

CARMA

BY ALISON WOOD

EXT. CRUMBLING OLD SIGN 'RAVI'S CAR SALES'

INT. BMW CAR FOR SALE WITH WINDSCREEN SIGN AND PRICE BEING
TEST DRIVEN BY CUSTOMER JON. IN TRAFFIC.

Ravi, salesman, in the passenger seat with a tatty pleather portfolio and various car leaflets and calculator. Jon - smartly dressed, cufflinks showing - in the driver seat is test driving this BMW car, elbow resting on the car door and other arm in his lap.

Ravi's POV as the scenery starts to move outside the driver's window.

RAVI

(Somewhat urgently)

Put your hands on the steering
wheel man! Feel that leather! Made
from organic barn fed cow. Feel it.
Go on.

Jon (startled) takes hold of the wheel as the car continues
to gather speed.

That'll last forever that will. My
cousin Raj has got that leather in
all his motors and he's one of them
vegetarian vegans... so say no more
(Finger taps the side of his nose
knowingly at Jon)

Jon looks very confused.

RAVI

I can tell you are gagging to know
about the sound system man. This
baby has some sweet internal
features you know what I'm saying
bro? All the shebang and whistles

(MORE)

RAVI (CONT'D)

man. Sick sounds what you can
control with them buttons on
the...steering wheel. Try it..go
on...go on...

Jon looks at Ravi in disbelief. Ravi leans over and presses random buttons. Wipers come on. Water sprays. Radio flips between stations. Jon bats Ravi's hand away but continues to hold the steering wheel.

A car nearby beeps angrily and revs.

Bhangra music plays [Mundian Te Bach Ke by Panjabi MC (ft Jay Z) The knightrider bit!] loudly. Ravi rocks out. Jon sighs and looks out the window.

RAVI

That's ok. I can tell that you are
a man what likes the quietly. There
is a lot of mileage in calm. I read
that book, you know: 'Commuting is
my shush'.

A beat

I can feel your chakras are
desperate for some metime. Only
this car can give that to you. It's
like you and it are kindled spiris.

Jon rolls his eyes.

This car is top of the range for
that handsfree mindfulness. It's
got internal peace as standard man.
And I can guarantee you 2000% that
this Beema has got good karma.

A beat

Ravi readjusts himself in his seat ready to give some
flattering sales patter

Look. Basically. I see you as a bloke that well deserves reassurance about this car's history. Previous owners, dodgy journeys and that. Let me help you to relax and chill about this purchase.

Today only, for you, I'm prepared - to stick my neck out - and check this car's zen scores. Yes. That's right. I can do that. For you. Here and now: online.

Ravi gets his phone out and starts googling.

RAVI

Ah ha! See? Car Karma Checker dot com. Geddit? Carma. With a C.
(chuckles) That's good man. Car-ma.

Ravi shoves phone in Jon's face to show him. Jon recoils.
Ravi looks back at the phone.

RAVI

Ah shame though. You gotta pay. My credit card's maxed. I can enter yours though? (he looks hopeful at Jon)

Jon shakes his head in disbelief.

A beat. Ravi thinking.

RAVI (with sudden delight)

Waaaaaaait though. My Auntie Jyoti always said that our family have them psychotic powers, you know, where you can just hold any random object and you can feel whether bad stuff or good stuff happened in its past.

Jon looks very cynical.

Yeah yeah. You know, like when the police hold a missing kid's toy and say (Ravi closes his eyes pretending to hold the toy and tilts his head in concentration)

'I feel him, he's really scared, he's somewhere dark, it's wet - oh wait, no, he's not been kidnapped, he's just at his Nan's house in the bath!'

and then they just pop to Nan's and rescue the kid. Well useful.

(Ravi furrows his brow - almost scared)

I seriously could have inherited them powers.

Ravi closes his eyes and presses his palms together and does some emphatic deep breathing.

Jon takes one hand with finger and thumb on his temples as if to ease a headache.

RAVI
(Chanting and Holding the dashboard tightly)

Om. Bee. Ma. Om.

Om. Bee. Ma. Om.

Bee. Ma.

Chakra. Bee. Ma. Karma.

What Kar-ma Bee-ma?

What kar-ma this Bee-ma?

Ravi waits expectantly. Jon worriedly stares.

RAVI (opening eyes in genuine disappointment)
Nah. I got nothing.

Jon looks almost relieved.

RAVI (Looking at Jon as if
he's said something)
Oh my god! Yesssss!! I totally hear
what you saying.

Jon once more is confused.

You are a genius. I should get
Auntie Jyoti on speaker phone. She
can listen and channel and tell us
about this baby's (Ravi taps
dashboard) past owners!

Jon looks horrified.

Phone rings on speakerphone.

AUNTIE JYOTI (shouting with
kitchen noises and children
crying in back ground)
Ravi! How you phoning me?! You need
give Raj his money back for crap
car you sold him! Everything you
touch breaks! Everything. Even your
sister's waters break when you
nearby Ravi! You got bad karma
coming. I can feel it Ravi! You
better get...

Ravi frantically presses buttons on the radio to turn off
Auntie Jyoti

RAVI
She's old now. She gets confused.
She's in a home. She tells lies.
She's got like, two and a half
suspended sentences.
(Ravi eyes his phone
suspiciously)
Basically that was actually a wrong
number.

Awkward silence.

RAVI
(Shuffling papers and tapping
pen)
We should probably talk numbers.

Jon stares at Ravi

RAVI
I think we have a good relationship
here. I know you do too.

Jon looks at his watch and sighs.

RAVI
Basically my bottom line is: four
five hundred.

Jon stoney face. Ravi frantically pats at his calculator.

RAVI
Look, (sighs) ok Four.

Jon completely still

RAVI
You know man, you seriously got the
gift of the gab for bargaining.

Jon takes a long blink and breathes in.

RAVI
Damn. (Impressed) You are well good
at this man. I'm dying here.

A BEAT

Three seven five. And I'll throw in
some of Auntie Jyoti's veggie vegan
bhajis?

Ravi, smiling, holds his hand out to shake Jon's.

Camera pans back to reveal Ravi and Jon being towed by a
recovery truck/car - where they have been for the whole
time since the start.

CLOSE UP: 'ON TOW' SIGN ON REAR OF CAR WITH HAZARDS
FLASHING

Fade out.