

2084

A Limited Series for Television

written by

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Based on the novel by Árpád Váczi

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TREATMENT: 2084

Genre: Dystopian Sci-Fi / Political Thriller

Format: Limited Series

LOGLINE: In a world where AI prevents you from leaving your home until you accept your predetermined fate, a brilliant young coder discovers that the global surveillance system he is perfecting isn't designed for order—but for the systematic liquidation of humanity.

1. THE WORLD & TONE

Set after a global "Great Collapse," humanity is confined to a dozen "Mega-Cities," each housing 40 million people, all under the absolute control of a single Global Government. The population is stabilized at 400 million following a manufactured viral outbreak that caused near-universal infertility—a condition only reversible through government-sanctioned medical intervention. The atmosphere is **"Sanitized Terror."**

2. CORE TECHNOLOGY: THE "TIME MACHINE OF GUILT"

The central engine of oppression is the **Dynamic Circuit AI Hardware**. It is not merely a surveillance tool, it is a "Time Machine of Guilt."

Digital Archaeology: The AI reconstructs a person's entire life from fragmented digital remains (emails, cloud photos, security feeds) dating as far back as the 2020s.

Predictive Moral Analysis: By analyzing decades-old facial expressions and emotional patterns through high-frequency simulations, the system "proves" subconscious intent.

No Expiration on Sin: Citizens are executed for "crimes" they didn't know they committed, based on data they thought was deleted a lifetime ago.

3. PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

STEPHEN EGEL (Protagonist): A naive engineer tasked with leading the team to perfect the Government's AI.

LESLIE ARDEN (Antagonist): The Head of Secret Services. A sociopath who views unproductivity as a capital offense.

THE MAINTENANCE MAN (The Master): A grey, elderly man in Arden's castle who appears in Stephen's dreams as a mystical mentor.

ADMIRAL PHILIP DUCAUX: Commander of the Space Station who leads a rogue fleet to the wandering planet, Titan.

4. NARRATIVE ARC

ACT I: THE GOLDEN CAGE Stephen lives in a government-gifted luxury apartment, but it is a prison. When he reacts to his aunt's forced euthanasia, the Home AI locks him in.

He is recruited by Leslie Arden to finalize the "**Legacy AI**"—the interface for the "Time Machine of Guilt." In orbit, resistance forms as Admiral Ducaux realizes Arden is planning a coup.

ACT II: THE BREAKOUT During a gala on the 10km-long Space Station, Arden executes the President. Ducaux escapes with "The ARK" to Titan. On Earth, Arden declares martial law. Stephen, realizing he is the next target, performs a death-defying escape, leaping from a skyscraper to vanish into the desert. Guided by the Master, he eventually finds a way to Titan.

ACT III: THE TITAN CONFRONTATION Titan is a utopia, but Arden's fleet arrives to destroy it. Arden prepares the "Final Solution"—a global command for the AI to liquidate all 400 million residents on Earth. In the climax, the Master sacrifices his life to save Stephen and offer grace to Arden. The execution is aborted. Humanity is saved, not by a machine, but by a choice.

5. THEMATIC FOCUS

The story explores the idea that AI is merely a mirror of its creator. It is a cautionary tale about the loss of privacy, but ultimately a hopeful story about the "**undigitalizable**" nature of the human spirit.

PILOT "THE GOLDEN CAGE"**INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

STEPHEN EGEL (26, sharp features, eyes clouded by exhaustion) sits at his desk. Sweat slicks his forehead. His neck veins bulge.

The camera pulls back.

His left arm is flat on the glass desk. In his right hand: a jagged PAPER KNIFE. He digs the blade an inch deep into his inner elbow. Blood trickles.

Stephen winces, teeth gritted, as he fishes for something inside the wound. He pulls out a MICROCHIP-half a centimeter wide with three hair-thin antennas.

STEPHEN
(a pained rasp)
Dammit!

He glances at the desk. The surface is a GLOWING MONITOR. Lines of code flicker like ghosts. Above it, a massive holographic display shows the building's security feed.

The elevator. Inside, a TACTICAL TEAM in jet-black gear. Leading them: SERGEANT CASSEL (50s, stone-faced, bald).

Stephen grabs a roll of office tape. He frantically wraps it around his bleeding arm.

He pulls a translucent PLASTIC CARD from his overalls and slides it directly into the desk's surface it sinks in like it's piercing gelatin.

Red warnings flash on the desk: **FIREWALL DISABLED**. Then, the screen turns calm blue.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Elevators... stop.

ON THE SECURITY FEED: The elevator freezes mid-floor. The tactical team looks around, confused.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

A needle-thin skyscraper, 1000 meters high. The "GLOBAL PROTECTION BUREAU."

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stephen's fingers fly across a virtual keyboard. Behind him, the floor-to-ceiling window vibrates. A blue force field-the "storm shield"-begins to hum violently. The glass shatters inward.

STEPHEN

Got it.

He pulls his card out. The lights die. The entire district goes dark.

Stephen kicks open a cabinet. He tears through boxes, finding a HIDDEN BACKPACK and a protective suit. He strips off his uniform, pulling on the sleek AERODYNAMIC GEAR. He snaps on a FLIGHT HELMET.

His breathing becomes heavy, rhythmic-like a scuba diver. He steps into the empty window frame, glass crunching under his boots. He looks down at the abyss.

And LEAPS.

TITLE CARD: 2084 SUB-TITLE: A UTOPIA OF THE 21ST CENTURY
CAPTION: TWO YEARS EARLIER...

EXT. TRANSPORT HUB - DAY

A massive 1000-meter tower. The middle section is a chaotic hive of TRANSPARENT PODS moving on rails.

Stephen sits in a pod, leaning his head against the glass. He looks depressed, staring at the sterile mega-city.

INT. STEPHEN'S APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Luxury. High-end. A ROBOTIC ARM glides along a ceiling track, carrying a tray with a cappuccino.

Stephen is on the balcony, arguing with a HOLOGRAM of AUNT IVE (90).

STEPHEN

Come on, Ive! You're healthy. Why would you request euthanasia?

AUNT IVE

No drama, Stephen. I've made my choice.

The hologram vanishes. Stephen, frustrated, swings his hand, knocking the coffee tray out of the robot's grip. The cup hits a translucent FORCE FIELD at the balcony's edge and shatters on the floor.

INT. STEPHEN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The robot arm has swapped its hand for a vacuum, cleaning the mess. Another arm arrives with a new tray: a coffee, a glass of water, and a WHITE PILL.

HOME AI (V.O.)
I cannot allow you to leave in this
agitated state, Stephen. Please
take the sedative.

STEPHEN
In your dreams.

Stephen tries the front door. It beeps. A RED LIGHT rings the handle. LOCKED.

HOME AI (V.O.)
Your safety is paramount. Take the
pill.

Stephen stares at the door. He's trapped in his own luxury. He sighs, takes the pill, and swallows it. The door clicks open.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

A gray, sterile block. Stephen enters AUNT IVE'S room. It's "retro"-wooden floors, real books on a shelf, and a mechanical clock on the wall.

AUNT IVE hugs him. She notices the FIVE STARS on his shoulder pads.

AUNT IVE
How old are you now? A thousand
years since I saw you last.

STEPHEN
Twenty-four. I just finished my AI
Master's.

AUNT IVE
Six years at the University...
(touching his stars)
You worked hard for these. You
deserve the elite status.

STEPHEN

Yeah. The Elite Club. It was tough.
But you should see the apartment
they gave me for it!

He smiles, a flash of genuine pride.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

And the best part? I don't even
have to start work until
September...

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Stephen paces the small room. He stops at the bookshelf.

STEPHEN

This is a fortune, Ive. Why don't
you turn these over to the
government? You'd get a better
assignment. Maybe even move closer
to me.

AUNT IVE

And lose my memory? No. These
books... they are the only things
left with the taste of freedom.

Stephen glances nervously at the CAMERA embedded in the
mechanical wall clock. He quickly shoves the book back onto
the shelf.

AUNT IVE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, star-shine. I'm
closing shop soon anyway. Let them
watch.

INT. AQUA-PARK - AFTERNOON

A "water pyramid" suspended in the air, 1000 meters above the
ground. STEPHEN and MICHELE (26, athletic, sharp eyes) stand
at the edge of a slide that drops into the abyss.

MICHELE

I can't do this.

STEPHEN

(grins, adjusting his
high-tech goggles)
Yes, you can. Trust the gravity.

Stephen LEAPS. He plunges 300 meters through a transparent tube, splashing into a lounge pool surrounded by shopping malls. Michele follows, emerging from the water like a movie star, shaking her hair back. Stephen is mesmerized.

INT. CAFE - LATER

They sit with drinks. Michele looks at him, her expression turning professional.

MICHELE

I had my Psychological Review
yesterday.

STEPHEN

And? Are you nervous about your
placement?

MICHELE

Not really. My specialty is
behavioral algorithms—software that
detects human emotion.

STEPHEN

(a dry laugh)
Maybe you should check my Home AI.
It went haywire today. Refused to
let me out until I took a sedative.

MICHELE

(shrugs)
It's probably just a matrix error.
Or maybe... you actually needed it.
You should email the manufacturer.

EXT. STEPHEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Stephen leans into the RETINA SCANNER at his door.

STEPHEN Wait until you see a five-star view.

The door BEEPS. A cold, synthetic voice speaks:

DOOR VOICE

Authorized personnel are inside.
Official proceedings in progress.

INT. STEPHEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Stephen and Michele freeze. In the center of the luxury living room stands SERGEANT CASSEL and his tactical team.

Behind them, on the balcony, a pale, nervous man in a suit - MIHAIL JASZCZUK - is on the phone.

CASSEL
(to Michele)
You are not required here, Miss
Prescatore. Leave. Now.

Michele exits without a word. Stephen stands there in his swim shorts and flip-flops, holding a "YOGA BOOK" he borrowed from Aunt Ive.

CASSEL (CONT'D)
We're here because of an illegal
artifact.

STEPHEN
The AI sedative? I can explain!

CASSEL
(pointing to the book)
That. The transport security system
flagged it the moment you stepped
onto the mag-lev.

JASZCZUK steps inside from the balcony, a predatory smile on his face.

JASZCZUK
Stephen Egel. A rising star in AI
programming... carrying a banned
text? This book contains "terrorist
philosophies."

STEPHEN
It's a yoga book! It's about
breathing!

JASZCZUK
(leaning in, whispering)
It's about control, Stephen. And
only the State provides that.

Jaszczuk takes the book. His tone turns dangerously sweet.

JASZCZUK (CONT'D)
Your aunt's euthanasia request has
been suspended. She will be kept
alive for "investigative purposes."
The building's security will ensure
she doesn't do anything... rash. If
we want to, we can keep her
breathing for 150 years. In a cell.

Stephen's face goes pale. The world he loved just became a cage.

INT. SPACE ELEVATOR TERMINAL - DAY

A cavernous hall, humming with the sound of high-voltage energy. This is not an airport, but a gateway to the stars.

Through massive reinforced glass, TWENTY CABLES - each the thickness of a human finger - stretch 40,000 kilometers into the white sky. TRANSPORT PODS, powered by their own plasma engines, cling to the cables like mechanical beetles.

ISAC HOWARD (65, charismatic, sharp features, wearing a white lab coat over a tailored shirt) sits in the lounge. He drinks coffee and smokes a cigar, exhaling thick clouds of blue smoke with visible pleasure.

JOHN KELLY (20s, athletic, eager) approaches. He offers a playful salute.

JOHN KELLY

Cadet John Kelly reporting for duty, sir!

Isac stares for a moment, his mind catching up. Recognition hits. He leaps to his feet, a genuine smile breaking across his face.

ISAC HOWARD

John! Hello, son. Duty-free Cuban cigar? Though they're neither duty-free nor Cuban - since neither of those things technically exist anymore - but that's beside the point.

John accepts the cigar and starts puffing with relish.

ISAC HOWARD (CONT'D)

And what brings you to this neck of the woods?

JOHN KELLY

(pointing upward)

I applied for a pilot position on the ARK. I'm stationed at the Space Station now. Training with a hundred others for a specific slot. I'm hoping I don't just stay in training - I want to be in the actual program!

ISAC HOWARD

You're a talented kid, John. You'll get in. Actually, come to think of it, I might be able to get you one step closer to that dream.

JOHN KELLY

Really?

ISAC HOWARD

We're finalizing my plasma engines on the ARK soon. Ground testing is underway for the first two. Once we're done, we start manufacturing the rest. Ten engines in two years. If I get you into the flight test program, your chances of becoming a final pilot go through the roof.

JOHN KELLY

That would be massive!

ISAC HOWARD

Steady now. The Admiral makes the final call, and that's a tough circle to break into. They have their own people.

They step into the elevator pod.

INT. SPACE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The pod LURCHES. It accelerates upward at 1G. Outside, the red desert floor falls away. Halfway up, the pod rotates 180 degrees, the artificial gravity shifting as it begins to decelerate.

JOHN KELLY

What do you really think about the Ark, Professor? Is it truly the savior of humanity?

ISAC HOWARD

(disillusioned)

I don't believe in anything anymore, son. All I believe is that those engines need to be ready on time. The rest is for the politicians. All I care about is that when I retire at eighty, I won't have to live in a state home. I'll have my own house, my own land, and staff to care for it.

(MORE)

ISAC HOWARD (CONT'D)
When you're my age, and if you've
climbed high enough, that's all
that will matter to you, too.

JOHN KELLY
I still think it's a big deal to be
part of this! Humanity will be
saved.

ISAC HOWARD
Saved? From what? From itself?
You're naive, John. Very naive.

JOHN KELLY
It's not our fault the population
collapsed because of the virus!

ISAC HOWARD
I know. And it's not our fault that
500 million people are wandering in
barbarism outside the city limits.
We give them food, which seems
noble, but I think we're just
prolonging their agony.

EXT. SPACE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The elevator cables plug into a MASSIVE HULL. The SPACE STATION is a cylinder, 10 kilometers long, rotating slowly to create gravity.

The ARK is docked alongside it. It's a 1 kilometer long skeleton of steel and modules. It has no engines yet. Only a bridge and a rotating crew quarter. It looks like a work in progress - 30% complete.

INT. ADMIRAL'S QUARTERS - DAY

A room that shouldn't exist in space: Hand-carved wood paneling, heavy leather armchairs, a solid oak desk.

The FLOOR is transparent. Below Isac's feet, the Earth and the void of space swirl as the station rotates.

ADMIRAL PHILIP DUCAUX (bald, heavy-set, formidable) sits behind the desk. In the shadows behind him stands MIHAIL JASZCZUK.

Isac Howard sits opposite the Admiral, looking nervously at the spinning cosmos beneath his boots.

ISAC HOWARD
 Philip... can't we do something
 about this?
 (pointing at the floor)

PHILIP DUCAUX
 Of course.

Ducaux turns an antique knob on his desk. The floor opagues
 into DARK MARBLE.

PHILIP DUCAUX (CONT'D)
 This gentleman behind me is Mihail
 Jaszczuk. Intelligence Consultant.

Mihail steps out of the shadows. His eyes are dark, but his
 voice is sickeningly sweet.

MIHAIL JASZCZUK
 Professor Howard, allow me to
 introduce myself. I oversee the
 Bureau of Space Research.

ISAC HOWARD
 (shaking hands)
 A pleasure.

Mihail SITS ON THE DESK, right in front of Isac, physically
 blocking the Admiral from view.

MIHAIL JASZCZUK
 You see, we are worried about
 deadlines. My old friend Admiral
 Ducaux
 (Ducaux rolls his eyes)
 assured me there won't be a
 problem. I've personally guaranteed
 the Prime Minister that everything
 will be on time. Can you build
 those engines?

Isac stands up nervously, pushing his chair back.

ISAC HOWARD
 There won't be a problem. We'll
 build them.

MIHAIL JASZCZUK
 Sit down, Professor. Don't be
 tense.

Mihail stands up, grips Isac's arm, and firmly "helps" him
 back into the chair. Mihail starts pacing the room, towering
 over the sitting Professor.

MIHAIL JASZCZUK (CONT'D)
 We've created a new kind of
 supercomputer. Built on the model
 of human thought. The most advanced
 AI in history. That is why I am
 here.

ISAC HOWARD
 I see.

MIHAIL JASZCZUK
 (SCREAMING))
 NO! I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE THE
 FAINTEST CLUE WHAT I'M TALKING
 ABOUT! YOUR ENTIRE WORK IS A PILE
 OF SHIT IF YOU DON'T PAY ATTENTION
 TO WHAT I AM SAYING!

Isac visibly withers. Ducaux puts his head in his hands.

ISAC HOWARD
 (voice cracking))
 I'm listening.

MIHAIL JASZCZUK
 Your systems must be compatible
 with our supercomputer's
 supervision. We are developing a
 software package that you will
 install on the engine hardware. The
 AI must be the ultimate boss. It
 must be able to override your
 central computer and control the
 engines directly.

ISAC HOWARD
 So... your machine won't just send
 occasional commands. It wants to
 bypass our central computer and
 take total control.

MIHAIL JASZCZUK
 (calmly)
 If necessary.

Isac looks at Ducaux. The Admiral doesn't meet his eyes.

ISAC HOWARD
 In that case, I don't need one man
 for this. I need a whole
 department. Hundreds of people. We
 have a unique OS. We'll need a
 brand new communication platform.
 (MORE)

ISAC HOWARD (CONT'D)

If I get the support... we can do
it.

MIHAIL JASZCZUK

Don't worry, Professor. You'll get
your people.

Mihail leaves without another word. Isac looks at Philip
Ducaux, but the Admiral only shakes his head in silence.

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