

WHEN
ONE
INDIAN
ADVENTURE
IS
JUST
NOT
ENOUGH...

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE PAPADUM

THE SEQUELS

A FURTHER BOLLYWOOD MOTION PICTURE PROPOSAL
BY MATTHEW RHODES



HOW I **LEARNED** TO STOP
WORRYING
AND LOVE THE
PAPADUM
A FIELD GUIDE TO SURVIVING A JOURNEY THROUGH CHAOS

THE SEQUELS

“If you’re going to have a story, have a big story, or none at all”

Joseph John Campbell - Professor Of Literature

“How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Papadum” is actually Part 1 of a trilogy of stories written by British author and artist Matthew Rhodes. Based upon his adventures and experiences discovering the beauty and confusion of India, whilst attempting to find his role and standing within his new found Indian family.

Matthew has said on numerous occasions that, with regards to India, it does appear to be the case that he is somewhat of a “madness magnet” attracting a plethora of outrageously hilarious and whacky situations that tend to swirl about him like a comical tornado.

As a result of such, Matthew’s writing has found it’s natural voice firmly seated within the realms of modern comedy, popular culture, culture shock and the traditions of brazen slapstick and gross-out humour that are as old as story telling itself.

Matthew addresses a vast wealth of global themes that resonate across continents with a charming, light hearted nature and a wit quicker than a speeding Tuk-tuk, drawing audiences in to join him as he attempts to successfully navigate a native culture so very far removed from his own.

The second episode of Matthew’s Indian odyssey is titled “No Country For Old Tweed” A title that refers to a lesson painfully learnt as he opted to attend an Hindu wedding sporting the finest... hottest British woolen suit known to man. Most certainly a mistake that he will not be making for a second time.

At the heart of this episode sits the wedding of Ana’s youngest sister. Surrounded on all sides by the fact that none of the family have ever organised a traditional Indian wedding. In the simplest of terms, Mat finds himself plunged once more into the alien world that he has come to love. This time though, the families safety net of knowledge has been whipped from beneath the entire clan, prompting the question “Are we all going to implode or survive this three day wedding?” Only time will tell.

“You fiRang Me Lord?” is the third and final installment of the story. An episode that begins in the depths of tribulation, upset and devastation. The causes of which are about to send Mat, his Dad and Ana off on a journey of discovery, wonderment and calamity. The likes of which that have remained unrivaled to date, even by the hilariously comical standards of Mat’s previous adventures. So, just what is Mat’s half deaf, 80 year old father going to make of India, his extended family, and a culture of such alarmingly foreign proportions? Let’s go and find out.

**“In India we celebrate the commonality of major differences;
we are a land of belonging rather than of blood.”**

Shashi Tharoor



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TITLE
(EPISODE 2) **NO COUNTRY FOR OLD TWEED**

TAG LINE
THE TRULY REMARKABLE TALES OF A CLUELESS HONKY AND AN INDIAN WEDDING

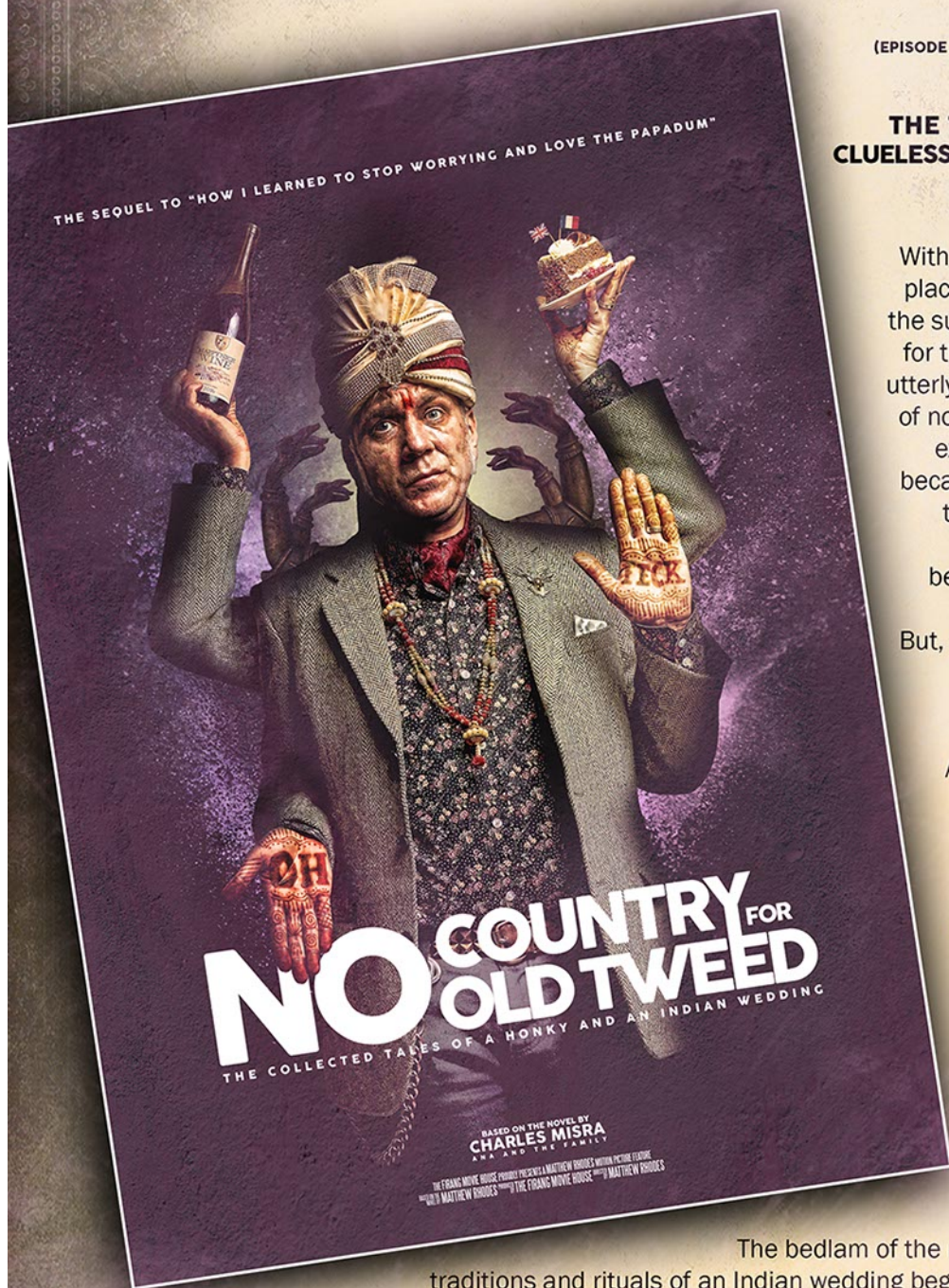
SYNOPSIS

With their own wedding rings now firmly in place, Mat and Ana are all set to return to the subcontinent and the Indian family fold for the first time since their nuptials. Both utterly giddy with excitement at the thought of not only seeing Mammy, Bappa and the extended clan once again, but more so because Ana's youngest sister, is about to tie the knot herself. In just one week's time, Gudu will take the hand of her betrothed, the quietly enigmatic Shaan.

But, thanks to his overwhelmingly dizzying state of hysteria, Mat has not quite thought this prospect through.

After his initial 'month in country' with Ana and the family just a short year ago, Mat is blissfully blinkered, yet utterly confident of the fact that his now poorly assumed 'seasoned native' approach towards the Motherland, will act as a trusty life jacket, keeping his head bobbing above the waterline as he floats along on the cultural waves.

Mat is wrong. So very, very wrong. For there might just be a tsunami of culture shock welling up behind him.



The bedlam of the realities, intricacies and mind baffling traditions and rituals of an Indian wedding begin to play out in all their magnificently bizarre glory. Mat soon realises that the task of 'fitting in' and cementing his position within the family might not be quite as straightforward as he once had believed.

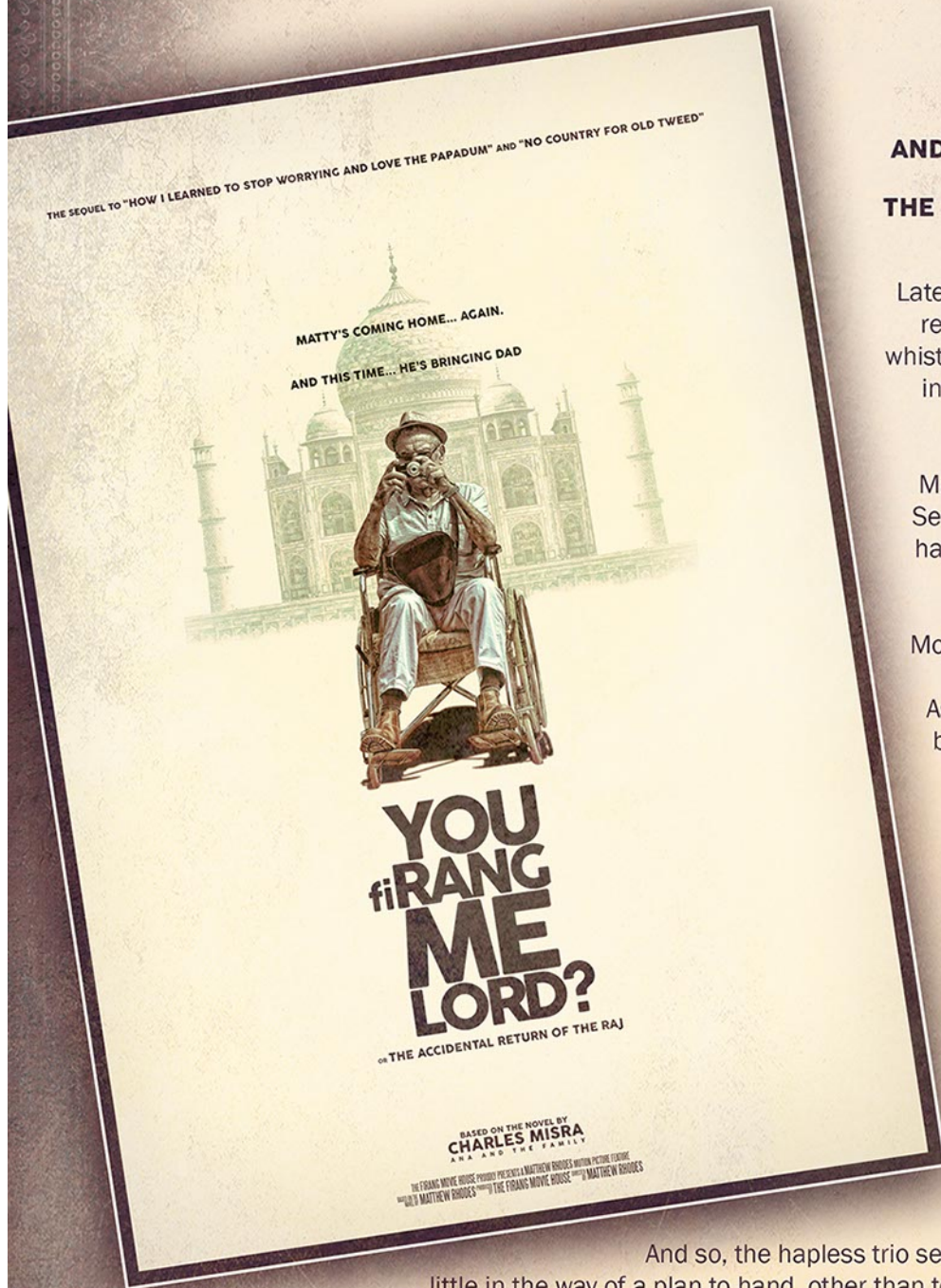
As a seemingly minute by minute collection of hilariously confusing, increasingly baffling and ever more whacky events unfold, Mat finds himself forced towards the realisation that no matter how desperately hard he tries to hand the limelight to the deserving Bride and Groom to be, the cement of his family standing is beginning to dry. Whether he likes it or not, Mat is the unintentional centre of attention.

And the unrelenting craziness just keeps on coming. The hotel laundry. A sexualised cat. Unforgiving tummy troubles. A cake overdose. Those tiny little yellow pills. And Stefanie. Oh good gosh, what the hell are we going to do about Stefanie?



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TITLE
(EPISODE 3) **YOU fiRANG ME LORD?**

TAG LINES
**MATTY'S COMING HOME AGAIN...
AND THIS TIME... HE'S BRINGING DAD**

THE ACCIDENTAL RETURN OF THE RAJ

SYNOPSIS
Late summer 2017. Mat and Ana have just returned to the UK after a coast to coast whistle stop tour of America, visiting in laws in New York and California. And all is not well in Britain. Not in the slightest.

Mat's mother has unexpectedly taken ill. Seriously ill. Within a week, a hateful fate has dealt the British arm of the family an unimaginable and devastating blow.

Mother passes away. Far before her time.

As the family mourns, and what with Mat being... well Mat, he can't help but look to the future. And the future demands that joy and happiness be returned to widower Dad's heart at the earliest possible convenience.

And what better way to achieve such a vital and lofty goal? Another albeit hastily organised whistle stop coast to coast tour. This time though, from Bombay all the way to the Bay Of Bengal, so that grieving Dad can meet the Indian branch of the family for the first time. Before it's too late for him too.

And so, the hapless trio set off on a third subcontinental trip with little in the way of a plan to hand, other than to adhere to the only two demands that Dad has insisted upon. Rule No.1 "We visit the Taj Mahal" And Rule No. 2 "Nothing less than 5 star hotels" The only question now is "how the devil is Dad going to cope with all that India has waiting to throw his way?"

Especially when you figure into the equation the very facts that he's 80 years old, half deaf and struggling to walk. Has Mat really thought this through? Or has he just ushered the accidental return of the Raj. Only time will tell. One thing is for certain though. It is going to be one hell of a hilariously calamitous adventure through the opulence and splendor of Mumbai, The startling chaos and debilitating smog of New Delhi. And the charm, warmth and love of Bhubaneswar, the family home. And all whilst attempting to fathom the joy and confusion of Diwali and traffic laws, power cuts and poverty.

And will Dad ever find the answer to his burning question "Is that chap just going to sit there all night with his cucumbers?"

