

SORO BORO

PILOT

"Maker Bhais"

Written by

Saurin Choksi

schoksi1@gmail.com

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME ON A COULDESAC OUTSIDE HOUSTON, TX - DAY

INT. SORO'S ROOM - DAY

-- A small brown hand holds a pair of SCISSORS. They OPEN AND CLOSE. <SNIP-SNIP>

-- A DOLLOP OF GLUE <SPLATTERS> on cardboard.

-- PIPE CLEANERS <BEND>.

-- A PAINTBRUSH <SMEARS> PURPLE onto a boxy helmet.

-- The little hand <SLAPS> a STICKER onto the side of the helmet. It's Soro's logo: A kid-drawing of Soro's face next to a toolbox with the words "SORO" and "MAKER."

SORO's (8) eyes widen. In love with his handiwork, he grins.

His arms hold up the finished project--a magnificent, hand crafted, helmet. It <GLOWS>.

SORO (O.S.)
I GOTTA show someone!

INT. FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: MOM (40), in the middle of blowing up balloons when Soro POPS IN, HOLDING THE HELMET UP like a trophy.

SORO
Mom, LOOK!

STARTLED, Mom loses control of the balloon she's blowing.

MOM
Whaaa?!

The balloon zips towards Soro. He sees it coming for him, turns to run, and... trips on the carpet, collapsing.

SORO
Aaaaaaah!

Deflated, the shriveled balloon lands on his head. He peels it off and <STRETCHES> the rubber, revealing the misshapen face of Boro printed on it.

SORO (CONT'D)
(ugh)
Boro.

Soro looks up to see a dozen inflated Boro-face balloons.

SORO (CONT'D)
(shaking his head)
Boro. Boro. Bo--

<DING DONG!> The doorbell rings.

He pulls back a curtain to see who's at the door.

SORO (CONT'D)
(whiny, "why?")
Boro??

MOM
Be nice. Boro moved all the way
from India. You're the only person
he knows. He's your *bhai*.

SORO
He's not my *bhai*. We're not
brothers. We're just cousins. I
BARELY know him.

<DIIIIING DONG!>

SORO (CONT'D)
And why are WE throwing HIM a
party?

MOM
It's a welcome party. So he knows
how happy we are that he's here.

SORO
(mumbling)
Nobody ever threw me a welcome
party.

MOM
Bheta [sweetie], don't be jealous.

SORO
("I'm SOO jealous.")
I'm not jealous!

<DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!>

MOM
Good. Then get the door and give
Boro a chance. Maybe you'll be
friends...

Soro picks up his helmet and trudges to the front door.

SORO
(mumbling)
No one ever got me balloons with my
face on them.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Soro opens the front door to reveal BORO (8), a smiling, chubby boy wearing a button down shirt, trousers, sandals, and a backwards cap. He stands a good half-foot taller than Soro.

Boro speaks with an accent authentic for a recent immigrant from India.

BORO
Hi, Soro *bhai*!

SORO
(flat)
Hey Boro.

Boro comes in and takes off his sandals. Immediately, he notices Soro's helmet.

BORO
Where did you get that helmet?

Soro puffs his chest.

SORO
I didn't get it. I MADE it.

Soro looks toward the family room at Mom blowing balloons.

SORO (CONT'D)
(deflated)
Not that anyone cares.

Boro takes the helmet and admires the craftsmanship.

BORO
Wow, I love how you attached the visor with a paper fastener. Innovative craftsmanship!

SORO
(surprised)
Uh, thanks...?

BORO
Aerodynamic. Lightweight materials. Lemme guess... jetpack helmet?

SORO

Yea! I designed a jetpack too, but I haven't made it yet. It's a big job, ya know?

Boro nods and hands back the helmet.

BORO

I wish I had a jetpack. Then I could go back to India.

Soro's face scrunches in confusion.

SORO

What? Go? There's a whole party happening tonite just for you.

BORO

Can I tell you a secret?

Soro lights up.

SORO

A secret? Never thought YOU'D have a secret. I love secrets.

BORO

Well the truth is--

Soro interrupts, waving his arms.

SORO

Not here! Secrets gotta be told...

INT. SORO'S ROOM - UNDER A BLANKET - MOMENTS LATER

Soro and Boro face each other in the dark with a flashlight illuminating their faces.

SORO

...in private.

BORO

Good point. Secret for a secret?

Soro nods and hands Boro a piece of paper with an intricate drawing of a jetpack on it.

SORO

My jetpack blueprints. NO ONE has seen these.

Boro looks at them intently, <WHISTLES> in admiration, then hands them back.

SORO (CONT'D)
Now, what's your secret?

BORO
I don't want the party.

SORO
What?! Who doesn't want a party?

Boro's eyes water.

BORO
I miss India. I don't want to be at a party and have to pretend to be happy. I want to go back home, but there's no way for me to get there.

Soro removes the blanket from on top of them.

INT. SORO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He hands a tissue to Boro who <BLOWS> his nose. Meanwhile, Soro stares at his jetpack blueprints.

CLOSE ON BLUEPRINTS: Soro imagines a scribbly drawing of Boro strapping on the jetpack. He flies away from America, leaving behind a scribbly Soro to celebrate at a party for HIM.

SORO
Cuz, I'm building that jetpack. Tonite. And you're gonna use it to fly to India.

BORO
Really? Thank you, *bhai*! Thank you!

Boro hugs Soro.

CLOSE ON: Soro's face. <DRAMATIC STING>.

SORO
(sotto)
Then the party will be all mine.

Boro's head pops in.

BORO
What's that?

SORO
(caught off guard)
Huh?

BORO
You said something under your
breath... kinda sinister--

SORO
Oh! Just... let's start MAKING!

BORO
Okay! Awesome!

<DRAMATIC STING>.

SORO
(sotto)
And then the party--

BORO
You're doing it again!

Soro facepalms.

SORO
Never mind, let's get making!

Soro drags a big trunk from under his bed. Inside is every arts-and-craft supply and tool that a maker could want. Soro holds up various items, presenting them to his cousin.

SORO (CONT'D)
I can make anything with these
tools. It's pretty advanced stuff--
but, you can be my apprentice.

Boro puts on safety goggles.

BORO
Sure. Ok.

He nonchalantly picks up a pair of scissors.

SORO
Careful! Those are--

--Boro expertly cuts fabric for the jetpack's harness.

SORO (CONT'D)
You know how to use--

BORO
Scissors? I guess.

Boro grabs two giant tubes. One bright red and one blue.

SORO
WAIT! That's--

--In one motion, Boro squeezes their contents into the air where they mix into a bright purple goop that he catches on a piece of cardboard. He sticks it to the harness.

SORO (CONT'D)
(quiet, in awe)
Epoxy resin and a curing agent.

BORO
Oh yea? I just call it glue.

MONTAGE of Boro using all of Soro's tools and building the jetpack. Initially, Soro stands by the side, mouth agape. But, then he jumps into the making and the two work in perfect unison.

Soro takes off PROTECTIVE EYE GOGGLES.

SORO
You used ALL my stuff!

BORO
Oh, sorry, *bhai*. I should have--

SORO
That was amazing!

Boro beams. Soro points to a circle that Boro cut from construction paper.

SORO (CONT'D)
You cut such clean, round circles.

Soro holds up his own jagged, misshapen circle.

SORO (CONT'D)
I stink at circles.

BORO
I use a trick. See?

Boro folds the paper into a triangle and then cuts a slight arc. When he unfolds the paper he's made a smooth circle.

SORO
I couldn't do that.

BORO
Sure you could. Give it a try.

SORO

Nope. There's no point in trying if I know I can't do it. You're just a really talented builder.

Boro beams.

BORO

You're a really talented builder, too! And an amazing designer! Your blueprints were really thought out.

SORO

(like he's been seen for the first time)

Thank you.

The two turn to look at what they've made so far. The pack looks cool but is clearly missing--

SORO (CONT'D)

(scratching his chin)

Jet fuel tanks. Hmm.

Soro rummages through his trunk.

SORO (CONT'D)

Nothing in here to make them from.

BORO

Hey! You know what we could use?

The boys look at each other. Eyes wide. They both know it.

BORO/SORO

Recycled soda bottles!

EXT. SORO'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - LATER

Soro stands on Boro's shoulders, digging through a recycling bin.

SORO

(head in can)

No soda bottles in the Wilkerson family's trash either.

Soro hops down. He's wearing gloves and the jetpack helmet, which has a banana peel stuck to it. Boro swipes it off.

BORO

Nobody in your neighborhood drinks soda? I thought this was America?!

Just then, they spot the neighborhood big kid, PRIKASH (12), walk out of his garage across the street. Prikash wears a harness attached to his phone for handsfree vlogging. Something that he does 24/7.

PRIKASH

(to phone)

Whaddup-whaddup-whaddup CLIK CLOK
worrld! Prikash here wit' more
FIRE CHALLENGES. I'm 'bout to chug
not one but TWO BOTTLES of the
NASTIEST-NASTY soda on the planet,
RED SWISH. LET'S GOOOOO!

PRIKASH'S FOLLOWERS' POV: We see Prikash chug soda, spilling it everywhere. Hearts and comments stream over the video.

BACK TO NORMAL. As Prikash gulps down the last of the soda, the boys approach.

SORO

Hey, Prikash. Can we have those
bottles when you're done?

Prikash points his phone at the boys.

PRIKASH

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat? Check it out,
everyone! A talking baby!

FOLLOWERS' POV: On the video, we see Soro, cross his arms, insulted. Boro shakes his fist.

BORO

We're not babies. We're makers!

SORO

Yea! We're makers!

BACK TO NORMAL.

PRIKASH

Yea? What are you "makers" making?

SORO/BORO

A jetpack!

PRIKASH (TO PHONE)

Jetpack? Why? You flying to the
diaper store? <Snarky laugh>.

(leans toward phone)

Hmm. My followers think jetpacks
are cool.

SORO
(bewildered)
You need people to tell you
jetpacks are cool?

PRIKASH
I'll make you a bet, Soro... Next
CLIK CLOK challenge. You vs me. You
win, you get the bottles, you make
your jetpack. I win, you still get
the bottles--

SORO/BORO
Awesome!/Thank you!

PRIKASH
--But ****I**** get the jetpack.

The boys <GASP>. They turn their backs to Prikash and huddle.

SORO
What should we do? We could lose
everything.

BORO
It's the only way.

They turn back to Prikash.

SORO
Deal.

PRIKASH
(to phone)
Hear that? Ya boiii's gettin' a
jetpack. Next CHALLENGE is--

PRIKASH turns his phone toward the boys.

-- We see a CLIK CLOK video of a cool teen cutting a circle.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
REALLY ROUND CIRCLE, CIRCLE.

The video ends with the teen doing an upbeat, silly dance. --

PRIKASH
Really round circle, circle! That's
the challenge. Whoever cuts the
roundest circle, wins!

All confidence leaves Soro as his body crumples.

SORO
(panicked)
Can Boro do it instead?!

PRIKASH
Nope. It's you. That's the deal.

SORO
(afraid, to Boro)
I stink at cutting circles.

Boro puts his hands on Soro's shoulders.

BORO
You can do it, Soro!

Soro gulps. Prikash pulls a pair of scissors and some paper from his backpack. He quickly cuts a circle and shows it off to his phone and then the boys. It's a pretty good circle.

PRIKASH
Ha! Beat that!

Prikash hands Soro the scissors and paper. Sweat runs down Soro's forehead. He tentatively makes a cut, then backs off.

SORO
(sotto)
I... I can't do it. We're gonna lose the jetpack.

BORO
Soro, try the trick.

Soro nods at Boro. Like he saw before he folds the paper into a triangle.

PRIKASH
(to phone)
Ha! The baby doesn't even know the difference between a triangle and a circle. You're about to get pwn3d!

BORO
Keep going. Don't think.

Soro cuts a slight arc into the triangle. As he unfolds the paper, he closes his eyes, afraid to look.

BLACK. SILENCE. NOTHING. Then--

Soro opens his eyes as Boro shakes him back to reality. The sounds of the moment rush back, filling his consciousness.

BORO (CONT'D)
You did it, Soro!!!!

He looks in his hands and sees an almost perfect circle.

SORO
(quiet disbelief)
I did it!
(cheering)
I did ittttttttttttt!

Soro joins Boro, jumping up and down, celebrating.

Prikash takes Soro's circle and compares it next to his. No question who won.

-- Prikash's phone replays Soro unfolding the paper, revealing the circle on loop. Hearts fill the screen. --

PRIKASH
You won. Fair and square.

BORO
More like fair and circle.

BORO/SORO
See what I did?/Yea, I liked it.

PRIKASH
How about one more time--double or nothing?

Soro and Boro look at each other.

SORO
Nah!

They each grab a bottle from Prikash.

SORO (CONT'D)
We can finish our jetpack!

SLOW MO: Jumping in the air, the boys high five.

EXT. SORO'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Helmeted, Boro stands on a soapbox, outfitted with the complete jetpack. It looks kid-made but cool.

BORO
Guess I'll be going now.

SORO
Guess so.

BORO
It was an honor to work with you.

SORO
Please, the honor was mine.

BORO
(nods solemnly)
Ok.

SORO
Yup.

BORO
Here I go...

CLOSE ON: Boro begins to pull the "trigger" on the jetpack.

SORO
WAIT!

CLOSE ON: Boro lets off the controls.

SORO (CONT'D)
I don't want you to go.

BORO
I don't want to go either!

Boro steps off the soapbox.

SORO
I had so much fun today!

BORO (CONT'D)
Today was so much fun.

BORO (CONT'D)
I was thinking, I should go to the party.

SORO
You should!

BORO
I do miss India, though.

SORO
Maybe you could go back some other time.

BORO
Yea, and you could come too. And we'd just VISIT India because...
(MORE)

BORO (CONT'D)
because we have so many projects to
work on here. Like a treehouse!

SORO	BORO (CONT'D)
And a submarine!	And a space station!
And a nuclear reactor!	And a robot!
And a [greenlight]!	And a [greenlight]!

SORO/BORO
And A TIME MACHINE!!!

The boys run around <YELLING>.

MOM (O.S.)
Soro... Boro... time for the party.

Still <YELLING>, they run to the other side of the fence.

EXT. - OUTDOOR BACKYARD WELCOME PARTY - LATER

-- Uncles and aunties dance as little Indian kids go nuts to
Bollywood disco music. Soro and Boro dance and celebrate
while holding the jetpack and helmet.

-- Everyone surrounds the two boys, admiring their creations.

-- Soro and Boro stand with arms around each other like real
pals, showing off their stuff.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Strapped to jetpacks, Soro and Boro fly over the house.

BORO
Nice jetpack, Soro *bhai*!

SORO
You too, Boro *bhai*! You too!

Soro <SWOOSHES> by the camera and SLAPS A MAKER BHAIS STICKER
onto the viewers screen. It looks just like Soro's old logo
but with both boys' faces and reads "SORO BORO--MAKER BHAIS."

THE END.