

GOOD WITCHES...BAD KARMA

An Interactive Musical Comedy

Written by Gary Richardson

The Macbeth witches are back. This time sexy, funny and ready to kick ass on the dance floor, trying to take down two brothers from the Pawar industrial family.

Aunt Joan (Vandana Sajnani Khattar) is the ex-wife of the dead older Pawar brother. Having been publicly shamed by the family, she comes out of the past via Facebook, looking for revenge...and money.

"Moves" is an exotic black widow -the name comes from her dance skills. She can wrap almost any man around her red dance shoes. She claims Ancestry.com proves one of the Pawar brothers is the bio-father of her teenage daughter.

"Pole Dancer" (Aliya Shah) is the long-legged alter-ego of "Moves." She doesn't stir the witch pot...she stirs on a pole.

Sunil Pawar (Rajesh Khattar) is the "brains of the family." A married with children geek that must protect the Pawar brand and fortune. Fantasy and bad dancing are about to collide.

Sanjay Pawar (Gaurav Chopra) is a vain tv actor. Rich, single and famous, he has slept with countless beauties...but has never encountered a woman like "Moves." Can he make the right moves?

As witches dance center stage, toes will be stepped on...but will money change hands? The audience vote will determine the ending.

GOODWITCHES...BAD KARMA.

Music: Tom Jones and David Bowie

GOOD WITCHES...BAD KARMA

ACT ONE

The play opens: HOUSE LIGHTS FADING as David Bowie's SPACE ODDITY plays, volume naturally increasing by the second. In HALF-LIGHT, five actors casually perform warm-up exercise. One actress stands on her head center stage. Eventually, she tucks and rolls to the two other actresses stretching on the floor. Energetically, they grab hands and rush to a POLE in SPOTLIGHT. One of them seductively rides. The others dance around her in a circle, partly in ritual, partly enjoying the music. They each take turns joyously mounting the pole. Eventually, the SPOTLIGHT finds the two male actors, dancing together, stage left. The women rush and menacingly circle them; the males protectively dance back to back. In homage to WESTSIDE STORY, it foreshadows the GRAND SCAM. As the song ends, LIGHTS FADE, the three actresses exit.

(Two middle-aged, well-dressed brothers sit at a TABLE, holding glasses of whiskey.)

SANJAY PAWAR (Handsome tv star, middle-aged, athletic. Funny yet cocky. He snaps fingers in the direction of stage left.): "Waiter, please turn off the television. Nobody is here but us."

SUNIL (Good-looking in a daddy way): "What would you have said if your serial were on?"

SANJAY: "Turn the volume up -all the way."

(They laugh and swig drinks.)

SANJAY: "So I was telling you about our assistant director."

SUNIL: "The pain-in-the-ass?"

SANJAY: "Yeah." (Beat) "The title Assistant Director might look good on Facebook if you're trying to score, but these guys are a bunch of 'go-fors.' Yesterday, one banged my trailer door, yanked it open without me asking him in, then barked at the top of his voice 'shot ready.'" (Beat) "I said 'hey, give some respect. Would you act like this at the trailer of Akshay Kumar?'"

(Takes a sip.)

"The worst part is they sneak inside when I'm shooting and use the toilet. Then the bastards don't even bother to flush." (Pause) "You won't believe what happened two days ago. Our makeup artist had worked with Priyanka on MARY KOM."

SUNIL: "Chopra?"

SANJAY: "Who else?" (Beat) "So, Priyanka came to visit her on set. And who did she bring? Nick Jonas, goddamn it. Nick!" (Big smile.) "They watched me act, even applauded when the director yelled 'shot over.' I had to posed for photos and signed a couple of autographs, then turned to meet Priyanka and Nick...but they had gone. So, I went to my trailer. All of a sudden, the assistant director hurries next to

me and whispers, 'Priyanka needs to use your toilet.'" (Laughter) "My mind was blown -completely blown. I didn't know what to say."

SUNIL (Giggling like a nerd): "Then what?"

SANJAY: "I told Priyanka the truth, I said 'Yes, mam -but let me make sure the assistant director hasn't used it.'" (Beat) "I thought Priyanka believed me, but as I entered the door, I overheard her laughing as she told Nick 'oh my god, he didn't flush!' (Beat) "Nick blurted out 'gross!'" (Beat) "God-damn assistant directors."

(Sips.)

SANJAY: "So what about your business trip to Los Angeles and Mexico?"

SUNIL: "LA was good and bad."

SANJAY: "How so?"

SUNIL: "I got the licensing rights from Disney. So, business went well -but driving was hell."

SANJAY: "LA traffic sucks."

SUNIL: "That wasn't the problem. It was me."

SANJAY: "You?"

SUNIL: "Yeah. They drive on the opposite side of the street from us." (Beat) "Every time I pulled the rental car onto a two-lane street, I had to debate 'what side?'" (Desperately looks both ways.)

SANJAY: "Did they honk at you?"

SUNIL: "Everyone." (Beat) "Then I went to Mexico City. The driving was fine because in Mexico, at the same time, they drive on both sides."

(Laughter)

SANJAY: "And the licensing rights for the Aztec tribe logos?"

SUNIL: "Nada." (Beat) "My Mexican lawyer and I went to the Commerce Department almost every day. We kept hearing the same reply: 'Manana.'"

SANJAY: "Tomorrow?"

SUNIL: "Yes." (Beat) "So, after hearing the Mexican officials say 'manana' for over a month, it dawned on me: The one good thing about dying in Mexico is... 'no more mananas.'"

(They laugh and clink glasses.)

SANJAY: (Conspiratorially) "Ok, so now that we've caught up, what do you want to do about her?"

SUNIL: "What our lawyer says: Be low-key, make it apparent that we're in no hurry to resolve the issue."

SANJAY: "Ok. But I don't want this going public. I'm a spokesperson for women's rights, something like this gets out and it isn't going to be pretty. You get on the wrong side of the #Me Too ladies and in public, they'll castrate you."

SUNIL: (Unspoken Dialogue to the audience as Sanjay freezes in place.) 'Can you believe that? He didn't even mention our family brand...or me. After all these years, he still doesn't get it.'

SANJAY: "At first, I thought it was a second-rate scam. I was waiting for her to politely ask us to send a lakh money order to a post office box in the Bahamas, paying a processing fee to inherit five million dollars. Some scam like that."

SUNIL: "Me too. I never thought it was a Grand Scam."

SANJAY: "Grand Scam? I think I've seen it."

SUNIL: "Seen what?"

SANJAY: "It's a play. Grand Scam is a play -right?"

SUNIL: "Maybe. But if you can't remember, it couldn't have been that good."

(Sanjay shrugs.)

SANJAY: (Sarcastically) "I'm glad you're not sweating this out."

SUNIL: "I'm trying to be a good older brother and lead by example."

SANJAY: "Who do you think she's after?"

SUNIL: "Depends. If she's after shaming someone in public, it's got to be you."

SANJAY: "And if she's looking for the family fortune, it's got to be you." (Pause.) "What would dad say?"

SUNIL: "Brothers stick together."

(They shake hands.)

SUNIL: (Unspoken dialogue to audience as Sanjay freezes in place.) 'What a joke Sanjay is at times. I love him and root for him but man, sometimes he's so full of it. Brothers stick together? Really? While he was modeling for Vogue and Playboy in New York, I was at Xaviers, dating Taruna. I never tried to make it with her. Not that I didn't want to, but I knew we would last forever, so I was cool. Then Sanjay came back to Mumbai during X-mas holidays. We all went to a rooftop party. Taruna wore a sexy red and white polka dot-pattern blouse and a Santa hat. We were drinking. Taruna and Sanjay got a little cozy, but I didn't think anything of it. Then Taruna disappeared. Soon, I got a text message from her claiming an emergency happened and she had to return home. So, she got a cab, not wanting to take me away from the party. She said she'll call tomorrow morning and explain. Then Sanjay got a call from a woman he was after. He drove off to meet her, leaving me alone.' (Pause) 'Two days later, I saw a photo of Sanjay on Pg. 3 of the Bombay Times. In the background, mostly hidden by Sanjay was the polka dot blouse and a face deliberately turned from camera...but I could see the Santa hat and Taruna's profile.'

SANJAY: (Unspoken Dialogue as Sunil freezes) 'Brothers stick together? I tried. I used to ask him to come to Pg. 3 parties. But he'd drink and would want 'just one more peg.' The party was basically over, all the

cool or important people gone, yet he wouldn't leave the bar. He just can't handle alcohol -he gets it from our father. The last time Sunil and I went to a Pg. 3, he took off for an after-hours party with two Russian dancers. The next morning, they found him naked in a Juhu hotel...everything he owned stolen.' (Pause) 'So I stopped taking him. You think it didn't hurt to lie and say there wasn't a party? I knew he would search the entertainment section of all the papers.

'But what would you do if you were me? Sure, I have a reputation to protect, but it's not like I'm an A-lister. If Sunil gets drunk one more time, the public relations consultants will stop inviting me. God, if that happened, I'd kill myself.' (Pause) 'Don't laugh -I'm serious.'

SUNIL: "Shall we order one last peg for the road?"

SANJAY: "No. Let's get out of here. They want to close."

SUNIL: "Oh. I didn't realize it was that late."

(They put money on the table and start to leave.)

SANJAY: "Hey, did Aunt Joan e-mail photos?"

SUNIL: "What photos?"

SANJAY: "Ones of us sailing in Goa -fifteen years ago."

SUNIL: "No." (Pause) "To be honest, I'm not too keen on old relatives coming out of the past after twenty years. I bet she still carries a grudge."

(Silence)

SANJAY: "Nah. Aunt Joan is good. She's been mailing priceless old photos. Even ones of mom that I lost in a monsoon."

SUNIL: "Aunt Joan was always your fan. She religiously watched your first serial."

SANJAY: (Sarcastically) "Yeah, Aunt Joan and half of India. We hit sixers when it came to TRPs."

SUNIL: "Congratulations." (Pause) "But after what we did to her, how can you look her in the eyes?"

SANJAY: "I never look her in the eyes, we're Facebook Friends."

(Sanjay chuckles.)

SUNIL: "You're joking about it?"

SANJAY: "Relax. It was ages ago -she's moved on."

(Sunil ponders for ten seconds.)

SUNIL: (He ponders for ten seconds.) "That makes two of them."

SANJAY: "What are you saying?"

SUNIL: "Two mysterious women just came out of the past. What's happening?"

Lights Fade...End of Scene One

SCENE TWO

Aunt Joan: (A pretty, fortyish actress sits at a stage left table under a RED LIGHT. AJ has an Unspoken Dialogue as she looks over her shoulder.) 'She's not at the back door either. If she's going to be this late, at least she can text. Ten or fifteen minutes late is ok -this is Mumbai.' (Beat) "But I've been waiting for over twenty minutes.' (She checks for phone messages.) 'If she's playing me -like I think she is- and I were her, I'd be on time. If you're going to be a scammer at least be professional.'

AJ: (Feels a tap on the right shoulder and turns to see who it is.)

MOVES: (A sexy, exotic woman in her early thirties.) "Sorry to keep you waiting."

(AJ is startled.)

MOVES: "You ok? You look like you just saw a ghost." (To the audience) "Or a witch."

AJ: "You don't look like a witch."

MOVES: "Girl, you should see me without my makeup."

(Laughter)

AJ: (Speaks strange words in a Witch Voice)

MOVES: (Short answer in a Witch language.)

AJ: (Speaks in a Witch Voice.)

MOVES: (Laughs.)

AJ: (Comically blurts out a few words in the Witch language.)

MOVES: (Laughs hard.)

(They do a Witch handshake then joyously cackle.)

AJ: "I'm here to help a woman named Aunt Joan and will go by her name."

MOVES: "I'll go by the name 'Moves.' It's the mother's nickname, she's a kick-ass dancer."

AJ: "Cool, I like the name." (Beat) "Even I have the moves."

(They briefly dance together.)

MOVES: "So when did we last meet?"

AJ: "When fair was foul...and foul was fair."

MOVES: "That's right: Macbeth. And you got us sacked."

AJ: "I love Shakespeare. He's the greatest. But I had to do something about one word. Just one."

It was during the witches' cauldron scene in the first act. The dialogue: "Eye of newt, toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog."

"I'm a dog lover! What a bad line 'tongue of dog.' I hated it."

MOVES: "All three of us hated."

AJ: "So I met backstage with Willy. He said, 'what word would you use to replace tongue of dog?' (Pointing to my foot) 'Tongue of shoe.' (Beat) "Shakespeare flashed a constipated look, then mentioned: 'It doesn't work. But shall I add a prop for your character?' I probed: 'What prop?' Shakespeare answered, 'a stake.' (Beat) I protested, 'Steak? No thanks. I'm a vegan.'"

"Shakespeare explained 'the s-t-a-k-e is for you to roast on. A stake by another other name would be a stake. Now piss off.'"

(Silence)

MOVES: (Upset) "How tragic that he said that. How tragic! His insensitivity gives new meaning to Shakespearian Tragedy." (Beat) "Are we one-dimensional stock-characters? Does the Bard even know the...pain...how we became witches?" (Beat) "Forgive me for dramatizing, but the word STAKE is the most brutal word in the English language." (She mutters something in the Witch language.)

AJ: (Answers defiantly in the Witch Language.)

(They emit primeval screams.)

MOVES: "Centuries ago, I was a high-strung girl, opinionated and bold: Everything that was unacceptable in that stone age society. Then, on my thirteenth birthday, the perfect storm engulfed and...and...seized my existence." (Beat) "I was having my chums, locked in the small storage cave, cramping like I had never cramped before. The right corner of my mouth still bleeding from a tight fist my father had delivered two hours earlier, my head still ringing." (Beat) "That's when through the door bars, my mother delivered the news." (Beat) "She wanted to cheer me up by informing that in a fortnight, I would marry my cousin." (Curses in the Witch language.) "The pairing was absurd. When he had stood outside the front door, I could smell his putrid breath and body order. Outside!" (Beat) "And they...they wanted me to be with him for life? Not for one minute!" (Losing it) "No...No...No!" (Scream)

(Silence)

AJ: "Same story with me, sister." (Reflective terror) "Me too."

MOVES: "Suddenly, I felt all the fluids in my brain being tugged against my forehead. Pulling them like a high tide on steroids." (Beat) "Through the window bars, I could see the full moon starting to rise. Big...Orange. We called it a Wolf Blood Harvest Moon." (Beat) "I swear the moon talked to me."

AJ: (Spellbound) "Me too."

MOVES: (Exuberantly) "Then the Blood Wolf Harvest yelled, 'This your only chance. Run before they steal your life!'"

(Beat)

MOVES: "Overwhelmed by the moon's determined tug, I frantically shook the cave door with all my strength. Then the door was flung open, my father raced inside. He knocked me down and aggressively picked me up by the shoulders. Holding me tight by the neck, he drew back his hand to slap my face. Then the moon saved me by commanding 'kick him in the groin.' So, I did, and he crashed to cave floor." (Beat) "The moon commanded 'Kick him again -same spot.' (Kick.) "He went lifeless. Then the moon ordered 'run.' So, I did. The stars and moon serenaded me all night, giving supernatural power to run. It was the best moment of my life."

(Beat)

AJ: "So was my escape."

MOVES: (Hesitates) "Then the sun started to rise. Quickly, the heat and light melted my powers. Exhausted, I hid. But by mid-day, propelled by their moral panic and mass hysteria, they found me. I was persecuted before nine 'toothless religious elders.' Soon, I was tied to a stake at the market. Making the whole countryside watch...and they...they burned me." (Pause) "Just because I was having my goddamn chums."

(Beat)

AJ: (Guttural scream)

(Beat)

MOVES: (Guttural scream)

(They embrace)

AJ: "Let's find her, she'll know how to pull this off."

(In half-light they exit, arms/wings flailing as if in flight.)

(Lights Out)

(The spotlight illuminates a Dance Pole, stage left. The character POLE DANCER -in witch makeup- starts to dance as TOM JONES' YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR HAT ON plays.

Two women -with backs to the audience dance. Mid-way through the song they, step out of the spotlight for a few seconds and return with Witch Hats on their heads. Back to the audience, they dance for a few seconds, then twirl to the audience: "Moves" and AJ.

(The three witches dance until the song ends.)

(Lights Out)

(End of Scene Two)

Scene Three

(Witches centerstage, in trances, uttering guttural sounds, they circle and touch the Pole.)

POLE DANCER: "It's good to be back again."

(They hug and laugh.)

MOVES: "When's the last time we met?"

POLE DANCER: "When fair was foul, and foul was fair."

MOVES: (Looks like she smelled something foul) "The Shakespeare gig?"

PD: "It sounded like a good comeback vehicle for us. Who wouldn't want to be an original character in a Shakespearean Tragedy?"

AJ: "I would have preferred one of his comedies."

M: "Especially one with dancing" (Beat) "But we got Macbeth."

PD: "What caught me off guard was how primitive the society was. Shakespeare got us to go to all the rehearsals. He told us to relive our pain...and let dark stories be reborn. Every tear we shed on the Stratford-upon-Avon stage he noted and documented." (Beat) "But it wasn't to understand us. Understand what happened." (Beat) "It was to copy every nuance...and stamp them on male actors."

AJ: "Yeah. What rubbish. They wouldn't allow women on stage."

(Silence)

PD: (Mischievous expression) "Shall we do the witches' cauldron scene for old time's sake?"

AJ: (Excited) "I've been waiting centuries to milk these lines. Let's do it."

M: (Playfully) "We've come a long way, baby."

POLE DANCER (off Pole does a few dance steps then dramatically delivers the line.) "Fillet of a Fenny snake in a cauldron boil and bake."

MOVES: (Does a dance step) "Eye of newt, wool of bat."

AJ: (Giving a thumbs-up signal and pointing to her right foot) "And tongue of shoe."

(The other Witches applaud the line, then they all dance around the Pole.)

"Double, double, toil and trouble. Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

(They laugh and joyously shout in the Witch Language...then slap palms.)

MOVES: (Bowing in respect) "Oh, Wise One, why has it been so long since we last gigged?"

AJ: "Yes, Wise One, why so long?"

PD: (Jokes) "We need a union." (Cackles like a witch) "I'm serious. We are the spirits and energy of Witches. That's obviously not the truth but that's what we been labeled by the men who run the show. We're seen as Dark energy. But being Dark energy only goes so far. Without being evil, I couldn't even get us a gig on the Dark Side of the Moon. But if I hyped our services as Evil and Dark, I could get us gigs every day. But we're not evil."

MOVES: "We're not evil."

AJ: "We're not evil."

PD: "We know that, but they -mythology and old-time religions- have joined hands and irrevocably defined us. Written in stone. We -in their chauvinistic, stone age minds- are what they will always want to us be: Feared and Loathed."

M: "I don't want that."

AJ: "Me too."

PD: "That's why I haven't gotten us a gig in centuries. I would rather have our unshackled spirits ride the wonders of the Milky Way than be tethered to anti-women roles. And I'll be god-damned before I'll let a crazed herd of brain-dead men chase us down...and..." (Beat) "They will never touch us again!"

M: (Fist in the air) "Right on."

M: "Never again."

(Pause)

PD: "Before I got us this gig, we were offered to be the Witches of Centaurs with their child brides. Using the powers of the moon and it's cycles, we were told to slowly suck the live out of a distant middle-aged star...until it burned out." (Beat) "You know what my answer was?" (Beat) "I hollered at him: 'We're women -we create!'" (Beat) "He snarled and yelled back one word: "Witch!"

M: "Bastard!"

AJ: "Limp-dick bastard!"

PD: "It just took one bad case of the chums, centuries ago, and we can never be good again? What bull crap is that? Everybody on the planet gets a second chance but us." (Beat) "Well, times are changing, and the day is coming soon when all the old-time labels have died and are deposited into the garbage can of history." (Beat) "And men stop persecuting us for the idiosyncrasies that make us women."

(Pause)

PD: "But there was one way that we could come back, not be bad witches, and do good." (Beat) "We could get gigs as Bad Karma -and come back to avenge."

AJ: "We're the Avengers?"

M: "I always wanted to be invisible. I'll be the Invisible Girl."

AJ: "She's with the X-Men."

M: "You sure?"

AJ: "Yeah."

M: "Then why do they call them X-Men?"

(AJ shrugs.)

M: "By the way, our kind were on CNN news again. President Trump was talking about a witch-hunt."

AJ: "He knows nothing about witches...but lots about sandwiches." (Milks the word Sandwiches.)

(Witch Laughter)

PD: "Time to go to work: The sun has just set, the stars will soon be out, allowing us to harness their power and cast our spell on Sunil Pawar. Let's go, Good Witches. Bad Karma on the count of three. One, two, three: Bad Karma!

(End of Scene Three)

Scene Four

(In half-light, the Witches watch Sunil who stands center stage in the spotlight.)

S: (Monologue) 'People ask me why I am so hands-on with the family real estate business. First of all, it wasn't planned this way by my father. He wanted all three of the Pawar brothers to share the work and profits. Our older brother Sudeep dying of a heart-attack twelve years ago changed everything. That, coupled with the desire of Sanjay to be an international model and Bollywood actor, put me in charge.

'I don't mind, it eliminates all chances of being overruled. What I say and do is questioned by no one.

'Just this night, before this meeting with Aunt Joan, I had to straighten out someone's tenant at the Echo Towers. Let me explain: What had happened six months ago was that I bought a dilapidated Echo Towers penthouse -at a buyer's price- then started to have it remodeled. Long story short, the laborers broke a kitchen pipe and it flooded the kitchen of the apartment below.

'Big deal. This happens every day in Mumbai. So, two of the kitchen walls and half of the ceiling were blistered and had lost their paint.

'I had said what Dad taught me years ago: "This is very unfortunate."

'It's the perfect reply: No use pronouns. This way you don't take responsibility. It wasn't like I said: "I'm so sorry this happened to you. My fault." I just said, "This is very unfortunate."

'So, the tenant started getting bossy. He wanted to know when it would be repaired.' (Laughs) 'When would... (laughs) it be repaired?' (Laughs) 'I told him "as soon as we finish the top kitchen, we'll make your kitchen look like new."' (Laughs) 'Dad taught me to "let them hear what they want to hear, then get away without committing to any real promises or schedules."'

'So, tonight, I went to watch the pink Jaipur wall tiles being installed. Someone breaks one of them and I'll take it out of their pay -I don't think I won't.' (Beat) 'So guess who hopped on the elevator tonight? That loser-tenant.' (Laughs) 'He was bigger than me, so I guess he thought I would cower. He stood close and demanded that I "come into the apartment and see how horrible the kitchen has looked for six months."' (Beat) 'And what did I say? "This is very unfortunate."' (Chuckles) 'I told him "but you see, we have to wait until all the work is finished before repairing your kitchen."' (Beat) 'He wanted to know "why?"' (Chuckles) "It took all my mental-strength to keep a straight face, as I answered, "What would happen if we repaired your apartment's kitchen then broke another penthouse pipe? My workers would have to come back and do your repairs all over again -we would both lose our time."' (Laughs hard) 'You should have seen his face.' I wanted to tell him, "who are you? You don't even own your own apartment and you're telling a Pawar how to do business." (Laughs hard) 'But in the end, I get the last laugh. Now, he's paying fifty thousand rupees a month rent. When I charge a hundred grand a month, I bet his landlord will make him pay seventy -and if he doesn't like it, hit the road asshole.' (Laughs hard.)

(Sunil freezes in place. The Witches circle him from a distance.)

PD: (To Audience) "Hey, audience, you know how they do a Mic Check before a concert. Well, this is an Inter-active play, and we need to do an Audience Check. So please help us out: Is it my imagination or does Sunil have Bad Karma coming?

On the count of three, let us here BAD KARMA, Mumbai. Here we go: One, two, three. Bad Karma!

(Audience yells Bad Karma)

((Witches go into the shadows.)

(Sunil comes back to life.)

Sunil: 'If you ask me what's wrong with India? What's keeping us from being as great as we could be? I'd say it is a lack of respect from the male millennials. These punks don't care about India, all they care about are their cellphones, McDonalds and Starbucks. They've sold their souls to the West...and in doing so, lost their respect for Indian women.'

(Sunil freezes)

PD: "Coming from a man who has wasted countless lakhs showing off in dance bars...but never attends one Indian classical dance performance."

AJ: "Get him to tell what happened at the Cinemax last night."

M: "Yeah. Get him to repeat his 'Rudeness of the Rich.'"

(PD uses Witchcraft to cast a spell)

S: 'The only thing that keeps us from being disrespected is fear. Every one of these poor bastards knows that if push comes to shove, and it's time to take off the gloves, my lawyer is better than your lawyer.' (Chuckles) 'And my lawyer will keep bringing you back to court for years and years -making you squander all your money and time.' (Chuckles) "For example, last night my wife Anu and I went to see the new Salman movie. I'm not much into him, but Anu is a big fan. Of course, we are GOLD CARD holders. It's a bit over-priced but we get to order food and drinks while purchasing tickets and then have it delivered. And why not, you think I want to stand in line with millennials? They've been working long shifts in tiny call center cubicles, then come straight from the job without bathing. At least they should have the decency to wear deo.' (He lifts his arm and quickly smells his arm pit.)

'So, my wife and I were ordering. She enjoys popcorn. Going to the cinema means chomping on a full tub -even if they charge a bomb for it.' (Chuckles) 'I asked her "butter or caramel?" She wanted buttered but reminded that last time their popcorn was delivered with hardly any butter. It didn't even drip half-way down the tub.' (Shakes head) 'We had twenty minutes until our movie started, so, I requested to speak with their manager and make sure they gave us the proper amount of butter.' (Beat) "What's the big deal?"

'But some pimple-face millennial behind us, called out, "Please sir, we're going to miss our movie -it starts now."

"That's when the Hollywood one starts. The Salman movie is at ten-twenty. That's the one we are watching." I could have said that, but didn't want to spoil our mood, so I shrugged"

(Shrug)

'I passed their manager my card. He saw the name Pawar, then the CEO title. And guess what? He offered to personally deliver our order.' (Chuckles) 'Ruining the magic of the moment, the geek behind us pleaded, "Sir, please hurry, we're going to miss the start of our movie." (Eyes bug out)

'Oh-my-god, this office peon, is commanding Sunil Pawar to hurry.' (Sprouts a defiant expression) 'I told him "I'm Sunil Pawar. Stop bothering me or I'll make one phone call to the Lokhandwala Police and have them take care of you." (Stares) 'I stared at him for ten seconds to show I was serious, then turned to the counter to order two large cokes. By the way, we were in our seats just as the movie credits began to roll...and the ticket manager soon arrived with our tub of popcorn. It had double-butter.' (Laughs, then freezes in place.)

Witches: "What an asshole."

PD: "It's the Rudeness of the Rich."

M: "I like that description: 'Rudeness of the Rich.'"

PD: "That's what it is."

AJ: "I'd say Mr. Pawar has some Bad Karma coming."

PD: "Lots...so let's get down to business."

AJ: "Time to cast my spell." (She walks next to the frozen Sunil.) "The great thing about the spell is that you make him believe Aunt Joan looks better than ever -timeless."

S: "Hello, Aunt Joan." (Stunned) "Wow. You look...better than ever -timeless."

(AJ waves her right hand, making Sunil Freeze)

AJ: (To Audience) "Who needs plastic surgery."

(AJ waves her hand and Sunil comes back to life.)

AJ: "You look good too. All must be right with the world."

S: "All was right before you called. Thanks for giving us a heads-up." (He hesitates) "By the way, I didn't like what my father did to you." (Uncomfortable) "It wasn't...right."

AJ: "I don't think much about it. It was...a...a long time ago." (Musters a fake smile) "This is the original DNA sample. The one your father requested."

S: "He thought he was protecting the family, and now because of Ancestry.com, it is exposing us to her demands."

To audience, "Aunt Joan claims she doesn't want money. My father thought us "it is the person who claims they don't want...that wants the most." (Ponders) "She must be happy with her monthly check from the estate."

She is coming here now

Ho

W: (Skims the paper work) "Ok.

(He reaches out his hand and they shake.) Did you bring the paper work."

few pegs, we can finally talk about the British.

What about them.

They know how to drink

AJ: Sunil, you've been nursing your drink since I got here. You used to be someone who could enjoy the company of a generous peg. I guess now that you're married, you have to be calmer...much calmer.

MOVES: "Did you bring the paperwork?"

(AJ grins)

(Moves scans the copy.)

(Silence)

AJ: "On the big, bad Pawar brothers?"

AJ: "They've got lots of money -that's for sure."

MOVES: "Yeah, but if I was you, the first thing I'd look for your namesake."

AJ: (Unspoken Dialogue, Moves freezes in place.) 'Will people ever forget what they did to her? The Pawars...they...didn't seem so vicious. They were just like normal people -then again, when you've got that much money, you're not normal.'

MOVES: "I read about it." (Pause) "Aunt Joan didn't see it coming, did you?"

AJ: "And you would have?"

MOVES: "No...not even me."

Scene ???

MOVES: "What would you sell your soul for?"

(SANJAY sprouts a quizzical expression)

MOVES: "Come on. If your life is truly blessed, there comes a moment when all your fantasies merge. You can smell the sweet aroma, but you can't taste it. It's tragically unobtainable...a heartbreaking tease. That's the moment you sell your soul...with no regret."

SANJAY: "Interesting, but maybe I've already sold my soul."

MOVES: "No chance."

SANJAY: "What makes you so sure?"

MOVES: "You've got the body language of a virgin."

SANJAY: "Nonsense."

MOVES: "I heard you're a good dancer."

SANJAY: "Depends what magazine you're reading."

MOVES: "You dance in Bollywood?"

SANJAY: "Not yet, but one of these days for sure." Did she say this to make me feel bad? How boring it gets when everyone asks 'have you danced in any movies.' As if that was some kind of a barometer of talent. Ask me if I'd rather have my acting and dancing talent or Akshay's? I can act.