that was fine by me. People  
need a reason to party. Happy to do  
my part.

REVERSE ON Manish's GROOMSMAN, an absolute hunk. He's getting AFTER it on the dance floor, his shirt unbuttoned, revealing a toned chest, glistening with sweat.

NAVEEN (V.O.)  
Just one concern.

The Groomsman glances up, sees Naveen looking at him, and smiles. Naveen quickly averts his gaze.

NAVEEN (V.O.)  
What will it look like when I bring  
home a nice, Indian boy?

The Groomsman sprawls out in the seat next to his.

GROOMSMAN  
Naveen! What are you doing hiding  
over here?

NAVEEN  
Just a little breather.

GROOMSMAN  
Come on, I wanna see you on the  
dance floor.

Naveen looks up. Really? He smiles a little. The GROOMSMAN  
clinks his beer bottle against Naveen's, they both take a  
drink.

GROOMSMAN  
Hey, can I ask you something?

Naveen looks over, hopeful.

GROOMSMAN  
You see any ladies you like out  
there? I'm a sick wingman.

Naveen closes his eyes. Of course that's his question. The  
groomsman gets up to dance more.

GROOMSMAN  
You're next, buddy!

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

TITLE: Eight years later.

Naveen, now 28 years old, dressed like the software engineer  
he's become - chinos, Patagonia vest - gets jostled about by  
the crowd of morning commuters waiting for their order.

His ringtone SOUNDS. He looks at the screen: Incoming  
FaceTime from MOM. He ignores it. A BARISTA shouts.

BARISTA  
Nick! Grande soy cap.

Naveen pushes his way to the front.

BARISTA  
Nick?

NAVEEN  
Yeah.

The barista hands it over. Naveen's ringtone SOUNDS again. He  
pulls out his phone. Hits ignore. Immediately gets a text  
from his mother:

ON SCREEN: 'Call me. Important.'

He frowns, then places the call as he exits onto -

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

- puts his headphones in as he walks.

MEGHA

Where are you?

NAVEEN

Mom, you know it's weird to just videocall people out of the blue.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GAVASKAR KITCHEN - DAY

Megha sits at the table, a pile of bills and documents in front of her. We'll intercut as needed -

MEGHA

Huh? Your Triple A membership is expiring. You want me to renew it?

NAVEEN

You said this was important.

MEGHA

I don't know! Maybe you're behind the wheel and driving reckless, thinking 'oh triple A can tow me if I go too fast and crash.'

NAVEEN

Doesn't your texting me with an urgent message just make that more likely?

MEGHA

Are you driving? Pull over! Hang up!

NAVEEN

I'm not driving.

MEGHA

I'll just renew it. Don't tell your father.

NAVEEN

I can renew it.

MEGHA  
It's no problem.

NAVEEN  
OK, thanks. Talk to you--

MEGHA  
(seamlessly transitioning)  
--We watched the movie 'Milk' last  
night. On the LOGO channel.

NAVEEN  
(sotto)  
Oh my god.  
(barely tolerating her)  
Mmhm?

MEGHA  
You like that movie?

NAVEEN  
I haven't seen it.

Naveen arrives to a bus stop, crowded with other tech-employee-types who are boarding a private coach bus, emblazoned with the logo of the tech giant where they work.

INT. SHUTTLE - DAY

He ambles down the aisle. Near the back, his friend PAUL - gay, nerdy, Asian-American - sees Naveen and waves, then fends off someone vying for the empty seat next to him.

MEGHA  
I guess this is why Sean Penn got divorced.

NAVEEN  
I think he was just acting, Mom.

MEGHA  
And how in these movies do gay people always know who the other gay people are? They just give each other the look and boom they are kissing.

NAVEEN  
There's a -- it's a movie.

MEGHA  
Is that what you do? I don't want you to get into trouble.

NAVEEN

No. OK, I -- uh huh?

We CUT AWAY to: Paul's POV. Naveen takes a seat beside him, and like Paul, we now only hear his half of the conversation.

NAVEEN

... No, James Franco isn't gay either.

PAUL

He's at least a little gay.

Naveen shoots him a look.

NAVEEN

OK, Mom, I'm at work now.

PAUL

Did you say 'Mom'?!

NAVEEN

Oh no, it's my boss, he can see me on the phone, I'm gonna get fired for taking personal calls, oh no he looks really mad, hope I get a big severance, OK gotta go, bye Mom, love you.

He hangs up as the bus pulls away.

PAUL

How's Mom?

Naveen rolls his eyes.

INT. GAVASKAR KITCHEN - DAY

Megha hangs up. Archit enters, opens the fridge.

ARCHIT

How's Naveen?

She fakes a smile, frustrated at the distance her son puts between them -

INT. TEMPLE - EVENING

A temple of bright marble, with several altars to the many Hindu Gods. Hushed and peaceful and clean.

A temple bell hangs from the ceiling over the Ganesh altar.

Naveen stands before Ganesh, looks up at his elephant face. He reaches up, RINGS the bell. It echoes, sacred and solitary. He closes his eyes, and prays silently.

From behind, a WHITE GUY, mid-30s, approaches the same altar. He's Bay Area bohemian, with refined, delicate features, like a classical sculpture.

Naveen opens his eyes and glances over, registers his hotness, then returns to his prayer.

WHITE BOY settles in, and starts to pray.

WHITE BOY  
(chanting)  
*Om. Vakra Thunda Maha Kaaya Surya  
Koti Sama Prabha Nirvignam Kuru me  
Deva Sarva Karyeshu Sarvada.*

Naveen looks again, surprised. The White Boy finishes his prayers and starts prostrating. (Think the sun-salutation in yoga.) Naveen's just full-on ogling now.

White Boy finishes, and stands. Naveen quickly averts his gaze, reaches for the vibhuti and kumkum (sacred markings) just as White Boy reaches for the same.

Naveen, embarrassed, lets him go ahead. White Boy applies the markings on his forehead and smiles at Naveen. Was that... the look?

The White Boy rings the temple bell, and eyes Naveen again. Yep. This is definitely the gay movie moment of his mom's nightmares.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Naveen and White Boy, feverishly making out, tearing clothes off each other, hot and heavy. White Boy grasps Naveen's face, taking control, presses him against the wall, and before it gets NC-17 in here we CUT BACK TO:

INT. TEMPLE - RESUME

Reality. Naveen stands alone by the altar. He shakes off the fantasy, looks back to see White Boy headed out. That's not how it works, not for Naveen anyway.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING / ATRIUM - NIGHT

Naveen returns to his building, checks his mail.

INT. NAVEEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A well-decorated apartment, but impersonal, like he just bought a page out of the West Elm catalog. (He did.)

Naveen eats a Trader Joe's microwavable meal on the couch, responding to some work emails on his open laptop, a 'Friends' re-run on in the background.

The Rembrandt's theme song plays and when the clapping part comes, Naveen absentmindedly claps along - we sense this is his dumb ritual.

INT. NAVEEN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Hours later, Naveen snores on the couch, the TJs plastic tray congealing beside him. The glow of the TV illuminates his face.

ON THE SCREEN: "Are you still watching?"

INT. STARBUCKS - NEXT MORNING

A crowded chain, nestled into the lobby of an office tower, bustling with morning commuters.

Naveen arrives to the front of the line. A BARISTA, 20, unfriendly, stares back.

NAVEEN

Hey, can I do a medium soy  
cappuccino?

BARISTA

You know soy milk gives you  
breasts?

NAVEEN

... Pardon?

As Naveen orders, we find: The White Boy, a few feet away, in the huddle of people waiting for drinks. Unseen by Naveen, he smiles, amused, as the interaction continues:

BARISTA

There's like hormones. It gives guys breasts. You shouldn't drink it.

NAVEEN

Oh. Right. But it's on the menu, though?

BARISTA

(darkly)

For now.

Back with the White Boy, who is growing more amused watching Naveen navigate this.

BARISTA

So are you going to change your order?

NAVEEN

Um... you know what, I think I'll just chance it for today.

The barista gives a judgmental eyeroll and plugs the order into the computer. The White Boy laughs to himself.

BARISTA

Name for the order?

NAVEEN

Nick.

Without further ceremony, the barista looks past him to the next person in line.

MOMENTS LATER

Naveen types "soy milk causes breasts?" into Google on his phone as he waits in the mass of people. He looks up and sees The White Boy, just beside him. Panicked, he looks away.

When he looks up again. White Boy's looking back.

WHITE BOY

Ganesh?

Naveen looks confused.

NAVEEN

No, sorry.

WHITE BOY  
No, you were at the temple last  
night. By the altar to Ganesh.

NAVEEN  
Oh... yeah, yep.  
(badly faking)  
Oh, um, were you there, too?

Distantly we hear:

BARISTA (O.S.)  
Nick?

WHITE BOY  
You must live around here.

NAVEEN  
Oh, yeah. You?

WHITE BOY  
I'm shooting portraits this week at  
a law firm around the corner.

BARISTA (O.S.)  
(more insistently)  
Soy cap for Nick.

Naveen still doesn't hear the barista.

NAVEEN  
You're a photographer.

WHITE BOY  
Yeah. Usually not this corporate  
stuff, but it pays the bills.

Naveen wants to ask him out. Builds up the nerve. With forced  
casualness:

NAVEEN  
Hey, any chance you --

BARISTA  
(insistently)  
NICK! SOY CAPPUCINO.

With a start, Naveen realizes that HE'S Nick.

NAVEEN  
Oh shit, that's me.

He quickly moves to the window to grab his drink. Turns back.

NAVEEN

Sorry.

WHITE BOY

No, no, you were about to say?

NAVEEN

Oh, just --

(loses his nerve)

-- good luck. With the corporate gig.

White Boy hides disappointment.

WHITE BOY

Thanks. Nice to meet you, Nick.

NAVEEN

Oh. No, it's -- Naveen. But no one can ever pronounce Indian names so I just --

BARISTA

(flawlessly pronounced)

-- Keshav. Small almond latte. Keshav?

The White Boy (known heretofore as Keshav) steps forward to take his drink. Naveen looks confused... mouths the name to himself 'Keshav?'

He turns back with his drink, making to leave.

KESHAV

OK then, nice to meet you, Naveen.  
(to the barista)

Oh, and thanks for the tip on soy milk. I have to look into that.

The Barista gives him thumbs up, then shoots Naveen a dirty look. Naveen feels... weirdly shamed? He screws up his courage and, just as Keshav is halfway out the door, he blurts out:

NAVEEN

Are you busy tonight?

Keshav turns back, actually unsure if Naveen was still talking to him.

NAVEEN

Sorry. That was... abrupt.

Keshav smiles, glad to have been asked.

KESHAV

I was gonna check out this film screening. Any interest?

NAVEEN

Sure. What's the movie?

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

On the big screen is a scene from the 90s Bollywood classic: "Dilwale Dulhania Le Jayenge" (aka "DDLJ") the moment where Shah Rukh Khan surprises Kajol in a field of yellow flowers. REVERSE ON:

Keshav and Naveen. Keshav smiles, totally into this. Naveen frowns at the screen, then side-eyes Keshav, more confused than ever at his whole... Indian-ness.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Keshav and Naveen emerge.

NAVEEN

I'm just saying, it aged worse than I expected.

KESHAV

Oh my god, you're completely missing the heart of this movie.

NAVEEN

And what's that?

KESHAV

The romance! Like OK, what about the scene when Simran's ready to give up, but she hears a cowbell, and the sound leads her to a field of golden sunflowers. And there's Raj -

NAVEEN

Who somehow guessed where she was in all of Punjab.

KESHAV

You just have to go with it.

(rolling past him)

So it's Raj, and he turns to her, and he sings:

(singing)

*Tujhe dekha to ye jaanaa sanam...*

Naveen glances at the mostly South Asian crowd of people exiting the theater around them. A few laugh at Keshav or shoot him looks like, "get a load of this weirdo."

NAVEEN  
No, I remember the song.

KESHAV  
(louder now)  
*Pyaar hota hain diwaanaa sanam...*

Clocking the stares, Naveen squirms.

NAVEEN  
OK, fine. It's very moving.

KESHAV  
*Tujhe dekha to ye jaanaa sanam...*

NAVEEN  
Oh my god, stop, you have to stop.

Keshav correctly reads that this isn't playing with Naveen.

KESHAV  
Sorry. I can get carried away.

An awkward beat.

NAVEEN  
Look, I get it. My sister loves this movie. When she got married, she insisted on wearing like the exact lehenga choli Kajol wore.

They begin aimlessly strolling the sidewalk now.

KESHAV  
You're close with your sister?

Naveen makes a face.

KESHAV  
No?

SMASH TO:

INT. GAVASKAR KITCHEN - 2007

A CHILD-AGED NAVEEN shows his mother a rudimentary crayon drawing of a flower. He looks upset. She beams.

NAVEEN (V.O.)  
 She just has a way of taking up all  
 the oxygen in our family.

MEGHA  
 Don't cry, it's beautiful!

CHILD ARUNDHATHI (O.S.)  
 Mom, look!

Megha looks just beyond him. Her eyes go wide.

REVERSE TO SEE: A CHILD-AGED ARUNDHATHI holds up a beautiful  
 still-life of a vase of flowers.

INT. NAVEEN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

Naveen sits at a desktop computer, crosses his fingers and  
 clicks a button. The screen displays a letter. "We regret to  
 inform you... Princeton cannot accept every qualified  
 applicant... Best of luck..."

NAVEEN (V.O.)  
 At basically every big moment in my  
 life, she's found a way to remind  
 my parents what a perfect daughter  
 she is.

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - SAME

Naveen comes down the stairs, bummed about his college  
 rejection, finds Arundhathi and Manish standing in the  
 entryway. She looks up at him and smiles.

ARUNDHATHI  
 Naveen! Come see the ring!

She thrusts out her finger to show a diamond. Naveen takes in  
 the scene, seeing his parents' joy -

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

College-aged Naveen sits at a table for four with his  
 parents. He looks nervous.

NAVEEN  
 Mom, Dad, there is a reason I don't  
 have a girlfriend. This isn't easy  
 for me to say, but --

Arundhathi runs up to the table, running late, in a smart-looking pant suit.

ARUNDHATHI  
I made partner!

Naveen looks pissed -

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Naveen and Keshav sit on the sidewalk, drinking bubble tea. Keshav looks more amused than sympathetic.

NAVEEN  
My Mom can't understand why  
Arundhathi hasn't gotten pregnant  
yet. I think she's waiting to  
undermine my next promotion.

KESHAV  
How long's she been married?

NAVEEN  
I was in college.

KESHAV  
Ugh, I love a big Indian wedding.

NAVEEN  
That's the sad thing, so do I. Part  
of me still wants one.

KESHAV  
Wants what?

NAVEEN  
The big Indian wedding. The baraat.  
The fire. The whole thing.

KESHAV  
I don't follow. Why can't you have  
that?

Naveen realizes this is getting way personal.

NAVEEN  
Sorry, a first date and I'm talking  
about my dream wedding. What a  
nightmare.

KESHAV

I want that, too. The fire. The baraat. I think that sounds perfect.

Naveen meets his gaze. Hard to deny the connection. But then Naveen remembers... that this is weird.

NAVEEN

So... Keshav, huh?

KESHAV

Mhm.

NAVEEN

Keshav Kurundakar.

KESHAV

That's me.

Naveen frowns, trying to find another way in. Can't.

KESHAV

Go ahead.

NAVEEN

Hm?

KESHAV

You want to ask me why I'm white but you realize it's kind of a weird thing to ask someone. But I'm saying, go ahead.

NAVEEN

To be fair, I was going to ask why you're so Indian.

Keshav smiles, then launches into what we can hear is a well-rehearsed spiel.

KESHAV

So I grew up in foster care. Twelve homes in six years.

NAVEEN

Wow, jeez.

KESHAV

Then I got placed with an older couple, from Mumbai originally. They tried for a long time to have kids. And, um, I can't explain it, but we clicked.

(MORE)

KESHAV (CONT'D)

We were a pretty unlikely pairing. I was kind of a terror-child, and they just had this way of - they didn't take my shit for a second.

NAVEEN

They do sound Indian.

KESHAV

After a year or so, they officially adopted me, and that's when I asked if I could change my name.

NAVEEN

Bold.

KESHAV

Yeah. I was eleven, and it didn't occur to me that people might find that weird.

Naveen laughs.

NAVEEN

So do they live around here?

KESHAV

My parents? No, they, uh, both passed away.

NAVEEN

Oh my god, I'm sorry.

KESHAV

Not your fault. Yeah, a few years ago...

Naveen can't think of what to say.

KESHAV

Look, I do know how I come off.

NAVEEN

How do you mean?

KESHAV

The crazy white dude who thinks he's Indian.

NAVEEN

Oh, that.

KESHAV

I know my place, my privileges. But it's the culture I was brought up in. And at some point, I can't worry that much about how I come off... Except when I'm on a date with a very cute but very cynical boy. Then I worry about it a lot.

Keshav's looking at him, searching for how this is landing. Naveen smiles, both flattered, and to reassure him that he doesn't find all this too weird.

INT. SHUTTLE - DAY

Find Paul and Naveen back on the work shuttle. Paul absently swipes through Tinder as they speak.

NAVEEN

It's too weird. I mean in the moment it was moving. But it's weird. Right?

PAUL

I dunno, people get adopted. My parents are white.

NAVEEN

I forgot that.

PAUL

Yeah. My parents are white, and now I love boat shoes and Diane Keaton.

They both glance down at his Sperry's.

NAVEEN

You have to get better shoes.

PAUL

Please. Respect my heritage.

NAVEEN

OK, I don't know that I put Diane Keaton on the same level as Hinduism.

PAUL

I dunno, unless he's like using it to get into colleges or something...

NAVEEN  
You really think so?

Paul eyes Naveen harder, sees through this.

PAUL  
Ohhh, I see. You liked him.

NAVEEN  
What?

PAUL  
Oh my god, you're *obsessed* with  
him.

NAVEEN  
Stop.

PAUL  
No, I get it, it's just, you want  
to have his babies.

NAVEEN  
Paul.

Paul surrenders. A beat. Then:

PAUL  
Do you think you'll wear the white  
tux or the black tux?

Naveen gives him the finger.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING / ATRIUM

Naveen pieces through his mail. Boring, boring, boring...  
then: a postcard, advertising an exhibit featuring new photos  
from Keshav Kurundakar.

He turns it over. A handwritten note: "hope you can make it."

INT. SAN JOSE TEMPLE - DAY

CAMERA ON: a statue of Ganesh, surrounded by offerings from  
the worshippers come to celebrate Ganesh Chaturthi.

From there we find:

The Gavaskar family, kneeling in a line, all wearing their  
Indian formalwear, hands outstretched to receive the holy  
water being offered by PANDIT KUMAR (perhaps recognizable as  
the priest in Arundhathi's wedding ceremony).

INT. SAN JOSE TEMPLE BASEMENT - DAY

Attendees sit at long folding tables or mingle on the sidelines in the giant temple basement. It's a festive vibe.

Find Naveen and Archit, manning the food service at the buffet table, ladling curries onto people's plates as they move through the buffet line.

Pandit Kumar approaches them both from behind.

PANDIT KUMAR

Archit, thank you again. Your food gets any better, and you're going to have to start billing us.

Archit smiles proudly. Kumar moves along. Another worshiper, VIVEK, 60s, arrives to their food station. As Archit serves him-

VIVEK

Lucky man, Archit, your son comes all the way out from the city to be see you.

ARCHIT

He's a good boy.

VIVEK

And so tall...

Vivek seems to size up Naveen, deciding. Then:

VIVEK

You see my niece over there?

He points, Naveen frowns as he glances at a NIECE chatting happily with her family.

VIVEK

What do you think? Handsome, no?

Naveen goes to correct him.

NAVEEN

You know, Uncle, I'm actually--

ARCHIT

--he's very focused on his work right now. You know he's managing his own team!

VIVEK

Wow! Good for you.

Naveen smiles, mildly annoyed at his Dad's closeting him. Vivek moves along. They serve food in silence. A beat. Knowing he's offended, Archit breaks the tension:

ARCHIT  
Well, that was creepy.

NAVEEN  
Did he call her 'handsome'?!

They smile, the awkwardness set aside for now -

FIND: Arundhathi and Manish, huddled together, mid-bicker:

ARUNDHATHI  
Go.

MANISH  
You go.

ARUNDHATHI  
If I go over it'll be worse.

Naveen arrives to their side.

NAVEEN  
What will?

Arundhathi points. Naveen looks to see Megha across the room, in a circle of aunties. Among them, AUNTIE REYNA passes around her phone screen, showing them something that makes them all squeal -

MANISH  
Your Mom's talking to Auntie Reyna.

NAVEEN  
So?

ARUNDHATHI  
So, she just had her seventh grandchild last month. It gets mom all worked up.

Naveen looks back over, but his Mom is approaching them.

ARUNDHATHI  
Shit, too late. Watch she's gonna come over here real casual, with some deranged new theory for why we aren't pregnant.

Megha arrives.

NAVEEN

Hey mom.

MEGHA

Hello, hello.

Megha gives Manish a performative once-over.

MEGHA

Manish, I was just noticing as I walked over here... have you always worn such tight pants?

They all look down at Manish's pants - he's wearing a pretty unremarkable pair of chinos.

MANISH

Uh... I guess?

MEGHA

They're very snug. Maybe you want to consider a looser fit.

They all make eye contact - an unamused Arundhathi looks at them like "told you."

NAVEEN

Why's that, Mom?

MEGHA

I just read that baggy pants are back in for men.

NAVEEN

Oh yeah? Reading a lot of GQ?

MEGHA

What's GQ?

Manish and Naveen burst into laughter as Arundhathi glowers -

INT. WORK STATION - DAY

Naveen tries to focus at his desk in an open-office work cubicles. Paul spins around in a spare office chair, idly distracting him.

PAUL

Let's play a game.

NAVEEN

Busy work day?

PAUL  
What were your last few sexual encounters?

NAVEEN  
What, I don't know.

PAUL  
No worries, I keep a list.

Paul pulls out his phone, consults it.

NAVEEN  
You what?!

PAUL  
Calm down, it's encrypted. Oo, OK, there was racist Jerry. Remember him?

Naveen fixes him a look -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The two of them sit in a conference room as colleagues trickle in, a meeting set to begin shortly. Paul continues to consult his phone -

PAUL  
There was Joe Smith...

NAVEEN  
Who?

PAUL  
You know, you two were in the Uber and you asked if his friend at the bar was going to get home OK and he was all like "You mean Elder James?" Turned out he was on his Mormon mission?

NAVEEN  
(realizing)  
*Joseph Smith.*

PAUL  
There it is.

NAVEEN  
He was so cheerful.

INT. TECH GIANT CAFETERIA

Naveen and Paul make their way down the buffet line in their company's fancy dining facility. Paul reads something off his phone.

PAUL

Oo, Raj. I think he's my favorite -

NAVEEN

This is still happening?

PAUL

He told you how hot it was that you looked like brothers.

NAVEEN

No, yeah, I remember.

PAUL

Then, because you hate yourself, you asked him on a second date, which is when he revealed that you also look quite a bit like his husband.

NAVEEN

No, I was there.

PAUL

Like sexy triplets.

NAVEEN

OK, why are you doing this?

PAUL

Oh, right. To impress upon you how bad your options are.

Naveen gives him a confused, incredulous stare. Ouch? Paul clarifies.

PAUL

So you'll go on another date with the cute, ethnically confused white boy!

NAVEEN

I see... I can't believe you keep a file on me.

PAUL

I'm like J. Edgar Hoover, baby.

NAVEEN

Cause you've got files on people or  
because you're into younger men?

PAUL

Oh, she's a student of history,  
now!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Naveen looks into the sleek photo gallery where artsy-looking people sip wine from paper cups. In the crowd, Naveen finds: Keshav, smartly dressed.

Naveen hesitates, then Keshav happens to look his way. His eyes show happy surprise.

Keshav begins to excuse himself from his conversation and move toward the door. Naveen takes a breath and enters -

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY GALLERY - NIGHT

Keshav approaches and goes in for a hug and kiss on the cheek. Naveen stiffens slightly at the familiarity.

KESHAV

You came!

NAVEEN

Yeah, this is cool.

A STRAIGHT COUPLE enters behind Naveen. Keshav lights up at the sight.

KESHAV

Oh my gosh, hi!

NAVEEN

I'll let you--

KESHAV

-- you're here for a bit?

Naveen hadn't really decided, but he nods.

KESHAV

OK, bar's over there.

(Naveen turns to go)

Hey - don't slip out on me.

Keshav reveals himself to be a little vulnerable, here. He cares that Naveen showed.

NAVEEN

I won't.

Keshav quickly gets pulled into conversation with the new arrivals.

LATER: Naveen sips wine from a plastic cup and stands before a mounted portrait of a biker set against a Himalayan background. \*DING\*. His phone gets a text.

He pulls it out. A text from Paul.

INSERT: "How's it going? You two thinking band or DJ?"

Naveen opens his camera app, gives it the finger, and takes a selfie, the mounted photography visible behind him. Send.

As he turns back, he bumps the portrait, knocking it loose. Panicked, he manages to catch it and rehang the thing.

He looks around, checking to see if anyone's observed the weird behavior. No one has. He moves to the next photo.

It's a composed portrait of a younger Keshav between an elderly Indian couple - his parents, we assume. All three look into the camera, unsmiling. His father has a breathing tube under his nose, clearly ailing. His mother looks tired. Keshav looks vulnerable, even lonely.

Naveen is stricken. It's a powerful image. There's narrative and pain and humanity in it.

He looks across the gallery to Keshav. Perhaps feeling Naveen's gaze, Keshav looks his way, and smiles again.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY GALLERY - NIGHT

End of night - Keshav and Naveen are alone, sitting on the folding table in the middle of the gallery where refreshments were served.

Keshav takes a drink straight from a bottle of wine. Tipsy, Naveen points to a tattoo on Keshav's arm of Ganesh.

NAVEEN

I like the tattoo.

KESHAV

Oh my Ganesh? Thanks.

NAVEEN  
You've got a thing for him.

KESHAV  
Yeah. And not just because his  
altar's where I pick up all my  
hottest tricks.

Naveen's eyes go wide.

KESHAV  
Kidding. You're definitely the  
first person who's cruised me at a  
Hindu temple.

NAVEEN  
I didn't cruise you!

KESHAV  
Oh, I saw your look.

Naveen laughs, embarrassed, leans in closer to see the  
tattoo, finds a scar underneath it.

NAVEEN  
Is that a scar underneath?

KESHAV  
Yeah. Dumb kid shit.  
(pointedly pivoting)  
So, come on, what'd you think? Be  
brutal.

NAVEEN  
It was great.  
(Keshav's looking for  
more)  
I don't think anyone should look to  
me for insightful art criticism.

KESHAV  
Everyone has equal right to art.

Naveen points to the portrait of Keshav and his parents.

NAVEEN  
That one's my favorite.

Keshav smiles.

NAVEEN  
What?

KESHAV

I was scared to show that one. But nothing else makes sense without it.

NAVEEN

How do you mean?

KESHAV

It's where everything starts. After my dad passed, I moved to India for a couple years. Told myself it was for a job. But I think I was just trying to hold onto them. And that's when I started taking portraits. I stayed with my dad's brother Uncle Praj...

Keshav gestures to a portrait of UNCLE PRAJ, an ancient looking Indian man.

KESHAV

...slept in a safe house in Kashmir

He points to another photo.

KESHAV

... smoked hash with mendicants in Rishikesh. Getting high on the banks of the Ganga while the Kumbh Mela goes on around you? Closest thing you'll ever get to enlightenment.

Naveen listens but he can't quite access Keshav's passion here. Keshav picks up on it.

KESHAV

Uh-oh.

NAVEEN

What.

KESHAV

You have the look again.

NAVEEN

What look? I don't have a look.

KESHAV

Mmhmm. The "this crazy white guy thinks he's Indian" look.

NAVEEN

But that's why I love that photo.  
It's like... Your user manual.

KESHAV

Spoken like a true software  
engineer.

Naveen laughs at himself.

NAVEEN

Seriously, I could never put myself  
out there the way you did tonight.  
I admire your courage.

KESHAV

Yeah?  
(Naveen nods)  
OK, good.

Keshav leans over and kisses him. Naveen closes his eyes,  
kissing back, when: CRASH!

Across the room, the portrait Naveen bumped earlier  
spontaneously falls to the floor, the glass frame shattering.

Both of them look at each other, shocked. A beat.

NAVEEN

Want to come over?

Keshav smiles. Naveen smiles too, suddenly sheepish again -

INT. GAVASKAR DINING ROOM - DAY

Naveen lets out a giant yawn, obviously he was up late, as he  
sits at his family's dining table - Megha, Archit,  
Arundhathi, and her husband Manish are there, too.

ARUNDHATHI

... We signed a new client this  
week.

ARCHIT

Yeah?

ARUNDHATHI

The senior partner said they  
specifically went with us because  
they wanted me on the team.

MANISH

Killing it, babe.

MEGHA

That sounds like a lot of pressure.  
Are you sure you should be taking  
on more work?

ARUNDHATHI

Why wouldn't I?

MEGHA

I don't know, maybe soon you want  
to take a vacation.

ARUNDHATHI

Vacation?

MEGHA

You know, like twelve weeks...  
maybe more if you find you like it.

ARUNDHATHI

Still not pregnant, Mom.

MANISH

But that was a fun new way to ask!

Megha groans in disappointment.

ARUNDHATHI

How come no one asks Naveen  
invasive personal questions?

MEGHA

We do!

ARUNDHATHI

Great. What's new Naveen? Got a  
boyfriend?

NAVEEN

Uh-

Suddenly the energy of the room shifts, gets kinda formal.

ARUNDHATHI

Something casual? You on the apps?  
Come on, what's the word?

NAVEEN

Well, if you must know--

ARCHIT

--Leave your brother alone. You're  
making him uncomfortable.

Archit stands, he leaves to clear his dish to the kitchen. Naveen looks after him - sensing, correctly, that it's Archit who doesn't want to talk about this.

ARUNDHATHI

Oh but it's fine when Mom plays  
Inspector Gadget in my uterus?  
Unbelievable.

She stands and stalks out after him with her own dish.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING / HALLWAY

Naveen holds a bottle of wine, dressed neatly in a collared shirt and slacks. He takes a nervous breath then knocks.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Keshav leads him into a high-ceilinged open loft-style apartment. A half dozen FRIENDS, bohemian artist types, sit on whatever furniture or floor space they can find.

KESHAV BILLIE  
Everyone, this is - - Naveen!!!

BILLIE, 30, an intense, beautiful white woman, stands up from the group and runs to Naveen, kissing him on the mouth.

BILLIE  
Naveen. I'm Billie. Kesh, he's  
perfect.

JAI - a bearish, mustachioed man in overalls (and nothing else) runs over.

JAI  
But so formal.

He unbuttons Naveen's top two buttons. Billie grabs Naveen's hand and leads him away.

BILLIE  
Come, you're sitting with me  
tonight.

INT. BILLIE'S LOFT - LATER

Things have devolved. A crew dances wildly around Billie's living room space. Naveen and Billie observe from deep within a couch.

BILLIE

I hope we're not too much for you.

NAVEEN

Too much?

Naveen looks out. At this moment, Jai is naked, throwing his overalls out the open window as Keshav throws a pillow at him.

NAVEEN

You guys are great.

BILLIE

Phew. Cause we can't really spare Keshav. He sort of keeps the rest of us together these days.

Naveen laughs.

NAVEEN

Lucky you.

BILLIE

Yeah, well, we saw him through his shit, too. It's you who's swooping in to snag the calm, collected man we put together.

KESHAV

Did someone say swoop in?

Keshav's just arrived to their side. With a wink to Naveen, he pulls Billie up and sweeps her away into a slow-dance.

MUSIC UP AND WE'RE IN A 'FALLING IN LOVE' SEQUENCE/MONTAGE:

INT. NAVEEN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Keshav's in chef mode. He serves Naveen a bowl of homemade curry. Naveen tries it, can't believe how good it is -

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

Keshav and Naveen reach the peak, on a scenic hike somewhere in the Bay Area. Keshav puts his arm around Naveen as they look out at the view -

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - DAY

Naveen eats his food as Arundhathi holds forth on something, their parents listening, rapt.

EXT. GAY BAR PATIO - DAY

Paul sits alone at a high-top table, tooling around on his phone. Naveen and Keshav arrive.

Keshav smiles and waves, but Paul gives Keshav a skeptical once-over...

INT. PRIVATE KARAOKE ROOM - NIGHT

... Naveen laughs drunkenly as Paul and Keshav duet to 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart' or something. The ice has melted.

EXT. PRESIDIO - DAY

Naveen and Keshav sit on a blanket on the grass, in a park crowded with others doing the same, the Golden Gate visible behind them.

He looks to see Keshav has fallen asleep. He removes the Solo cup from Keshav's hand so it won't spill, attuned now to his partner's rhythms -

INT. NAVEEN'S CAR - DAY

Naveen drives on the highway alone, rehearsing.

NAVEEN

Mom, Dad, I'm seeing someone.

(tries again)

Actually, guys, there is someone in my life.

(finds this lacking, too,  
tries again)

Hey, fam. You know how it always gets super weird whenever anything gay comes up? I thought I'd put everyone at ease by mentioning my white-Hindu-orphan-artist boyfriend.

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - DAY

Arundhathi sits between her parents on the couch, showing an iPad loaded with several versions of her professional headshot - asking their opinions.

ARUNDHATHI

I feel like my skin looks better in this one.

Over on the chair, Naveen builds himself up to insert himself into the conversation. He opens his mouth to speak:

NAVEEN

I--

MEGHA

--Oo, your breasts look big here.

ARUNDHATHI

I'm not pregnant.

MEGHA

Why are you doing this to me?!

Megha frowns in disappointment, storms off. Naveen takes the opportunity to chicken out.

INT. NAVEEN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Naveen works on his laptop as Keshav cleans up the kitchen.

KESHAV

We should head to Billie's in five.

Naveen half-turns to smile at him, typing all the while. Keshav jumps into action.

KESHAV

Wait. Freeze. Don't move.

Keshav reaches for his phone. Naveen starts to turn back to his computer.

KESHAV

No, no, no. Stay just like that.

Keshav opens his photo app, frames Naveen, turned so his profile is in view, the natural light hitting it just so. Keshav has a photographer's eye. He snaps four or five shots, then sets to work editing it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Keshav and Naveen walk through a busy bar district, teeming with nightlife, holding hands -

MANISH (O.S.)

Naveen!

It's Manish, in athletic clothes, holding a squash racket. Naveen pulls his hand away from Keshav. Keshav clocks it.

NAVEEN

Hey! Where's, uh, Arundhathi?

MANISH

Beats me!

A weird beat.

MANISH

Sorry, bit drunk.

(re: his squash racket)

Had a few beers after my match.

KESHAV

(re: the racket)

Squash? I'm always trying to get Naveen to play with me.

MANISH

(looking to Naveen for an intro)

Sorry...?

NAVEEN

Oh, this is, um --

KESHAV

-- Keshav. It's great to finally meet you.

Manish poorly disguises even more confusion, but not disapproval. Indeed, he seems drunkenly overcome.

MANISH

Wow. Hey, good for you, Naveen.

He abruptly pulls Naveen into a hug.

MANISH

Be well, OK?

Manish holds him in the hug a beat longer than normal. But eventually, he pulls himself away and walks off.

NAVEEN  
That was weird.

Naveen looks to Keshav for confirmation but finds him looking away, upset.

KESHAV  
He'd never heard of me, had he?

Naveen looks caught. Doesn't answer as they walk on.

EXT. BILLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Naveen scrolls through the names on the digital callbox outside Billie's door.

NAVEEN  
Can you just text to say we're outside.

KESHAV  
I just did.

There's an awkward beat of waiting. Keshav doesn't try to fill silences. It feels pointed.

NAVEEN  
... Look, it's not about -- I just like to keep my family out of my personal life.

Keshav continues to withhold comment, so Naveen continues to proverbially hang himself.

NAVEEN  
I know, I know. It's crazy. But I've never introduced them to a boyfriend, and every time anything like that comes up my dad gets super weird and... You'd understand if you met them.

KESHAV  
If?

Naveen sees his point. Can't think of a response, when--  
\*BZZZZZ\* Billie's front door signals for them to enter.

INT. BILLIE'S LOFT - NIGHT

Upon entering, they are set upon by Billie.

BILLIE

Helloooo.

She presents a silver platter with five or six pre-rolled joints laid out on a bed of decorative kale.

BILLIE

Can I interest you in an amuse-bouche?

KESHAV

Love your presentation.

Keshav takes a joint, tucks it behind his ear. Behind them, Paul stands and approaches.

PAUL

Well, well, well...

NAVEEN

Oh! You beat us.

PAUL

Yes, definitely not weird that you let me arrive to this stranger's home before you.

NAVEEN

Oh god. Sorry! We ran into someone.

Keshav shoots Naveen a subtle look at this.

PAUL

It's fine. I've only been here like ten minutes -

NAVEEN

- OK ph--

PAUL

- in which time, she's sung three verses of Sondheim's Ladies Who Lunch-

BILLIE

- Thank you so much -

PAUL

-- and then generously offered me her eggs -

BILLIE

- I feel a connection, Paul.

PAUL  
 Me too, Billie. But then, I'm  
 already pretty stoned.

LATER:

Joined by another couple - NIKILA and MIKE - as well as  
 mustachioed Jai and Paul - they dine on a beautiful spread of  
 home-cooked food, and relive Naveen and Keshav's meet-cute.

BILLIE  
 ... So you didn't order the soy  
 milk?

KESHAV  
 The barista said it causes breasts.

PAUL  
 And you believed her?

KESHAV  
 She was trying to be helpful!

NAVEEN  
 By spreading pseudoscience to her  
 customers!

KESHAV  
 Whatever, "Nick."

NIKILA  
 Nick?

NAVEEN  
 He's giving me shit because I don't  
 use my real name when ordering  
 coffee.

BILLIE  
 Oh but no one does. I tell them my  
 name is Ophelia.

JAI  
 But that's harder to spell than  
 your real name.

BILLIE  
 But so tragic.

JAI  
 Anyway Kesh, maybe you're a bit on  
 your high horse about -  
 (gesturing at him vaguely)  
 - the whole name thing.

Naveen can see Keshav is a little put out.

NAVEEN

Nah, he didn't come by that name  
easy. Makes it harder to throw it  
away for an almond latte.

Keshav looks at him, thankful, but not yet fully forgiving.  
The conversation winds on.

MIKE

I'm more of an oat milk person  
myself.

PAUL/NIKILA/BILLIE

No/Fuck off/Like drinking wet  
cardboard!

Naveen's phone rings. Incoming call from Arundhathi. Uh oh.  
He hits silent.

KESHAV

Just take it on the balcony.

NAVEEN

It's fine.

Keshav stews as the phone keeps buzzing.

NAVEEN

It's a bigger conversation.

The call goes to voicemail. Immediately she follows it up  
with a text. "Call me back please."

Naveen texts back. "At a dinner with friends." As he does,  
Keshav stands and stalks out to Billie's balcony.

Everyone observes him go, sensing something amiss, then looks  
at Naveen, who smiles uneasily, reassuring them he's fine.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Naveen finds Keshav smoking his joint on the balcony. Keshav  
gives him a look but doesn't address him.

NAVEEN

You have to do that now?

KESHAV

It relaxes me.

NAVEEN

I don't really want to fight while you're high.

KESHAV

I'm not fighting you.

NAVEEN

I'm gonna call her tomorrow.

Keshav takes another toke. Thinks a bit.

KESHAV

I get that families are hard. I mean, I get it. I just kinda thought this was... I dunno.

NAVEEN

I know.

KESHAV

I'm not some guy you traded dick picks with.

NAVEEN

Not yet!

(he does not get a laugh)

Look, I've told you, they're weird about this stuff.

KESHAV

See, I think this is about your insecurities, not theirs.

NAVEEN

Lots of opinions from someone who hasn't met them.

(off Keshav's look)

... and I'm making your argument for you now.

KESHAV

(gesturing to the people inside)

I made you a part of my family. I always sorta hoped one day you'd make me part of yours.

NAVEEN

I told you when I first met you, I want that, Kesh.

KESHAV  
Yeah, the big Indian wedding. I remember. I just hoped you wanted it with me.

NAVEEN  
I do. Of course I do.

Keshav looks at him. Now Naveen's nervous.

NAVEEN  
Don't you?

KESHAV  
No, I'm just putting you through this guilt trip for the sport.

Naveen laughs. They kiss.

NAVEEN  
I think I just got second-hand stoned.

Keshav offers Naveen the joint.

KESHAV  
Might as well, then.

Naveen takes a drag. It hits him instantly. He giggles.

KESHAV  
What?

NAVEEN  
I guess this means we're... I mean not technically... but doesn't this make us...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BILLIE'S LOFT - A MOMENT LATER

NAVEEN  
We're engaged!

KESHAV  
We're engaged!

The group looks back stunned.

BILLIE  
Um, what?

KESHAV  
Very informally.

NAVEEN

We just talked and admitted it's something we both want one day.

BILLIE

Ah, a betrothal!

Billie stands and runs to her refrigerator.

JAI

(to Billie)

You said they were having a fight.

PAUL

That's it. No more arguments, you two. Or Naveen's gonna end up pregnant.

BANG! The sound of a cork popping. They look over to see Billie holding a frothing bottle of champagne.

BILLIE

Fuck yeah!!!

Everyone laughs. Naveen and Keshav beam at each other as they sit back down. In the commotion, no one notices Naveen's phone BUZZING with another INCOMING CALL... Off this --

INT. ARUNDHATHI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arundhathi holds a phone to her ear.

Now we pull out far enough to see she's surrounded by open luggage and half-packed boxes, clothes draped on the bed, a closet in disarray. It seems like she's in the hap-hazard process of moving out.

She throws her phone down in frustration, another call ignored -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KESHAV'S CAR - DAY

Keshav drives on the highway. Naveen looks anxious.

Over this we hear the audio from an earlier PHONE CALL:

NAVEEN (O.S.)

*Is Mom there?*

ARCHIT (O.S.)  
*She's taking a nap. Is everything  
 OK?*

NAVEEN (O.S.)  
*Yeah, yeah. I, uh...*

Now we see:

INT. NAVEEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

This is earlier - Naveen pacing, talking into his cell. He'd rather have this conversation with his mother but there isn't a real good reason why, so...

NAVEEN  
 ... Well, I wanted to ask if I  
 could bring someone along tomorrow.

ARCHIT (O.S.)  
 Who is it?

NAVEEN  
 It's... well, it's a guy I'm  
 dating.

ARCHIT (O.S.)  
 Oh.

A weirdly long pause. But -

ARCHIT (O.S.)  
 Of course.

NAVEEN  
 Great.

Another long pause - there's probably more Naveen should do to prep this meeting, but his father is hard to read - especially over the phone - and he isn't asking follow-up questions you might expect.

NAVEEN  
 I should tell you--

ARCHIT (O.S.)  
 --Was there something else?

NAVEEN  
 -- sorry? You go ahead.

ARCHIT (O.S.)  
 No, no. We'll just see you for  
 lunch, along with, uh - what was  
 his name?



NAVEEN  
Mom, Dad, this is Keshav.

REVERSE ON: Megha and Archit, standing in the doorway, gawking at Keshav.

MEGHA  
You are Keshav?

KESHAV  
Uncle, Auntie, these are some bananas and *prasad* from the temple.

Keshav proffers gifts. After another beat of staring, Megha shakes it off and accepts.

MEGHA  
How kind, thank you.

KESHAV  
Actually, if you could stand a little closer?

Megha doesn't understand but moves toward her husband. Naveen sees what's happening -

NAVEEN  
Oh, Kesh, you don't-- they're not--

Keshav drops to the ground and prostrates before them.

MEGHA  
Oh! No, that's really OK --  
(Keshav continues)  
-- oh, OK.

NAVEEN  
Kesh, that's fine.

Keshav stands.

MEGHA  
Uh -- yes, bless you.

Archit pats down his pockets looking for change. Meanwhile, Keshav looks to Naveen, nudges him like, "now you." Reluctantly, Naveen offers his parents a quick prostration.

As he bends over, REVEAL STANDING BEHIND HIM: Arundhathi, who's just arrived, her car parked behind theirs.

ARUNDHATHI  
Wow did you just prostrate?

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - DAY

Naveen and Keshav sit on the couch across from Archit, who is openly staring at Keshav.

NAVEEN

... I'm gonna see what's taking them so long.

Naveen stands and heads into -

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Naveen enters to find Arundhathi and Megha furiously whispering. They fall silent. He registers their guilt.

NAVEEN

Look--

MEGHA

-- Does your friend take sugar in his chai? Never mind, I'll ask.

Megha takes the tea tray out.

ARUNDHATHI

(mock-calling after)

Make sure to ask if he wants white sugar or brown. Might get those confused.

NAVEEN

Clever.

ARUNDHATHI

I'm just saying, that was a surprise.

NAVEEN

That he's white? I figured Manish already told you.

ARUNDHATHI

Manish? How would he know?

NAVEEN

We ran into him. He didn't mention it?

ARUNDHATHI

Oh. No, he didn't.

NAVEEN

Wait, then why were you calling me?

Before she can answer, Keshav pokes his head in.

KESHAV

Naveen, you coming? Your dad has a really... steady gaze.

Arundhathi stalks out, leaving Naveen unsure what's really going on -

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - DAY

The family sits around the table, nervously drinking tea.

NAVEEN

The tea is great, Mom.

KESHAV

Yes, spectacular.

MEGHA

Thank you.

ARUNDHATHI

So, Keshav, where's your family?

NAVEEN

Arundhathi!

ARUNDHATHI

What? I'm being nice.

KESHAV

No, it's OK. My parents both passed away a few years ago.

ARUNDHATHI

Oh god, I'm sorry.

MEGHA

That's awful.

KESHAV

Oh, no don't be.

ARUNDHATHI

No, really. I feel like an asshole.  
(directed at her brother)  
There's just so much to learn about you today.

KESHAV

Sorry?

ARCHIT

Naveen didn't tell us you were white.

MEGHA

Archit!

KESHAV

(aside)  
You didn't?

NAVEEN

Dad, come on, you really think that's important?

ARCHIT

I think the fact you didn't mention it means you think it's important.

NAVEEN

How does-- actually no, this isn't something I should have to justify.

ARCHIT

I see.  
(he stands)  
I'm done with my chai.

He takes his dish into the kitchen.

NAVEEN

Mom, what the f--

He catches himself. Megha looks after him in dismay, then puts on a brave face.

MEGHA

No, Keshav, we think it's nice that you're so... enthusiastic about our culture.

Keshav winces. Meanwhile, Arundhathi's eyes go wide.

ARUNDHATHI

Seriously?

NAVEEN

What?

ARUNDHATHI

-- I'm just glad to see our mother being such a wonderful, liberal, open-minded soul, welcoming my brother's new lover-

NAVEEN

- boyfriend, we can always just say boyfriend -

ARUNDHATHI

- into her home. I mean, my god, let's just start planning the wedding now!

Keshav gives Naveen an awkward look - another thing Naveen hasn't mentioned. Arundhathi clocks it.

ARUNDHATHI

Oh my god, I was kidding. What, are you guys *engaged* or something?

NAVEEN

We've... talked about it.

Keshav looks wounded by this half-truth. Megha looks a little put off, too.

MEGHA

Oh... wow!

Keshav and Naveen look at each other, a silent fight is brewing. Keshav turns a polite face to Megha -

KESHAV

Auntie, could you point me to the bathroom?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Keshav enters, and sits on the toilet. His pants are up, he's just hiding in here.

After a few calming breathes, he pulls out a vape pen from his pocket. Draws in a breath, but realizes he's low.

He reaches deeper in his pocket and pulls out a box of replacement cartridges. He slots one in, and throws out the package.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

They speak in low voices -

MEGHA

Look, we're trying to catch up,  
that's all.

ARUNDHATHI

That's all?!

MEGHA

Arundhathi-

ARUNDHATHI

This is psychotic. If I got *engaged*  
to some delusional white dude  
before you even met him, you would  
have thrown me out of the house.

MEGHA

Keep your voice down.

ARUNDHATHI

This is so fucking unfair-

MEGHA

-hey!-

ARUNDHATHI

-so unfair! Where were you guys  
eight years ago?

MEGHA

What does that mean?

NAVEEN

Yeah, what does that mean?

ARUNDHATHI

Nothing, excuse me.

She stands and heads away -

INT. BATHROOM

Keshav fires up his pen, takes another drag, and looks  
somewhat calmed. Then \*KNOCK KNOCK\*

KESHAV

One minute.

He pockets his pen, gives a courtesy flush and runs his hands under the sink.

He turns and opens the door to find Arundhathi. He smiles awkwardly.

ARUNDHATHI

Sorry.

KESHAV

No, you're good.

They maneuver past each other. Arundhathi closes the door behind her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Keshav returns to find Naveen has moved to the couch with his parents. They look up, obviously having been discussing him.

MEGHA

Keshav! Come, come -

He enters, eyeing Naveen, still angry with him, sits on the couch.

MEGHA

There we go.

They all sit in very uncomfortable silence. Megha nudges Archit.

ARCHIT

(to Naveen)

So... How's work?

NAVEEN

Going well. The same.

MEGHA

(to Keshav)

And what do you do for a living?

KESHAV

I'm a freelance photographer.

ARCHIT

No, no, for a living.

KESHAV

(good-natured)

I manage OK.

MEGHA  
 (to Archit, in Hindi)  
*[Arr, you promised to be nice.]*

NAVEEN  
 Oh, no, guys, he-

ARCHIT  
 (in Hindi)  
*['Freelance' is just an American  
 word for 'unemployed'!]*

NAVEEN  
 Hey, he--

MEGHA  
 (in Hindi)  
*[So he's a little odd...]*

KESHAV  
 (finally chiming in, also  
 in Hindi)  
*[I know I'm odd, but I do love your  
 son.]*

Megha and Archit freeze, and slowly turn to stare at him.

NAVEEN  
 ... Keshav speaks Hindi.

KESHAV  
*[I don't get much opportunity, but  
 I can manage.]*

MEGHA  
 No, you speak it very well.

ARCHIT  
 Better than Naveen.

They seem embarrassed by their own behavior, which has shifted the dynamic.

MEGHA  
 Would you like to stay for dinner?

NAVEEN  
 That'd be great.

It's the first sign of a thaw.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Arundhathi washes her hands. Her eyes fall to the trash basket. She sees the discarded Juul pod. She fishes it from the trash, reads the label. Her eyes go wide.

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - SAME

Arundhathi enters.

MEGHA

Chumki, come. Keshav is staying for dinner.

ARUNDHATHI

Good, I'm sure he's hungry.

She sits right next to Keshav on the couch and smells him. He glances at her, weirded out.

NAVEEN

What?

ARUNDHATHI

Nothing. Mom, you may not want to go in the bathroom for a while.

Startled, Naveen looks up at Keshav, who looks guiltily back.

MEGHA

What? Why? Oh, Keshav, are you not feeling well? I think we're out of Immodium, but--

KESHAV

I'm sorry, it shouldn't really leave an odor --

MEGHA

That's not been my experience.

ARUNDHATHI

Pot, Mom. He was smoking pot.

NAVEEN

Oh my god.

ARUNDHATHI

I found the cartridge in the trash.

MEGHA

Cartridge? You mean marijuana?

ARUNDHATHI

Yeah.

MEGHA

Oh god, my towels.

KESHAV

I'm so sorry, Auntie. It's a vape so it shouldn't leave a smell.

(reaching for his pen)

Here, I'll show you--

NAVEEN

(firmly to Keshav)

--Not now.

(then to his parents)

Look, he doesn't usually do this.

KESHAV

I mean, that's not true.

NAVEEN

Can you not for a second?

KESHAV

Sorry, it just seems like your policy of lying to them about everything isn't working out so great.

ARUNDHATHI

He has a point.

NAVEEN

Would you shut the fuck up?

ARCHIT/MEGHA

Naveen!

Arundhathi's eyes go wide. Keshav stands.

KESHAV

... I should go.

Megha looks panic-stricken, torn between her horror at the drug-use and her role as a hostess.

MEGHA

... So soon?

NAVEEN

No, wait.

KESHAV  
 Uncle, Auntie, thank you for your  
 hospitality.

Keshav stands and half-runs to the door.

NAVEEN  
 Keshav, hang on--

But he exits. Naveen glares at his sister, then follows.

EXT. GAVASKAR HOUSE - SAME

Keshav is bee-lining it for his car.

NAVEEN  
 Hang on, let's just -

Keshav reaches his car, turns to face Naveen.

KESHAV  
 Naveen -- I gotta go.

Naveen relents as Keshav climbs in.

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - SAME

Arundhathi looks out the window.

ARUNDHATHI  
 A Corolla? Now he's really taking  
 this Indian thing too far.

Naveen re-enters, slamming the door behind him.

NAVEEN  
 (to his sister)  
 I can't believe you did that.

ARUNDHATHI  
 You're blaming me? After the  
 ridiculous show you just put on?

NAVEEN  
 Oh I'm ridiculous now? You can just  
 call me a fag, it's faster.

ARUNDHATHI  
 Screw you.

ARCHIT

Naveen, apologize. Your sister's not a homophobe.

NAVEEN

That's rich.

ARCHIT

What's that supposed to mean?

Naveen tries to be gentler.

NAVEEN

Look... it's just that sometimes, parents are surprised to find that they're more uncomfortable with their gay child's partner than they expected. So they find other things to blame it on, tell themselves it's that. Like "oh, he's white." Or "oh, he doesn't have a steady job." Or "oh, he smokes pot."

ARUNDHATHI

You should probably stop listing things...

MEGHA

The pot thing was a little weird.

NAVEEN

You guys are like all those people who say they'd vote for a woman president, but oo, actually, just not *that* woman. Oh and not *her* either.

ARCHIT

I like that Nikki Haley.

ARUNDHATHI

Oh, Dad, no.

NAVEEN

Proves the point!

Naveen addresses everyone.

NAVEEN

Look, I know Keshav's weird. And I'm sorry if you're still uncomfortable. But I love him. Isn't that all that matters?

ARUNDHATHI

Since when does that matter to anyone in this house?

ARCHIT

Excuse me?

NAVEEN

Seriously, what is going on with you today?

MEGHA

You have been a little...testy.  
(gasp)  
Is it hormones?

Arundhathi falters.

MEGHA

Oh my gosh! Archit, get her the support pillow!

ARCHIT

Hormones?  
(realizing)  
Oh! *Hormones!*

He starts bustling looking for the pillow -

MEGHA

And the prenatal vitamins!

NAVEEN

Of course you pick today to drop this.

ARUNDHATHI

For fuck's sake, everyone stop, I'm not pregnant! I'm leaving Manish!

Everyone pauses.

MEGHA

What?

ARUNDHATHI

I'm getting divorced.

Where Megha has gone out of her way to put on a brave face for Naveen all day, she shows the full force of her disappointment here. She turns and walks out.

Arundhathi gives her dad and brother a look, then heads upstairs.

INT. NAVEEN'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Naveen enters the apartment to find Keshav seated on the floor, sorting through a pile of spices. Beside him is a haphazard bag of things - toothbrush, extra shirts, etc.

NAVEEN  
Honey, you cleaned.

Keshav barely stops sorting through the spices to look at Naveen.

NAVEEN  
What are you doing?

KESHAV  
I think I left my saffron here.

NAVEEN  
(realizes)  
You're packing.

Keshav doesn't stop what he's doing.

NAVEEN  
My sister's getting a divorce.

KESHAV  
Sorry to hear that.

NAVEEN  
Yeah she just announced she was moving in with my parents while she looks for a new place. They're pissed.

Keshav continues to ignore him.

NAVEEN  
But, hey, good news, this means they probably won't even remember your little stunt.

Keshav clenches his jaw, but continues to rummage.

NAVEEN  
Kesh, I'm saying, we can fix this.

Keshav just continues to hunt through the spice drawer.

NAVEEN  
Would you stop?

KESHAV  
(giving up on saffron)  
Fuck it, never mind.

He stands and moves into the bedroom. Naveen talks after him -

NAVEEN  
Sorry, are you mad at me?

Naveen follows into --

INT. NAVEEN'S BEDROOM - SAME

-- the bedroom, which is in a similar state of disarray, a suitcase open on the bed.

NAVEEN  
After you got stoned in my parents' bathroom?

KESHAV  
Sorry my nerves were a little shot after I realized that my coward boyfriend had completely set me up to fail.

NAVEEN  
Your coward *fiancé*.

KESHAV  
Oh, is that not a secret anymore?

NAVEEN  
I didn't want to spring everything on them all at once.

KESHAV  
So you thought you could slow-walk the reveal that I'm white.

NAVEEN  
OK, that was dumb.

KESHAV  
And yet entirely predictable.

Keshav returns to packing.

NAVEEN  
I honestly think they wouldn't have said anything about it if my sister hadn't pushed the issue.

KESHAV  
 -- yeah, everything would go better  
 if everyone would behave exactly as  
 you want them to.

NAVEEN  
 I mean, I didn't really expect you  
 to prostrate!

KESHAV  
 I was being respectful.

NAVEEN  
 You were being cloying.

Keshav storms back into the living room --

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

-- digging through the spice drawer again.

KESHAV  
 You know, I never should have let  
 things get this far.

NAVEEN (O.S.)  
 What?

KESHAV  
 The way you squirmed when I started  
 singing on the street that first  
 date. Should have known then.

NAVEEN (O.S.)  
 Known what?

KESHAV  
 That you're ashamed of me.  
 (finding the saffron)  
 There it is.

He storms back into the bedroom -

INT. NAVEEN'S BEDROOM - SAME

He throws the saffron into a box.

NAVEEN  
 Phew. Wouldn't wanna leave that  
 behind.

KESHAV

Do you know how much saffron costs?

NAVEEN

I... definitely do not.

He keeps packing.

NAVEEN

I'm not ashamed of you. I just asked you to play it cool.

Keshav's fully and finally had it. He stops and faces Naveen.

KESHAV

(pointing to the scar  
under his Ganesh tattoo)

You know how I got this scar,  
Naveen? I was eight, in a new  
foster home, nice family, until the  
dad found me playing with his  
wife's shoes. He threw a curling  
iron at me...

Naveen looks pained to learn this about Keshav -

KESHAV

I was a weird kid. But when I  
started in a new home, I tried  
'playing it cool.' Each home after  
that, I got a little better at it.  
I'm actually really fucking good at  
playing it cool when I want to be.  
But it took me a long time to  
unpack that self-loathing shit. And  
for you to ask me to go back to  
that place...

Keshav gathers himself. Naveen's speechless.

KESHAV

I'll come back for the rest when  
you're at work.

He grabs a duffel bag, and heads into the main room. Naveen follows -

INT. MAIN ROOM - SAME

NAVEEN

Keshav --

KESHAV

Listen to me Naveen, because it took me a lot of years to figure this out, and maybe I can save you some time: it's only going to get easier when you stop asking everyone's permission for everything.

NAVEEN

What does that mean?

Keshav shakes his head and walks out -

INT. OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Naveen looks underslept. Paul returns to their workspace with diet sodas, puts one on Naveen's desk.

PAUL

Listen, you're gonna get through this, but there's a lot you need to know before you get back out there.

NAVEEN

Little soon for that, but thanks.

PAUL

Never too soon. There's too much to learn. Because while you were wifed up, I was out there, playing the game. And let me tell you sweetie, the game has changed. OK, let's see, what do you need to know? Oh. We're still off carbs, but we're back on dairy -

NAVEEN

- I'm lactose intolerant -

Naveen's phone dings with an incoming text.

PAUL

- the mustache is in, but like the Clark Gable not the Tom Selleck. Um, no to apps, yes to sex parties -

Naveen's not looking, just staring at his phone.

PAUL

What?

NAVEEN  
(coming to)  
Just Keshav letting me know he left  
his key under the mat.

PAUL  
Well that's a yikes. There's Krispy  
Kremes in the break room. I could  
get you one.

NAVEEN  
Sure.

PAUL  
No!! That was a test! Donuts are  
not keto!

NAVEEN  
What is keto?

PAUL  
ARE YOU GAY?

Naveen actually smiles, then looks hard at Paul, weighing --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Naveen's face, getting motor-boated by a huge pair  
of tits. PULL OUT to reveal they belong to:

An extremely juicy DRAG QUEEN, in the middle of a lip sync to  
"It's Raining Men."

She pulls away and Paul shoves singles down her bra, then  
takes a huge bite of his (conspicuously non-keto) nachos.

PAUL  
There you go, that feels better,  
right?

NAVEEN  
You're my worst enemy.

PAUL  
I'll get us more shots.

INT. NAVEEN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Paul half-carries Naveen toward his apartment door.

PAUL  
OK, buddy. The Uber's waiting for me, so --

NAVEEN  
-- 'It's raining men, hallelujah it's' -- why are they saying hallelujah? If a man rained on you, you'd die. Right? Think about the terminal velocity they'd achieve.

PAUL  
Where's your key?

NAVEEN  
Where's YOUR key.

Paul remembers something - looks under the mat. Finds an envelope with a key.

INT. NAVEEN'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

They enter. Paul fumbles for the lights, flips the switch, revealing, asleep on the couch: Arundhathi!

NAVEEN  
AHHHHH!

ARUNDHATHI  
(startled awake)  
AHHHHHH!

PAUL  
WHY ARE WE SCREAMING!

NAVEEN  
What are you doing here?

ARUNDHATHI  
I used the key you gave Mom.  
(re: Paul)  
How many secret boyfriends do you have?!

PAUL  
Nope! Goodbye!

Paul backs out the door and closes it behind him. Naveen goes to the sink to fill a glass of water. He chugs it, letting about half dribble onto him.

ARUNDHATHI  
Are you drunk?

NAVEEN

Very.

ARUNDHATHI

I've been waiting all night.

NAVEEN

I see that. I thought you were staying with Mom and Dad.

ARUNDHATHI

You know, some things were said. Some feelings were hurt. Felt like we could use some space.

He fills up another glass of water. She looks around the half-empty apartment.

ARUNDHATHI

So where's Keshav?

Naveen gives her a long, drunken stare, hiccups, then shrugs. Arundhathi understands.

ARUNDHATHI

Well, if the relationship was that fragile, maybe I did you a favor.

NAVEEN

God, I can't imagine why you're getting a divorce.

A long silence.

NAVEEN

Too soon?

It's forgiven.

ARUNDHATHI

Sleep it off. We can catch up tomorrow.

NAVEEN

Yeah, I think what this conversation needs is a massive hangover to really make it sing.

ARUNDHATHI

Relax. I have the perfect hangover cure.

Naveen stares at her, then hiccups -

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

A Bollywood dance instructor teaches an amateur fitness class in a sun-drenched rehearsal studio.

INSTRUCTOR

Let's go. Five, six, seven, eight!

Find in the Front Row of two-dozen or so attendees: Arundhathi, hitting every move. She glistens with sweat, her face intense and focused, as she lip-syncs the Hindi lyrics.

Now find: Naveen, in the back row, hitting roughly one in every three moves, looking like he just climbed out of a swimming pool, willing himself not to vomit.

Naveen glares at the back of Arundhathi's head as the routine wraps. The rest of the class cheers and applauds.

INSTRUCTOR

Incredible, team. OK one minute water break, anyone who needs can come ask questions, then we'll run it one last time.

The instructor turns to Arundhathi.

INSTRUCTOR

Really strong, Arundhathi.

ARUNDHATHI

Thanks!

INSTRUCTOR

(sotto voce)

Has your brother taken a dance class before?

Arundhathi turns and sees Naveen toweling off and gasping. Arundhathi approaches him as he slowly lowers himself to the ground.

NAVEEN

Sorry, was your hangover cure just death's sweet release?

ARUNDHATHI

I'm telling you, there is no shortcut for just sweating it out.

(MORE)

ARUNDHATHI (CONT'D)  
Wait twenty minutes, you're going  
to feel-- what are you doing?

Naveen is balled up on the ground.

NAVEEN  
I'm taking child's pose.

She stares at him.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Showered and changed, the two give their orders to a WAITER.

ARUNDHATHI  
I'll do the grains and greens.

NAVEEN  
Eggs benedict please.

ARUNDHATHI  
You know Dad has high cholesterol.  
Maybe you wanna -

NAVEEN  
(to shut her up)  
- So why are you getting divorced?

She blinks for a minute, then glances at the waiter.

ARUNDHATHI  
(to the waiter)  
That's all I think.

The waiter leaves.

ARUNDHATHI  
You're a dick.

He just stares. Well?

ARUNDHATHI  
OK. So like a month ago, Manish and  
I were watching Project Runway and  
Heidi Klum was wearing this black  
sheath dress. Manish was gonna be  
honored at some gala, and I asked  
him if I should wear the same dress  
to it. Like, if I could pull it  
off.

NAVEEN

Extremely obnoxious behavior. But go on.

ARUNDHATHI

He said, "I don't care what you wear, just as long as you show up."

She looks at him like 'can you believe that asshole?' Naveen looks confused.

NAVEEN

But that's... a nice thing to say.

ARUNDHATHI

Naveen, he doesn't *look* at me. And I can't even get mad about it because I don't look at him either.

NAVEEN

Really? Have you seen Manish?

ARUNDHATHI

Manish and I didn't find each other. Our *mothers* introduced us, which is scientifically the least horny way two people can meet.

NAVEEN

They sent you on a blind date. You're acting as if they sold you off like some child bride.

ARUNDHATHI

The expectations were clear.

NAVEEN

Well, Mom and Dad hardly knew each other at their wedding and they're great.

ARUNDHATHI

... You think?

Naveen's surprised she disagrees.

ARUNDHATHI

I'm just saying, you should have heard her the other day.

(doing an accent)

'There's more to a relationship than passion.

(MORE)

ARUNDHATHI (CONT'D)

You have to give it time.' Like, I'm sorry but I'm not gonna keep living in a loveless marriage just because that's what she decided to do.

This is a lot for Naveen to process.

ARUNDHATHI

You're so lucky you're gay.

NAVEEN

Excuse me?!

ARUNDHATHI

You're free! They can't pressure to live up to their expectations if they have no idea what to expect.

NAVEEN

So you're saying they'll never love me as much as you, so why try.

ARUNDHATHI

Please, you've always been their favorite.

NAVEEN

You think I'm the favorite?!

Off Arundhathi, we FLASH BACK TO:

INT. GAVASKAR KITCHEN - 1990S

A CHILD-AGED ARUNDHATHI shows her mother the beautiful still-life she's painted - it's the scene we saw in Naveen's telling, now taken from his sister's perspective.

ARUNDHATHI (V.O.)

Are you kidding? It's like no matter what I do, I can't compete.

CHILD-ARUNDHATHI

Mom, look!

But Megha barely glances, still taking in Naveen's rudimentary drawing.

MEGHA

Arundhathi, look what your brother made! All by himself!

Megha takes Naveen's shitty picture and shows it to Arundhathi. She frowns, disappointed.

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - SAME

Arundhathi and Manish stand in the entryway. She thrusts out her engagement ring.

ARUNDHATHI (V.O.)  
The more I did right, the further  
they went out of their way to make  
sure you didn't feel somehow  
slighted by it.

MEGHA  
Oh, Manish, it's so--

NAVEEN (O.S.)  
--I got rejected.

They all turn to see a glum Naveen descending the stairs. His mom runs to him.

MEGHA  
Oh, Naveen!

Arundhathi's smile falters slightly.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Arundhathi enters a restaurant, scans it quickly, finds Naveen, Megha, and Archit seated, and runs up to the table, without pausing to overhear what she's interrupting--

ARUNDHATHI  
I made partner!

NAVEEN  
... I think I'm gay.

Megha and Archit look like their circuits just got overloaded. Megha quickly triages priorities and turns to Naveen.

MEGHA  
We love you so much.

Arundhathi (respectfully) brings her energy down to meet the moment, but once again we see her disappointment -

INT. RESTAURANT - BACK TO PRESENT

Resuming their brunch -

NAVEEN

That's not quite how I remember it.

ARUNDHATHI

Trust me.

NAVEEN

So all these years of resenting you, it turns out you were resenting me back.

ARUNDHATHI

That's our parents' real genius. Playing us against each other so we don't see the real enemy.

NAVEEN

You're blowing my mind.

She laughs. Embedded in this is a moment of true revelation - that moment when so many adult siblings realize that their shared life experience has made them friends.

ARUNDHATHI

I'm sorry I torpedoed your relationship.

NAVEEN

You did... torpedo it pretty good.

ARUNDHATHI

I was just trying to find a way to tell them about Manish and there you were, flaunting your freedom.

NAVEEN

Is that what I was doing...?

ARUNDHATHI

Seriously. The only mistake you made was letting them think they have any say in your romantic life.

NAVEEN

Good advice. If only I still had one.

ARUNDHATHI

God, I'm the worst.

She really means this. Naveen sees it, gives her an out:

NAVEEN

It wasn't *exclusively* your fault.  
If Keshav were here, he'd be glad  
to point out all the ways in which  
I contributed.

ARUNDHATHI

I'm coming around on this guy.  
(they laugh)  
Seriously, someone in this family  
ought to be happy. There's gotta be  
some way you can fix things, right?

Off Naveen, not sure yet --

INT. TEMPLE - EARLY MORNING

Naveen stands before the altar to Lord Ganesh. It's the spot  
where he first saw Keshav. We once again hear Naveen in V.O.-

NAVEEN (V.O.)

OK, so maybe it was dumb to think  
that Lord Ganesh would know how to  
fix things with Keshav.

Naveen prostrates.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

He's not exactly a relationship  
expert. His wives are success and  
intelligence. They're abstract  
expressions. Oh - and in South  
India, he's not married at all.  
Yeah, tradition says his mother  
begged him to find a bride. He came  
down to earth, sat on every street  
corner, and watched the women pass.  
Then went back home, and told mom  
he just couldn't find a gal who was  
as beautiful as she is.

He looks up at Ganesh, once more.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

I know. So gay.

Resigned, he stands, turns to walk away, passing another  
WORSHIPER as they arrive to the altar.

NAVEEN (V.O.)

Anyway, for *whatever* reason, Ganesh  
stayed single.

(MORE)

NAVEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And it seems to work for him. Which  
 is comforting, I guess since I seem  
 destined for...

\*RING\* - the Worshiper has rung the altar's bell.

Hearing this, Naveen stops, turns and stares at the bell,  
 it's lone echo dying out. He smiles, struck by an idea.

NAVEEN  
 Ganesh, you beautiful, gay genius.

The worshiper gives him a dirty look -

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Billie brings Keshav into a movie theater.

BILLIE  
 Lets sit up front.

KESHAV  
 Why? There are plenty of seats.

BILLIE  
 I like actors to take up my entire  
 field of vision. Like there is no  
 existence outside their poreless  
 skin.

KESHAV  
 Um, well, I'm gonna sit further  
 back.

BILLIE  
 Just sit up front and stop being  
 difficult.

Billie drags him to the front and they sit.

KESHAV  
 I didn't even want to see a movie.

As they bicker, the lights dim and the movie screen lights  
 up. Only instead of previews, it's a scene from smack in the  
 middle of DDLJ, the film Keshav and Naveen saw on their first  
 date.

*ON SCREEN: Kajol, the female lead, lies in bed. She rises,  
 covers her ears in anguish as a wind blows through her  
 window.*

KESHAV

I thought this was a Marvel movie.

The audience murmurs, as confused as Keshav. But Billie seems to be unsurprised.

BILLIE

Shhh.

*ON SCREEN: Kajol runs through the dawn light into a field of bright yellow flowers.*

KESHAV

This is DDLJ.

*ON SCREEN: Kajol collapses to her knees. Hears a cowbell. (This echoes the sound of a bell Naveen heard in the temple.) She sees a single cow standing in a field.*

Keshav looks agitated.

KESHAV

I can't watch this right now.

BILLIE

Hang on. Keshav--

He stands, to leave, but he's stopped dead at the sound of a voice, singing in Hindi, with English subtitles appearing at the bottom of the screen.

MALE SINGING VOICE (V.O.)

(in Hindi)

[When I saw you, I knew.]

It's coming from the theater's speakers, but it's not the voice from the film. It's a weak, tone-deaf voice singing in badly accented Hindi, dubbed over the film.

MALE SINGING VOICE (V.O.)

[Love is madness.]

*ON SCREEN: A male figure faces away in a black leather jacket and a fedora, a bag slung over his shoulder. He turns and it's... Naveen!*

NAVEEN (V.O.)

[When I saw you, I knew.]

As confused as Kajol herself, Keshav slowly retakes his seat.

What ensues is an amateurishly filmed shot-for-shot remake of Shah Rukh Khan's coverage in this song sequence from DDLJ, spliced into the real film's coverage of his female co-star.

NAVEEN

[Where do we go from here?  
Just let me die in your arms.]

Now Kajol opens her mouth to sing, only the subtitles stop translating her Hindi lyrics. Instead they contain their own unrelated message.

KAJOL

*Tujhe dekha to yeh jaana sanam*

**KAJOL'S 'SUBTITLES': Wow this guy has a bad voice, huh? This is, like totally mortifying.**

Keshav looks stunned. Billie smiles, knowingly.

KAJOL

*Pyaar hota hai deewana sanam.*

**KAJOL'S 'SUBTITLES': He must have fucked up really bad to be publicly humiliating himself like this.**

Shah Rukh Khan resumes singing. The subtitles continue to mistranslate him.

SHAH RUKH KHAN

*Ab yahan se kahan jaayein hum*

**NAVEEN'S 'SUBTITLES': I have historically hated making public displays. I find them mortifying. Isn't this mortifying?**

As if to answer, a HECKLER - gruff, husky, 40s, blue collar - heckles:

HECKLER

Yo! Where's the movie?

SHAH RUKH KHAN

*Teri baahon mein mar jaayein hum*

**NAVEEN'S SUBTITLES: But this is something I need to say as loudly as possible:**

**Keshav Kurundakar, you are beautiful. You are wise. And you are brave. I'm lost without you.**

Now Naveen enters the theater from a side door, wearing this same outfit. He peers into the front row nervously to see how Keshav is taking this.

Keshav sees him. He looks stunned, but happy. Naveen smiles, approaches, kneels in front of him.

KESHAV  
What are you doing?

NAVEEN  
It depends... Is it working?

Keshav laughs.

KESHAV  
It's working.

NAVEEN  
OK, well, then... I'm asking you  
very publicly -for a second time -  
if you'd marry me.

Keshav tries to control his emotions. Meanwhile, the audience is growing more restless.

HECKLER  
Play the real movie!

FIND: Several rows back, PAUL, incognito in sunglasses, increasingly concerned at the heckling. But the man beside him, a COUNTER HECKLER stands up, also gruff, blue-collar, an unlikely hero.

COUNTER-HECKLER  
What are you, dead inside? He's  
proposing!

HECKLER  
Propose this!

Paul's emboldened to join in.

PAUL  
Love is love, you piece of shit!

Paul and his seatmate make eyes. Paul smiles, flirty. The man smiles back.

Meanwhile, other audience members start jeering, taking sides.

HECKLER #2  
Yeah, well I'd love it if the movie  
would start!

COUNTER-HECKLER  
Fuck off.

BILLIE

Yo, Keshav, how about an answer  
before a riot breaks out?

Keshav gathers himself to say:

KESHAV

You didn't actually ask before so  
technically this is the first time.

NAVEEN

Right. But... so... ?

KESHAV

I have one condition.

BILLIE

OK can we maybe negotiate the  
prenup outside?

KESHAV

You never sing in public ever  
again.

NAVEEN

Oh like this?

He stands and sings.

NAVEEN

*Tujhe dekha to yeh jaana sanam!*

Someone HUCKS a box of whoppers at Naveen's face.

NAVEEN

Ow! Come on, those corners are  
sharp!

It elicits an equal and opposite reaction from his supporters  
- who start throwing candy at the other hecklers.

BILLIE

Boys!

Billie's holding the side door open for them. Naveen doesn't  
budge, looks to Keshav.

KESHAV

Yes, I'll marry you.

Naveen grins.

KESHAV

But I think we should go.

NAVEEN

Right.

(to the audience)

Thank you for your patience. Also Whoppers are disgusting and you should be ashamed!

To a mixed chorus of cheers and boos, he takes Keshav's hand and they run out the way Naveen entered.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - SAME

Billie slams the door closed behind them.

KESHAV

I can't believe you just did that!

NAVEEN

I mean what I said.

KESHAV

No, I meant, how did you do that?

NAVEEN

Oh... Right. I begged the digital media team at my company to help me.

He points to a group of NERDY COLLEAGUES, who stand a bit far off, overjoyed to see that their labors paid off. Paul emerges from the theater to join them.

NAVEEN

And I paid the theater manager half a year's bonus.

Keshav laughs.

NAVEEN (CONT'D)

Hey.

Naveen catches him in a kiss as Billie and a random theater Usher openly look on.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

An upscale spot in San Francisco, bustling with diners. Keshav and Naveen, both dressed smartly, enter, and immediately find Megha and Archit, who stand and embrace Naveen.

NAVEEN

Hi, hello.

They turn to Keshav, unsure if he's going to fully prostrate before them again. He smiles and gives a nervous wave.

KESHAV

Uncle, Auntie, nice to see you again.

MEGHA

Keshav, nice to see you.

ARCHIT

Our table should be ready soon.

KESHAV

Oh good, I'm starving!

ARCHIT

Not the munchies, I hope?

An awkward beat as everyone tries to read his tone. Finally, Megha lets out a loud laugh to break the tension.

KESHAV

No, no, Uncle. All good on that front.

On Naveen, uncomfortable -

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A white WAITER, detectable gay affect, overly hammy (a John Early character) hands out menus to each of them.

WAITER

Now is this your first time dining with us?

The Gavaskars each try to grumble their answer at once. Keshav pipes in to summarize.

KESHAV

Let's see, Naveen, you've been here a bunch, I've been here once, I think but a few years ago. And these two are brand new.

WAITER

Wow, OK, a real mix! Well, to those of you whose first time it is, welcome.

(MORE)

WAITER (CONT'D)

To let you know, we serve things family style here. And let me tell you a bit about what that means.

ARCHIT

Oh god, no.

NAVEEN

We know what family style is.

Naveen and Archit lock eyes, and smile at this shared pet peeve, a moment of connectivity to ease tension.

MEGHA

Honestly, you two, so rude.

WAITER

No it's OK, they make us explain 'small plates' twelve times an hour like Chef invented the concept. News alert: The plates are smaller! I'll be back with your drinks.

He leaves.

NAVEEN

So, Dad, I thought maybe you could ask Pandit Kumar if he'd officiate the ceremony.

A beat as Archit and Megha look confused.

NAVEEN

Something wrong?

ARCHIT

We didn't... You want Pandit Kumar to do the wedding?

NAVEEN

As opposed to?

MEGHA

We assumed you were having a gay wedding.

NAVEEN

A gay wedding?

MEGHA

You know, you wear like matching suits, one of your friends becomes an internet priest, we drink punch in an overpriced barn setting... Like Mitch and Cam!

KESHAV

Who?

NAVEEN

(to Keshav)

They're from a TV show.

MEGHA

The re-runs are always on LOGO.

NAVEEN

Mom, the fact that you two think there are 'Indian' weddings and 'gay' weddings is exactly the problem.

ARCHIT

There's a problem?

NAVEEN

Yeah. Gayness isn't a western concept.

KESHAV

India's sodomy laws were actually introduced by the British, so in many ways, homophobia is the western concept.

An awkward beat as his parents absorb this.

NAVEEN

Look, Keshav and I met in a temple. Tradition is important to us. Shouldn't you guys be like... thrilled?

MEGHA

We are, we are.

Then, just as the waiter reapproaches the table --

ARCHIT

So, which one of you is the bride?

Unseen by Archit, the waiter makes eye contact with Naveen, gives him a sympathetic "yiiikes" look, and backs away.

MEGHA

I think what your father means is... well, you know, our ceremony is very gendered. The bride's eldest brother does this. The groom's niece does that.

KESHAV

Of course. We'll have to tailor some things, respectfully of course.

ARCHIT

So, what, you both do the baraat?

NAVEEN

Yeah, two grooms, two horses, side by side.

ARCHIT

Isn't that a little...

NAVEEN

What, gay?

ARCHIT

Loud.

NAVEEN

Loud? It's an Indian wedding!

ARCHIT

You don't have to shout.

Naveen fumes at the homophobia laced into this. Keshav tries to pivot -

KESHAV

You know, we feel like if the tradition needs a little tweaking, well, isn't that what's beautiful about Hinduism in the first place?

ARCHIT

How do you mean?

KESHAV

Hindus are always questioning authority, seeking deeper truths. Some scholars argue that in Hinduism - a religion where gods come to us in many forms, sometimes presenting as one gender, sometimes another - that the soul itself has no gender.

Archit fixes Keshav a stare that suggests he's not super impressed at having Hinduism explained back to him.

Megha sees it and snorts - kind of agreeing with Archit here - but she pulls herself together. Meanwhile, the hovering waiter finally makes his approach.

WAITER

Preach, sister! Gender! It's a construct, am I right?

(he gets no laughs)

So I do have a few specials if you'd like to hear them.

Everyone shoots him an annoyed look -

EXT. CURB - NIGHT

After dinner, they gather outside the restaurant.

ARCHIT

I'll get the car and bring it around.

Archit leaves. Naveen faces his mother.

NAVEEN

Listen, I know how much work it was when Arundhathi got married. We'd love your help.

MEGHA

Oh, you don't want my help.

NAVEEN

If this is still about Keshav--

KESHAV

I should give you guys a--

MEGHA

It's not about Keshav. Always now I hear from your sister, 'you forced me to marry the wrong man! You meddled! Now I'm unhappy. Now I want a divorce!' Always my fault. Everything my fault.

Naveen's given pause, seeing that for Megha, at least, this really is about something else.

MEGHA

I won't do all this work only to have my child resent me for it.

NAVEEN

I'm not gonna resent you.

MEGHA

Really?

NAVEEN

Mom, it would really mean a lot to have you and Dad support us in this.

She weighs this -

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GAVASKAR KITCHEN - DAY

THWUMP! Megha drops like an 8 pound 3-ring binder on the table, labeled "Arundhathi's wedding."

Behind her, Archit makes platters of modaks. Arundhathi leans against the counter, feasting on schadenfreude.

ARUNDHATHI

Oh you fucked up, Naveen.

Across from Megha sits Naveen, looking, indeed, like he's got some buyer's remorse. Beside him, Keshav holds a photo album in his lap, and pages through it with interest.

MEGHA

OK. First thing. Invitations. Keshav, show Naveen the one we made up for Arundhathi. I think it's on the first page.

Keshav flips back in what turns out to be Arundhathi's wedding album. Indeed, page one has a copy of the elaborate paper invite. But on the page opposing it is a photo of Arundhathi and Manish - they look young, beautiful... happy.

NAVEEN

Wow, can I see that?

Naveen takes the album from Keshav. He peers at the photo of his sister. It makes an impression.

KESHAV

Yeah, Arundhathi, you looked crazy hot.

MEGHA

Let's focus here! What do you think of that invite? Because we can do something different.

He continues to page through the photo album -

NAVEEN

Actually, we thought maybe we'd just send an email.

MEGHA

An email?

NAVEEN

You know, save some trees?

MEGHA

No. We need printed invitations. And they need to come from your father and me. Like we did with your sister.

ARCHIT

Ah yes, because that worked out so well.

ARUNDHATHI

I'm right here.

MEGHA

Yes, and you should be home, working things out with your husband.

ARUNDHATHI

Mom-

MEGHA

You know I spoke to him last night? He was very upset!

ARUNDHATHI

You called Manish?

MEGHA

Someone had to.

ARUNDHATHI

Stay out of my business!

She storms out. Megha turns back to them, looking all the more determined.

MEGHA

See? You need to respect the tradition you're entering into.

NAVEEN

A day ago, you told me to get married in a barn.

Megha goes to close the binder.

MEGHA

See, this is what I was afraid of --

KESHAV

-- You're right, Auntie. We should send paper invites.

(Naveen gives him a look)

We'll plant some trees or something.

Now Megha turns on Archit.

MEGHA

And you! Maybe you come here and help instead of heckling?

ARCHIT

Can't. The temple needs six hundred modaks by tomorrow.

Naveen clocks the distance his father is keeping from all this.

KESHAV

I can help, Uncle.

Keshav begins to stand.

MEGHA

You! Sit!

He immediately sits back down, chastened.

INT. TAILOR - DAY

Naveen steps out from behind a curtained dressing room wearing an electric blue kurta.

NAVEEN

I don't know if blue's quite my color.

Megha sits with her binder on her lap as Naveen assesses himself in the mirror. She's on the phone.

MEGHA

(in Hindi)

[OK, speak soon, thanks so much.]

(she hangs up)

That was the astrologer. Good news. She found your date. Bad news, the venue you want is booked that weekend so we'll have to find somewhere else.

NAVEEN

What?! What's the date?

MEGHA

Let's see...

(checks notes)

September 11.

NAVEEN

Mom.

MEGHA

What?

NAVEEN

I don't know that I wanna move the venue just so I can get married on September 11.

MEGHA

(disingenuous, she's

trying to make this work)

What? Because of the terror attack?

NAVEEN

Yes! Because of the terror attack!

MEGHA

Fine. Get married on the 18th and enjoy your doomed marriage.

Naveen stares at her, frustrated beyond words.

KESHAV (O.S.)

What do we think?

They turn to see Keshav, who has stepped out from behind his own curtain sporting a HOT PINK KURTA.

NAVEEN

I weirdly kind of like it.

KESHAV  
Kind of fun right?

MEGHA  
Absolutely not. Change immediately.

Keshav's face falls. Naveen shrugs at him -

INT. FLORIST - DAY

Megha sits between Naveen and Keshav across from an Indian FLORIST, who shows them a look book.

FLORIST  
Many couples prefer to have the lotuses shipped in. The local ones just don't look the same.

NAVEEN  
(fuck no)  
Oh that's--

MEGHA  
-- perfect.

He pulls out another lookbook.

FLORIST  
Now for the reception, we can do a number of really fabulous things with marigolds --

He flips to a page with a giant flower sculpture of Ganesh.

MEGHA  
Ooh, Naveen, look at that!

FLORIST  
If you like that, let me get my other lookbook.

The florist steps away.

NAVEEN  
Mom, isn't this kind of gaudy?

MEGHA  
Gaudy?

NAVEEN  
It looks like a chia pet. Maybe we go a little more casual?

MEGHA

You know what casual says? It says you're making a casual commitment. It says we don't take marriage seriously.

NAVEEN

That makes no sense!

MEGHA

How will it look if we let you get married like some poor orphan child?

KESHAV

I mean, I am a poor orphan child...

Megha looks mortified.

MEGHA

Oh, Keshav, I didn't mean --

FLORIST

--Check. This. Out.

MEGHA

(immediately distracted)  
--Oh would you look at that!

He's re-emerged holding a lookbook open to a giant floral sculpture of a peacock. Off Naveen, horrified -

INT. NAVEEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Naveen sits at the counter, surrounded by Megha's planning binder and his sister's wedding album. He's focusing, once again, on that first photo of Arundhathi and Manish.

Keshav sits across the room on the couch, paging through the florist's lookbook.

KESHAV

Honestly, the marigold sculptures were actually kind of fun.

NAVEEN

Oh my god, she got to you.

KESHAV

We asked for her help.

NAVEEN

It's getting out of hand. She's got us getting married in a venue we hate wearing outfits we don't like on a day of national mourning!

(remembering)

Didn't you once tell me you're allergic to marigolds?

KESHAV

(embarrassed)

I didn't want to say anything...

NAVEEN

Oh my god, this is insane! It's getting out of hand.

KESHAV

We could always look into booking that barn...

NAVEEN

Seriously.

KESHAV

I was kidding.

Naveen smiles to cover that he wasn't.

NAVEEN

I know.

Keshav looks concerned. Naveen stands.

NAVEEN

Let's go to bed. I can't look at this shit anymore.

As he heads to the bedroom, we stay on the photo of Arundhathi and Manish, DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SQUASH COURT - DAY

... Manish in goggles and tennis whites. Pull out to find him playing a COLLEAGUE in a squash match.

They're in a long rally. Neither of them is particularly good, but Manish wins the point.

MANISH

What happened to you there?

COLLEAGUE  
Sorry, got distracted.

His colleague leans in close.

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)  
I don't want to alarm you, but  
we're being watched.

Manish looks through the glass to the bench to find Naveen, awkwardly perched there waiting for him. He gives an awkward wave. Manish smiles, happy to see him.

INT. BARROOM - DAY

They sit at an old-fashioned, wood-paneled bar attached to whatever old club Manish plays squash in.

MANISH  
So what's up? Heard you're getting  
married! That's awesome, dude.

NAVEEN  
You know, that's actually why I  
wanted to talk to you.

Manish doesn't follow. Naveen searches for the most delicate way to say this...

NAVEEN  
Any way I can talk you into wooing  
my sister back?

MANISH  
Naveen, that's really kind--

NAVEEN  
No, no, it's selfish. See, your  
divorce has turned my mother into a  
complete Bridezilla. Plus, every  
time she and Arundhathi get in a  
fight, Arundhathi comes to stay  
with me.

MANISH  
So... nice sibling bonding time?

NAVEEN  
The other day, she put a note in  
the bathroom reminding Keshav and I  
to leave the toilet seat down.

MANISH

She's pretty militant about that.

NAVEEN

Why should we have to put the seat down? We're both men! Not having to put the seat down is like the main perk of being gay!

MANISH

That's the main perk?

NAVEEN

Well, and sharing clothes.  
(thinks)  
... And the sex, I guess.

MANISH

Naveen... Listen. I don't want to get back with your sister.

NAVEEN

Really? My mom said you were upset.  
(realizing)  
And now I'm hearing it back.

MANISH

(laughing)  
Did you really come here to try to fix my marriage?

NAVEEN

I thought it was probably a long shot.

Manish sits quiet. He knows Naveen's got something more he's here to say.

NAVEEN

I just...  
(doesn't know quite how to ask this)  
I've spent a long time wishing I could have this perfect, ideal wedding. Your wedding.

MANISH

You're worried you're gonna end up like us?

NAVEEN

No, no. Keshav's the guy. It's the wedding...

(MORE)

NAVEEN (CONT'D)

it's turning into such a boondoggle  
and I keep looking back at your  
guys' photos and... I'm worried  
it's kind of a stupid thing to  
want. To put all this time and  
effort into.

MANISH

Maybe it is.

Naveen looks a little sad to have this confirmed.

MANISH

You remember when I ran into you  
and this Keshav guy on the street?

NAVEEN

Yeah... But do *you*?

MANISH

OK, I wasn't *that* drunk. Seeing you  
with this guy, Keshav, I just  
though, 'phew.' I've known you a  
long time, and I was getting  
worried.

This is nice but doesn't really answer it for Naveen. Manish  
finishes his drink, stands to go.

MANISH

Point is, I'm happy for you.

Manish stands.

MANISH

Good to see you man.

NAVEEN

Yeah, you too.

Manish throws some cash down, pats Naveen on the back, and  
leaves Naveen to sit with his thoughts.

INT. TEMPLE - OFFICES - DAY

Archit and Naveen sit across from PANDIT KUMAR in an untidy  
office, piled with papers, books on religion, children's art.

Naveen holds aluminum tins on his lap, filled with the *modaks*  
Archit was making.

KUMAR

No.

ARCHIT  
No?

KUMAR  
No, I can't do the ceremony.

NAVEEN  
OK, well, thanks for you  
consideration.

Naveen makes to leave. Archit sits firmly in his chair.

ARCHIT  
Why?

KUMAR  
Frankly, the Hindu marriage rite is  
between a man and a woman.

NAVEEN  
OK, thanks for your time.

ARCHIT  
Who says?

KUMAR  
I am totally supportive of the gay  
community. If you and your friend  
would like, I would be happy to  
perform a blessing.

NAVEEN  
That's nice of you to offer. Keshav  
and I will think about it.

Archit stands. Grabs the tins of modaks from Naveen.

ARCHIT  
No it isn't nice, it's patronizing.  
(to Kumar)  
Next time you need six hundred  
modaks, hire a caterer.

KUMAR  
Hey, Archit--

Archit stalks out. Naveen looks at Kumar, shrugs -

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Archit walks quickly toward his Camry. Naveen exits the  
temple and jogs to catch up.

NAVEEN  
Dad. Dad! Hang on.

He spins on Naveen.

ARCHIT  
What.

NAVEEN  
Just, thanks for standing up for me  
in there. That was... nice!

ARCHIT  
Why did you make us come here?

NAVEEN  
Sorry?

ARCHIT  
You want to marry this boy. Fine.  
But why does it have to be so... so  
public?

Naveen looks disappointed. And then he realizes something.

NAVEEN  
You know, for a second there, I  
couldn't remember why I was doing  
this anymore. But there it is.

Archit doesn't follow.

NAVEEN  
I'm so sick of being made to feel  
like a trespasser in my own  
tradition. Of course my wedding  
should be big, and noisy, and  
public! Why would it be anything  
else? Cause of someone else's  
homophobia?

He means Archit's homophobia, which Archit gathers.

ARCHIT  
Enough with that. Your mom and I  
try so hard to support you. We want  
you to be happy. But you just...  
decide things! You and your sister  
both. You know how much say my  
father gave me in my wedding? None.

NAVEEN

Yeah, well, maybe you're OK living in some kind of loveless arrangement for your whole life, but we're not.

ARCHIT

Is that what you think? Of your mother and I?

Naveen falters slightly.

NAVEEN

I just meant--

He takes a beat, not wanting to get off topic here -

NAVEEN

What is the worst thing that you think could happen here? A couple Aunties gossip about us?

Archit rolls his eyes.

NAVEEN

No I'm serious. I'm asking. What are you afraid of?

Archit looks like he's going to give this a real answer. Then-

ARCHIT

Ungrateful children.

Nope. Naveen gives up, turns toward his own car. Over his shoulder:

NAVEEN

Ok well, we'll send an invite, but no obligation to attend.

Archit looks pained and pissed --

INT. NAVEEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arundhathi sits at the counter, digging into her dinner as Keshav serves himself his portion from a frying pan.

ARUNDHATHI

Holy shit, Naveen didn't tell me you could cook like this.

KESHAV

On the list of things Naveen didn't tell you, I'm gonna rank that low.

ARUNDHATHI

Yeah, screw Naveen. Marry me.

KESHAV

What a scandal!

They laugh. Obviously, the stint as roommates has brought them closer. Naveen enters.

ARUNDHATHI

Hey Naveen, sorry to say but your wedding's off.

Naveen smiles weakly, but Keshav looks up and sees something's wrong. He puts the pan down, moves to him.

KESHAV

What's up?

Naveen buries his face in Keshav's shoulder. Keshav hugs him back. Arundhathi looks on, moved --

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM

Megha sits on the couch mindlessly eating from the tray of six hundred modaks. On the TV, Robin Williams dancing in *The Birdcage*.

ROBIN WILLIAMS (ON TV)

*Martha Graham! Martha Graham!  
Martha Graham! Madonna. Madonna -*

Archit enters, looks at his wife, then sits directly beside her. She glances at him.

MEGHA

Why are you sitting there?

He strains to find an answer. She points to his recliner.

MEGHA (CONT'D)

-You bought that ridiculous chair so you could sit in it. Go! Sit in your chair!

Archit stands, moves to his chair. Megha turns back to the TV. She notices he's still staring at her.

MEGHA

What?

He's got something to ask her.

ARCHIT (CONT'D)

I --

(he decides against it)

Nothing. I'm very tired. I'm going to head up to bed.

MEGHA

It's 7:45.

He shrugs and heads upstairs. She looks after him. Seriously worried.

INT. ARUNDHATHI'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

An empty luxury condo, filled with moving boxes and unplaced furniture. Naveen and Arundhathi sit on a cardboard box and eat takeout Thai food.

NAVEEN

When you asked me to help you move in, I was worried you would think I knew how to build the furniture.

ARUNDHATHI

I would never think that.

NAVEEN

And you found this guy on Craigslist?

REVERSE TO SEE: A HOT, SHIRTLESS COLLEGE-AGE BRO builds a desk chair. He's jamming out to headphones, unable to hear.

ARUNDHATHI

Instagram. His ad said assembling furniture is his passion.

NAVEEN

Funny, cause watching him assemble furniture is my passion.

They continue to eat and ogle him another beat. Then the door swings open and Megha storms in.

ARUNDHATHI

Mom! Hey.

The Bro looks up. Arundhathi gestures at him not to worry, to keep working. Megha takes in the condo with disgust.

MEGHA

So this is how you are living?

ARUNDHATHI

Well, yeah.

Megha turns her fury to Naveen, the real target of her visit.

MEGHA

You. What did you say to your father.

NAVEEN

What? Why?

Megha notices the Bro, does a double-take, focuses back in.

MEGHA

He's extremely upset.

NAVEEN

Good!

MEGHA

Good? When did you become like this?

NAVEEN

What, brave?

MEGHA

Disrespectful. Sitting like that when your mother is standing.

He quickly puts his feet on the floor.

NAVEEN

Mom, look, I tried, okay? I really tried. You know how much. He's never accepted me.

MEGHA

This is the problem with you both. You think you're suffering. You think your problems are only yours. You think we're the enemy, or something. I don't understand. If you even prick your fingers, we bleed so much for you.

Naveen and Arundhathi both look guilty.

BRO  
 (shouted)  
 Excuse me, Ma'am?

Thrown off, Megha looks to see that the Bro is standing beside her, holding the desk chair he just finished building. He's shouting over the sound of his own headphones, still unable to hear any of this conversation.

BRO  
 (shouted)  
 Would you like something to sit on?

MEGHA  
 Oh. That's sweet... no thank you.

He gives a thumbs up and returns to his work. Everyone takes a moment, then Naveen resumes.

MEGHA  
 Maybe this is my fault. Ever since you told us you were gay, I have been so scared of losing you. So I indulge you. But no more. I'm done, Naveen. You fix this thing with your father. Or else.

Naveen looks torn. She storms out.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Arundhathi follows, finds her mother waiting for the elevator.

ARUNDHATHI  
 Mom! Hang on.

Megha turns.

ARUNDHATHI (CONT'D)  
 Come on, come back. Don't you want a tour of my home?

MEGHA  
 Not really.

She turns and presses the down button again, trying to rush the elevator along.

ARUNDHATHI  
 I don't understand. Don't you want me to be happy?

MEGHA

Arr, this has always been about your happiness. Always.

ARUNDHATHI

Then why are you being so difficult?

MEGHA

Because you're throwing your life away!

The elevator arrives, and now Megha wishes it hadn't - the conversation is unfinished.

ARUNDHATHI

OK, well, thanks for stopping by.

Without waiting for her mom to get in the elevator, Arundhathi heads back inside.

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - DAY

Archit prepares dinner by himself in the kitchen. He removes a baking sheet of roasted veggies from a hot oven just as the doorbell rings. Hands full, he shouts:

ARCHIT

It's open.

Keshav peeks into the kitchen. Archit turns, expecting him.

KESHAV

Uncle -

Archit was expecting him.

ARCHIT

Come, come.

KESHAV

I got your message. Is everything OK?

ARCHIT

Yes, yes, thank you for coming.

Keshav looks apprehensive, still unsure why he's been summoned. Then he sniffs the air -

KESHAV

Something smells good.

ARCHIT

I'm just fixing us a little something to eat. And then I thought we could have a little chat.

Off Keshav, even more unsure what he's doing here --

INT. GAVASKAR DINING ROOM - DAY

They eat in awkward silence.

KESHAV

The korma is delicious, Uncle.

ARCHIT

Thank you.

KESHAV

You know what I sometimes add to mine? A little basil.

ARCHIT

In korma? No.

KESHAV

You'd be surprised. It adds really interesting flavor.

ARCHIT

This is my mother's recipe.

KESHAV

(chastened)  
As I said, delicious.

Archit fixes him a look.

KESHAV

Naveen says you've always done the cooking.

ARCHIT

When I was a boy, I wanted to cater weddings for a living, be a cook.

KESHAV

Why didn't you?

ARCHIT

My father gave me this when I told him.

Archit pulls up his sleeve and shows Keshav a scar.

ARCHIT  
It was a different time.

KESHAV  
You'd be surprised.

Archit takes Keshav in for a moment, understanding he's been through his own shit.

KESHAV  
Naveen never told me that story.

ARCHIT  
He doesn't know.

KESHAV  
I think you should tell him.

Archit sets down his utensils.

ARCHIT  
Pandit Kumar called yesterday. He said he'd changed his mind about doing your wedding.

KESHAV  
Oh, uh, really?

ARCHIT  
Upon reflection, he said, he'd come to see ours as a religion that's constantly updating itself. One where God presents himself - or herself - to us in many forms, as many genders, and so, he said, we must conclude that the soul has no gender.

KESHAV  
It sounds like he's very wise.

ARCHIT  
It sounds like someone got to him.

Keshav smiles, abashed, understanding Archit's onto him.

ARCHIT  
It seems my son has chosen someone who can stand up to him.

KESHAV  
He did.

ARCHIT

I'm glad.  
 (then)  
 But this wedding of yours --

Keshav steels himself for the worst.

ARCHIT

-- Have you lined up a caterer?

Keshav smiles.

KESHAV

Not yet, Uncle.

Archit smiles, too. Thinks a moment.

ARCHIT

You know, You're kind of a *modak* yourself.

KESHAV

Sorry?

ARCHIT

White on the outside, brown on the inside.

Keshav's eyes go wide - unsure how to take this. But Archit guffaws at his own joke. And now Keshav laughs too.

EXT. GAVASKAR HOUSE - NIGHT

Naveen steps out of his car, looking guilt-ridden after his conversation with his mother. He looks up at the house, and takes a breath, steeling himself for a hard conversation.

INT. GAVASKAR LIVING ROOM - DAY

Naveen opens the door to find Archit and Keshav watching cricket on TV. They're shouting their anger at the TV screen, so they don't hear him come in.

ARCHIT

He's blind! Blind!

KESHAV

Every time? Why do we do this to ourselves?

Naveen stands for a moment, taking this in, watching them re-litigate the play for each other. He's stunned.

Keshav sees Naveen first. Smiles. Then Archit follows Keshav's look, sees his son.

He smiles, a little embarrassed. Naveen walks over. Stands before him, then goes to touch his feet -- his way to apologize. But Archit catches him on the way down.

ARCHIT  
No, no, stop that.

Confused, Naveen looks up.

NAVEEN  
Dad, I--

ARCHIT  
-- Just sit, huh? We can't see the match with you standing there.

Naveen nods, seeing the apology was accepted. They all three sit, Archit between Keshav and Naveen. A beat.

ARCHIT  
I mean the pair of you with the prostrating. Good grief.

Keshav and Naveen lock eyes and grin.

INT. EVENT SPACE - MORNING

An EVENT COORDINATOR in a HEADSET watches as WORKERS construct an altar.

Elsewhere, a florist arranges garlands.

INSERT: A close-up of an elaborate paper invitation to the wedding of Keshav and Naveen. (Obviously they lost that battle with Megha.) The wedding date: September 11. (They lost that one, too.)

EXT. EVENT SPACE - SAME

Movers unload nice white chairs from the back of a truck. The behind the scenes work of a wedding begins.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A hotel room set up for the groom to prepare. Naveen slips on his kurta, turns and looks in the mirror.

Behind, his parents look on. But Megha frowns and approaches.

MEGHA  
Here stand still.

Megha fixes the pleats. As she does -

NAVEEN  
Ma, it's fine.

ARCHIT  
He looks good.

MEGHA  
It's not fine!

She makes another adjustment. Turns him toward her, gets misty-eyed.

MEGHA  
Perfect.

Arundhathi breezes in, absently scrolling through her phone.

ARUNDHATHI  
Naveen, I didn't realize Keshav  
smoked cigarettes.

NAVEEN  
He doesn't.

ARUNDHATHI  
Oh, well, I just saw him outside.  
Unless it was a... oh jeez, no, it  
probably wasn't...

MEGHA  
Ganja?!

ARCHIT  
Here we go again.

NAVEEN  
Oh my god, I'll kill him.

Naveen storms out -

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Naveen bursts outside, moving quickly, but stops short at the sound of a GIANT CHEER.

REVERSE ANGLE ON:

Keshav, mounted atop A WHITE HORSE, looking like a prince in his full wedding regalia.

Beside it stands A SECOND HORSE, riderless, its HANDLER standing by, ready to help.

Behind them, dozens of wedding guests are cheering - including Billie, Paul, Nikila, Mike, and Jai.

KESHAV

Ride's here.

Behind Naveen, Arundhathi emerges, followed by the rest of the family. Naveen sees her.

NAVEEN

You're a dick.

ARUNDHATHI

That was for dropping me at my wedding.

Naveen grins, but now he turns to his parents, confused.

NAVEEN

I don't understand. We decided we'd just walk to the venue.

Archit steps up beside him.

ARCHIT

I thought this was a little bit louder.

Naveen looks at his dad, jaw dropped. Archit smiles.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREET - DAY

The two grooms ride their horses, side by side through the streets of San Jose.

Behind them, a WEDDING DJ walks on foot, blasting music from a boom box, pumping up the entire wedding party. Everyone sings and dances as they march behind the grooms.

Find in this crowd: Archit and Megha.

MEGHA

See how they look at each other. So in love.

ARCHIT

Not how I remember you looking at me on our wedding day.

MEGHA

I think I was afraid to look at you at all.

ARCHIT

Yes. A very different marriage.

Megha senses something off in his voice, an insecurity. Glances at him.

MEANWHILE: Keshav looks over at Naveen, who seems distracted, he shouts over to him.

KESHAV

How you doing over there?

NAVEEN

Great!

KESHAV

You're terrified, yeah?

NAVEEN

Oh yeah.

Keshav grins. But then a slightly more serious moment.

KESHAV

You ready?

Naveen smiles at him.

NAVEEN

Yeah.

INT. EVENT SPACE - DAY

CLOSE ON: the decorative *Antarpat* (a curtain that divides the couple from seeing each other when they first take their seats at the altar.)

SWOOSH - the curtain is pulled away, revealing Keshav. We're with Naveen's POV.

Now we see that we've begun the wedding ceremony itself, the seats are full. Beside Keshav and Naveen stand their family members and close friends. Between them is Pandit Kumar.

KUMAR

And now for the varmala. Our grooms will exchange garlands to signify their acceptance of each other as spouses.

Arundhathi and Billie approach holding two garlands, giving one to each of them. Behind them, five or six MALE FRIENDS, among them Paul and Mike, approach and lift both grooms up on their shoulders.

Keshav and Naveen half-heartedly attempt to prevent the other from putting the garland around their neck. Naveen relents first, and lets Keshav be-garland him.

Then Keshav puts his head down, letting Naveen do the same. The audience cheers.

Now in MONTAGE we see beats of their wedding:

- Arundhathi and Billie tie Keshav and Naveen's scarves together.

- Megha and Archit light candles.

- Pandit Kumar sprinkles holy water over the crowd and chants in Sanskrit.

PANDIT KUMAR

[Sanskrit mantra]

Paul leans over to Arundhathi.

PAUL

What, um, is happening?

ARUNDHATHI

Shh.

TIME CUT:

PANDIT KUMAR

Now, we would normally invite parents of both grooms to light a candle in reverence to the Gods. Keshav's parents are no longer with us.

Naveen grabs Keshav's hand.

PANDIT KUMAR

But I'm told Naveen sought out and contacted the brother of Keshav's father in [Mumbai].

Keshav looks at Naveen, totally surprised by this. Unsure where it's going.

PANDIT KUMAR

He has agreed to be with us by  
video to oversee the candle  
lighting.

Kumar indicates Archit, who is now holding an iPad with a live feed of an ancient Indian gentleman, Keshav's UNCLE PRAJ - his face pressed too close to the camera, squinting.

KESHAV

Uncle Praj?

UNCLE PRAJ

(hard of hearing)  
WHAT?

KESHAV

But--

NAVEEN

-- my mom has a cousin in Mumbai,  
we sent her over with a laptop.  
(whispers)  
I'm not sure he really understands  
what's happening.

UNCLE PRAJ

(in Hindi)  
[Congratulations on your big, gay  
wedding!]

KESHAV

(shouted into the screen)  
[Thank you! It's good to see you!]  
(to Naveen)  
Thank you.

Naveen nods. They share a moment.

PANDIT KUMAR

Shall we proceed?

Megha and Archit step forward, join hands around a torch and together light Naveen's candle, turn and hug him. Then Megha turns to the screen. Waves to the Uncle.

MEGHA

(in Hindi)  
[May we light this on your behalf?]

He gives a thumbs up. She and Archit light the candle. She turns to Keshav. Hugs him. Archit hugs him, now, too.

TIME JUMP: A fire is now lit in the center of the mandap. Arundhathi steps forward to address the guests.

ARUNDHATHI

The couple will now take seven symbolic steps on their path to a life together, making resolutions with each one.

Naveen extends his hand to Keshav.

NAVEEN

Ready?

Keshav takes it. Kumar begins performing the mantras, with Arundhathi translating after each.

KUMAR

[Step 1 mantra in Sanskrit.]

ARUNDHATHI

The couple vows -  
(her voice breaks with emotion)  
- sorry, vows to remain loyal for as long as they live.

They take a step.

KUMAR

[Step 2 mantra.]

ARUNDHATHI

The couple vows to share heart, mind, and spirit.

She's collected now, but tears stream down her face. They take a step.

KUMAR

[Step 3 mantra.]

ARUNDHATHI

The couple vows to live in harmony with nature.

FIND: Megha, watching her daughter's emotion, seeming to understand in a new way the yearning her daughter feels -

KUMAR

[Step 4 mantra.]

ARUNDHATHI

The couple vows to care for each other's family's as their own, to respect their elders.

Naveen smiles at his Dad as they take the step.

KUMAR

[Step 5 mantra.]

ARUNDHATHI

The couple vows support, to take equal care of the relationship.

They take a step.

KUMAR

[Step 6 mantra.]

ARUNDHATHI

The couple vows to pursue prosperity and share their earthly goods.

They take the step.

KUMAR

[Step 7 mantra.]

As he intones, Keshav and Naveen glance up at each other - a private final moment. Keshav squeezes Naveen's hand. Naveen smiles.

ARUNDHATHI

The couple vows friendship to each other, for this life, and for all the lives to come.

They come to the front of the fire. Pandit Kumar joins their hands together.

KUMAR

[final mantra]

PAUL

Now what?

JAI

That's it.

PAUL

Wait, they're--

Paul looks to see Naveen pull Keshav into an enormous kiss as the crowd cheers.

PAUL

--oh! Oh! They're married! Oh my gosh, yay!

On Keshav and Naveen, locked in a long joyful kiss. They pull away, laughing and grinning at the audience, to whom they begin bowing respectfully. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVENT SPACE - NIGHT

Naveen and Keshav - after a costume change - make their entrance. The crowd stands and cheers.

Our reception is in full swing. A band plays. Billie and some friends do shots. Several younger children dance and play.

Find Arundhathi, who schmoozes with three AUNTIES, many of whom we saw with Megha at Ganesh Chaturthi. Auntie Reyna - she of the seven grandchildren - looks tipsy.

AUNTIE REYNA

Where's that hunky husband of yours?

ARUNDHATHI

Flying solo tonight, Auntie. Why don't I get you a water?

INT. EVENT SPACE - LATER

Everyone is seated. Find Naveen and Keshav, with Arundhathi and Archit at the head table.

ARUNDHATHI

Where'd Mom go?

Suddenly they hear:

MEGHA

Hello, I'm Megha, Naveen's mother.

Megha is on stage, where she's grabbed the mic.

KESHAV

I didn't know your mom was speaking.

Naveen gives a shrug. Neither did he.

MEGHA

Naveen's father and I, we have been married thirty five years, so I'm here to offer some advice.

ARUNDHATHI

How much has he had to drink?

ARCHIT

Your mother doesn't drink.

MEGHA

I didn't meet Naveen's father until our engagement. So there were many things we didn't know about each other until after our wedding.

FIND: Sitting at a table of their friends, Paul offers his own asides. We'll intercut between him, Megha, and Naveen/Archit/Arundhathi as needed.

MEGHA

... I had to figure out what this new person liked, what he didn't like, what he preferred, didn't prefer...

ARCHIT

Maybe she is drunk.

MEGHA

...what he REALLY liked, REALLY didn't like, how much, how many times...

PAUL

Wow, tea.

MEGHA

That's right, people, I'm talking about the most important part of any relationship... Food.

She smiles, overly proud of this joke. The audience laughs a little nervously.

PAUL

Oh man, she got me. She really got me.

MEGHA

I was so nervous, I had never done it before marriage.

(MORE)

MEGHA (CONT'D)  
 (long beat)  
 The cooking, that is.

But the audience is laughing harder. She's actually pretty good at this.

MEGHA  
 I tried making him idlis for our first breakfast. It came out like... idli pudding. We had to eat it with a spoon. It went on like this for a week. Dosas falling apart into pieces. Daal like water. Potatoes so tough, they could break your teeth. Then finally one night, I woke up in the middle of the night to this amazing aroma. I went into the kitchen, and my husband... he was cooking an enormous feast. Aloo paratha, daal makhani, navratan kurma, bhindi curry- the poor man just couldn't take it anymore. He was starving! He was so apologetic, but I was thrilled. We ate, and we ate, and we ate.

She looks, toward Archit, who smiles back, remembering.

MEGHA  
 Afterward, we conceived our first child, Arundhathi.

NAVEEN  
 Oh shit.

ARUNDHATHI  
 Oh my god.

MEGHA  
 Arundhathi, who made us so happy, who we love so much.

She locks eyes with her daughter.

MEGHA  
 And Naveen wasn't too far behind her. Naveen, you were such a shy, delicate little boy. I won't say I was shocked when you turned out gay.

NAVEEN  
 Wow, savage.

MEGHA  
 But I was scared. I worried the world would be harder for you.

(MORE)

MEGHA (CONT'D)

I worried you would be lonely.  
Keshav - thank you for loving our  
son. You have set my heart at ease.

Keshav smiles at her, moved.

MEGHA

Naveen, Keshav, you two have a  
major head start on your father and  
me. Yours is a different kind of  
marriage. But over time, if you are  
lucky, if you are like us, the love  
you have now will seem small.  
Because you will see, as you live  
longer, it will grow and grow until  
one day you realize, it will never  
stop growing.

Naveen realizes his mom's not looking at him, but at his  
father. He looks over to see Archit, who is crying.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The wedding has devolved. The guests get after it. But  
Arundhathi sits and nurses a glass of wine.

Suddenly, Megha arrives by her side.

MEGHA

My feet are killing me.

Arundhathi scoots over to make room for her mom to share her  
chair. Megha sits.

ARUNDHATHI

Nice speech.

MEGHA

Thank you. You know, your father  
and I were luckier than I realized.  
I think everyone deserves to feel  
that lucky one day.

Arundhathi understands that Megha's accepting the divorce.  
She puts her head on her mom's shoulder. The two of them look  
out at Naveen and Keshav, dancing and reveling with friends.

MEGHA

(innocently)  
You think they want kids?

ARUNDHATHI

Oh god, Ma, leave them alone.

They both laugh.

MEGHA

By the way, I saw you dancing with that Jai fellow. Looked like you were getting along.

ARUNDHATHI

Jai?

MEGHA

I could talk to him.

They look out at Jai, who is currently full-on Voguing on the dance floor.

ARUNDHATHI

I'm not sure I'm his type... Wait, are you... trying to fix me up?

Megha points her finger in her daughter's face.

MEGHA

You're next, chumki.

Megha stands up and walks away.

Arundhathi, still shocked, tries to absorb this. She looks up, sees a HUNKY WEDDING GUEST has just taken a seat a few chairs down from her. She smiles. He smiles back.

She looks down, a little shy. Then looks back up.

ARUNDHATHI

Hey.

HUNKY WEDDING GUEST

Hey.

FIND: Megha approaches Archit as he stands at the edge of the dance floor, watching.

MEGHA

I throw a good party, don't I?

ARCHIT

Your parties are better than your potatoes, I'll say that.

She elbows him playfully. But this settles into a nice moment of quiet intimacy, both recalling her speech. Then:

ARCHIT  
It's been awhile since I thought  
about that night.

MEGHA  
Even... the part at the end there?

ARCHIT  
No, I remember that.

MEGHA  
Hm. Even so, maybe later on, I  
remind you.

She very subtly pinches his ass. His yelps. She smirks, then  
laughs, as does Archit in surprise. A nice, loving moment.

FIND: Elsewhere on the dance floor, Keshav and Naveen dance.  
It's a nice, rare moment of solitude for them, punctured by:

KESHAV  
ACHOO!

NAVEEN  
Oh my god, the flowers.

Keshav looks. Beside the band, there's a giant marigold  
sculpture in the shape of Ganesh.

KESHAV  
I'm fine, really.

NAVEEN  
They do always say weddings are for  
the parents.

KESHAV  
Only if you're lucky.

Naveen smiles, they resume dancing, looks over at his  
parents. Suddenly, they hear a DANCE REMIX of a familiar  
tune. Keshav smiles, getting it.

KESHAV  
Is this what I think it is?

Naveen recognizes it, too. Naveen sings the English  
translation.

NAVEEN  
"When I first saw you I knew."

KESHAV

I told you not to sing in public  
again.

NAVEEN

"Love is madness."

KESHAV

Naveen, you're making a scene!

The music rises, and as the beat drops, Naveen throws his head back, opens his mouth one more time, ready to sing at the top of his lungs, and as he does, we --

**SMASH TO THE CLOSING CREDITS:**

Which blend seamlessly from Naveen's singing to a full production Bollywood number, featuring our whole cast and crew, singing and dancing to the DDLJ song.