

AUTODATE

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ACT ONE

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

ISHAAN BHASIN (27) sits at a desk across from APPLICANT 1 (24).

Ishaan is from India, but his skin color is the only indicator of that. From his voice to his wardrobe, he is now very American.

Ishaan scans a set of papers in front of him.

ISHAAN

What is your greatest accomplishment?

APPLICANT 1

Hmm. Definitely graduating Summa Cum Laude from Georgetown.

ISHAAN

Very nice. Standard. Good.

APPLICANT 1

Is that not a good answer?

ISHAAN

It's fine.

APPLICANT 1

Well, what was did you say when you got hired?

ISHAAN

Winning the Olympics.

APPLICANT 1

Woah. Seriously? What year?!

ISHAAN

2003.

Applicant 1 looks to the side in confusion.

APPLICANT 1

There was an Olympics in 2003?

Ishaan smirks and drops the paper onto the table.

EXT. CAMP INTELLIGENCE - DAY

It's a beautiful summer day at Camp Intelligence. The surrounding trees are in full bloom. Birds are chirping. Not a cloud in the sky.

Super: "July 2003"

Camp Intelligence is a large summer camp-style campus in Upstate New York. A dozen cabins surround a large building in the center.

Hanging in front of the main building is a banner that reads "1st Annual Robotics & Programming Junior Olympics"

INT. CAMP INTELLIGENCE - AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium is a huge open space filled with teams of competitors, ranging from nine years old to 16 years old.

Each team has a unique uniform that each member is wearing proudly.

Each team forms a circle around their masterpiece, whatever it may be. Most teams are working on robots, however some have other technological innovations that they are working on.

In the corner of the auditorium is a team of five wearing dark yellow shirts. In the top left corner of each shirt, is a flag. That flag represents the country of origin of each member of the team.

The entire team is hovered around a large robot.

YOUNG ISHAAN (9) is the youngest and smallest of the group, but he is clearly the leader. He is in complete control of the group, but in a very gravitating way. Young Ishaan sports the flag of India on his shirt and the stylish eyeglasses of Ray-Ban over his nose. Young Ishaan has a moderate Indian accent.

YOUNG GAVIN (11) stands over Young Ishaan's shoulder with a notebook that he is studying intensely. Young Gavin sports a bowl cut, with a USA flag on his shirt.

YOUNG DMITRY (11) is working on the left leg of the robot with a tiny screwdriver. Dmitry's straight brown hair is paired with the flag of Russia on his shirt. Young Dmitry speaks very good english, but does carry an accent.

YOUNG SAIDU (10) has a controller hooked up to a computer, as he begins to program it.

Saidu has very dark skin, large brown eyes, and the flag of Sierra Leone on his chest. Young Saidu speaks fluent english, with a very slight accent.

YOUNG OLIVER (12) is the oldest, tallest, and blondest of the group. He is putting the finishing touches on the robot's exterior with a small paintbrush. His freckled skin and shaggy blonde hair match the Australian Flag on his shirt perfectly. Oliver speaks with a heavy Australian accent.

Young Ishaan looks up and to his right toward a large countdown clock on the wall. The clock reads "00:01:38" as the time continues to fall closer and closer to zero.

Young Ishaan looks back down at the robot with a confident smirk.

YOUNG ISHAAN
Sy, how we doing?

Young Saidu types a series of keys on the computer, then looks up at Young Ishaan with a matching confident smirk.

YOUNG SAIDU
We're doing.

Young Ishaan smiles, then focuses his attention on Young Dmitry. Young Dmitry looks up with confidence at Young Ishaan.

YOUNG DMITRY
Left leg... Fixed.

Young Ishaan clenches his fist with excitement, as Young Oliver tosses his paint brush onto the table with excitement.

YOUNG OLIVER
Paint's finished!

Young Gavin drops his notebook to his side and smiles from ear to ear.

YOUNG GAVIN
That's everything.

YOUNG OLIVER
We did it!

The group hugs each other with joy as a buzzer rings throughout the auditorium.

COMMISSIONER (52) taps onto a microphone at the front of the auditorium to check its working condition.

COMMISSIONER

Ladies and Gentleman... Please give yourselves a round of applause.

The entire auditorium shares a brief applause.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

No matter the outcome of today's events, each and every one of you should be beyond proud of yourselves... We are going to take a quick 30-minute break before we begin our judging process. Feel free to get some fresh air. We'll see you back here in a half hour.

Before the Commissioner can even finish his sentence, the large group of kids begin to pour out of the auditorium like a fish tank with a bullet wound.

EXT. CAMP INTELLIGENCE - DAY

Young Ishaan and his group sit against a brick wall on the far side of the campus, away from everyone.

Each group member is enjoying a snack of their choosing.

Young Dmitry bites into an apple, chews, then looks up to the group.

YOUNG DMITRY

You think we have a chance?

Dmitry looks at each person with a serious face, but he can't hold it as the entire group bursts with laughter.

YOUNG SAIDU

It's not even fair.

YOUNG OLIVER

I honestly feel bad for some of these other kids.

YOUNG DMITRY

Come on, guys! How about the team from Ontario with the voice-controlled water fountain?!

The entire group, again, bursts out with laughter.

INT. CAMP INTELLIGENCE - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Ishaan's team stands on the left side of the stage.

YOUNG JESSICA (10) and her team, comprised of boys and girls of multiple races, stand on the right side of the stage. Young Jessica is very small and awkward, but exudes confidence.

Young Jessica walks confidently up to Young Ishaan and holds out her hand.

YOUNG JESSICA
To the victor go the spoils. Good
luck.

Young Ishaan is clearly intimidated by her.

YOUNG ISHAAN
(shaking her hand)
You too.

Young Jessica nods and walks back to her team.

YOUNG ISHAAN (CONT'D)
(turning toward his team)
That girl scares the crap out of
me, guys.

Young Ishaan looks back toward Young Jessica, who is staring at him like a tiger staring at her prey.

Commissioner steps in front of the group with the microphone.

COMMISSIONER
To both of our finalists...
(looks at Ishaan, then
Jessica)
Just know that the outcome of this
competition does not denounce the
amount of intelligence that you
have displayed here today... And
the bonds you have developed this
week are ones that will last longer
than any trophy ever could... With
that being said... Congratulations
to the very first ever Junior
Robots and Programming Olympic
Champions...
(pointing to Ishaan's
Team)
Team...

(MORE)

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
(looks harder at paper
he's holding)
Team Son's of Dr. Emmitt Brown.

Commissioner looks at Ishaan with a little confusion.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
Back to the Future, huh? Okay.

Commissioner leads the crowd in applause.

Young Ishaan steps forward and takes the microphone and begins to speak, but you cannot hear him.

APPLICANT 1 (V.O.)
Mr. Bhasin... Mr. Bhasin!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Ishaan is lost in his thoughts, when he snaps back to the applicant.

ISHAAN
Sorry. Uh-
(picking up papers)
We'll let you know our decision
soon. Thank you for coming in.

Applicant 1 shakes Ishaan's hand as he exits the room. Ishaan gets lost in his thoughts for a moment, then gathers his papers and exits the room.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HOURS LATER

Ishaan sits at a desk against the wall in the very middle of the 9th floor of a large, open office.

OFFICE WORKER 1 (35) walks past Ishaan with a coffee in his hand.

OFFICE WORKER 1
Gonna be a good one, Shaan!

Ishaan looks up with a blank stare and speaks softly to himself as Office Worker 1 continues on to his desk on the far end of the office.

ISHAAN
Is it?

Ishaan's eyes drop, as he leans back in his chair, grabs his phone, and opens Tinder.

Ishaan scrolls through his messages on tinder to see a long list of sent messages that just read "hey" with no response from any females.

BOB

Hey!

Ishaan gets startled, drops his phone, and quickly looks behind him to see BOB (60) standing over his left shoulder.

BOB (CONT'D)

You can fuck on your own time.

ISHAAN

No, I can't.

Bob clearly doesn't get the joke as he walks away from Ishaan with annoyance and frustration.

Ishaan shakes off the interaction, scoots back toward his desk, and pulls up Facebook.

Under his notifications is an INVITE to an event titled "ROBOTICS & PROGRAMMING OLYMPICS REUNION".

