

**TWO BROWN GIRLS**

PILOT

Written by

Shilpi Roy

&

Nastaran Dibai

Writers' Network Draft (6th Rev.)  
September 6, 2016

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON: **RIMMI** (24, INDIAN-AMERICAN) - EARNEST, SINCERE, AND A REAL GO-GETTER. WITH KILLER HAIR AND A TRENDY OUTFIT, SHE'S A FASHION-FORWARD MILLENNIAL TRYING HARD TO IGNORE HER INDIAN HERITAGE.

RIMMI

Have you ever had a person in your life  
who just didn't understand you? Like  
they criticize everything you say and  
do and feel?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Well, you give me so much to work with.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: THE VOICE BELONGS TO **DEVI** (23, INDIAN). SHE SITS NEXT TO RIMMI. WEARING A SALWAR SUIT AND TRADITIONAL BRAID, DEVI LOOKS EVERY BIT THE FOB SHE IS. SHE'S CONFIDENT WITH ZERO TOLERANCE FOR BULLSHIT. THEY TALK TO SOMEONE O.S.

RIMMI

(TO O.S. PERSON) See what I'm talking  
about? She's so judgey.

DEVI

Isn't that the pot calling the kettle  
"judgey." If that is even a word.

RIMMI

Don't make fun of my English. I was  
born here. Unlike you, who's literally  
fresh off the boat.

DEVI

How dare you? I came here business  
class. I slept in a pod!

RIMMI

Was it full of chickens?

DEVI

Actually it was full of Indian men and women who respect their traditions and culture. Unlike you, who thinks using light concealer can hide your heritage.

RIMMI

Excuse you, it's called contouring. And it's a craft.

DEVI

One-point-two million Indians and this is the one I'm stuck with.

RIMMI

Typical holier-than-thou Devi. She's always been like this.

DEVI

Always?! We've known each other four days. But I guess that feels like forever to someone who measures time in Snapchats.

RIMMI

(TO O.S. PERSON) You see this abuse?

I'll depend on your testimony in court!

DEVI

RIMMI

What court?!

You're going down!

AS THEY CONTINUE TO BICKER, WE WIDEN FURTHER TO REVEAL THEY ARE SITTING IN THE BACK OF A POLICE CAR WITH **TWO OFFICERS** IN THE FRONT, ONE OF WHOM IS TAKING NOTES FOR THE POLICE REPORT.

OFFICER

Ladies, please, stop! All I want to  
know is how did that happen?

HE POINTS OUT THE WINDOW AND WE WIDEN EVEN FURTHER TO REVEAL  
A CAR ENTWINED WITH A LARGE BROKEN MOBILE BILLBOARD FOR  
BREAST AUGMENTATION.

RIMMI

DEVI

It was her fault!

It was her fault!

RIMMI

Okay, let me start at the beginning...

OFFICER

(TO OTHER OFFICER) It's days like this

I wish I was back on the bomb squad.

(THEN, TO RIMMI) Just make it quick.

RIMMI

Thanks, Officer. (LAUNCHES IN) See, I  
was born with a mission. To help people  
become the best version of themselves.

DEVI

(ROLLING EYES) Oh my Gods...

RIMMI SHOTS HER A LOOK THEN CONTINUES...

DISSOLVE TO:

**CHRYON: FOUR DAYS AGO**

CLOSE ON: RIMMI. SHE TALKS TO THE CAMERA LIKE A VLOG AS SHE  
CONTINUES TO TELL HER TALE.

RIMMI

... And I was blessed with the skills to  
do that. Am I a priestess or a shaman?  
No. But I am a kick-ass makeup guru!

WE PULL OUT TO REVEAL RIMMI...

INT. GLOSSY.COM UNISEX BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY (DAY 2)

... STANDING IN FRONT OF A URINAL, HOLDING AN IPAD AND TALKING TO A CLOSED STALL DOOR. WE HEAR A FLUSH AND THE STALL DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL STELLA (35) RIMMI'S NO-NONSENSE, BRUTALLY HONEST BOSS.

STELLA

Rimmi, you can't keep cornering me like this. I mean, the parking lot, the elevator, my gyno's office... it's getting creepy.

RIMMI

For the record, that was totally rando. But a lot of women would kill for a pap smear buddy. Or an STD-testie bestie.

STELLA

How did you pass the company background check?

AS STELLA PUSHES PAST TO GO WASH HER HANDS, RIMMI'S IPAD STARTS RINGING. FRUSTRATED, RIMMI DECLINES A SKYPE CALL FROM MOM AND FOLLOWS STELLA TO THE SINK.

RIMMI

All I'm asking is a shot to be considered for our new Glitter Glam web series.

STELLA

Okay. (CONSIDERS, THEN) Yeah... no.

RIMMI

But you said my old videos needed a story, so I came up with a new channel trailer.

(MORE)

RIMMI (CONT'D)

Just check it out and I promise to stop tracking your bladder's schedule.

STELLA

(SIGHS, THEN) Fine. Let me see it.

ON IPAD: WE SEE CLOSE-UP'S OF EXPERT MAKE-UP APPLICATIONS...

RIMMI (V.O.)

You know that phrase "Celebrities, they're just like us"? Well, how about "Celebrities, we can be just like them."

THE CLOSE-UPS TURN INTO A MONTAGE OF RIMMI DOING CELEBRITY MAKEUP LOOKS. THE LOWER THIRD OF THE SCREEN IDENTIFIES EACH LOOK: A POUTY "TAYLOR SWIFT" -- COMPLETE WITH BLONDE WIG... A MOODY "KRISTEN STEWART"... A SASSY "MILEY CYRUS" -- TONGUE OUT AND ALL. THERE'S DEFINITELY SOME RESEMBLANCE, BUT THE MAKEUP ALSO LOOKS A LITTLE STRANGE ON RIMMI'S DARK SKIN.

RIMMI (V.O.)

You wanna be Taylor? Easy. Kristen? Done. Miley? Voila! All you need is some make-up. Oh, and a face --

STELLA HITS PAUSE AND THE PICTURE STOPS MID-ACTION.

STELLA

And perhaps next time, a mirror.

BEFORE RIMMI CAN RESPOND, HER IPAD RINGS AGAIN. IT'S ANOTHER SKYPE CALL FROM MOM. ANNOYED, RIMMI DECLINES THE CALL AGAIN, BUT NOW STELLA'S OUT THE DOOR. RIMMI RUNS AFTER HER INTO...

RESET TO:

INT. GLOSSY.COM OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

A WAREHOUSE CONVERTED INTO A FABULOUS, TRENDY, OPEN-PLAN OFFICE SPACE, WHERE THE WORD "PRIVACY" DOESN'T EXIST. IT'S BUZZING WITH ACTIVITY. IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE A SHOOT IN PROGRESS WITH A **FEMALE VLOGGER**, WHO ADDRESSES THE CAMERA...

FEMALE VLOGGER

... On my next vlog, Tush and Kush,  
we'll look at trending butt sizes among  
stoner female rappers. Who's got the  
biggest butt and the biggest buds.

RIMMI CATCHES UP TO STELLA.

RIMMI

Stella, please. I'm more than just a  
researcher. Makeup is my life!

STELLA

I don't get it. H.R. said you have an  
engineering degree. Why do you want to  
do this so badly?

TAKEN OFF GUARD, RIMMI THINKS ABOUT THIS FOR A BEAT, THEN  
FLIPS TO A PICTURE ON HER IPAD AND HOLDS IT UP TO STELLA.

RIMMI

Because of this.

CLOSE ON: A PICTURE OF A CHUBBY 10-YEAR-OLD INDIAN BOY WITH  
MATTED DOWN HAIR, A UNIBROW AND A FAINT MOUSTACHE.

STELLA

Who's that fat little boy?

RIMMI

That's me. I mean, it was me. An  
insecure -- and let's face it --  
aggressively unattractive girl. My Mom  
kept telling me "beauty is in the eye  
of the beholder." Well, that only works  
if "the beholder" is blind.

(MORE)

RIMMI (CONT'D)

But back then the beholders were all the kids in my third grade class. And they had a field day with this fat little boy. So when I turned fourteen I got a makeover at the mall.

STELLA

Whatever they did to kill that moustache, good for them.

RIMMI

Anyway, after that, everyone stopped making fun of me. And that gave me confidence, which changed my whole life. So to answer your question, I guess I want to help other girls get the confidence I never had...

IT'S CLEAR STELLA'S ICY CENTER HAS MELTED A LITTLE.

STELLA

Look, your transformation from chubby boy to... semi-swan notwithstanding, we're not considering anyone for Glitter Glam with less than ten thousand subscribers. Last I checked, you only had two hundred.

RIMMI

Two hundred and ten. Oh, and our mutual gyno said she'd subscribe, so... two hundred and eleven.



STELLA

My honest opinion? You're doing what everyone else is doing. If you want to be the next Michelle Phan, you need to stand out from the crowd. Be authentic.

RIMMI

(THINKS, THEN) I know! I'll get a tiny dog. No one can resist a furry sidekick.

STELLA

No! You need to be you. Figure out who that is. Besides, I can't just randomly promote people. We have standards around here. (THEN) Now get me those pics for "Guess this Superstar's Butt Crack".

RIMMI'S PHONE DINGS WITH A TEXT. SHE CHECKS IT, THEN LOOKS UP, STUNNED.

RIMMI

That's why my Mom's been trying to Skype. My grandmother died.

STELLA

Oh my God, I'm so sorry! Listen, you don't have to get those pics now. Take some time to grieve, family is more important than celebrity butt cracks. (THEN) Just get it to me after lunch.

STELLA CROSSES OFF, LEAVING A DUMBFOUNDED RIMMI. AND WE...

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONESCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. GLOSSY.COM OFFICES - RIMMI'S DESK - A LITTLE LATER/ INT.  
RIMMI'S GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - INDIA - SIMULTANEOUS

RIMMI'S AT HER DESK, TALKING TO HER MOTHER **KESHNI** (LATE 40'S)  
VIA SKYPE. THE FOLLOWING IS INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO.

RIMMI

(CONCERNED) So, how are you doing, Mom?

KESHNI

Your Grandmother was passionate, strong,  
resilient... But she lived a full life.

I hope I die in my sleep when I'm  
ninety. And only weigh a hundred pounds.

RIMMI

Me, too. Even if I'm only thirty-four.

KESHNI

Anyway, while I'm in India you need to  
make a *Kidchiri* dinner to honor your  
Dida. It's our family's tradition.

RIMMI

Why can't we follow American  
traditions? You know, wear a black  
dress for 24 hours, then loot Dida's  
belongings for vintage finds.

KESHNI

Just do it. You realize how hard it is  
doing all this alone? Without any help?

ON SKYPE: A FEMALE SERVANT (50'S, INDIAN) ENTERS THE FRAME WHILE MOPPING THE FLOOR, CATCHING RIMMI'S ATTENTION.

RIMMI

Who's that?

KESHNI

Your Dida's servant. (TO SERVANT,  
SUBTITLED) *Make sure to get the corners.*  
*And I'll need a foot bath later.*

RIMMI

Really? You have servants and I'm the  
one stuck making this Kidchiri?

KESHNI

Everyone in India has servants. Even  
the servants have servants. Not good  
ones, but still.

RIMMI

But Mom, I don't know anything about  
Indian cooking. Or cooking.

KESHNI

Then go see that girl Devi. You know,  
the one who moved to L.A. last month?  
She works at the Indian market. She'll  
help you. She's practically family.

RIMMI

Family?! You said she's your tailor's  
friend's neighbor's cousin's daughter.

KESHNI

For Indians that's like family.

RIMMI

Come on, Mom. I'm swamped at work. I  
have a very important deadline.

THE FEMALE VLOGGER FROM EARLIER CROSSES IN WITH A TRAY OF  
VARIOUS VODKA BOTTLES AND PUTS THEM ON RIMMI'S DESK.

FEMALE VLOGGER

Rimmi, you need to taste test these and  
rate them on a scale of "one" to "I  
can't feel my face."

THE FEMALE VLOGGER CROSSES OFF.

KESHNI

I'm so glad you dropped engineering to  
get drunk at work.

RIMMI

Mom --

KESHNI

-- Rimmi, I have spent my life clothing  
and feeding you and asked nothing in  
return. But if I die tomorrow it will  
be because of the shame of my daughter  
not respecting her family traditions.  
Do you want to kill your mother?  
Especially when I weigh more than a  
hundred?

RIMMI SIGHS. *IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME KESHNI HAS USED THIS.*

CUT TO:

SCENE BINT. BRIAN'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - LATER THAT DAY

WE HEAR A CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKING RAPIDLY AS WE GLIDE ACROSS PROFESSIONAL PORTRAITS OF WEDDINGS, FAMILIES, BABIES...

BRIAN (V.O.)

Beautiful! You guys are giving me great stuff. (THEN) No, don't pee on the bride!

WIDEN TO REVEAL BRIAN (25, CAUCASIAN), TAKING PHOTOS OF HIS LATEST SUBJECTS: **TWO PUGS**, DRESSED AS A BRIDE AND GROOM. THE GROOM HAS JUST FINISHED RELIEVING HIMSELF ON THE BRIDE.

BRIAN

Bad boy! Save that for the wedding night. But only if she's into it.

AS BRIAN GRABS PAPER TOWELS, RIMMI ENTERS FROM WORK. WE NOW SEE BRIAN'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO IS A CORNER OF A WORK/LIVE LOFT SPACE. BRIAN IMMEDIATELY CROSSES TO HER AND HUGS HER.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh Rimmi. I'm so sorry about your Grandmother. Go ahead. Make it rain. This shoulder was built for comfort. And dislocating in basketball games.

BRIAN OFFERS RIMMI HIS SHOULDER. SHE DOESN'T TAKE IT.

RIMMI

Thanks, Brian, but I only met my Grandma like once. We weren't exactly BFF's. We were more like Who the F's.

RIMMI NOTICES THE GROOM PUG WHO IS NOW HUMPING THE BRIDE PUG.

RIMMI (CONT'D)

Who's the lucky and not-so-shy couple?

BRIAN

Esther and Chester. Ironically they're brother and sister. (CLEANS MESS) Annie Leibovitz probably never had to do anything like this. Except maybe with Amy Schumer. Her boundaries seem pretty loose.

RIMMI

Hey, we all pay our dues to get where we want to go. Except for me. I'm in a dead-end job.

BRIAN

What about the Glitter Glam thing?

RIMMI

That's a no-go. I finally corner Stella in a bathroom stall and she gives me a bunch of nonsense about how I need to be me. Which makes no sense, 'cause I was being me when I cornered her and she didn't seem to like that.

BRIAN

Did you show her your fat boy picture? That always makes me sad and want to do stuff for you.

RIMMI

Didn't work. (THEN) I'm going to be a researcher for the rest of my life and when I die my obituary will read, "Found a pic of Adele's nipple falling out of her top."

BRIAN

Really? You found that?

RIMMI

Yes. (BREAKING DOWN) I'm that good.

BRIAN

So, this you cry about, but not your grandmother dying? We all have our triggers, I guess.

RIMMI

(IGNORING HIM) And to top off my already crappy day, my Mom's forcing me to make this stupid Kidchiri.

BRIAN

Hey, I'm always up for Indian food.

RIMMI

Please. I'm not actually going to do it. She's half way around the world. How's she going to know?

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. BRIAN AND RIMMI'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY/ INT. RIMMI'S GRANDMOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - INDIA - SIMULTANEOUS - (DAY 3)

BRIAN, IN A CLOUD OF INCENSE, WEARING A KURTA AND HINDU PRAYER BEADS, SKYPES WITH KESHNI WHILE DIGGING THROUGH A SUITCASE FULL OF INDIAN CLOTHES AND KNICK-KNACKS.

KESHNI

I'm half way around the world, so you  
make sure Rimmi does what I asked her.

BRIAN PULLS OUT AN OLD BLACK AND WHITE COMPOSITION NOTEBOOK.

BRIAN

Wait. Is this it?

KESHNI

Yes, my mother's recipe book! Look how  
it sits there with the rest of Rimmi's  
forsaken culture. Unlike you, who uses  
everything I ever gave you. You're like  
the Indian son I never had.

BRIAN

And you're like the Indian mother I  
wish I had instead of the racist, drunk  
one I actually have.

KESHNI

I wish you and Rimmi would get  
together. You two would make the most  
beautiful cappuccino babies.

BRIAN

We're just friends, Mrs. Bose. But you're  
not wrong, coffee babies are the cutest.



KESHNI

I told you to call me Aunty! So... I can count on you to make sure Rimmi honors her grandmother?

BRIAN

Absolutely, Mrs. Bo-- Aunty. I know how important tradition is. Every Thanksgiving my family drives my mom to rehab after her annual Naked Roof Dance.

A JINGLING OF KEYS ALERTS BRIAN AND KESHNI, WHO EXCHANGE A PANICKED LOOK, BUT RIMMI ENTERS BEFORE THEY CAN SIGN OFF.

RIMMI

Hey, what's going on here? Why are you going through my Indian stuff?

KESHNI

I have eyes and ears everywhere, Rimmi.  
RIMMI LOOKS TO BRIAN WHO HANGS HIS HEAD, GUILTY.

RIMMI

Unbelievable. Just please don't become Snapchat buddies, too. Okay?

BRIAN

Too late. We're on an epic snap streak.

BRIAN HOLDS UP A PHOTO OF KESHNI WITH A VIKING SNAPCHAT LENS, COMPLETE WITH HORNED HELMET AND A BEARD. RIMMI'S NOT PLEASED.

CUT TO:

SCENE DINT. INDIAN GROCERY STORE/CAFE - LATER THAT DAY

BOLLYWOOD MUSIC FILLS THE AIR AS RIMMI AND BRIAN ENTER AND WALK THE CROWDED AISLES LINED WITH NON-ENGLISH SIGNS. CLAD HEAD-TO-TOE IN A TRENDY OUTFIT, RIMMI STANDS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB. BRIAN, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS IN HEAVEN.

BRIAN

(SNIFFS) I love this. The sweet aroma of Garam Masala, Biryani, sandalwood... I feel like I'm back in Mumbai.

RIMMI

You've never been to Mumbai.

BRIAN

I've seen Slumdog Millionaire twenty-seven times. And I've spent hours on the phone with AT&T customer service. I've been to Mumbai.

THEY APPROACH A YOUNG WOMAN STACKING CHUTNEYS. IT'S DEVI IN YET ANOTHER SALWAR SUIT AND SPORTING A BRAID.

RIMMI

(VERY LOUDLY) Hi, excuse me. Do you speak English?

DEVI

Yes, but only because you asked so loudly.

RIMMI

(LOWERS VOICE) Sorry. I'm looking for--

DEVI

-- the Ayurvedic sexual enhancement herbs? Aisle six. Next to the bananas.

BRIAN

A theme aisle. Nice.

RIMMI

No, I'm not here for that... today. I'm looking for someone named Devi.

DEVI

I'm Devi. How may I help you?

RIMMI

Oh! Hi, I'm... uh... my mom, Keshni Bose gave me your info. We may or may not be related. I'm Rimmi.

BRIAN

And I'm Brian. Namaste.

DEVI'S SURPRISED BY THIS SMALL ACT OF KINDNESS. SHE SMILES.

DEVI

Namaste, Brian. (THEN, TO RIMMI)

So, I finally meet Rimmi Bose.

RIMMI

Yes! So nice to meet you, too! Welcome to America! How about all the different cereals? Amazing, huh? (OFF DEVI'S GLARE) Anyhoo, I need your help with--

DEVI

--I see. In this country you talk to people when you want something from them. (OFF RIMMI'S CONFUSED LOOK) I called you when I first arrived.

(MORE)

DEVI (CONT'D)

I also sent you emails and texts. I would have sent smoke signals, but I am not that kind of Indian.

RIMMI

Oh. You must've had the wrong Rimmi. Lot of us here in the U.S. It's like Jane or Mary or... Apple.

DEVI TAKES OUT HER PHONE AND DIALS. RIMMI'S PHONE RINGS IN HER PURSE. RIMMI SMILES SHEEPISHLY, THEN SILENCES IT.

BRIAN

Wow, this is supes awkward. I'll be in aisle six checking out the... bananas.

BRIAN CROSSES OFF, LEAVING DEVI TO STARE RIMMI DOWN.

RIMMI

I have a good excuse. I've... been undercover for the F.B.I with an illegal street racing crew.

DEVI

That's the plot of "The Fast and the Furious."

RIMMI

Dammit! (THEN) Okay, look, I'm sorry I didn't call. I just need you to translate something from your language.

RIMMI PULLS HER GRANDMOTHER'S RECIPE BOOK OUT OF HER PURSE.

DEVI

My language? You're Indian, too.

RIMMI

Yeah, but the only Hindi I know are swear words. Plus, I'm not Indian-Indian. I'm Indian by way of Encino.  
(OFF DEVI'S GLARE) It's for my Grandmother. She just died and--

DEVI

(SUDDENLY SOFTENS) --Oh. I am truly sorry for your loss. How are you doing?

RIMMI DECIDES TO MILK IT.

RIMMI

Devastated. I miss her so much. And I just want to honor her by making this Kidchiri from her recipe book.

DEVI TAKES THE RECIPE BOOK FROM RIMMI AND FLIPS THROUGH IT.

DEVI

So many amazing recipes!(RE: BOOKMARKED PAGE) And this Kidchiri description is so... unusual. (IN HINDI, SUBTITLED) *On the surface this dish may seem off-putting, but if you look deeper, it can help you discover your path.*

RIMMI

I didn't hear any swear words so... no idea what you said. Like I said, Encino.

DEVI ROLLS HER EYES, ANNOYED.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE EINT. INDIAN GROCERY STORE/CAFE - A LITTLE LATER

RIMMI, WEIGHED DOWN WITH INDIAN INGREDIENTS, FOLLOWS DEVI, WHO WALKS THE AISLES PICKING ITEMS AND HANDING THEM TO RIMMI.

RIMMI

So... does your boss make you wear that costume to work here?

DEVI

My uncle owns this store. And this is not a costume. These are my clothes, which are more practical than those heels. Or that headband you use as a skirt.

RIMMI

Hey, I got lots of love for this outfit on Instagram. It's an exact replica of what Gigi Hadid wore in a Cody Simpson music video.

DEVI

Now I have no idea what you just said.

BRIAN CROSSES IN, CARRYING BANANAS, WHICH ARE SLYLY HIDING A BOTTLE OF AYURVEDIC SEXUAL ENHANCEMENT HERBS. RIMMI SHOOTS HIM A SKEPTICAL LOOK AS DEVI PICKS UP A PRESSURE COOKER BOX.

DEVI (CONT'D)

You'll need this. It's a jiggle-top.  
But wait for three whistles if you want the lentils to be fork tender.

RIMMI

I'm guessing you and I don't have the same definition of jiggle-top.

FED UP, DEVI HEADS TO THE CHECKOUT COUNTER, PICKING UP A PAD.

DEVI

I will write everything down, so even a child could understand it.

BRIAN

If you can make it toddler-friendly that'd be even better. Rimmi uses the oven to store her sweaters.

BRIAN AND DEVI SHARE A LAUGH. RIMMI'S NOT AMUSED.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I have a great idea! Devi, you should join us. Rimmi can text you the address.

RIMMI GIVES HIM A DEATH STARE, THEN FORCES A SMILE AND TEXTS.

RIMMI

Sure. I have your number. You know, from before when you called to embarrass me and catch me in a lie.

DEVI

I remember. That was fun.

BRIAN

Besides, if we're going to honor Rimmi's grandmother, there should be at least one real Indian there, right?

RIMMI "ACCIDENTALLY" BUMPS INTO BRIAN, CAUSING HIM TO DROP A BOTTLE.

RIMMI

Oh look, you dropped your boner herbs.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE H

FADE IN:

INT. INDIAN STORE/CAFE - LATER / INT. BEAUTY SALON - INDIA

THE STORE IS CLOSED. DEVI WIPES TABLES AS SHE SKYPES WITH HER MOTHER, **MEERA** (40S, INDIAN), A CONTROLLING MULTITASKER.

MEERA

You must go! If our neighbor's cousin's tailor's friend's daughter finds out you didn't go it will disgrace our family.

RIP AND SCREAM OFF CAMERA. MEERA HOLDS UP A WAXING STRIP.

DEVI

Can we discuss this after you finish removing unwanted hair from customers?

MEERA

He doesn't mind. (TO CUSTOMER, SUBTITLED)  
*My daughter in America. Say hello.*

PHONE TURNS TO REVEAL A **HAIRY INDIAN MAN** (40'S), ON HIS BACK. HE WAVES, DEVI WAVES BACK. MEERA TURNS THE PHONE BACK AROUND.

DEVI

That girl only came in here because she needed something. I am not going.

MEERA

Devi, I have spent my life feeding and clothing you. But the shame this will bring on our family if you do not go will kill me. Do you want to kill your mother?

DEVI SIGHS. *IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME MEERA HAS USED THIS.*

CUT TO:



SCENE JINT. BRIAN AND RIMMI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

DEVI STIRS THROUGH THE MESS IN THE PRESSURE COOKER. WIDEN TO REVEAL THE KITCHEN LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN HIT BY A FOOD TORNADO. RIMMI AND BRIAN LOOK ON.

DEVI

How did you manage to create this from such a simple recipe?

RIMMI

Simple? There were like thirteen ingredients! And how the hell do you clarify butter? It's already pretty clear. It's butter!

DEVI INSPECTS THE LID OF THE PRESSURE COOKER.

DEVI

Where's the weight?

RIMMI

(CONFUSED) Uh... mostly in my hips?

DEVI

No! The weight. It's small, metal...

BRIAN TAKES SOMETHING OUT OF THE BOX, WRAPPED IN PLASTIC.

BRIAN

Is this it?

DEVI

Yes! Without that there's no pressure!  
You didn't use any pressure in the pressure cooker!

RIMMI

Hey, repeating the word 'pressure' is only putting pressure on me!(THEN) Your notes said nothing about a weight!

DEVI

Oh, so this is my fault? Did I also tell you to burn the onions and under cook the rice?

RIMMI

Did you just come here to make fun of my cooking? Because Brian's got that covered.

BRIAN

It's true. I called her the Ironic Chef.

DEVI

(TO RIMMI) If you must know, I only came because my mother guilted me into it.

RIMMI

Well, I only came to you because my mom guilted me into it!

RIMMI AND DEVI TAKE THIS IN FOR A BEAT. APPARENTLY, THEY DO HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON.

DEVI

I guess no matter where they live, all Indian mothers are the same.

BRIAN

It's an Indian mother festival. Guilt-chella.

RIMMI

They are the worst! (TO DEVI) Does yours always end her lectures with...

RIMMI/DEVI

... do you want to kill your mother?

RIMMI AND DEVI EXCHANGE A LAUGH. THE MOOD IS SUDDENLY LIGHTER.

RIMMI

Well, since the Kidchiri's a bust, what do you want on your pizza?

DEVI

Wait. You are going to honor your Grandmother's memory with pizza?

RIMMI

Uh... we could rearrange the pepperoni to make a sad face.

DEVI

No! Let me help you make the Kidchiri. It's the least we can do for your grandmother, may she rest in peace.

RIMMI

Okay, but when I kick it you guys feel free to have pizza in my honor. Just none of that "celebration of life" bullshit. I want serious sobbing and a general agreement that no one can go on without me.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE KINT. RIMMI AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

A SERIES OF CLOSE UPS OF ONIONS BEING EXPERTLY CHOPPED, BURNER FLAMES LEAPING UPWARD, LENTILS POURING INTO HOT OIL, RICE SWIRLING IN THE POT... WIDEN TO REVEAL BRIAN FILMING ON HIS PHONE. THE SCENE ALTERNATES BETWEEN HIS CAMERA'S P.O.V AND RIMMI AND DEVI COOKING.

RIMMI

(RE: CAMERA) Brian, stop. You don't need to get proof for my mom.

BRIAN

It's also going on Facebook. You cooking? That's internet nirvana. Like Puppies with Garden Hoses.

DEVI CRUSHES SPICES WITH AN OLD-SCHOOL MORTAR AND PESTLE:

DEVI

It's truly exhilarating to use such a classic mortar and pestle.

RIMMI

Maybe it's the language barrier, but I'm not sure you understand the definition of exhilarating. (THEN) My Mom brought that back from India. I use it to make eyeshadow.

DEVI

Why do you make eyeshadow?

RIMMI

For my YouTube Channel. I do makeup tutorials, vlogs, some haul videos...

(MORE)

RIMMI (CONT'D)

really whatever my fans want to see. I  
can show you how to manage that eyebrow.

DEVI

I'll manage my own eyebrows, thank you.

RIMMI

(UNDER HER BREATH) Eyebrow. Singular.

DEVI

I find this whole obsession with  
becoming a YouTube celebrity very  
superficial. Why does everyone here  
want to be a Kardashian?

RIMMI

'Cause they're awesome and they have  
their own apps. You have any idea what  
it takes to become a brand like that?

DEVI

A sex tape?

RIMMI

Okay, yes, but also hard work. Why do  
you think I'm rocking these pajama  
pants with heels.

DEVI

Because you forgot to do your laundry?

RIMMI

Okay, yes, but also because being an entrepreneur means having to always stay ahead of the trend or you cease to be relevant.

DEVI

That sounds like the logic small children use to get attention. (THEN, RE: SPICE PACKET) Hand me that please.

RIMMI

(OFF PACKET) What the hell is ass-a... foo...

BRIAN

Asafoetida. Also known as *Hing*. (TURNS CAMERA ON HIMSELF) The Caucasian dropping knowledge, y'all!

DEVI LAUGHS, THEN TAKES THE PACKET AND STARTS GRINDING.

DEVI

So how long have you two been a couple?

RIMMI

Us?! Oh no! We're not together. I mean, we dated in college, but then we realized we're better as friends --

BRIAN

-- Well, Rimmi realized it first. And then I realized it. After she told me.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(THEN) So, I'm still on the market...  
if you ever want to grab some Chai.

DEVI

Brian, your love of all things Indian  
is endearing, but... I'm engaged.

BRIAN AND RIMMI REACT AS DEVI NONCHALANTLY ADDS THE SPICE MIX  
TO THE PRESSURE COOKER, SEALS THE LID AND PUTS THE WEIGHT ON.

RIMMI

Engaged?! You've been here like what, a  
month? Was it Tinder? Bumble? Or did  
you go the old-fashioned way? Random  
hook-up with the one straight guy in a  
gay bar?

DEVI

I didn't meet him on the internet or at  
a bar. It's an arranged marriage.

RIMMI AND BRIAN STARE AT DEVI, DUMBFOUNDED, WHILE SHE GOES  
ABOUT HER BUSINESS AS IF SHE DIDN'T JUST DROP A BOMB.

DEVI (CONT'D)

Time to make the *raita*. (OFF RIMMI'S  
CONFUSED LOOK) The yogurt sauce.

RIMMI

Screw the *raita*! An arranged marriage?!  
For reals?

DEVI

Yes. That's why I am here. To settle in  
before the wedding. (THEN, HANDING HER  
YOGURT) Here. Mix this.

RIMMI STARTS MIXING FEVERISHLY AND GETTING WORKED UP.

RIMMI

I can't believe what I'm hearing. I mean, it's 2016. And your parents are forcing you into an arranged marriage?

DEVI

Who said they forced me?

RIMMI

Wait. You want to do this? Why?

DEVI

It's actually a much better system than the American way -- sleeping around looking for "the one."

RIMMI TRIES TO RESPOND BUT BRIAN INTERJECTS.

BRIAN

She has a point. Arranged marriages have been around for thousands of years and divorce rates are incredibly low. Although, I'm also a big fan of sleeping around, so I'm torn.

DEVI

There is so much emphasis here on 'love at first sight' and 'romance,' but you can also grow to love someone. (THEN) Rimmi, the lemon juice.

RIMMI STARTS JUICING A LEMON INTO THE YOGURT.



RIMMI

What about a career? Don't you want one?

DEVI

I have always wanted to pursue teaching. Opening someone's eyes to new ideas. It feels very noble. But for now my future husband and children are my priority. I'm hoping for at least five. Children not husbands.

RIMMI

Five? It's a uterus, not a photo booth at a Christmas party. (THEN) See, this is why I've stayed clear of Indian men.

BRIAN

With one notable workplace exception.

FLASH TO:

INT. GLOSSY.COM UNISEX BATHROOM/STALL - FLASHBACK

WE HEAR MUSIC AND THE SOUNDS OF A PARTY AS RIMMI AND **SHAAN** (28, INDIAN, ATTRACTIVE BUT AWKWARD) BURST INTO THE EMPTY BATHROOM KISSING IN THE HEAT OF PASSION AND PRETTY DRUNK.

SHAAN

Maybe we should take this somewhere more private.

RIMMI

You're right, we should.

WHILE STILL KISSING HIM, SHE KICKS OPEN THE STALL DOOR.

RIMMI (CONT'D)

Here. I got us a suite.

THEY BACK INTO THE STALL AND CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND THEM. AS THEY CONTINUE KISSING...

RIMMI (CONT'D)

I'm Rimmi, by the way.

THEY SHAKE HANDS, THEN GO BACK TO KISSING. AS THINGS HEAT UP, THEY FALL AGAINST THE TOILET TANK. THERE'S A LOUD FLUSH.

FLASH TO:

INT. RIMMI AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - BACK TO SCENE

EVERYONE IS AS WE LEFT THEM.

RIMMI

My one Indian mishap. Luckily, he was a freelancer, so I never had to see him again. (TO DEVI) Such a nerd. No offense.

DEVI

Why would I be offended? Not all Indian men are "nerds." My fiancé is handsome, kind, intelligent--

BRIAN

-- Stop! You're breaking my heart. Anyway, since you and I are already over, maybe you'll bring him next time.

DEVI

Not possible. Until we are married, we are only permitted to see each other with my aunt and uncle present. Which is fine because I don't know how to drive anyway.

BRIAN

Wait. You guys can't be alone?!

RIMMI

Wait. You don't know how to drive?!

DEVI

I always wanted to, but in India  
everyone has a driver. Even the drivers  
have drivers. Not good ones, but still.

RIMMI

Okay, then. (POURS WINE) To Devi's doom

-- I mean, groom!

RIMMI STARTS GULPING DOWN THE WINE. AS SHE DOES THE PRESSURE  
COOKER SCREAMS TO LIFE WITH A WHISTLE!

ALARMED, RIMMI THROWS UP HER ARMS, WHICH SENDS THE WINE FLYING  
ALL OVER HERSELF AND DEVI. RIMMI DIVES UNDER THE TABLE LIKE  
SHE'S CAUGHT IN A DRIVE BY. BRIAN CONTINUES TO FILM.

RIMMI (CONT'D)

What the fuck is that?!

BRIAN PANS OVER TO DEVI, WHO'S TRYING TO HOLD BACK LAUGHTER.

DEVI

That is the whistle! Welcome to  
pressure cooking. An extreme sport.

BRIAN AND DEVI LAUGH. AFTER A BEAT, RIMMI JOINS IN.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE 1

INT. GLOSSY.COM OFFICE - COUPLE DAYS LATER - (DAY 4)

RIMMI, ON HER HANDS AND KNEES, ATTEMPTS TO CLEAR A PAPER JAM FROM A GIANT COPIER. THE LOADING TRAYS OBSCURE HER VIEW.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me. Can you tell me where to  
find Stella's office?

RIMMI GLANCES OVER THE OPEN TRAY DOORS TO SEE... SHAAN!

SHAAN

Rimmi?

RIMMI STRAIGHTENS UP, TRYING TO BE COOL.

RIMMI

Uh, yeah... Shaan, right?

SHAAN

Yes. Good to see you. Again.

SHAAN AWKWARDLY EXTENDS A HAND FOR A HANDSHAKE.

RIMMI

Shaan, you felt me up in a bathroom  
stall. I think we're past handshakes.

(THEN) What are you doing here anyway?

SHAAN

Consulting on next year's projections.

RIMMI

Wow. Okay. So there will be more  
awkward moments like this?

SHAAN

It doesn't have to be awkward. I'd love  
it if we--

RIMMI

--Let me just put the brakes on,  
Casanova. I was drunk and it was a one  
time thing. And while I appreciate the  
interest, I will not be partaking.

RIMMI TURNS AND STARTS MAKING COPIES, HOPING HE'LL LEAVE.

SHAAN

I was going to say, I'd love it if we  
could pretend it never happened because  
I also have no interest in... partaking.

RIMMI QUICKLY TURNS BACK TO FACE SHAAN.

RIMMI

Wait, you have no interest in me?

SHAAN

Sorry, but you're not my type.

RIMMI

Yeah, well, you weren't my type first,  
so I win!

BEFORE SHAAN CAN RESPOND, RIMMI GRABS HER STACK OF COPIES AND  
EXITS IN A HUFF.

RESET TO:

INT. GLOSSY.COM UNISEX BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RIMMI ENTERS, STILL SHAKEN BY HER ENCOUNTER WITH SHAAN. SHE  
STANDS AT THE SINK, CLUTCHING HER PAPERS AND TRYING TO GATHER  
HERSELF. SUDDENLY, SHE'S TAPPED ON THE SHOULDER. STARTLED,  
SHE YELPS, THEN TURNS TO SEE STELLA.

RIMMI

Jesus! You shouldn't creep up on people  
in the bathroom!

STELLA

Well, you started it and now I think it's fun. (THEN) Listen, I just came from a client meeting. They're looking to expand into new verticals with fresh talent, and I thought of you.

RIMMI

Really? You showed them my makeup tutorials?

STELLA

God no! I showed them the video of you in my feed this morning.

RIMMI

What video?

STELLA MOTIONS HER OUT OF THE BATHROOM AND THEY ENTER...

RESET TO:

INT. GLOSSY.COM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WHERE THEY WALK AND TALK THROUGH THE OFFICE.

STELLA

The one of you and the other Indian girl. It's going viral.

CONFUSED, RIMMI TAKES OUT HER PHONE AND STARTS SCROLLING.

CLOSE ON: RIMMI'S FEED, WHICH IS COVERED IN THE VIDEO OF HER AND DEVI COOKING, INCLUDING GIF'S OF THE PRESSURE COOKER MOMENT.

RIMMI

My roommate put it on his Facebook. I had no idea it would blow up like this! Hey! Lilly Singh retweeted it!

AS RIMMI SCROLLS STELLA KEEPS TALKING.

STELLA

It was a totally unfiltered moment. You talking about being a modern girl while she defends tradition... and all as you cook an exotic meal. It's authentic, entertaining... And hits their target demo. Diversity is all the rage now. It's what Kale was a year ago.

RIMMI

Yeah, but... I'm not a cook.

STELLA

Obviously. That's what's great about it. You suck and it's hilarious. You need to come in with some episode ideas for the two of you.

RIMMI

Wait. The two of us?

STELLA

Yeah. The other girl in the video. You're nothing without her.

RIMMI

But-- she'll never do it. She thinks this stuff is superficial. She only cares about dumb things like family and tradition.

STELLA

Rimmi, I've been doing this forever --  
like two years -- and I can tell you  
this kind of thing doesn't happen  
often. Get that girl on board or you  
can continue to sit at your desk and do  
research on the history of side boob!  
Which I need that on my desk by noon.

STELLA CROSSES OFF, LEAVING A BEWILDERED RIMMI. HOW WILL SHE  
GET DEVI ON BOARD?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREESCENE M

FADE IN:

INT. RIMMI'S CAR/EXT. STREET - THAT AFTERNOON - (DAY 4)

RIMMI DRIVES, WHILE DEVI SITS SHOTGUN.

DEVI

I don't understand why you wanted to  
pick me up from work.

RIMMI

Well, I figured since you taught me  
something Indian it's only fair I teach  
you something L.A.

DEVI

I am not doing cocaine.

RIMMI

Okay, well, your loss, but that's not  
what I meant. I'm going to teach you  
how to drive.

DEVI

(BRIGHTENING) Really? (THEN) Why?

RIMMI

Consider it a thank you for the other  
night. Besides, you're my mother's  
tailor's friend's neighbor's cousin's  
daughter. We're practically family.

DEVI SMILES, THANKFUL.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

- INSIDE THE CAR: DEVI'S NOW BEHIND THE WHEEL WHILE RIMMI DEMONSTRATES HOW TO START THE IGNITION.
- INSIDE THE CAR: RIMMI DEMONSTRATES THE BRAKE/GAS PEDAL MOTION WITH HER HANDS. DEVI LOOKS ON INTENTLY, THEN IMITATES BY DOING THE BRAKE/GAS PEDAL MOTION WITH HER FEET.
- OUTSIDE ON THE STREET WE SEE THE CAR JERK FORWARD, THEN COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT. JERK. HALT. JERK. HALT.
- INSIDE THE CAR: DEVI NOW DRIVES SMOOTHLY, BUT SUPER SLOW.

RIMMI (CONT'D)

Why are you going so slow?

DEVI

I'm used to India where Livestock comes out of nowhere.

RIMMI

This is Hancock Park. The only cows around here are the ones hauling ass to the nearest pressed juice bar.

- LATER. DEVI NOW DRIVES MORE CONFIDENTLY, PROUD OF HERSELF.

DEVI

I'm driving! I'm really driving!

RIMMI

Yes, you are! Welcome to freedom!

DEVI

I don't know how to thank you.

RIMMI

Hey, no need to thank me. (THEN)

Although... if you really wanted to--

DEVI

-- I will show you how to apply henna.

RIMMI

I was thinking something less...  
tribal. (THEN) You know the video Brian  
took of us cooking? He posted it on his  
Facebook and it's going viral! People  
are GIF'ing me-- us! How funny is that?

DEVI

It's not funny at all. I don't want to  
be GIF'ed. And it's 'JIF'ed.'

RIMMI

Okay, let's not go down that rabbit  
hole. Anyway, how about we film us  
cooking and -- just spit balling here --  
put them online?

THE TRUTH STARTS TO DAWN ON DEVI.

DEVI

I see what's going on here... you are  
trying to bribe me.

RIMMI

What? No! I just--

DEVI

-- How stupid do you think I am? We  
invented bribing in my country! (THEN)  
Stop the car! I want to get out.

RIMMI

Uh... you're driving.

DEVI

Right. Then I will stop and get out.

THE CAR COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT AND DEVI GETS OUT.

RIMMI

Devi, come on! This is ridiculous.

RIMMI SWITCHES SEATS, GETTING INTO THE DRIVER SIDE AND STARTS DRIVING ALONG THE SIDEWALK WHERE...

RESET TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - CONTINUOUS

... DEVI WALKS AT A GOOD CLIP.

RIMMI

You said you wanted to be a teacher.

What better way to teach people than by making these videos?

DEVI

Do not confuse your misguided career goal of getting attention with my honorable desire to provide quality education!

RIMMI

Yes, everything you want to do is noble and everything I want to do is stupid.

DEVI

No, I'm stupid, too. I'm stupid for believing you genuinely liked me.

(MORE)

DEVI (CONT'D)

But it turns out you just needed  
something from me again. Classic Rimmi.

RIMMI

Okay, forget the videos... for now.  
Just get back in the car!

DEVI

I will not! Leave me alone.

RIMMI

I'm not leaving you in the middle of  
nowhere. You could die out here.

DEVI

(RE: SIGN) This is Beverly Hills. It's  
where Pretty Woman lived!

RIMMI

I meant of Botox. You could die of  
Botox! It's in the air. Quick get in!

DEVI

Just get away from me!(SWEARS IN HINDI)

RIMMI

Hey! I understood that! You--

CRASH! RIMMI'S CAR SUDDENLY RAMS INTO A MOBILE BILLBOARD  
CARRYING A BREAST AUGMENTATION SIGN, CAUSING THE BILLBOARD TO  
TOPPLE OVER. RIMMI AND DEVI SCREAM, AS THE TWO GIANT BREASTS  
LAND DIRECTLY ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR. AS DEVI RUNS TO RIMMI...

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE PEXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - AN HOUR LATER

RIMMI'S CAR IS NOW BEING TOWED AWAY BY A TOW TRUCK. WIDEN TO REVEAL RIMMI AND DEVI STANDING ON THE SIDEWALK WITH THE OFFICER FROM THE BEGINNING.

OFFICER

Okay, thank you for the... ridiculously detailed account of what happened, but I have an incontinent dog at home and I'm already into overtime. (STARTS TO GO, THEN) You two gonna be okay?

DEVI

RIMMI

Yes, officer. We'll be fine.      Sure. Go drain your dog.

THE OFFICER CROSSES OFF. DEFEATED, RIMMI AND DEVI SIT ON THE CURB NEAR THE BUSTED BREAST AUGMENTATION SIGN. AFTER A BEAT BRIAN PULLS UP.

BRIAN

What the frig?! What did you two do?  
(THEN, RE: SIGN) And what're those boobs doing on the ground? You rarely see that in Beverly Hills.

RIMMI

Let's see... I was teaching Devi how to drive, then a bunch of other stuff happened and here we are just a couple of blocks away from Larry King's house.

DEVI

(OFF BRIAN'S CONFUSED LOOK) He was walking his dog.

BRIAN

(TO DEVI) Get in. I'll drop you off.

DEVI

It's okay. My cousin is picking me up.

(THEN, TO RIMMI) Thank you for teaching me how to drive. And how to file an accident report.

RIMMI NODS, THEN HEADS TO BRIAN'S CAR. SHE'S ABOUT TO GET IN, BUT STOPS AND TURNS BACK TOWARD DEVI.

RIMMI

You may think I'm superficial, but we're not that different. I also want to make a difference in people's lives. That's why I work 24/7 for very little money. I sacrifice my personal life and deal with internet trolls. And I do it all knowing even if I do get what I want, there's a good chance I won't be able to enjoy it, because I have to constantly keep up with the competition. And I don't have a sex tape -- that I know of -- so multiply everything I just said by ten.

RIMMI HEADS BACK TO BRIAN'S CAR, LEAVING DEVI TO PONDER THIS.

RIMMI (CONT'D)

(CALLING) Oh, and FYI, I do genuinely like you. You made me like cooking.

WITH THAT RIMMI GETS IN AND THEY PULL AWAY.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE R

INT. INDIAN GROCERY STORE/CAFE - NEXT EVENING (NIGHT 5)

CLOSE ON A BOLLYWOOD MUSICAL. WIDEN TO SEE DEVI WIPING DOWN TABLES AS IT PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND ON TV. HER PHONE VIBRATES. SHE PULLS IT OUT TO SEE: A NOTIFICATION THAT READS "YOU HAVE ONE NEW COMMENT ON A VIDEO YOU WERE TAGGED IN!"

DEVI GOES TO PUT IT AWAY, THEN DECIDES TO TAKE A LOOK. IT'S THE VIDEO OF HER AND RIMMI COOKING. SHE SCROLLS THROUGH THE COMMENTS. ONE SAYS: "SOMEONE GIF THESE GIRLS NOW!" ANOTHER ONE: "DEVI, WILL YOU BE MY BAE?" ANOTHER ONE: "MY INDIAN BOYFRIEND WON'T LET ME MEET HIS PARENTS 'CAUSE I'M WHITE. WHAT DO I DO?"

DEVI PAUSES, THEN KEEPS SCROLLING TO: "WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU TWO AREN'T SEXUALLY COMPATIBLE? IS THE MARRIAGE OVER?"

DEVI'S FINGER HOVERS OVER THE "REPLY" BUTTON. SHOULD SHE REPLY? SHE LOOKS UP AT THE BOLLYWOOD MOVIE PLAYING ON THE TV. IT'S IN THE MIDDLE OF A WEDDING SCENE. THE BRIDE IS CRYING. DEVI THINKS, BUT SHE'S TAKEN OUT OF HER REVERIE WHEN A NEW COMMENT POPS UP. IT READS "LESBIANS!" OFF DEVI'S LOOK...

DISSOLVE TO:



SCENE 5

INT. GLOSSY.COM OFFICE - RIMMI'S DESK - NEXT DAY (DAY 6)

RIMMI'S DOING RESEARCH AT HER DESK WHEN DEVI APPROACHES.

RIMMI

Devi. What are you doing here?

DEVI

I was reading the comments on the video and I realized, I could try to answer the questions, but it's... complicated.

RIMMI

I don't get it.

DEVI

You were right. This is an opportunity for me to teach. So... I will do the cooking videos with you. But only if we use your Grandmother's recipe book.

RIMMI

Of course! That's so -- thank you!

DEVI

I remember what your Grandmother wrote under that Kidchiri recipe. She said "on the surface this dish may seem off-putting, but if you look deeper, it can help you discover your path." I just wonder what else she knew.

RIMMI

I guess we did discover our paths... as  
off-putting as you were.

DEVI

Or as off-putting as you were.

THEY BOTH LAUGH.

RIMMI

So... what about your fiancé? He's  
letting you do this?

DEVI

'Letting me'? Being in an arranged  
marriage does not make him my boss.

RIMMI

I just assumed...

DEVI

Do not assume so much, Rimmi. It makes--

RIMMI

-- an ass out of you and me. I know.

DEVI

I was going to say it makes you seem  
"judgey," but that's a good saying, too.

JUST THEN, SHAAN ENTERS AND APPROACHES.

SHAAN

Devi?

DEVI

Shaan...

SHAAN

What's going on? Why are you here?

RIMMI

(TO DEVI) Wait. Is this your cousin?

DEVI

No. You two work together?

RIMMI

Uh... sort of. Remember the freelance  
Indian guy I told you about?

DEVI

The one from the bathroom?!

SHAAN

Oh boy...

RIMMI

If he's not your cousin then who is he?

DEVI

My fiancé.

THE NEW "THREESOME" STAND IN SILENCE FOR A FEW AWKWARD BEATS,  
THEN:

RIMMI

So... Larry King has a cocker spaniel.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW