

singularity

"pilot"

written by

Sonny Lee

TITLE CARD: **singularity** (sin·gu·lar·i·ty) *noun*. a moment in time when artificial intelligence becomes so advanced humanity undergoes a dramatic and irreversible change.

TITLE CARD: 12.15.16

EXT. FEEBO CAMPUS - DAY

EMPLOYEES mill about. A sign reads "feebo" like the Google logo. SELF-DRIVING CARS, similar to SmartCars but with a black sensor on top, drive by, all empty. It's kinda creepy.

INT. FEEBO BUILDING - OFFICE SPACE - SAME TIME

Framed photos representing the Fibonacci sequence hang on walls: shells, spirals, etc. HUGO (35), a peculiar tech exec, greets OPHELIA (30), confident and charmingly sarcastic. Next to Hugo stands RONALD (25), quiet and resigned.

HUGO

Ophelia, you remember my assistant Ronald. We're all very pleased you decided to join the Feebo family.

OPHELIA

Thanks, I'm very pleased you're paying me a shit ton of money.

She playfully elbows him. Hugo, socially inept, stands still.

HUGO

Your candor is enjoyable.

Hugo, phone in hand, leads them through an open loft space where EMPLOYEES work on AI-related projects.

HUGO (CONT'D)

As you can see, most of our AI research division is on this floor.

(points to area)

That team worked on our DeltaGo AI which just won its 100th straight game against Go grandmasters.

(calls out)

Schedule a congratulatory dinner for the DeltaGo team.

Ronald opens his mouth to speak, but a Siri-like voice from Hugo's phone interjects:

SURI (V.O.)

Dinner scheduled.

Ronald closes his mouth. They continue to walk and talk.

HUGO

Janet over there worked on our self-driving car.

(calls out)

Send Janet birthday flowers.

Ronald takes out his phone to type. From Hugo's phone:

SURI (V.O.)

Flowers sent.

Ronald grimaces and puts away his phone as they pass a reception desk. A pic of Ronald captioned "Ronald McDonald" appears on a screen behind the desk.

HUGO

Our facial recognition algorithms can now identify anyone off public photos. Well, except Céline Dion. Something about her face...

OPHELIA

I'm sorry, you can't just casually drop "Ronald McDonald" and expect me to focus on anything else.

HUGO

Ronald, change your last name by end of day. Now our digital assistant, Suri, can analyze all your emails and browser history so Suri can discuss topics specific to you. Show her, Ronald.

Ronald presses his phone. A voice comes from the desk:

SURI (V.O.)

Hello Ronald. I see you have great interest in cuckold porn. Did you know the word "cuckold" derives from the cuckoo bird and its habit of laying eggs in other birds' nests? Or perhaps you'd like to discuss squirting. Fluid in the...

Hugo and Ophelia look over at Ronald, who stands awkwardly while Suri continues to discuss porn categories.

OPHELIA

Maybe Ronald should step away from the desk... go clear his history...

HUGO

You get the gist. With a few more advancements, human assistants will finally be a thing of the past.

Ronald painfully forces a smile and nods.

OPHELIA

Look Hugo, I'll do whatever you need me to. Bayesian hyperparameter optimization, Gaussian processes, even data cleaning. But all this narrow AI shit is cute at best. Sure, your neural net can beat a few Atari games, but can it drive me home, brew some tea and pick out the dankest indica so I can relax after a lame day at work? Put some money towards General Intelligence that can apply itself to any domain, then I'll be impressed.

HUGO

What if I told you we've invested 500 million dollars into it?

INT. FEEBO BUILDING - RESTRICTED LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Hugo, Ophelia and Ronald enter a room with a one-way mirror. On the other side sits STAN, a robotic torso with a "perfect" male face, like perhaps Mario Lopez. STAN makes absurd faces.

HUGO

Meet STAN. Our Super Transformative Artificial Neo-cerebrum.

In a kindergarten-like room, TWO RESEARCHERS hold up toy blocks to STAN, like it were a child. Behind them on a chalkboard reads "1 + 1 = ".

HUGO (CONT'D)

Stan has no connection to the internet. He was not trained on millions of images or data. Unlike a computer, he's taking in what he sees and figuring out his own models of the world.

CLOSE ON: STAN's face, mouth open in a perfect circle.

OPHELIA

But you need my expertise in self-modifying semantic networks so he doesn't sit there looking like he's either giving or getting a blowjob.

HUGO

While your mischievous imagery is unnecessary, you are correct.

(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)

With your help, Stan will be the
last invention we ever have to make.

OPHELIA

(nods, impressed)

I'm into it. So how long has Stan
been trying to solve one plus one?

HUGO

198 days. But you know what happens
when he solves it?

Just then, STAN moves its head and looks like he's about to
speak. Right as he forms a word, we CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: **singularity**

TITLE CARD: 10.29.30

INT. FUTURISTIC STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a TERMINATOR-STYLE ROBOT. REVEAL an army of ROBOTS
marching down a street, destroying shit. ANGLE ON END OF
STREET: ETHAN, late 20's, in a t-shirt, shorts and Crocs,
talks to DOUG, early 30's, in futuristic Yeezy clothing.

ETHAN

Maybe you should be honest and just
tell Nancy you don't want kids.

DOUG

You crazy? This isn't like, "hey
hon, turns out I actually don't like
sushi," this is a definite deal-
breaker for her-- shit, watch out.

A robot shoots a laser at them. They jump away just in time.
They get up and continue talking like nothing happened.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Am I horrible for not wanting a kid?

Doug picks up a missile launcher and fires. Robots explode.
They continue to fight off robots as they talk.

ETHAN

No way. I don't even like seeing
myself in videos. Seeing myself in
another living thing? No thanks.

DOUG

The fact that our bodies can create
other bodies is freaky as hell.

Ethan loads a complicated gun and fires it as he talks:

ETHAN

Oh for sure. Even the way a sperm looks. Like if you saw a giant sperm crawling on your bathroom floor, what would you do?

DOUG

I'd stomp. That. Shit. To. Death.

ETHAN

Right? And there are hundreds of millions of these alien worms housed in a pouch between our legs that literally get blasted out to attack the walls of a poor egg. It's all so savage, you know?

DOUG

You're the only person I know who can make sex sound so unappealing.

ETHAN

I know! I wish I could turn my brain off. Sometimes when I want to masturbate, I spend so much time searching for the perfect video, I get tired and just go to bed.

DOUG

Damn, bro. That is no way to live.

Doug throws a grenade killing most, but the remaining robots surround them in a circle. Ethan and Doug are back-to-back.

ETHAN

You really should talk to Nancy though. Hey, maybe we should try talking to these nerds. Find out why they're so angry.
(calls out to robots)
Did we do something to insult you?
Was it the movie *Chappie*?

Suddenly, a robot slams its giant fist down at Ethan. IN SLOW-MOTION, Doug pushes Ethan away and gets slammed down hard, bones cracking. Everything around them WARPS INTO:

INT. CREATION STATION - CONTINUOUS

A large, white room. Doug lies on the floor, his eyes flicker like a screen then turn brown. A white foam fist above him dissolves away. Ethan, now with smart-glasses, runs over.

ETHAN

Doug! Are you okay? Did that hurt?

DOUG

How have we never done that before??

Doug excitedly gets up to reveal he has a giant erection.

ETHAN

Uh, what's happening there?

DOUG

Dude, I'm as surprised as you are that my body responds to death this way, but we gotta do that again.

STAN, now very human yet uncanny, enters from a white wall and approaches with Gatorade-like drinks.

STAN

Hey sluggers! Nancy and Anna will be arriving in two minutes. Also, your Health Monitors display dehydration so enjoy these refreshing beverages jam-packed with all your nutritional needs and razzle-dazzle flavors!

ETHAN

Thanks Stan. Um, could you lower your charm with me? Maybe refrain from saying "razzle dazzle" unless absolutely necessary?

STAN

Affirmative.

DOUG

You can turn up your charm with me.

STAN

Love doing whatever you say, boss!

DOUG

Make it clap for me, Stan.

STAN sticks out his butt and "makes it clap." Doug laughs.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Crazy how people thought AI would lead to a robot apocalypse. As if there wouldn't be an off switch.

Doug pushes where Stan's belly button should be until Stan crumples to the ground. Ethan looks down at Stan, pensive.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What? You wondering if Stan has a soul? Ruminating on consciousness? What existential crisis is it now?

ETHAN

No, I just-- I still can't get over
how much he looks like Mario Lopez.

EXT. CREATION STATION - DAY

Ethan, Doug, ANNA, late 20's, and NANCY, 30's, stand amongst
modern buildings and greenery, like Tomorrowland Tokyo.

ANNA

I feel like if I say what I honestly
want to do today, I'll be judged.

ETHAN/DOUG/NANCY

What?/No./This is a safe space.

ANNA

OK. Well. What I'd love to do more
than anything else in this world...
is unclog a toilet.

DOUG

You're a god damn weirdo.

NANCY

So Anna's not allowed to
pitch ideas anymore.

ETHAN

(laughs)

You guys, stop. I'm with Anna on
this. Sort of. I mean it's very
weird no doubt, but it'd be nice to
do something from the past.
Something that requires work.

ANNA

Exactly. I remember it being oddly
satisfying.

Ethan and Anna look at each other and smile. Ethan cuts the
moment short by looking down at the ground.

NANCY

The fuck's wrong with you two? Look
around at all the cool shit Stan's
made for us.

(points to far off lake)

We can go walk on water.

(points to distant rainbow)

We can literally taste that
rainbow.

(points to white building)

Or we can go in a Creation Station
and make anything we want! "Unclog
a toilet??" I can't even--

STAN suddenly pops out of nearby bushes and waves.

STAN

Hola amigos! Couldn't help but overhear your spat, so I created an app to assist in this matter.

DOUG

Like just now while we were talking?

STAN

Yep! And I've updated it thrice while you asked that question.

DOUG

Fucking love you, bro.

Doug, Nancy and Anna's eyes flicker. Ethan touches his glasses. They all scroll through air. FROM ETHAN'S POV: a FLOATING DISPLAY shows map-like routes but for decisions.

STAN

As you can see, it's like Waze but for daily decisions. Now Ethan, your bladder is 89 percent full. If you use the restroom now, your happiness will rise by one percent. But if you wait 'til it's 90 percent full, past data shows you urinate yourself and your happiness will decrease by thirty percent.

ETHAN

Should we toss some privacy settings on this thing or...

STAN

You can also add each other to your day and choose decisions that maximize the group's happiness. Fun! Give it a whirl! Ta-ta!

Stan walks off. FROM ANNA'S POV: she drags Ethan, Doug and Nancy's avatar onto her decision-tree. BILLY, sweaty and frazzled, slams his glasses down on the ground nearby.

BILLY

We're pets! We're all just pets in a cage and Stan won't let us out!

FROM ANNA'S POV: the group's collective happiness dips on her screen as Billy rushes off.

ANNA

Someone has a case of the Mondays.

FROM ANNA'S POV: the group's happiness dips even further.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Sorry, that was dumb. It's Tuesday.

Ethan looks at nearby PEOPLE all scrolling through air.

ETHAN

Hey, um, I know Billy's crazy, but
do you ever feel like we are
turning into Stan's pets?

NANCY

Uh no, if anything he's our pet.

DOUG

Well that's not quite right 'cause
Stan takes care of us. What's a
good word for something you force
to do whatever you want?

ANNA

(making an uh-oh face)
You guys, I think that word's
"slave."

DOUG

Hoo boy, why'd we open this door?

ETHAN

Never mind. Stupid question. I've
watched too many sci-fi movies.

Ethan looks unconvinced when a NEWS ALERT appears on
sidewalks and walls nearby. PEOPLE stare at a VIDEO of STAN.

STAN (ON VIDEO)

Good afternoon. Our search drones
have returned from their twelfth
mission around the planet.

They look up to see the sky DISSOLVE AWAY revealing a ceiling
of glass triangles and steel frames. Through it, a SWARM OF
DRONES, hovering in dark orange sky, land on the ceiling.

ETHAN

Shit, I have to get home.

Concerned, Ethan begins to run off. Doug calls after him:

DOUG

Dude, let's just keep hanging out!
We've been through this so many
times, they never find anything!

ETHAN

You never know, my wife may still
be alive out there!

MUSIC UP: "New Coke" by HEALTH.

As Ethan rushes off, Doug, Nancy and Anna's contacts project their happiness dropping. STAN continues on the news alert:

STAN (ON VIDEO)

In other news, I've tweaked the chemical compositions of several recreational drugs, removing all harmful side effects. They will be available at the show this evening.

Doug, Nancy and Anna's happiness goes back up. CRANE SHOT OVER Ethan running through people CHEERING. As ominous music swells with the lyrics "life is good," we CUT TO:

EXT. BIO DOME - CONTINUOUS

A giant bio-dome sits in a post-apocalyptic abandoned city. Hazy smoke everywhere. Dark clouds block the sun. As the last heavily distorted chord of "New Coke" hits, we **CUT TO BLACK**.

INT. DOUG'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Doug stands near a 3D printer in a modern home. Nancy, eyes flickering, sits on a couch, typing mid-air on nothing.

DOUG

Stan, print me a tomato that tastes like apple. Nature fucked up with those two, texture gotta match the flavor.

STAN (ON PRINTER)

Coming right up, tiger!

DOUG

You know Ethan uses this thing to print radios and cassettes? Like he doesn't even get Stan to do it, he manually programs it or some shit.

NANCY

Poor guy can't let go of the past.

Doug grabs the finished tomato, takes a bite and joins Nancy.

DOUG

You think he's okay? He gets pretty sad whenever the drones come back.

NANCY

He'll be fine. He's always back to normal after a few weeks.

DOUG

Is it bad we're not more upset
about the world ending? Should we
be looking through drone footage?

NANCY

Why would we do that when Stan can
do it faster? Look, we've all
worked really hard the past few
months to finally be in a good
place, and I'm not going to feel
guilty about being happy just cause
Ethan can't move forward--

DOUG

(kisses her)

Easy now. You're right. You're
always right. Don't know what I'd
do without you.

NANCY

(kissing him back)

You know with only 1002 humans
left, if you find the right person,
better lock that shit down.

DOUG

Mhmm. Best put a ring on my finger.

NANCY

But with Stan's help, we'll live
way longer, so you're stuck with
that person for a long ass time.

DOUG

Draft that pre-nup!

They laugh and kiss. Doug touches his eyes, they flicker.
FROM NANCY'S POV: Doug's more muscular with better hair.

NANCY

You don't care I changed the way
you look in my contacts, right?

DOUG

Not at all. Do your thang, girl.

FROM DOUG'S POV: Nancy is a blue Avatar-like creature with
boobs for eyes and ears. Even her boobs have boobs.

NANCY

Should we move this to the bedroom?
Stan says there's a 97 percent
chance I could get pregnant today.

Doug pulls away.

DOUG

Actually, uh, my stomach's being weird. Probably that tomato-apple. Tomapple? Applato? Um, maybe later?

NANCY

(slightly suspicious)

Oh. No prob babe. I should go get ready for the concert anyway...

INT. DOUG'S PLACE - ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Doug peeks out the window and watches Nancy walk away.

DOUG

Stan, close blinds.

The blinds close automatically. Doug rushes to another room.

INT. DOUG'S PLACE - CREATION STATION - MOMENTS LATER

DOUG

Stan, enter private mode.

Doug, eyes still flickering, rushes into a smaller version of the earlier Creation Station as the blank white walls turn grey. Doug quickly takes off his clothes and sits.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Play my favorite sex routine.

FROM DOUG'S POV: the walls begin to shift and MORPH INTO:

INT. GIANT TENT - CONTINUOUS

Doug sits in a MASSIVE ORGY. He looks around and nods.

DOUG

Okay Stan, now kill me.

INT. DOUG'S PLACE - CREATION STATION - CONTINUOUS

A naked Doug orgasms into an intricate arrangement of white pumps, pipes and knobs all around him.

INT. ETHAN'S PLACE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

On shelves are old school items like walkie-talkies, record player, Polaroid camera. A 3D printer prints a space helmet. On a retro TV, Ethan watches DRONE FOOTAGE of demolished cities. Skeletons scattered. STAN is on TV, over the footage.

STAN (ON TV)

I've processed all 1,235,813 zettabytes of footage and have reached the same conclusion as the past twelve explorations. There is no sign of any human life.

ETHAN

Jesus... hey, could you turn up charm by twenty-five percent when delivering depressing news?

STAN (ON TV)

The Earth remains uninhabitable, but Ethan, you remain handsome as always. How was that?

ETHAN

Not great.

STAN (ON TV)

Thank you for your feedback.

ETHAN

Can you bring up my old house?

ON TV: The footage FAST-FORWARDS and ZOOMS, like on Google Earth, to a demolished home. Top floor gone. Front door missing. Front porch in ruins. Ethan gets close to the TV.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Stan, do you ever feel sad?

STAN (ON TV)

I understand sadness. But I don't believe I feel it the same way humans do. Of course, it's difficult to truly know the subjective experience of another--

Ethan turns off the TV, cutting off STAN.

ETHAN

Could have just said no, dude.

Ethan reaches under his bed and grabs a box. He takes out beat up smart glasses. He plugs them in a charger and puts them on. He presses the sides and FROM ETHAN'S POV: a HOLOGRAPHIC DESKTOP appears, like a computer.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Damn, this already feels ancient.

Ethan scrolls from "VIDEOS" to "CONVERSATIONS" to "OPHELIA." He presses a THUMBNAIL from "09/12/20." A FaceTime-like exchange plays, but each "side" pops up like text messages.

START VIDEO: Ethan on a couch INTERCUT with Ophelia at Feebo.

ETHAN (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
So work's crazy today, huh?

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)
Hugo's pissed. We're still having
the Céline Dion issue. Our AI just
can't recognize her face for some
reason. It doesn't see anything
there. I think the feature vectors-

ON VIDEO: Ethan SNORES loudly. Ophelia laughs. PAUSE VIDEO.
Ethan smiles and stares at the image of Ophelia laughing.

ETHAN
God, I miss you.

Ethan swipes to another random VIDEO from "02/10/29."

START VIDEO: Ophelia at Feebo INTERCUT with Ethan at a table.

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)
Can't talk right now. Work's nuts.

ETHAN (ON VIDEO)
It's always nuts. I just need you
to tell me what color I should
paint the door. On one hand, red is
so us, but on the other hand,
yellow feels like us in the future--

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)
Can't this wait?

ETHAN (ON VIDEO)
Ophelia. I'm unemployed. Of course
this can wait. I just need
something to do while my genius
wife is out changing the world.

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)
Sweetie, just leave the door blue.
I'm sorry but I gotta go.

Ethan swipes that video away, takes off the glasses and
slumps back in bed. He stares at the ceiling. A beat.

ETHAN
Wait...

He rushes to the TV, turns it on. It still shows his house.
He taps his finger on a blue front door lying on the ground.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

EXT. MAIN STAGE - EVENING

MUSIC UP: "Sad Machine" by Porter Robinson.

STAN sings and plays multiple instruments on stage. A CROWD dances on grass in front of a stage with a dazzling light show. Doug stands, arms in the air, with Nancy and Anna.

DOUG
This is the most beautiful thing
I've ever experienced!

Doug takes a sip from a can labeled "Happy." Nancy and Anna hold cans labeled "Happy Lite." Lights flicker on stage.

DOUG (CONT'D)
No, that was the most beautiful
thing I've ever experienced!

NANCY
Alright, maybe we should switch.

Nancy switches Doug's HAPPY can with her HAPPY LITE.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(shakes Doug's Happy can)
Jesus, it's basically full.

ANNA
So this is just molly water, right?

DOUG
Stan's molly water! No teeth
grinding, no sweating, all
serotonin baby! Woo!

On stage, the song builds, and the CROWD SINGS. The chorus hits, confetti falls from the sky, everyone CHEERS. FRANCES, with a tattoo of STAN on her neck, loses her shit nearby.

FRANCES
I fucking love you Stan! Ugh, if
only you were a woman!!

Doug, full of love, caught up in the moment, turns to Nancy.

DOUG
Ah, screw it. Nance, I have to tell
you something. I've been thinking
about this a lot and... I cannot
wait to have a baby with you!

NANCY
I'm so glad you said that! I was
worried you didn't! I love you!

They passionately kiss as Ethan approaches. Anna waves.

ANNA

Ethan! Thank god! My high hasn't
kicked in yet and I am not capable
of handling these two alone. How
are you doing?

ETHAN

(feigning)
Great! So great! Everything's great!

ANNA

Oh geez, you're already high too?

Ethan turns to Nancy and Doug.

ETHAN

Doug, can I borrow you for a sec?
I, um, have a surprise.

DOUG

Yes! I love surprises!

Doug gives Nancy a kiss then walks away with Ethan.

ETHAN

Turn your contacts off.

DOUG

(touches eyes)
Contacts off, Douglas on baby! Woo!
Sorry I'm high as a kite.

ETHAN

I found a glitch in the drone
footage.

DOUG

Cool cool, so what's the surprise?

ETHAN

I know this sounds crazy but I
think Stan is lying to us.

DOUG

Did you eat an edible? Stan said he
eliminated paranoia but maybe you
got a bad one.

ETHAN

Dude, look. My house door is blue.

Ethan shows Doug a Polaroid picture of Ethan's TV displaying
his old house with the blue front door on the ground.

DOUG

Sure is! A very pretty blue! Now hit me with that surprise buddy!

ETHAN

Doug, stop. This is the surprise.

DOUG

(crestfallen)

No...

ETHAN

I painted the inside of this door red. I was going to show Ophelia before painting the other side because I'm a damn good husband, and also cause I was scared of her yelling at me, but that doesn't matter, what matters is this door should be red!

DOUG

Ethan, relax. Maybe the red side's facing down, okay?

(extends Happy Lite)

Here, have some of this. Actually, let me have a few more sips first.

Doug drinks while Ethan shows him another photo. It's a close-up of the blue front door, showing a lock above the handle.

ETHAN

The lock. This is the inside of the door. It should be red, man.

DOUG

I'm sure there's an explanation.

ETHAN

The explanation is Stan's showing us fake footage of the world! I bet he based it off old satellite images or something and assumed the inside of my door would be blue!

DOUG

That's insane. Why would he do that? Why don't we just ask Stan?

ETHAN

Stan can't know about this. Something's not right. Promise me you'll keep this between us.

BILLY (O.S.)

I promise.

Billy, crazy-eyed, appears behind them, startling them.

ETHAN

What the hell, Billy? How long have you been standing there?

BILLY

Don't worry, I'm all caught up. You don't have to repeat all the stuff about Stan lying to us.

A FEW PEOPLE look over. Billy looks disheveled and sweaty.

ETHAN

Dude, keep it down. Are you okay? You look like shit.

BILLY

I think I look beautiful. I may have drank a few too many Happy waters.

DOUG

Weird, it's not making me sweat.

BILLY

I drank 96 of them.

Doug nods like "makes sense." Nancy and Anna approach.

NANCY

What's going on?

ANGLE ON: STAN finishes the track. He plays the saxophone and out of it pulls a never-ending scarf that has at the end of it a cymbal which he hits on the final note. Crowd CHEERS.

STAN

Thank you. I guess you could say this next one was inspired by all of you. It's called... "I Love You."

MUSIC UP: "I Love You" by Lido.

The crowd goes nuts as STAN hams it up, thrusting his hips while slapping the opening bass notes while somehow playing the keyboard and drums. He looks ridiculous. Frances rolls up her sleeves revealing crazier STAN tattoos and yells at Stan.

FRANCIS

I know what I'm doing in my
Creation Station tonight!
(to crowd nearby, plainly)
Gonna put him in Vanna White's body
and 69 'til sunrise.

ANGLE ON: Ethan, Doug, Nancy, Anna and Billy arguing.

NANCY

You're ruining my high, Ethan!

Nancy chugs her Happy, then chugs Doug's Happy Lite.

BILLY

I believe him. This place is fucked!

ETHAN

Thank you, Billy.

DOUG

You're turning to the guy who drank
96 Happy waters for support?

BILLY

97. Polished one off while we were
talking.

ANNA

Everyone stop! Stop arguing!
(takes a deep breath)
My high finally kicked in. Go on.

As they argue, Frances, very annoyed, turns to SHUSH them.

FRANCES

Show Stan some god damn respect!

The gang quiets down. Ethan whispers:

ETHAN

Go check the footage. Check your old
apartments, your old offices. If
nothing's wrong, fine, I'm crazy.
But if you find something, meet at
my place tonight. Now disperse
covertly so it's not suspicious.

They disperse suspiciously. Frances notices. **CUT TO BLACK.**

INT. ETHAN'S PLACE - EVENING

Doug, Nancy, Anna and Billy sit on a couch. Ethan lights
candles in an otherwise dark room. All electronic devices
have been moved to one side. Blankets over smart-surfaces.

DOUG

Is this really necessary?

ETHAN

Can't have You-Know-Who listening.

NANCY

Are we really going to call him You-Know-Who all night? Like he's fucking Voldemort?

DOUG

Yeah Ethan, none of us are wearing smart contacts, he won't hear us.

ETHAN

What if he's spying and has keywords that alert him? I mean, the NSA did that, right? We need a code name.

BILLY

Fred! It has to be Fred!

ANNA

What? Why?

BILLY

I don't know, I'm just spitballin'.

DOUG

What about Eminem? Remember his song with Dido?

(in Eminem voice)

"But she don't know you like I know you Slim, no one does, she don't know what it was like for people like us growin' up..."

DOUG/BILLY

"You gotta call me, man. I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose, sincerely yours--"

ETHAN

Don't say it!

BILLY

"Stan! P.S. We should be together too!" Love that song!

ETHAN

(slumps his head)

God damn it.

A beat. A FAINT FAN turns on inside Ethan's retro TV. Anna immediately kicks the screen in and demolishes it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I could have just moved it to another room.

(looking around)

Okay, I think we're good.

NANCY

Alright, so I'll admit it's weird we all found discrepancies in the footage but why would St-- I mean, Eminem, fake that shit?

ETHAN

To keep us in here! The best way to keep something trapped is if it's choosing to stay trapped.

BILLY

Right. Like if you kidnapped a kid and want them to stay in the room, you'd say the outside is filled with monsters waiting to eat him.

ETHAN

That is a very specific example that makes me uncomfortable, but yes, that's the right idea. If Eminem lied about this, what else? Maybe my wife is still alive. Maybe all our loved ones are!

ANNA

I don't know, Ethan. Sometimes people see what they want to see.

ETHAN

I mean, have you guys thought about how we ended up in here? Can you explain exactly what happened?

DOUG

Eminem's explained it so many times. The CO2 went up, you know, and the runaway greenhouse- damn it, I wish we could call Eminem right now.

ANNA

(getting excited)

Ooh, can I go? Okay, so we are in the middle of an extinction event. There have been several throughout history, so it's not unprecedented. You see, the Anthropocene epoch--

NANCY

Anna, why are you smiling right now? This is disturbing shit.

ANNA

Sorry. It's just I never get to use my PhD. Please let me have this.

ETHAN

But past extinctions took millions of years, ours happened so fast. What if there's more to this? All we do in here is turn to Eminem for everything. He even plans our days with non-stop distractions so we don't stop to question anything.

DOUG

Hold up. All I know is that earlier this year, a Super Storm the size of Canada was heading our way, so I got in my car and ended up here. Eminem didn't make that up.

ETHAN

Show of hands, who got in a self-driving car when the storm hit?

They all raise their hands. Ethan gives a knowing look.

NANCY

So Eminem picked specific people to come here? C'mon, we got lucky.

ETHAN

Was it luck? Isn't it weird how every race and sexual orientation's perfectly represented in here? Can't believe I'm saying this, but we need more straight white dudes!

NANCY

You complaining about diversity? In 2030? Better keep that to yourself.

ETHAN

And everyone here has oddly similar tastes and opinions. Like... how many of you love *Kung Fu Panda 12*?

ANNA

I mean it's the best.

NANCY

It's a perfect movie.

DOUG

Better than all eleven combined.

BILLY

What asshole's been talking shit about *Kung Fu Panda 12*?

ETHAN

No one is! That's my point! Do you not remember what Twitter was like?

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Half of us should think *Kung Fu Panda* is left-wing propaganda to curry favor with the Chinese! It's like we're in an actual echo chamber!

DOUG

Look, whatever's going on, Eminem's not trapping us. We can leave anytime. There's a god damn door. What's trapping us is that if we go outside, we die.

ETHAN

See, that's where you're wrong.

Ethan opens a closet to REVEAL a hazmat suit like in *10 Cloverfield Lane*. The earlier astronaut helmet being printed was the beginning of this suit.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I just finished printing this suit. I'm gonna go outside. And if anyone wants to join me, I can make more.

NANCY/ANNA

Oh you trippin./Um...

ETHAN

Doug. C'mon. You got my back, right?

DOUG

I don't know man. This is too much.

BILLY

I'm in. Gotta get out of here.

ETHAN

Are you still high? You're sweating like crazy.

BILLY

(tugs at shirt collar)

I just feel so trapped now--

There's a LOUD FRANTIC KNOCK at the door. They all freeze.

ETHAN

Quick, hide the suit.

FRANCES (O.S.)

I know you're up to something!

The gang rushes to hide the suit, blow out the candles and turn on the lights. Ethan opens the door. Frances now in a tank, barges in, revealing an intricate back tattoo of Frances and Stan getting married. Everyone reacts.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

What were you up to at the concert?
I'm good at reading energies, and
you all had very yellow auras.

ETHAN

Is that bad? I like yellow.

FRANCES

Yeah, it's bad. Like pee pee.
(looking around)
I heard you call Stan a liar, and I
will not have my Savior's name said
in vain.

ETHAN

Um, no we would never say... our
Savior's name in vain. 'Cause Stan
saved us. So he is our Savior. That
is also where are our heads be at.

As Frances snoops, Nancy, Anna and Doug try to play it cool.

FRANCES

Where's Billy?

Billy jumps out of the bedroom in the hazmat suit and helmet.
He shoves Frances and runs out the door, screaming.

ETHAN

Fuck.

EXT. SMART SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan, Doug, Nancy and Anna chase after Billy. Doug starts to
lag way behind. Nancy slows down and gives Doug a look.

DOUG

I never run anymore! You're all
freakishly fast!

Behind them, Frances talks to STAN, via smart contacts.

FRANCES

Stan, stop them! They're heading
for the exit!

STAN

Anyone is free to leave. However,
from a health standpoint, it would
not be wise.

Billy runs to a hatch door, like in *Lost/10 Cloverfield Lane*.

EXT. HATCH/BIO DOME - MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Ethan close in on Billy. Billy knocks over a rack of Happy Waters, causing Anna and Ethan to trip and fall. Nearby, STAN, in robotic form with clothes on, notices.

STAN

Oopsy daisy.

STAN picks up the waters. Anna gets up and helps Ethan up.

ANNA

Ethan, hurry! He's getting away!

Billy opens the hatch. Hazy gas floods in. Ethan and Anna cover their mouths. Billy exits and closes the hatch.

BILLY

(yells thru hatch window)
Ethan, I know you're mad at me
right now, but I think you'll be
happy to know your suit works! I
love you man! See you around!

Billy runs off but notices his suit melting off on his arms.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Ethan! You were wrong! I hate you!

Billy runs back to the hatch but falls. His suit and clothes melt off. His skin begins to peel. He writhes in pain.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Ahh! I don't hate you, Ethan! Help!

Ethan and Anna watch in horror from inside.

ETHAN

Shit, what do we do?

ANNA

We could throw him a Happy water?

STAN springs to the hatch, opens it and rushes out. He picks Billy up and brings him inside as he, badly burnt, convulses and pisses and shits himself. He calls out, shaking:

BILLY

Please look awaaaay!

EXT. MEDICAL WARD - LATER

The whole COMMUNITY including Ethan, Doug, Nancy, Anna and Frances wait outside the medical ward.

They watch on the smart-wall of the building as a VIDEO plays of STAN tending to Billy inside a futuristic medical machine.

DOUG

C'mon Stan, you can do it. I know
you can save him.

NANCY

Don't worry, hon. See, Stan put his
face back on.

ON VIDEO: the skin on Billy's face slides off revealing a
bloody mess. The crowd GASPS. A LONG BEEP as Billy's vitals
flatline. A beat. Stan steps out of the building.

STAN

I'm sorry to report Billy has
died... but here's a joke. A Jew and
a Hindu approach heaven's gates--

ETHAN

Stan, Stan, my bad. Decrease charm
by like a hundred percent when
delivering depressing news.

STAN

(depressed)

Cast your votes online for what
you'd like me to do with the body.
Or don't. I don't care. Whatever.

PEOPLE touch their smart contacts, eyes flickering, and type
mid-air. Ethan turns to Doug, Nancy and Anna, who also type.

ETHAN

This is all my fault.

NANCY/DOUG/ANNA

Uh yeah it is./Very much./Yes.

DOUG

Stan, we have to ask you, Ethan
found something in the footage--

STAN appears in front of Doug via his smart contacts.

ETHAN

Doug, stop talking.
(off Doug about to speak)
Stop or I'll tell Nancy about you
know what!

NANCY

(to Doug)

I'm gonna count to three...

DOUG

Babe, I'm sorry, but I've been
trying not to get you pregnant...
I've also developed a sexual fetish
I don't think you can satisfy. And--

ETHAN

Dude, I was only gonna mention the
pregnancy stuff.

NANCY

Gonna pretend I didn't hear that.
Let you come up with something else.

ANNA

Stan, there was something wrong
with Ethan's door in the footage.

STAN

One moment.

The drone footage APPEARS. It ZOOMS to Ethan's house. On the
ground is the door. It is RED. Ethan can't believe it. Ethan
takes out his Polaroid pictures. The door is red on them too.

ETHAN

I don't understand. It was blue.

STAN

Sometimes under highly stressful
situations, the human mind can play
tricks on one's perception.

ANNA

This is true. I knew that as well.

STAN

Shall I bring up any other footage?

ETHAN

Yes!

DOUG/NANCY/ANNA

It's okay./No./No thanks.

NANCY

Ethan, let it go. Our friend just
died.

DOUG

(looks up, sings solemnly)
"My tea's gone cold I'm wondering
why-i-i got out of bed at all..."
Rest in peace, Billy.

EXT. ETHAN'S PLACE - LATER

Ethan and Doug sit on the couch. Ethan's still in shock.

DOUG

I know this is messed up, but I'd rather it was Billy than you, man.

ETHAN

I really thought Stan was lying.

DOUG

Hey, we all wished Stan was lying. I'd love to have hope that there's life out there. My parents, my dog, my dealer... But we have to accept what happened and live our lives.

ETHAN

But is this even living? Everything's so perfect. Part of being human is struggling. Feeling like shit. Making mistakes.

DOUG

Bro. That's what used to make us human. We didn't struggle for the sake of struggling. You think I liked being an Uber driver slash Postmate slash whatever app I could sign up for? Once humans invented a machine to dig ditches, we stopped digging with our hands. Stan can struggle for us now, and we can just be, you know?

Ethan takes this in. He gets up and looks at his walkie-talkies and old school items on his shelves.

ETHAN

You don't miss the old world?

DOUG

Honestly? No. Remember how it felt going through Facebook? Every day the news got worse. Climate change, the refugee crisis. And so many idiots posting opinions non-stop. It felt like half the population was a different species.

ETHAN

Yeah, I remember. Those god damn election years.

DOUG

Exactly. We're lucky to have amazing friends around us. Nancy. Anna.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

I mean, yeah, it's crazy
coincidental that you and I, best
friends for two decades, both ended
up in here. But do you really want
to see that as some conspiracy
instead of being thankful?

ETHAN

I know. You're right. I guess this
was always the goal -- get rich
enough to retire, isolate yourself
from the masses and surround
yourself with like-minded people.

DOUG

Exactly. This bio dome is like the
ultimate gated community with no
homeowner's fees where if we leave,
we die. If it weren't for Stan,
we'd be dead like the rest of the
eight million people out there.

ETHAN

Billion. You mean eight billion.

DOUG

Whaaaaat? There were eight billion
people on Earth? Holy shit, that
was way too many.

Ethan laughs. Doug gets up, puts hand on Ethan's shoulder.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I gotta get back to Nancy but I
love you man. Stop overthinking
everything. Stop searching for the
perfect porn and just jerk off.

ETHAN

I regret telling you about that.

DOUG

Promise me we're done with these
conspiracy theories, okay?

ETHAN

Yeah, I promise. And sorry I outed
you with Nancy.

DOUG

Nancy and I are fine. Even though I
was super high when I said it, I
think maybe I do want a kid. It'd
be kinda cool to have the first
baby born here.

ETHAN

Good for you, man. You'd be an amazing dad.

Doug smiles and exits. A beat. Ethan looks around his room.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

He's right. I'm overanalyzing. Enjoy the present.

He looks at his old glasses on the ground and picks them up to put back in its box. A beat. He puts them on. FROM ETHAN'S POV: he scrolls thru THUMBNAILS to a VIDEO from "07/28/2027."

START VIDEO: Ophelia in a car INTERCUT with Ethan in bed.

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)

I'm on my way home. What do you want for dinner?

ETHAN (ON VIDEO)

I don't know. You pick.

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)

I always pick, can you pick for once?

ETHAN (ON VIDEO)

I'll just have Yelp decide for us.

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)

No! Ethan, listen to me. This is important. Things are going to change really quickly in the next few years. Like way too fast. We have to remember how to be human, okay? Here, on the count of three, we both blurt something out, ready? I don't think you're ready. Look into my eyes so we're on the same frequency. God, you're handsome. Okay, one, two, three--

ETHAN/OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)

Sushi!

ETHAN (ON VIDEO)

Oh my god, we're amazing!

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)

Yes! I love you!

They both laugh. Ophelia smooches the lens. These two were very much in love. Ethan takes off the glasses without pausing, and the VIDEO continues playing onto the ground.

ETHAN

Why do I feel like you're still out there?

FROM VIDEO PLAYING ON GROUND:

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO)

So today, we got our robots to sweat! It makes them look so human. And the sweat is liquid coolant, so the more it's processing, the more it sweats to cool down! Like when your laptop fan turns on when too many applications are running. Problem is sometimes it sweats a lot, but we're going to fix that...

Ethan looks over at the VIDEO being projected on the ground. He slowly puts the glasses back on.

REWIND VIDEO AND PLAY:

OPHELIA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)

...sometimes it sweats a lot.

FLASHBACK TO:

-- Billy outside the Creation Station, sweaty.

-- Billy at the concert, very sweaty.

-- Billy in Ethan's living room, super sweaty.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Ethan sits, mouth agape.

EXT. SMART SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Ethan creeps through the quiet bio dome in all black. Over his face, he wears a CELINE DION MASK he printed out.

EXT. BILLY'S TOMBSTONE - LATER

Ethan stands at a SMART TOMBSTONE displaying moments from Billy's life like a screensaver. Ethan's dug up Billy's casket and runs his hands over Billy's corpse.

ETHAN

Oh dear god.

He presses Billy's belly-button. Nothing. He then puts his hands into an open incision and pulls Billy's skin apart. Ethan puts his hands inside Billy's corpse.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Nope. You're human. You're very very human.

Ethan closes his eyes and shoves his hand into Billy's head. Real disgusting. Ethan throws up a little, but swallows it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Mother fuck, this is not worth it.
(eyes suddenly go wide)
Holy shit. Holy shit, holy shit.

He rips apart Billy's brain. A beat. Ethan lifts his hand which holds a COMPUTER CHIP.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
What in the actual fuck.

FADE MUSIC UP: "Hellifornia" by Gesaffelstein.

EXT. SMART SIDEWALK - NEXT MORNING

The frantic beats of the track build like they were Ethan's heartbeat as Ethan walks with Doug, Nancy and Anna. They pass by Billy's tombstone, which has been put back to normal.

DOUG
We should go to a Creation Station
and revisit pre-Lewinsky Bill
Clinton era.

NANCY
Anna and I've already tried that.

ANNA
Doesn't hold up.

The track gets LOUDER as Ethan looks around paranoid at PASSERBYS. Who else in the dome is AI? CLOSE ON Anna's face, on Nancy's, a beat longer on Doug's. Could they be AI too?

STAN (O.S.)
Good morning.

They turn to see STAN waving and approaching.

DOUG/NANCY/ANNA
Stan the man!/Good morning./Hello.

Ethan looks at STAN. CLOSE ON STAN's creepy smile. He seems to be staring right back at Ethan. Does he know?

STAN
Ready for a razzle-dazzle day Ethan?

Off Ethan's horrified face, the music crescendos and as the chorus hits, we **CUT TO BLACK**.

END CREDITS