

WHEN DIMPLE MET RISHI

Written by

Samantha Diaz

Based on the novel by Sandya Menon

INT. SHAH HOUSE - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - DAY

DIMPLE SHAH (4), curly hair with oversize glasses, pieces puzzles at the dinner table.

DIMPLE (V.O.)
Ever since I was little, I would
challenge myself.

INT. SHAH HOUSE - DIMPLE'S ROOM - FLASHBASK - DAY

DIMPLE SHAH (7), types with her eyes glued to the computer.

DIMPLE (V.O.)
Fascinated by the future I would
have if I continued what I loved to
do.

INT. WEDDING - FLAHSBACK - NIGHT

DIMPLE SHAH (10), with a bright PAVADA carries a book as she follows her parents around a full house of wedding attendees.

DIMPLE (V.O.)
But I knew my parents wouldn't try
to understand me, so I had to make
my own path.

Dimple escapes her parents and wanders into an empty room.

Dimple turns on the lamp and sits at a chair as she sticks her nose in her book.

RISHI PATEL (10), sneaks into the room.

YOUNG DIMPLE
What are you doing?

Rishi jumps.

YOUNG RISHI
Hiding. You?

YOUNG DIMPLE
Hiding.

Rishi sits at the coffee table and grabs a stack of magazines and rips out the pages.

YOUNG DIMPLE (CONT'D)
That's not yours. Why are you doing
that?

Rishi folds the paper into a flower. He hands it to Dimple.

MRS. SHAH
Dimple! Where'd you go?

Dimple takes the flower and slides off the chair as she hurries to the door.

YOUNG DIMPLE
Thank you

Rishi watches Dimple dash out the room.

INT. SHAH HOUSE - DIMPLE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT - DAY

DIMPLE SHAH (18), same curly hair and rimmed glasses, recites her "About Me" section of the Insomnia Con application in front of a mirror.

DIMPLE
And that path has lead me here, to
Insomnia Con. As a brown girl, this
opportunity will open many doors
and a chance to meet my hero--Jenny
Lindt.

Dimple glances at a self-made poster of JENNY LINDT (40s), a studious woman, hanging on the wall.

Dimple squats onto her swivel chair and scrolls through the Insomnia Con website. Mesmerized by the photos and quotes.

MRS. SHAH (O.S.)
Dimple! Can you come down the
stairs?

DIMPLE
I'll be right down, Mamma.

MRS. SHAH (O.S.)
No, no. Now, please.

Dimple grunts as she closes out of the website.

INT. SHAH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

MRS. SHAH (40s), a woman with impeccable fashion sense, and MR. SHAH (40s), a typical father with no sense of fashion, speak in low voices at the kitchen counter.

MRS. SHAH

What if she finds out? What do we do then? We are never going to be grandparents.

MR. SHAH

What does it matter? We are still young. She's young too. There is a future for her.

MRS. SHAH

Yes, but what about our future. She's so busy with university, she isn't looking out for the perfect Indian Husband.

INT. SHAH HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Dimple steps down the stairs but stops when she hears her parents.

Dimple creeps to the kitchen entrance to easesdrop. Dimple trips over the loose carpet and runs into the wall.

Mrs. Shah rushes to Dimple.

MRS. SHAH

Dimple! What are you doing?

Dimple adjusts her glasses as she rubs her nose.

DIMPLE

I tripped.

MRS. SHAH

What did you trip for?

DIMPLE

I don't know Mamma. I just did.

Dimple walks into the kitchen. Mrs. Shah follows.

INT. SHAH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dimple grabs a fruit from the counter.

DIMPLE

Hi, Papa.

MR. SHAH

Dimple, how's schoolwork going?

DIMPLE
It's going good. I just need to
write an essay and I am pretty much
done with the quarter.

MR. SHAH
Good, good. You've always been good
with school.

MRS. SHAH
(whispers)
But not with boys.

Dimple shoots a glare at Mrs. Shah.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

MRS. SHAH (CONT'D)
Oh! It's Ritu and Seema. Go get the
door.

Mrs. Shah gestures Mr. Shah to answer the door but he slips
away with his cup of tea.

MRS. SHAH (CONT'D)
Dimple, get the door.

Dimple shifts her glare to Mr. Shah

DIMPLE
Traitor.

MR. SHAH
I'll be in the study.

Dimple stomps to the door.

INT. SHAH HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Dimple swings open the door.

RITU (early 50s), all smiles whilst being in a wheelchair and
SEEMA (early 20s), would rather be anywhere but here yet
pushes Ritu while in her wheelchair anyways, are let inside.

DIMPLE
Namaste, Ritu auntie, Seema didi.

RITU
Namaste, Dimple!

Mrs. Shah rounds the corner and gestures Seema to the living
area.

MRS. SHAH
Ritu, Seema, please come in.

INT. SHAH HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

The living area is small but decorated to the fullest with Hindu statues on a mantle.

MRS. SHAH
Seema, please sit. Can I get you
some chai? Biscuits? I have ParleG.

Seema adjusts Ritu next to a chair before she takes a seat.

RITU
Stop pestering her. We already
found something Seema likes, isn't
that right?

SEEMA
(nods)
Milanos. They're delicious.

Mrs. Shah jumps up.

MRS. SHAH
We have those! Let me go and get.
And some chai for everyone.

Mrs. Shah leaves the room. Dimple sits as she stares at the ground.

RITU
So, Dimple. How's school?

Dimple closes her eyes and takes in a breath before she meets Ritu's gaze.

DIMPLE
It's going really well. I am almost
done with the quarter, I've been
working on this new idea for--

RITU
Have you met any boys at school?

Dimple grinds her teeth.

DIMPLE
I haven't really been looking,
auntie. I'm there to learn.

RITU

I just remembered that the Patel's
have a son who stated school too.
Isn't that right, Seema?

Seema stares off into the distance but nods.

RITU (CONT'D)

I believe he is attending MIT. If
you parents tried harder, I'm sure--

MRS. SHAH

Sure of what, Ritu?

Mrs. Shah glides into the room with a tray of chai tea and
cookies. She places them on the coffee table.

RITU

Isn't the Patel boy going to school
as well?

MRS. SHAH

Yes. Would you like a Bisciut,
Seema?

Seema shakes her head.

RITU

Why don't you talk to the Patel's?

MRS. SHAH

Busy. Have some biscuits, Seema.
They're wonderful.

Ritu forces a smile and laughs.

RITU

Very well. I had just asked Dimple
how she is doing in school. She
seems to be doing a lot of
studying.

Mrs. Shah takes a sip of tea and swirls the drink in the cup.

MRS. SHAH

Yes. She is a bright young girl.
Very proud.

Dimple notices the exchange between Mrs. Shah and Ritu. She
taps her fingers on the couch. On impulse, she turns to Mrs.
Shah.

DIMPLE

Mamma, there was something about school I wanted to ask you.

Mrs. Shah lowers her tea.

MRS. SHAH

Oh, you do?

Dimple nods.

DIMPLE

Yeah. Let me get Papa too so I can ask both of you at the same time.

Dimple rushes out the room.

MRS. SHAH

I wonder what this could be about.

RITU

I didn't know Mr. Shah was here.

Dimple drags her father into the room. Mr. Shah forces a smile.

MR. SHAH

Hello Ritu. Hello Seema.

MRS. SHAH

Dimple had something she wanted to ask us. I don't know why she chose now to ask, but she did. So here we are.

Dimple stands as she grabs a flyer from her back pocket.

DIMPLE

Mamma, Papa. I have a proposition.

Dimple paces.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

There's this program at the university in San Francisco. It's a 4-week program geared to computer engineers by generating an app from scratch.

Dimple looks for a reaction from Mr. and Mrs. Shah. Nothing.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
The grand prize is a \$1,000
scholarship and a chance to work
with Jenny Lindt, my ultimate hero.

Dimple glances at Mr. and Mrs. Shah. No reaction. Dimple sighs.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Many boys my age will be there too.

Mrs. Shah and Ritu beam in glee.

MRS. SHAH
This is a wonderful idea, Dimple!

RITU
I very much enjoy the extra effort.

Dimple forces a smile.

Mr. Shah slowly rises from the couch.

MR. SHAH
Dimple, I think this is a good
opportunity for you and your
future. I will sign any papers to
let you go.

Dimple blinks.

DIMPLE
This is a yes? I can really go?

Mr. and Mrs. Shah nod.

Dimple smiles as she bounces in place. She throws a hug to Mr. and Mrs. Shah.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

Dimple runs to her room.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
I'm going to get the forms.

Mr. and Mrs. Shah watch Dimple run out the room.

RITU
There's another motive for letting
her go, isn't there?

Mr. and Mrs. Shah lock eyes.

INT. PATEL HOUSE - RISHI'S ROOM - DAY

RISHI PATEL (18), tall with wonderful wavy hair, lays on his bed as he twirls a pen. He sits up and picks up a photo of Dimple, who scowls as the sun illuminates her features, that is laying on his pillow.

Rishi glides his hand over the photo as he tries to hold back a smile.

INT. PATEL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Rishi sits across from MR. and MRS. PATEL (40s), as they drink chia tea at the dinner table.

Rishi scrunches up his face as he surveys the photo of Dimple.

RISHI

She doesn't look...happy, does she?

Rishi sets the photo down.

MRS. PATEL

But look, everything looks good on paper. She goes to Stanford, is an intelligent young girl, and her parents are dear friends of ours.

MR. PATEL

Give it a chance, toh, beta. And if you don't get along...better to find out now than in ten years' time, no?

Rishi stares at the photo again, envisioning a possible life with Dimple.

END FLASHBACK

INT. PATEL HOUSE - RISHI'S ROOM

Rishi paces his room as ASHISH PATEL (17), Rishi's athletic-and-total-opposite brother, barges into his room.

Ashish dumps himself onto the mini couch in the corner and sprawl all over the pillows and blankets.

RISHI

Dude, get your nasty feet off my pillow.

Ashish extends his feet onto the ground.

ASHISH

Are you seriously going to go spend
your winter break chasing some girl
you've met once ten years ago?

Rishi plops on his bed and smiles.

ASHISH (CONT'D)

Tell me your kidding.

RISHI

Nope.

ASHISH

Bro, it's too spontaneous. You
don't even know who she is.

RISHI

What's life without a little
spontaneity.

Rishi's eyes glisten at the photo of Dimple.

Ashish gets up and heads to the door.

ASHISH

You gotta stop saying philosophical
shit like that.

INT. SHAH HOUSE - DIMPLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dimple and Mrs. Shah pack up Dimple's suitcase. The room is a
tornado of a mess. Clothes thrown everywhere and books
scatter the ground.

Mrs. Shah follows Dimple and places a salwar kameez along
Dimple's backside.

MRS. SHAH

What about this one? The color
really suits you, Dimple.

Dimple ignores Mrs. Shah as she shoves books into her large
backpack.

MRS. SHAH (CONT'D)

A nice Indian boy will talk to you
if you wear this.

DIMPLE

Mamma, I am not going there to meet
an I.I.H. I'm going there to learn.
I cannot wear that.

MRS. SHAH

Why not? You should be proud of
your heritage, Dimple.

Dimple rummages through her clothes. Mrs. Shah leans closer
to Dimple.

MRS. SHAH (CONT'D)

Dimple, Papa and I have held on to
our culture and our values our
entire lives. When we came to
America-

Dimple slams her hands on her clothes.

DIMPLE

Yeah, but I didn't come to America.
I was born here. This is my home.
This is my culture.

Dimple gestures around her room filled with coding posters
and books.

Mrs. Shah backs away.

MRS. SHAH

Very well. I'll let you continue
with the packing.

Mrs. Shah grips onto the salwar and limps out the door.

Dimple lets out a sigh.

DING, DING

Dimple reaches into her back pocket and retrieves her
cellphone.

[Note: Text messages are in italics.]

CELIA

I cannot wait to see you! When are you coming up?

DIMPLE

Leaving at 8am. Be there by 10am. I'm so excited.

CELIA

Me too!!! I'll see you then!

Dimple places her phone on her bed. A sudden surge of enthusiasm takes over as she hums a tune while she packs her bag.

EXT. PATEL HOUSE - DAY

Rishi stands tall in front of Mr. and Mrs. Shah on their driveway.

Mrs. Shah performs a ritual. She sets a bowl of dissolved kum-kum powder on a silver tray then circles it around Rishi. Her lips move in prayer to Lord Hanuman.

The ritual ends. Mrs. Shah backs away as tears fill her eyes. Mr. Shah places a hand on Rishi and pulls him into a hug.

From the back, Ashish crosses his arms and scoffs.

ASHISH

You're acting like he's going to war. He's just going to get a girl forty minutes away.

Family ignores him.

MR. SHAH

You have everything you need?

Rishi nods.

Mrs. Shah wraps her arms around Rishi.

MRS. SHAH

Call me as soon as you get there.

Rishi hugs Mrs. Shah back.

RISHI

I will.

They let go. Rishi reassures them with a smile and gets into his car and drives away.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Dimple plops her luggage in the heart of campus. She looks around in glee. There are students laughing, studying, talking. Tall buildings and trees everywhere.

Dimple's smile widens as she musters the strength to carry her luggage again.

Dimple passes by a coffee shop before almost running into a tree.

DIMPLE

Woah. Almost got run over by a tree. I should stop by the coffee place.

(beat)

I'm talking to myself.

Dimple stares out towards the coffee shop.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

Yup, I really need coffee.

Dimple continues the trail to the dorm.

EXT. DIMPLE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

The room is small with two twin beds, a tall closet, and a tiny window dividing the two sides. It's a wooden jail cell.

Dimple bursts through the doors and dumps her luggage on the ground before she collapses over her belongings as she wheezes.

DIMPLE

No one said I had to carry this three flights up and down the longest hallway in history.

Dimple grunts. She rolls over and flops onto the ground. She looks around the room.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

Cozy. I guess Celia isn't here yet.

Beat.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

And I'm talking to air again. I need caffeine.

Dimple pushes herself up and wobbles to the door.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Rishi trudges through campus with his luggage. His shirt is damp and his hair ruffled. He breaths heavy as he stops in front of the coffee shop.

Rishi sits on his suitcase and catches his breath.

RISHI

I should get an iced tea. It's so hot.

Rishi fans his face as he look around the area.

Rishi stops. His eyes fixed at a planter nearby.

Dimple sways her feet on top of the planter, as she sips on her coffee while she scrolls on her phone.

Rishi swallows and mindlessly walks towards her.

Dimple clicks on her text messages and stares at her family chat. She bites her lower lip before she types "*Made it. I'm settling in now. Talk to you later.*"

Dimple sighs and takes a long swig of her coffee.

On a feeling, Dimple turns and sees Rishi staring at her. She lowers her drink and blinks.

Rishi grins while he breaths heavy. He lets go of his luggage and approaches Dimple.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Hello, future wife. I can't wait to get started on the rest of our lives!

Rishi reaches out for a hug.

Dimple's eyes widen as she jumps off the planter. She chucks her drink at Rishi and sprints away.

Rishi drips in coffee as he blinks a billion times. He shakes off the coffee and leans against the planter.

RISHI (CONT'D)

I think I made a mistake.

INT. DIMPLE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Dimple rushes into the room and slams the door. She catches her breath when CELIA (19), a curly haired fashionista, unpacks her suitcase as she stares at Dimple, laughing.

CELIA

Were you in a hurry to see me?

Dimple jumps and looks up. Her eyes widen as her lips curl into a smile. She rushes to Celia with her arms spread out.

DIMPLE

Celia! I'm so happy to see you!

Celia takes in Dimple's embrace. She pats Dimple's back as Dimple squishes her face into Celia's arm.

CELIA

I'm happy to see you too, but can you not make that face.

DIMPLE

I'm just glad you're here.

Dimple lets go and sits on her bed. Celia continues unpacking.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

Something weird happened to me right now.

CELIA

What?

DIMPLE

This weirdo just came up to me while I was drinking my coffee and said 'Hello, future wife'. Like, how creepy is that.

CELIA

Well, you are in the city.

DIMPLE

It's like he knew me. The way he walked up with that grin and sweat everywhere.

Dimple shivers.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

I hope I don't run into that creep again.

CELIA
Let's hope not.

Celia rummages through her suitcase.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Shot. I thought I brought it.

DIMPLE
Uh, Celia? Where are you going to
put all this?

Celia and Dimple look around the room. Celia's clothes are
thrown over the desk, bed, ground, chair. Celia glances at
Dimple's side which is partially empty and organized already.

Celia turns to Dimple with a smile.

Dimple examines what Celia noticed.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Seriously?

Celia nods.

CELIA
Please! I'll let you borrow
whatever you want.

Dimple stares at Celia's puppy-dog eyes.

DIMPLE
Fine. Take as much space as you
need.

Celia bounces in glee as she dashes to Dimple's side of the
room with an arm full of clothes.

Dimple's phone rings. She puts it on silence.

CELIA
Do you know what you're going to
wear tonight?

DIMPLE
Wear? Tonight? I don't know. This.

Celia whips her head to Dimple.

CELIA
You're not serious. You can't wear
that.

DIMPLE

Why not?

CELIA

This is the first meeting. We're going to meet people from around the country. You have to look nice.

Dimple glances at her outfit and at her closet.

Celia grabs some clothes and tosses it at Dimple.

CELIA (CONT'D)

There. Wear that.

DIMPLE

Oh, I can't. It might not even fit me. The color is a little off. And I don't think my converses would go with this.

Celia throws a pair of boots at Dimple.

CELIA

There. Now you have shoes.

Dimple forces a smile as she nods 'thank you'.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Rishi strolls in between the buildings.

He passes by the art department which is decorated with various types of art; paintings, photography, drawings, statues, etc.

KEVIN (20), an art student, approaches Rishi in a grin. He hands Rishi a flyer.

KEVIN

Hi, my name's Kevin. I'm a graphic design major. Are you interested in joining our Creatives Club?

RISHI

Sorry, I don't go to school here.

KEVIN

Oh, well that's cool. Where do you go?

RISHI

M.I.T.

Kevin whistles.

KEVIN

Damn, you've come a long way man.
What brings you here?

RISHI

Insomnia Con.

KEVIN

For the engineers, right? So I
assume you're more analytical than
artistic.

Rishi glances at the flyer.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That's all right man. We're having
a party in a couple weeks. You
should come by anyway. Us
imaginatives can show you how to
party.

Rishi forces a chuckle.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'll see you around.

Rishi nods.

RISHI

Thanks.

Rishi checks his watch and sprints away.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Crap.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

The hundred-seat room is filled to the max. The chatter of
the students echo the area.

Dimple and Celia blend in with the crowds, mingling with
other students.

HARI (18; Indian), lanky with expensive clothes, is
accompanied by EVAN (19), a trust fund kid, and ISABELLE
(18), a former pageant queen with lots of money, parade up to
Dimple and Celia.

HARI
You must be Dimple Shah and Celia
Martinez.

Hari grabs Celia's hand and kisses it. He turns to Dimple who hides her hands in her pockets.

HARI (CONT'D)
Celia, I heard your father runs an
important tech firm. Our parents
should have dinner sometime, what
do you say?

Celia's eyes sparkle with every word Hari says. She nods.

HARI (CONT'D)
Dimple, you are very intelligent.
They don't let anyone in this
competition. You must come from a
successful family to get in. But
you managed to worm your way in,
considering your family are barely
middle class.

Dimple bites her cheek as she glares at Hari.

HARI (CONT'D)
Anywho, it was lovely meeting you
two. I look forward to working
alongside some fellow coders.

Hari winks before he sets out on his hunt with Evan and Isabelle to tear down another set of competitors.

DIMPLE
What an ass!

CELIA
I don't know, he was kinda
charming.

Dimple squints at Celia who gawks at Hari.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The lights dim as another set illuminate a long stage at the center of the room. The bright red curtains and the huge screen against the wall become more prominent as MAX FRAMER (40s), a bearded hipster, fidgets with the microphone.

MAX
Is this thing on? Can ya'll hear
me?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

(beat)

Ok! Hello and welcome to Insomnia
Con.

The crowds roars.

Rishi sneaks through the back doors. He searches the room for Dimple and finds her near the middle with an empty seat behind her.

Rishi makes his way to the seat as he disrupts other students in the process.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm psyched to see what you guys
come up with this year. Now, before
we go on, I know all of you want to
know...

Max turns on the screen which shows the participants names.

MAX (CONT'D)

...who you will partner up with for
this project.

Max continues talking as Rishi situates himself behind Dimple.

Rishi taps Dimple's shoulder. She turns around and she grabs a hold of her seat as her eyes shoot daggers at Rishi.

DIMPLE

What are you doing here?

RISHI

I'm apologizing. I didn't mean to
scare you today. I guess I got
flustered.

DIMPLE

What do you want from me? Why do
you keep following me?

Rishi stares blankly at Dimple.

RISHI

We're suppose to get married.
Remember? I'm Rishi. Rishi Patel.

Dimple blinks.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Our parents arranged for us to
meet. Here.

Dimple whips her body back around and bites her cheek. She swivels around to face Rishi.

DIMPLE

My parents never mentioned that to me. I'm sorry you came all the way here, Rishi Patel, but I am not going to marry you. I'm here to learn, not find a husband.

Rishi leans back in his seat.

RISHI

I see. I'm sorry this happened. It'll probably be best if I left, then, huh.

Dimple nods. Rishi rises when--

MAX

Dimple Shah and Rishi Patel, you will be partners for this project.

Dimple and Rishi freeze.

MAX (CONT'D)

Congratulations Students! Let's create the future!

The crowd applauds. Dimple and Rishi stare off into the distance.

EXT. CAMPUS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Dimple chases Max out of the auditorium doors.

DIMPLE

Please, I have to work with someone else.

MAX

I'm sorry Dimple, rules are rules.

DIMPLE

But I need to partner with someone who wants to win just as much as I do. He wasn't even suppose to be here.

Max stops.

MAX

Well, either you work with him or work alone. But between you and me, working alone will get you no where.

Dimple sighs.

MAX (CONT'D)

Besides, maybe Rishi is the universe's way of teaching you how to take a breath and just roll with the punches.

Dimple crosses her arms.

Max checks his watch.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm late to pick up my avocado burrito.

Dimple watches Max dash off.

Rishi tip-toes behind Dimple.

RISHI

What did he say?

DIMPLE

I'm basically screwed either way.

RISHI

What?

Dimple takes a deep breath and turns to face Rishi.

DIMPLE

I am willing to work with you. But on one condition.

Rishi smiles.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

We treat, whatever this is, professionally. We are partners on an app and that's it. No romantic gestures. No feelings. And no talk about our parents.

RISHI

Our parents?

DIMPLE

Yeah. I didn't come here because my parents wanted me to. I came here to win the competition and meet Jenny Lindt.

RISHI

Jenny Lindt?

DIMPLE

You really didn't do research before coming here, did you?

Rishi looks at the ground and shuffles his feet. Dimple sighs.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

She's one of the top developers in the industry. Whoever wins will partner up with her to get their app on the market.

Rishi blinks.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

It's a major jump into the game. With it, I'll have a billion job offers after graduation.

RISHI

Ok. I'll help.

DIMPLE

And you'll obey the rules?

Rishi lifts up his right hand.

RISHI

And I'll obey the rules.

DIMPLE

No funny business?

RISHI

No funny business.

Dimple examines Rishi's eyes. Rishi holds back a chuckle.

DIMPLE

Ok. Well, we should discuss a schedule since we only have a month to make a complete app. Let's meet at the dining hall around eleven tomorrow.

Rishi salutes.

RISHI
Roger that.

Dimple rolls her eyes and stomps away.

Rishi watches Dimple go. He smacks his forehead and groans.

RISHI (CONT'D)
I'm an idiot.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Crowds of students scatter the room. Some eat, mingle, linger away from people. Celia and Dimple pick at their breakfast.

DIMPLE
Why? Of all people, why me?

CELIA
Just take what you have. Be happy.
Like how I am with Hari.

Dimple rolls her eyes.

DIMPLE
Gross. No. I just need to tolerate him. That's it.

DING. Celia checks her phone.

CELIA
Hari and his friends are going out to dinner tonight. Want to come with us?

DIMPLE
No thanks. I'll pass.

CELIA
Come on, Dimple. I know you want to win this, but let loose a little. You're a college student.

DIMPLE
Exactly. A college student. Here to learn. I'm not going to waste my time with people like them.

Celia glares at Dimple.

CELIA
Fine. Do what you want.

Celia gets up and grabs her tray.

CELIA (CONT'D)
If you change your mind, let me
know. I'm only trying to help.

Dimple watches Celia strut away.

Rishi walks through the double doors. He searches the room
and spots Dimple's wild hair at the corner of the room.

Dimple pushes her food back and forth, staring into space.
Rishi comes up behind Dimple. Dimple shutters and looks
behind her, she sees Rishi and jumps.

DIMPLE
What are you doing, you creep! How
long have you been standing behind
me?

Rishi waves his arms.

RISHI
No! It's not like that. I just came
up to you. I wasn't standing here
for too long. I just-

Rishi catches his breath and takes a seat in front of Dimple.

RISHI (CONT'D)
Never mind.

Dimple pulls out some papers and a huge binder. Rishi
watches. Dimple catches his eye.

DIMPLE
What?

RISHI
Nothing.

Dimple side glances him and pulls out some papers from the
binder.

DIMPLE
Aren't you going to eat?

RISHI

I already did. I woke up early and came here, but I realized that I was too early and went back to my room.

DIMPLE

Are you a morning person?

RISHI

Sometimes.

DIMPLE

Me too.

Rishi locks eyes with Dimple but Dimple turns away.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

So the project, we have a lot to discuss. Let me start off with the idea.

Rishi nods.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

I've been formulating this idea for a while. It's an app for diabetics to control their meal intakes and medications. It will keep track of their doctor appointments, chemical levels. There'll even be a diary section for the person to mark how they feel that day.

Rishi props up closer to Dimple.

RISHI

So the patient would see their progression or lack of. But aren't there apps already like that?

Dimple smiles and whips out the papers she had laid out.

DIMPLE

Yes, but the difference with mine is the rewards system.

Dimple points to the papers. Rishi shuffles through the papers.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

With each new advancement to their health the person would earn a reward.

RISHI
What's the reward?

DIMPLE
Prizes. From their favorite places.
I could ask stores and
entertainment places to give out
discounts or free items.

RISHI
That sounds amazing. It's all
thought out, then. You have the
details to make this possible.

Dimple squirms in her seat.

DIMPLE
Well, not exactly. I have the
details and the codes to make it,
but the design and visuals are
where I got stuck. I'm not much of
a creative person.

Rishi beams.

RISHI
I'm somewhat creative.

DIMPLE
You? I thought you were some sort
of engineer?

RISHI
Well, I dabble in designs here and
there.

DIMPLE
That's perfect. So you can handle
the art part of the app while I
work on piecing it together.

Rishi grins.

RISHI
And to think I was just going to be
your assistant. I have my own
section of the app now.

Dimple forces a nod.

DIMPLE
I guess so.
(beat)
(MORE)

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
But you better not screw it up. I
expect something amazing.

Rishi salutes.

RISHI
Yes, ma'am.

DIMPLE
Ok, you have got to stop doing
that.

RISHI
Right.

DING. Dimple picks up her phone. She scrunches up her face.

RISHI (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Dimple stares at her phone. She looks up at Rishi and bites
her lip.

DIMPLE
Would you like to go to dinner
tonight?

Rishi gapes.

RISHI
What?

DIMPLE
Celia invited me to dinner with
those aberzombies. And I don't want
to go alone, since me and Celia are
kind of on different pages. But
she's my friend and I should try to
be a better one.

RISHI
I see. Sure. I'll come with you.

DIMPLE
Really? And you know this is just
me asking because I need an ally,
right?

Rishi bites his cheek.

RISHI
Yup. I understand. I'll be happy to
be your ally.

Dimple stares into his eyes. Rishi avoids eye contact.

DIMPLE

Thank you.

Dimple picks up her belongings.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

We need to get started. Let's go
find a larger table. And somewhere
more secluded so no one would
easedrop on our idea.

Rishi follows. He mumbles.

RISHI

Secluded? Our?

Dimple hugs her binder and balances her backpack off one
shoulder as she crosses through the double doors. Rishi
dashes to keep up with her.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Celia and Hari make googly eyes at each other as they sit
very close outside at the tables. Their warm coffees steaming
from lid. Papers scatter the table but only a few have
written ideas on them, the rest are blank.

CELIA

As a kid, I had a movie theater in
my basement.

HARI

I had my own theater building.
Whenever I wanted to watch the
newest movie, the whole room would
be reserved for me and a few
people.

Celia gets closer to Hari.

CELIA

Wow. You must be really rich.

HARI

Extremely.

DING. Celia picks up her phone. She pulls away from Hari.

CELIA

Oh, yay. Dimple said yes. But she's asking if she can bring Rishi, it that ok?

HARI

Rishi? That Indian guy?

Celia nods.

HARI (CONT'D)

Sure. He can come too.

Celia types in a rapid fire.

CELIA

This will be fun! I've been trying to get Dimple to do things with me for months. I'm so happy.

Celia puts her phone in her purse. Hari grabs Celia closer to him.

HARI

Do you want to show me how happy you are?

Celia grins as she leans into his lips with hers. They make-out.

INT. DIMPLE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Dimple paces the room. She sits at her desk but then jumps up and goes to her closet. She ruffles through her clothes but then shoves her clothes away and goes back to her desk.

DIMPLE

This is ridiculous. I'm just going to eat, not some gala. Why am I worrying about what I'm going to wear?

Dimple grunts as she face-plants onto her bed.

Celia walks through the door.

CELIA

Hey! I'm so glad you're joining us. I've been wanting to do things with you.

Dimple plops herself up on her bed and smiles.

DIMPLE
Yeah, I'm happy too.

Celia grabs clothes and makeup and sets them on her bed. She changes.

CELIA
My grandma called me on the way here. She wants me to go help her with her computer or microwave, something like that. My Spanish isn't so good.

Celia transformed from college student to fancy adult. Her clothes flatter her curves, make-up perfect, no flyaway hairs. She grabs a new purse from the closet.

CELIA (CONT'D)
I have to head to her house before dinner, but it's only a few minutes from the place. I'll send you the address and I'll meet you there.

Dimple nods, confused with everything Celia was saying. Celia is ready but she stops and notices Dimple.

CELIA (CONT'D)
What's wrong? You look like you're in pain.

Dimple curls into a ball and mumbles.

DIMPLE
What do I wear?

Celia laughs.

CELIA
Let me see what I have.

Celia snatches clothing from all over the room and throws it on Dimple's bed.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Here. This would look great on you.

Celia checks her phone.

CELIA (CONT'D)
I gotta go. But I'll see you over there. Bye!

Celia dashes out the door. Dimple stares at the outfit on her bed.

DIMPLE
Why do I care?

Dimple grabs the clothes and hides in her closet to change.

INT. RISHI'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Rishi stares at his reflection. He holds up a rose and smiles.

RISHI
For you.

Rishi shakes his head.

RISHI (CONT'D)
Maybe I shouldn't bring a rose.

Rishi tosses the rose on the bed. He grabs a jacket from the closet and drapes it over his shoulder. He finger guns the mirror.

RISHI (CONT'D)
Ready for dinner?

Rishi shivers. He puts the jacket on.

RISHI (CONT'D)
Just be myself. It's only dinner
with some of Celia's friends. I'm
just the buffer.

Rishi grabs his key and heads out the door.

INT. DIMPLE'S DORM ROOM

Dimple stares at herself in the mirror. She pulls the skirt and loosens the shirt.

DIMPLE
Maybe I should just wear my own
clothes.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Dimple glares at the door. She paces the floor from her closet to the door. KNOCK, KNOCK.

Dimple gives up and opens the door. Rishi stands with his hands in his pockets. His eyes go wide.

RISHI

Wow. You look, great.

Dimple tugs on the dress. She sneaks a glance at Rishi's outfit.

DIMPLE

Thanks. You look, nice.

Dimple grabs her purse from the desk before she walks out the door passing Rishi.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you didn't bring a rose or something.

Rishi forces a chuckle as he closes the door.

RISHI

That's funny.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

Rishi and Dimple stroll up a very college area. There are bars and clubs all around. Students laughing and talking as they wait in lines. Bright lights and loud music capture the area.

Rishi looks around as he takes glances at Dimple. Dimple stares off not giving attention to the world around her.

RISHI

Have you been here before?

DIMPLE

No.

RISHI

Oh. I just seems like you do.

DIMPLE

I just want to get this dinner over with.

RISHI

Let's talk about something that'll distract you from it.

DIMPLE

Like what?

RISHI

Like, the app. Why don't you tell me what the reason is for making it.

Dimple bites her cheek as she stares off into the distance.

DIMPLE

Well, it's because of my dad.

RISHI

Your dad?

DIMPLE

Yeah. He has diabetes and he sometimes forgets to take his insulin or watch what he eats. I thought an app like this would help others like him to take care of themselves.

Rishi gazes at Dimple. The streetlights bounce off her face. Dimple sighs.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

That's why I'm making this app. For him. For people like him. I want to give back.

Rishi stares off into the distance and nods.

RISHI

That's actually very extraordinary. You're a kindhearted person.

Dimple glances at Rishi.

DIMPLE

You think? My mother usually says I'm intolerable.

Rishi laughs.

RISHI

My mom thinks I'm the golden child.

DIMPLE

I can see why. You came all the way here to marry me because they said so. That sounds like golden child status to me.

Rishi shakes his head.

RISHI

There's more to know, Dimple Shaw.

Dimple swings her head and stares at Rishi. Rishi leads them to the door of the restaurant. Rishi swings the door open.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

There are older patrons dressed to the highs. The waitresses are in black skirts and waiters in bow ties. It is a place where the rich come on occasion.

Rishi approaches the hostess. Dimple hides behind Rishi.

RISHI

For Celia.

HOSTESS

Oh, you're early.

The hostess sneaks a glance at Dimple and Rishi. She gives them the once over before grabbing the menus and leading them to their table.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Follow me, please.

Dimple looks around as they make their way to their table. Tables have wines, glasses, real silverware. Dimple bites her lip.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Here we are. If the rest of your party is not here within the next ten minuets, then we have the right to ask you two to leave. Have a nice night.

Rishi sneers at the hostess as she sets the table. Dimple places the napkin on her lap.

DIMPLE

This place is more fanicer than I thought.

RISHI

I agree. Why are we here? We should just go. Pretend that we never came.

Hari, Evan, and Isabelle approach the table.

HARI
I see Celia isn't here yet.

Isabelle rolls her eyes.

ISABELLE
I guess we're stuck here with you
two.

Hari peers at Dimple's outfit.

HARI
I'm sorry, but that outfit does not
suit you. Did you change in the
dark or something?

RISHI
Hey!

HARI
What? I'm just trying to help her
out. No one is going to take her
seriously if she doesn't try to
look the part.

Dimple looks down at her outfit. Rishi watches her.

RISHI
I think she looks beautiful.

Dimple's eyes jolt to Rishi's eyes.

EVAN
So what do you guys think about the
competition? I think me and
Isabelle have a shot at winning
this thing.

Evan nudges Isabelle. Isabelle shrugs.

RISHI
I don't know. I think we have a
good shot. Dimple's idea is really
good and very noble. Innovative,
just ambitious enough.

Hari and Evan jeer.

HARI
I highly doubt that. But humor us,
what's your idea?

RISHI

Well, I don't want to give it away.
You know, inspire you
inadvertently.

Hari purses his lips as he looks through the menu.

HARI

Very well.

Rishi grins at Dimple. Dimple smiles back.

EVAN

Sucks for us since we got stuck
with girls as partners. Even after
Hari's dad made that donation. What
the hell is this dictatorship.

DIMPLE

I'm sorry, what? Stuck with girls?
Are you saying that girls can't
code.

EVAN

I'm saying that we would for sure
win if it was just me and Hari.

DIMPLE

Girls are capable of doing
everything a guy can do, if not
better. If anything, having girls
on your team will just make your
idea better. Research shows that
women are better coders-

HARI

Whether research shows it or not,
the girls here are not cut out for
this.

Rishi shoots out of his chair. The chair falls.

RISHI

Dimple is just as smart and
talented as any person at Insomina
Con.

Celia turns the corner. She stops a few feet from the table.

CELIA

What's going on?

Rishi flies back down to his seat. Hari stares down Rishi.

HARI
Nothing. Just talking.

Celia lingers around the table before she sits by Hari.

CELIA
Well, ok then. I'm so sorry for
being late. My grandmother kept me
longer than I expected. Hispanic
grandparents, am I right?

Celia chuckles. The table stays silent.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Wow, tough crowd. But I'm starving.
I've been a few times and the mac n
cheese never disappoint.

Dimple hides her face in the menu.

DIMPLE
(whispers)
That's almost thirty dollars.

Rishi glimpses at Dimple. He pushes his chair back and rises
up.

RISHI
I'll be right back.

Rishi makes his way to the back of the restaurant. He taps on
the hostess.

RISHI (CONT'D)
Excuse me, can I ask for something?

HOSTESS
I'm sorry, we don't have kids
menus.

RISHI
No. I wanted to pay for my tables'
dinner.

The hostess blinks a few times.

HOSTESS
You would like to pay, for the
entire table?

RISHI
That's correct. Would cash suffice?

The hostess nods

RISHI (CONT'D)

Perfect. And can I ask that you not reveal my identity.

HOSTESS

Of course, sir. Absolutely.

RISHI

Also, can you let them know now, after I sit, that the meal is paid for. In a subtle way, please.

HOSTESS

No problem. I'm an actress you know.

Rishi fakes a smile.

RISHI

That's wonderful. I'm going to go sit now. Thank you.

The hostess gets into character as Rishi sits back down at the table. Dimple watches Rishi.

DIMPLE

Where'd you go?

RISHI

Restroom.

The hostess brings a pitcher of water.

HOSTESS

Would anyone like some refills?

CELIA

Oh, they never done this. Yes please.

Rishi sighs and shakes his head. The hostess pours water.

HOSTESS

Are you all ready to order? And may I inform you that this meal is completely paid for.

HARI

Pardon?

HOSTESS

An anonymous donor had paid for this tables entrees.

HARI

That's unacceptable. We can pay for our own meals, thank you. You can just let the donor know that we do not want it.

HOSTESS

My apologizes, sir. But the donor had left and all he gave was cash.

HARI

Leave it to another table, then. We are denying it.

CELIA

Don't be ridiculous, Hari. This is a nice gesture. A pay it forward thing.

Celia turns to the hostess.

CELIA (CONT'D)

We'll accept. If the donor left any information, please let him know how thankful we are.

Hari and Evan scoff. Isabelle smiles and nods.

Dimple does not take her eyes off the hostess as she processes the news. Rishi chuckles as he glances at Dimple.

RISHI

Looks like you can order that mac n cheese too.

Dimple shakes her head.

DIMPLE

Did you pay for us?

RISHI

Me? No. I just went to the restroom.

Dimple stares into Rishi's eyes. Rishi blinks while he smiles.

DIMPLE

I think I believe you. But my gut is telling me you did pay. Whatever. I'll stick to my tomato soup.

RISHI
That's only twenty dollars. It's
the cheapest item on the menu.

DIMPLE
So. I fee bad for wasting the
donor's money.

RISHI
Fine. What if I get the soup and
you get the mac n cheese.

Dimple taps her finger on the menu as she has a stare down
with Rishi.

DIMPLE
Fine. I'll get it.

Rishi smiles.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Maybe even the honey bread, too.

Rishi laughs.

RISHI
That sounds good.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER

Celia drops her fork onto the plate.

CELIA
That was amazing. Thank you donor.

Dimple twirls her food.

RISHI
What's wrong?

DIMPLE
Nothing, I just feel guilty.

RISHI
Dimple, it's ok. Enjoy your meal.

Dimple bites her cheek.

DIMPLE
I think I'll take it to go.

RISHI
If you want.

Rishi flags down a waiter.

CELIA
So dessert? Anyone?

HARI
So, what do you all think about the
next coming weeks.

ISABELLE
I think it'll be fun.

EVAN
I agree.

Evan makes googly eyes at Isabelle.

CELIA
Competitive, I think. Have you seen
the other partners? They have
everything laid out.

DIMPLE
Yeah, I've seen some spreadsheets
of this one pair and they have
everything set to the second.

RISHI
I spoke to one guy who paid his
roommate to stay in the same room
with his partner to work at
anytime.

HARI
These competitors are taking it too
seriously. It's just a minor step
into the real world.

Dimple glares at him.

DIMPLE
It's a chance to show their app to
Jenny Lindt who runs the most
successful technology company in
the country. It pretty much
guarantees a job after college.

Hari rolls his eyes.

HARI
Luckily, I'm already in.

RISHI

Then why bash on the other people
for working hard to get what your
daddy gave you.

Hari grips his butterknife.

CELIA

Have you heard this one pair that
have a pill box so they can grab
pills to keep them awake. That's
insane. Just give me a Red Bull any
day. Seriously. Any day.

Evan and Isabelle laugh.

Rishi stands up and grabs Dimple hand. Dimple finishes the
last scoops of her mac n cheese into the box and stands with
Rishi.

RISHI

This was nice. Thank you Celia, for
inviting us. But we better head out
and work on our app.

Celia dabs her face with her napkin.

CELIA

Of course, thank you for joining
us! Dimple, I'll see you back at
our room.

Dimple nods and waves. Rishi takes Dimple to the door as they
pass the hostess.

HOSTESS

Have a good night, sir.

The hostess winks. Dimple glances from Rishi to the hostess.
Rishi shrugs and pushes Dimple out the door.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

DIMPLE

It was you! I knew it.

RISHI

She's a terrible actress.

DIMPLE

What?

RISHI

Nothing.

Rishi and Dimple walk in silence.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Rishi fidgets his hands in his pockets. Dimple grips her to-go box.

RISHI

Do you want to work on the app?

Beat.

DIMPLE

Can we work on it tomorrow? It feels like I was hit by a bus today. I think I'm going to go to sleep.

RISHI

Oh, sure. If that's what you want. We can regroup tomorrow.

DIMPLE

Thank you. Dining hall? At 10am?

RISHI

Works for me.

INT. DORMS - NIGHT

Some groups scatter along the hallways. Papers and cords lay everywhere.

DIMPLE

That's right, the library closes at midnight.

RISHI

What time is it!

DIMPLE

Midnight.

Dimple stands silent. She locks eyes with Rishi.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

My parents!

RISHI
I have to call mine!

Rishi and Dimple dash to their rooms.

INT. DIMPLE'S DORM ROOM

Dimple hits her parent's number for a Facetime. She drops her stuff on the bed. She rustles with the blankets and messes up her hair.

Mr. and Mrs. Shah answer.

MRS. SHAH
Dimple! You did not call us today.
What's wrong? You sick?

MR. SHAH
Ah, can't you see she fell asleep.
Long day for her. How was today,
Dimple?

Dimple rubs her eyes.

DIMPLE
It was good, papa. I got a lot
done.

MRS. SHAH
Did you meet anyone...new?

Dimple pulls her self upright and puts on a stern face.

DIMPLE
Yes, mamma. I did. And about that.
I don't know what goes on in your
head when I tell you that I do not
want to get married, but maybe you
would listen now knowing that I
turned down Rishi Patel.

MRS. SHAH
What did you do? Dimple, he is your
only suitor. What do you want?

DIMPLE
I want a career, mamma! Not a
husband.

MRS. SHAH
Poor Rishi. He's probably home
wallowing because my daughter is a
foolish child.

Dimple sighs.

DIMPLE

He's fine, mamma. Actually, we got stuck as partners. So I need him to get my app started.

MRS. SHAH

Is that so?

DIMPLE

Yes. So he's still here. Fine and dandy.

MR. SHAH

That's good, Dimple. It's important to work with those who you may not know. That's how app making works, right.

DIMPLE

That's right. I'm just going to treat this as a partnership, and nothing else.

Mr. Shah nods.

MR. SHAH

I expect nothing more from you other than greatness.

MRS. SHAH

I expect grandchildren!

DIMPLE

Ok, bye mamma! Bye papa! I'm going to go to sleep now.

Dimple hangs up and sits on her bed. She stares at the phone. She sighs and hides under her covers.

INT. RISHI'S DORM ROOM

Rishi throws his jacket on the bed. He hits the speed dial and puts his phone on speaker.

MR. PATEL

Hello? Rishi?

RISHI

Hi, papa.

MRS. PATEL
How did it go, Rishi?

Rishi rubs his neck as he sets his phone on the dresser.

RISHI
Well, not as we expected.

MRS. PATEL
What do you mean?

RISHI
Umm, she didn't know that we were
suppose to get married.

MR. PATEL
Shah. I knew he was absentminded
but not enough to forget to tell his
daughter she was engaged.

RISHI
I think they didn't tell her
because they knew she would refuse.
And I think that was a good move,
considering how she is.

MRS. PATEL
So you two met?

RISHI
Yeah. We're partners on the app
too.

MR. PATEL
Yes! They did it.

Rishi grabs the phone and puts it closer to his ear.

RISHI
Wait, what? Who did what?

MR. PATEL
I know one of the judges and I had
asked him to put you and Dimple
together. I thought it would help
the matchmaking process.

RISHI
You put us together! Dad, why?
Dimple completely freaked out. It
almost sent me home.

MR. PATEL
Oh. Well luckily it worked out.

Rishi hangs his head and groans.

RISHI

Next time you conspire a scheme
like this, can you let me know
beforehand.

MRS. PATEL

But how is she? Are you two getting
along?

RISHI

Well, not as well as you two when
you met. But we are getting along,
I think. She's a bit stubborn.

MRS. PATEL

Ah, well that's ok. What girl
isn't. I'm happy to hear that.

Rishi grabs his pajamas and changes.

RISHI

I didn't expect her to be this
stubborn. But it's kind of
enduring.

MRS. PATEL

Rishi, are you falling in love with
her?

RISHI

I don't know. But I'm interested.

Mrs. Patel shrieks.

MRS. PATEL

That wonderful news! I am so happy.
You, my son, have a lot to plan for
the next hundred years with this
girl .

RISHI

Mom, wait.

MR. PATEL

Your mother left. She's going to
call her friends, I think.

RISHI

Of course.

MR. PATEL
But we are happy, son. We couldn't
do this for Ashish.

RISHI
He just needs time.

MR. PATEL
Too much time.

RISHI
Dad, it's jsut-

MR. PATEL
It's late, Rishi. You need to
sleep. Charge your brain for
another encounter with Dimple.

RISHI
Thanks. Night.

MR. PATEL
Goodnight.

Rishi hangs up and falls backwards onto his bed. He sighs.

RING, RING. Rishi picks up his phone.

RISHI
Hello?

ASHISH
So you met her?

RISHI
You heard?

ASHISH
How could I not. Mom literally ran
from one end of the house to the
other, screaming.

Rishi chuckles.

RISHI
Sounds about right.

Silence.

ASHISH
I don't need time. You know that?

RISHI
I know.

ASHISH
I'm just not like you. Always
saying yes and doing what they say.

RISHI
I don't do that.

ASHISH
Yeah you do, bro. It's just in your
nature to please everyone but
yourself.

Rishi opens his mouth but nothing comes out.

ASHISH (CONT'D)
Let me ask you this, how's the
comics going?

Silence.

ASHISH (CONT'D)
Exactly. Maybe you should focus on
yourself before jumping into this.
She sounds like someone who would
like someone who knows who they
are. And you don't. So if you want
a chance, worry about yourself.

RISHI
Have you been watching those dramas
again?

ASHISH
No. Maybe. But that's not the
point. I'm right and you know it.

RISHI
I can see your point, but mom and
dad won't like that. They want me
to be an engineer.

ASHISH
That's what I'm trying to tell you.
Don't do what they want you to, do
what you want. And graphics is your
thing.

RISHI
I don't know, Ashish.

ASHISH
Fine. But keep that in mind.

RISHI
All right. I will.

ASHISH
Cool.

RISHI
Cool.

Silence.

ASHISH
All right, that's all. Night.

The dial tone rings as Rishi stares at his portfolio of comics. He reaches for it and skims through it.

Rishi sits at the desk and begins to draw.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Dimple walks through the doors with a backpack on her shoulder and a large bag dangling from her other shoulder. She balances a big notebook on her arms as she looks around the room.

The room is loud and chaotic. There are crowds of students eating, studying, yelling at each other.

A STUDENT passes by Dimple.

DIMPLE
Hey, why is it so busy today?

STUDENT
Winter classes started.

The student walks away.

DIMPLE
Oh no.

Rishi walks through the doors and bumps into Dimple.

RISHI
Hey. Why's it so busy?

DIMPLE
Winter session.

RISHI
Oh.

DIMPLE
We can't work here. It's way too
crazy.

Rishi nods.

RISHI
Sure. Let's try the coffee place.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

There are students wrapped around out the door in a line.
Students sit around mingling, studying, playing hackie sack.

Dimple and Rishi stand in the middle of the chaos.

DIMPLE
Nope.

RISHI
What about over there?

Rishi points at the empty table spot near a tree and trash-
can. There are littered wrappers and cups scattered around.

DIMPLE
Umm.

RISHI
Come on.

Rishi leads Dimple to the table.

Dimple settles at the seat. She places her belongings on the
table. Rishi sits on spilled coffee.

RISHI (CONT'D)
Oh, ew. I sat in something. I'm
going to get some napkins.

Rishi wobbles to the coffee shop as he tugs on his pants.

Dimple bites her lip as she looks through her papers in her
binder. A squirrel jumps on top of the table, starrng.
Dimple stares back as she brings her stuff closer to her. The
squirrel steps closer to her. Dimple looks around for anyone
else to help her but everyone are in their own worlds.

DIMPLE
Please go away.

Dimple grabs a pen and points at the squirrel. The squirrel squeals and jumps at Dimple, passing her and landing in the bushes. Dimple screams.

Rishi walks out of the coffee shop dabbing his pants. Dimple runs up to Rishi with all her bags.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
We cannot stay here.

RISHI
What happened?

DIMPLE
It's not safe. Very dangerous.

Rishi looks around at all the students laughing and talking.

RISHI
Did someone approach you?

DIMPLE
Not someone, something! We have to go.

Dimple tugs Rishi away from the coffee shop. Rishi holds back a laugh.

RISHI
Dimple, what happened?

Dimple stops and whispers.

DIMPLE
A squirrel.

RISHI
I'm sorry, what? Did you say squirrel?

DIMPLE
He was big and vicious!

Rishi laughs as he holds the wall to stand still. Dimple watches him, embarrassed.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Stop laughing. It's not funny. He attacked me.

RISHI
Sorry. I'll stop.

DIMPLE

Where are we going to go?

Rishi composes himself.

RISHI

Well, it seems like there isn't going to be an empty place on campus.

DIMPLE

And I don't want to go far either. Just in case I need something from my room, I could run up and get it.

RISHI

I have an idea.

INT. RISHI'S DORM ROOM

Rishi runs in and slams the door behind him. He tries to catch his breath.

RISHI

Why did I volunteer my room! Oh my gosh. And she said yes. Why!

Rishi hurries to pick up his room.

KNOCK, KNOCK. Rishi swings the door open a little too fast.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Hi! Welcome.

Rishi holds the door open and grins as he tries to bring down his heart rate. Dimple walks passed him as she flips through a book.

DIMPLE

I'm glad you offered your room. I was able to grab this coding book from my room.

Dimple looks up from the book. She observes the room.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)

You live alone?

RISHI

Yeah, I signed up late so there wasn't anyone to dorm with.

Dimple nods as she paces the room in search for a place to sit. Rishi gestures to his desk chair. Dimple places her bags on the ground and settles on the chair. Rishi plops on his bed.

Silence.

DIMPLE
So, let's get to it!

Dimple grabs some papers from her backpack and books from her bag. She throws some of it Rishi.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Here, read these to get to know
coding so you can keep up with me.

Rishi flips through the pages.

Dimple places some papers on the desk. She drops a small notebook from the shelf. Dimple picks it up and shuffles through it. She examines each page.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Did you draw these?

Rishi looks at Dimple, his eyes widen. He lunges for the notebook.

RISHI
Oh, that's nothing! Here, let me
take that from you.

Dimple blocks Rishi's lunge and skims through the sketchbook.

DIMPLE
This is amazing! I didn't know you
could draw.

RISHI
It's...just a hobby.

DIMPLE
A hobby? This is talent. Why aren't
you an artist?

RISHI
It's not a reliable career choice.
Artist don't have a stable job like
engineers do.

Dimple stops. She looks Rishi in the eye.

DIMPLE
Do you like drawing?

RISHI
Yeah. But-

DIMPLE
Do you like engineering?

Rishi fidgets with his hands.

RISHI
It's not that simple, Dimple.

DIMPLE
What do you mean, "it's not that simple". Of course it's simple. You either want to draw or don't for the rest of your life.

Dimple closes the book and a flyer falls out of the pages. She picks it up and examines it.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
This is a flyer for the arts department. When did you get this?

RISHI
The first day here.

DIMPLE
Did you read it?

RISHI
No.

DIMPLE
It says there's a party. For this weekend.

RISHI
This weekend? Like tomorrow?

Dimple nods.

DIMPLE
You know what, I'm kind of interested in this party. For, intellectual reason. Why don't we go?

Rishi stops and stares at Dimple.

RISHI
Us? Go? Together?

DIMPLE
Yeah. Why not! We should take a break anyways. This party's the perfect place to let loose.

Rishi shakes his head as he stands up and picks up the mess in his room.

RISHI
I don't know. We have a lot of work to do.

DIMPLE
True. But if we work all night and make a boat load of progress, we should go. Parties thrown by art people are usually the best.

RISHI
You've been to parties?

DIMPLE
Of course. Have you?

Rishi continues to arrange his already cleaned room.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Rishi? Have you never been to a party before?

Rishi shrugs. Dimple jumps up.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh! You haven't been to a college party yet? Even I have been and I don't like going out.

RISHI
Well, it's kind of hard to go out when every person I talk to stays home and plays video games.

DIMPLE
Well that's not too bad of a life. But still, you should at least attend one party. We're going to this one.

Rishi sighs. Dimple smiles and wraps her arm around his arm.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
You're going to have fun, I
promise.

Rishi stands straight and stares out into the distance as he holds his breath. He nods.

Dimple let's go of Rishi's arm and focuses on her app notes. Rishi gazes at Dimple and smiles.

INT. DIMPLE'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

Dimple drools on her pillow sound asleep as her phone dings. She wipes her mouth as her eyes flutter awake. She opens her phone.

Dimple's eyes bug out as she darts out of bed and stands in front of the mirror. She brushes down her hair and smacks her face to wake herself up. She grabs a sweater and pulls it over and slips on some sweat pants.

Dimple opens the door for Rishi as he makes final touches in his sketchbook.

DIMPLE
Hey.

Rishi does not take his eyes off the sketchbook.

RISHI
Morning. I have something to show
you. Just give me a second here.

Rishi stops and grins. He turns to Dimple and frowns.

RISHI (CONT'D)
Did I wake you up?

Dimple looks at her clothes and pats her head.

DIMPLE
No. No, this is just how I look.

Rishi holds in a laugh.

RISHI
Ok. Well, let me show you what I
have.

Rishi opens up his sketchbook and walks in to Dimple's dorm.

RISHI (CONT'D)

You said you wanted to make this
product lifesaving. To convey
health care with a twist.

Rishi makes himself comfortable at Dimple's desk. Dimple
listens.

DIMPLE

Yeah. Serious but fun. To make you
want to use it.

RISHI

Right. So here was what I was
thinking.

Dimple sits on her bed. Rishi flips through his sketchbook
and shows Dimple.

RISHI (CONT'D)

What if people don't track their
meds intake? Like it starts to get
bothersome and the reward system
isn't enough.

DIMPLE

What are you saying?

Rishi hands Dimple his Sketchbook.

RISHI

By making it into a game. I drew
some sketches with the idea of
having the users fight off some
big, bad boss guy the more you
track the medds.

DIMPLE

And the more lazy or careless, you
are captured.

RISHI

Exactly.

DIMPLE

Wow.

Dimple examines the sketches. Rishi fidgets with his hands as
he bites his cheek.

RISHI

What do you think?

DIMPLE
It's good. Really good. I'm
impressed.

Dimple meets Rishi's eyes.

DIMPLE (CONT'D)
Thank you. This is incredible.

Rishi smiles. He stands up and paces as he heads to the door.

RISHI
Ok, cool. I'll work on more
sketches.

Rishi reaches for the doorknob.

DIMPLE
Rishi, wait. You're book.

Rishi turns around and walks to Dimple to grab the book.

RISHI
Yeah. I suppose I need that.

Dimple chuckles as she hands over the sketchbook. Rishi takes it and speed walks to the door and lets himself out.

Dimple rubs her hand through her hair and puts her hand over her heart. She falls on her bed.

INT. DORM HALLWAY