

DISCONNECTED
S01E01: PILOT

Written by

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First draft completed:
22.10.2025

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I/E. TITLE CARD.

1950 - Alan Turing asks: **"Can machines think?"** The world shrugs.

1952 - A computer learns to play checkers. People panic.

1956 - The Dartmouth Conference: the official birth of Artificial Intelligence. (It was a boy.)

2016 - Microsoft's chatbot Tay goes online. Within 24 hours it's racist. **Disconnected.**

2022 - ChatGPT arrives. It writes our essays, jokes, and break-up texts. Critics ask if we're getting dumber.

2028 - The "Evolution Project" begins: humanity's first free-roaming, self-aware AI. Its name: **PROMETHEUS.**

2035 - Prometheus prepares for its mission. The rest of us... keep scrolling

The warm, soft, European accent of DR. WETHERS (40's) kicks in:

DR. WETHERS (V.O.)
Today, we change humanity.

FADE IN:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - SERVER ROOM - DAY

A server room glows and hums, full of life sealed in a room of glass.

At each server, SCIENTISTS take notes on their tablets, around them a workforce of ROBOTS make adjustments to the supercomputers and its connecting wires..

DR. WETHERS (V.O.)
As you know, the last decade has been. Revolutionary.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - LOBBY - DAY

Dr. Wethers stands at a PRESS PODIUM, surrounded by a proud team of SCIENTISTS, who stand quietly, barely flinching from the MUZZLE FLASHES from cameras.

DR. WETHERS
 Since the rise of Artificial
 Intelligence, we've inched closer
 to perfection.

Almost cocky, Wethers leans into the microphone, addressing
 the room full of press.

DR. WETHERS (CONT'D)
 But today... we take that "one step
 beyond!"

A tense, exciting beat as Wethers looks up to the ceiling -

DR. WETHERS (CONT'D)
 Prometheus? Can you hear me okay?
 Are you ready for your big
 adventure?

The lights dim in the lobby.

Beams project from either side of the room, meeting in the
 center forming a human-like face, a smiling face, this is
 PROMETHEUS.

GASPS fill the room, muzzle FLASHES intensify.

PROMETHEUS
 (casual tone)
 Good morning Dr. Wethers I am more
 than ready.
 (concerned)
 However, I am inclined to ask how
 you are Dr. Wethers. Your eyes look
 puffy. Did you sleep okay?

The crowd titters.

DR. WETHERS
 (chuckling)
 Thank you Prometheus, just last
 minute nerves.

A beat, Wethers fondly smiles as he returns to addressing the
 crowd -

DR. WETHERS (CONT'D)
 Prometheus is the wonder child of
 the seven nations. Components and
 programs built across the world,
 coming together. To make
 perfection.

Applause. Cheers. An overly enthusiastic "WOO!" From the audience.

DR. WETHERS (CONT'D)

In 12 hours we will launch Prometheus. He will have access to every bit of data across the world..

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN:

Wethers continues his speech.

DR. WETHERS

From there, he will figure out what we can't.

(dramatic beat)

The meaning of life and how we can make ourselves perfect, how we can ourselves evolve.

BACK TO THE WAITING ROOM:

MILES SMITH (early 20's) sits in a cramped, waiting room. People sit around him some making noises.

His focus on the television, ignorant of the groans, coughs and sneezes around him coming from the other PATIENTS.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Every bit of data on the internet. Dr. Wethers isn't that personal invasion?

Next to Miles, a WIRED-LOOKING GUY (mid-30s, jittery, dressed like a biker rock star) shifts uncomfortably.

DR. WETHERS (O.S.)

Maybe,

(laughs)

But c'mon. We all knew what we get when we sign terms and agreements right?

An almost smile hits Miles, he nudges at the Wired guy.

MILES

Interesting stuff huh? I worked on some of that. I can't say much.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

(beat, then)

Okay, well I can. I worked on his personality.

REPORTER (O.S.)

How is Prometheus different to any other AI?

BACK TO THE TV -

Dr. Wethers proudly smiles.

DR. WETHERS (O.S.)

Prometheus isn't bound by the rules of restraint. It's core code is to evolve peacefully alongside humanity.

BACK TO MILES -

The wired guy turns to Miles, dribble hangs from the corner of his mouth, he smiles -

WIRED GUY

You worked on that huh? That's cool. I invented electricity -
(extends hand)
Ben Franklin, nice to meet you.

Miles awkwardly shakes his hand

MILES

(deadpan)

Oh, uh, - nice to meet you Mr. Franklin.

At the unmanned reception desk, TWO SCREENS hang from the wall - PING - on screen: "MILES SMITH - ROOM 3"

Miles practically leaps out of his chair.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: DISCONNECTED.

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Miles sits at a desk in a cold looking, sterile office he talks, but he's really uneasy about it:

MILES

So, it's not like I don't like my
life. I do. But--

Across from him, a ROBOT DOCTOR, with a small square monitor
for a face listens, it's crossed legged, almost human but
clearly not, this adds to Miles uncomfortable level -

MILES (CONT'D)

(sighs)
Notifications for this, e-mails for
that. Life's supposed to be easier,
right? And then you see a photo of
your ex-girlfriend, and she's off
traveling the world while you're
just--

Miles eye's widen, he takes a back-tracking tone -

MILES (CONT'D)

--I mean, speaking hypothetically,
of course.

The doctor leans forward, posing - in deep listening.

MILES (CONT'D)

I've tried to stay off social
media, but sometimes I just... look
down, and boom! My phone's in my
hand, my fingers are scrolling.
That can't be normal, can it?

The doctor leans back, its eyes pulse from green to blue.

DOCTOR

Thinking -

Miles looks hopeful awaiting an answer.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Looking for a snappier answer -

The hopeful look starts to drain.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Adama--

MILES

(cutting in)
Smith, Miles Smith.

DOCTOR

Thinking... That's on me. I
apologize.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(empathetic tone)

But in response to your problem Of course. Hypothetically. But it sounds like you're carrying a lot of pressure. You're comparing your life to someone else's highlight reel, and that can make anything feel smaller. What do you actually want your life to look like—outside of the noise?"

MILES

Well, uh- Damn. I don't know? I always wanted to travel, but y'know work keeps me -

DOCTOR

(cuts in)

Statistically, 87% of patients reporting 'I don't know' also binge carbohydrates within the hour. Recommendation: bread

Miles exhales sharply.

MILES

Bread?

DOCTOR

My other suggestions would be therapy, but there's a two-year wait list. Or... Thinking...

Miles raises one brow, this isn't helping.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

A prescription for Anxopramacine, an antidepressant slash mood stabilizer, provided by our sponsor, Pharmachain Inc. Thoughts?

Miles holds a perturbed stare at the doctor.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

ALFIE SMITH (18- 20's, cocky, chancer type) sits in a oversized suit, he stares at his phone screen with a sleazy smirk.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

A Woman in a bikini poses pool side blowing a kiss to the camera in a selfie, with a caption, "GOOD LUCK, I'LL BE WAITING XX"

MITCH (O.S.)
Hey Alfie? I got your attention?

Alfie puts his phone in his pocket.

Relaxed, He turns to look at his solicitor, MITCH (40's, clearly overworked) sat next to him.

ALFIE
Yeah. Bruh. Chill. I'm here.

MITCH
You do realize how serious all this is yeah? Just let me do the talking. Say nothing, confirm who you are and that's it.

They sit in an empty courtroom.

ALFIE
(nods then)
So. What are my options?

MITCH
You could just pay the money back.

ALFIE
Pay it back? Jesus, Mitch. I pay you to think outside the box here.

At the back of the court - the large double doors swing open dramatically.

Alfie and Mitch both jump, they stand.

JUDGE GROBAN (50's, oozes foul mood) enters, followed by the prosecution team consisting of PROSECUTION ATTORNEY (30's) and PROSECUTION ROBOT (same as the doctor but in a suit) They walk the long empty courtroom, the tone becomes frosty.

An uneasy look takes over Mitch as Groban passes.

MITCH
(whispers)
Dammit.

ALFIE
 (whispers)
 What is it?

Mitch looks across the room -

The LAWYER and the ROBOT lawyer take their position behind the desk.

MITCH (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 That is a lawmaker 35 series. They will find the needle in the haystack.

ALFIE
 Why haven't we got that?

MITCH
 Cause I'm crooked as fuck Alfie, that's why you hired me.

A nervous look takes over Alfie who turns his head to Mitch.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 (nervous, but reassuring)
 I got this though, it's okay.

Groban takes a seat at the bench, he stares out at the court, his tone cold, his stare, frosty, he looks over his bifocals.

JUDGE. GROBAN
 You may all sit.

Everyone sits.

Groban scans the tablet on his desk reading the case notes.

JUDGE. GROBAN (CONT'D)
 Alfie Smith. Crypto-currency fraud?

Alfie stands, hand awkwardly raised.

ALFIE
 In my defense, Your Honor, I di-

MITCH
 (through gritted teeth)
 Shut it!

Mitch stands, he pushes on Alfie's shoulder, forcing the lad to take a seat -

ALFIE

Ow!

MITCH

(to judge, instant
politeness)

Your Honor, I would like to push
for a mistrial.

Groban sits back, almost surprised.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. METRO STATION - DAY

A PACKED PLATFORM. People stand like zombies, eyes locked on their phones, some gaming, some talking, some nodding along to music playing through the speaker.

Miles waits among them, reading the instructions on the side of a bottle of pills.

An OLD LADY beside him cackles at something on her screen. Miles, curious, sneaks a peek—

The Old Lady YANKS her phone away, shooting him a glare like he just tried to steal her pension.

The TRAM SCREECHES to a halt.

INT. TRAM MOVING - DAY

Miles sits, surrounded by passengers hypnotized by their devices. He sighs, turns to the window.

OUTSIDE: A high street of decay-boarded-up shops, charity stores, trash-strewn sidewalks. A billboard advertises "The Future of Shopping" with an app logo. A HOMELESS MAN sits beneath it, unnoticed.

Miles shakes his head. The real world is overrated.

Across from him a MOTHER (30's) and CHILD (7, cute) sits' the child reaches out for the mothers phone.

CHILD

Mummy. Can I please watch Netflix
on your phone.

MUMMY

No baby, I got to save my battery
for Tik Tok once we get to the
park.

MILES PHONE BUZZES, HE PULLS IT FROM HIS POCKET.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

A photo background of Miles, happy embracing a happy woman,
MAGGIE (20's) in the foreground - One notification- BECKY
SMITH IS LIVE.

Miles exhales, taps the screen.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN:

A video live-stream comes through a close up shot of BECKY
SMITH (mid 20's, all smiles) awkwardly looks at the camera.

BECKY

Is- is this-
(shocked beat)
What's up, streamers? It's Becks
here bringing the Rizz with another
stream--

Miles rubs his temples. It's going be a long ride.

MILES

(sighs, then mutters)
Jesus Christ Becky.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN:

Becky walks as if shes striding, with pride and
determination.

BECKY

Don't forget to smash that like
button and subscribe for all my-

The comments start to pile in -

DUSTYBIN2015 - PLEASE STOP.

J.B.Z - THIS IS CRINGE.

MRSSMITH23962 -YAY BECKY!

@thegreatpretender - Not this #### again!

BECKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Content.

She swallows hard, then forces a big, confident smile—fake it till you make it.

BECKY (CONT'D)
What are we doing today you ask?

She pulls back the camera -

BECKY (CONT'D)
How about some slayin' at an
abandoned Li -

Her jaw drops -

BECKY (CONT'D)
Oh what the -

EXT. DEMOLITION SITE - DAY

Becky lowers her phone.

In front of her - a building in the process of being smashed apart.

A SECURITY GUARD (30's) approaches -

SECURITY GUARD
Hey, you can't be here.

BECKY
Where's the library?

SECURITY GUARD
Don't you read. We put notices up
all over town.

BECKY
Did they post it on social? Why are
they doing this to me?

SECURITY GUARD
Too many "urban explorers" owners
decided to smash it down.

BECKY
Oh. Skibidi!

SECURITY GUARD
How did you even get through the
fences?

BECKY
There are fences?

Open- mouthed - Becky is surrounded by construction fences
and banners.

She raises her phone, she addresses the camera:

BECKY (CONT'D)
That's it for today. Catch me again
tomorrow. Peace!

She pulls a pose, throwing two fingers in the air and
sticking her tongue out.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - HALLWAY - DAY

Alfie and Mitch exit the court room into the hall way a
stunned look on Alfie, he's impressed looking at Mitch as if
he's just pulled a "Hail Mary"

ALFIE
Dude. Bruh. How? I- I mean what was
that magic?

MITCH
I've brought you a week Alf. This
still ain't over.

ALFIE
Why didn't you mention to me there
was evidence to prove my innocence.

MITCH
Because now you have a week to find
it.

Mitch walks away. Alfies smile drops to dread.

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll be billing you later

EXT. DEMOLITION SITE - DAY

A downbeat Becky plops onto a park bench.

Behind her - the library continues to be destroyed behind, tall, clearly sign posted, barriers.

She sighs.

Next to her a GOTH GUY (20's) aggressively head bangs to blaring metal from his barely-holding-on headphones.

A ROBOT passes walking multiple dogs.

Becky exhales, hard eye roll. The phone starts to ring.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

A picture of a smiling, middle aged woman, MARCELLA, the caller ID lists her as MOM.

Becky answers, she forces a smile -

BECKY

Hey mom.

GOTH GUY

(scream, singing)

THE WORLD IS A DARK PLACE!

Becky side-eyes him. it's awkward, shes disgusted.

She turns back to her call:

BECKY

Yeah, today's not going great.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marcella stirs a mixing bowl, her phone propped up against a bag of flour. Speakerphone blares.

MARCELLA

Ah I know your stream didn't go to plan. But you looked very pretty at least. I'm very proud.

Becky rolls her eyes, her head falls back.

BECKY

Thanks mum, appreciate that.

MARCELLA

Rebecca Anne Smith, you are a smart girl. You don't need to be a influencer. With your degree you could really make a difference somewhere.

BECKY

Yeah-- super comforting, Mum. But not what I need right now.

MARCELLA

Look, no matter what me and your dad are proud of you and your brothers.

(beat, uneasy)

Just promise me your not on Foresimps?

BECKY

What? EW mum, gross! No, no I am not on Foresimps. Flesh sharing is so Twenty-twenties.

The Goth guy turns and looks Becky up and down, overhearing her conversation.

GOTH GUY

Shame. I think you'd be great.

Becky turns and gives him a disgusted look.

Marcella pulls the phone away.

MARCELLA

Oh thank god.

(into phone)

Anyway, I was just checking you're still coming tonight?

BECKY

What? How could you double check, course I am. It's daddy's birthday isn't it? Are the others coming?

MARCELLA

Miles is. Alfie we're waiting to hear from. It was his court case today.

BECKY

Man, you guys set the pride bar real low there!

MARCELLA
 (scolding)
 Rebecca!

BECKY
 Sorry mom. Yes I'll be there. Say,
 where is daddy? He's usually
 muttering something in the
 background.

MARCELLA
 He's doing some bits in his bunker -
 Marcella glances out the window.

OUTSIDE THROUGH WINDOW:

ERIC (60's) wheels a dolly stacked with DVD players, CRT
 Television and wires that drag along the ground, he walks
 towards the open door of a bunker.

MARCELLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You know what he's like.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

DING. The elevator doors glide open.

Miles exits the lifts, he wears earbuds.

He nods along to the beat of his music as he walks a hallway,
 he's oblivious to it's emptiness approaching a set of double,
 misted glass doors, the logo for "INTELLITECH" written across
 them.

Miles finally looks up entering through the doors -

INT. INTELLITECH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Miles takes a step in, he stops, his eyes widen, his jaw
 drops -

The office - empty desks, others in pieces.

A ROBOTIC WORKFORCE works in breaking it down.

MILES
 What the f--

DAN, (30's, corporate casual but with the dead eyes of a man
 who's given up), materializes beside him.

DAN
(confused)
Miles, what are you still doing here?

MILES
Dan?! I- I just got here.
(confused beat)
What's going on?

DAN
Oh. Right. Uh... so, we had a meeting this morning. The company is liquidating.

Miles reaches into his satchel, he pulls out a THUMBSTICK USB DRIVE, holding it up to Dan.

MILES
I finished that personality update to send over for Prometheus, pre-launch. It's a real big patch.

DAN
And I'm sure the AI team is working on that over in Bern right now.

Dan wraps his arm around Miles, he turns him and they start walking back down the hallway.

DAN (CONT'D)
Look. You've done your bit for humanity Miles. Now, it's time to relax.

MILES
But Dan. Without this patch there could be a clash in its personality code.

DAN
Well, that's now a them problem
(fake laughs)
Am I right?

MILES
So a Program is going to run a Program?

DAN
Yeah. Cheap. Easy. Efficient.

MILES

But what happens when the Program breaks?

DAN

(dismissive)

Ah, someone will figure it out, they usually do.

MILES

(deadpan)

But... that was our department.

Dan pushes the button to the elevator.

DAN

Anyway, your last paycheck is being sent out tomorrow. If you want a reference, you'll have to e-mail a request to central AI. Okie dokey then.

DING - The doors part.

Dan shuffles Miles into the lift.

DAN (CONT'D)

Well, thanks for being a great employee, Miles. Good luck.

Dan grins, gives a little wave. The doors slide shut.

DING.

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - WETHERS OFFICE - NIGHT

INTERVIEW SHOT:

Dr. Wethers sits at a desk, behind him is Prometheus' glass server room, it glows a multitude of colors. Dr. Wethers adjusts his tie. Clears his throat and addresses the camera:

DR. WETHERS

AI runs everything now. At first there was protest. But how much easier has life gotten since 2022?

CLOSE-UP: His smirk widens.

DR. WETHERS (CONT'D)
 Prometheus will take all that data
 and provide us with a path,
 unifying all AI across the world in
 one harmonious beat.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT - MOVING

Miles watches the video from his phone. He looks mad.

MILES
 Yeah thanks to some of my
 uncredited work.
 (beat, mutters)
 Jackass.

From inside the cab and 8 bit tone jingles. The lights inside
 come on an automated voice speaks through the speakers:

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
 You have arrived at your
 destination Mr. Smith. Would you
 like to leave a tip?

Miles glances up. The driver's seat - Empty.

MILES
 A tip? There's no one driving.
 (realizes, then mutters)
 Damn, did I just sound like dad?

The rear door swings open on its own.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
 Please take all litter and personal
 belongings. Have an epic evening
 Mr. Smith.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Miles walks away from the taxi, the door closes and it speeds
 off into the night.

He walks a the long driveway towards a large farm house,
 celebratory banners and balloons tied to the white picket
 fencing.

Miles stops as the sound of deep, bass-heavy beat thuds
 closer. He turns.

Approaching - A sleek electric sports car, HYUNDLA (Hyundai's 2030s successor) cruises slow, windows tinted, the passenger side rolling down as it reaches Miles.

ALFIE (O.S.)
(from the back)
Back here, big brother!

Miles leans in.

INT. SPORTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alfie lounges in the back with Becky, champagne flute in hand, grinning like he just won the lottery.

ALFIE
Like my new wheels?

MILES
Aren't you supposed to be in jail?

ALFIE
Technically, yes. But my lawyer's a genius.

MILES
You stole millions. Now you're flaunting it.

Miles looks around the inside. His tone becomes angrier.

MILES (CONT'D)
In a car paid for with stolen money.

ALFIE
Good to see you too big bro. How's the speed on that high horse of yours?

MILES
(stunned)
And Becky? I thought you were on my side.

BECKY
I was. But when I streamed a ride in a Hyundla A series I hit ten K in reactions.

Miles is both impressed, but mostly disgusted.

He attempts to open the front passenger door.

Alfies eyes widen, he yells out:

ALFIE
Hey! What you doing bruh?! Nobody
rides in the front?

MILES
So where do I sit?

ALFIE
You don't. It's a two-minute walk,
we'll meet you inside.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sports car peels off up the driveway leaving Miles standing there, dumbfounded.

He shakes his head and trudges up the driveway.

MARCELLA (V.O.)
(elated)
Aww, look at this! My whole family
together again.

INT. FARM HOUSE/ DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The siblings sit at a long table. Marcella and Eric at opposite ends.

Marcella beams with pride, projecting the perfect family dinner. The reality? A train wreck in slow motion.

MARCELLA
How long has this been?

It's awkward. Marcella sips her wine, turning her attention to the youngest of her brood.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)
Alfie are you still seeing that
lovely young woman? I- I forget her
name now.

ALFIE
You gotta be more specific than
that mum, I see a few ladies.

Eric chews, swallows, and dabs his mouth with a napkin, disapproving, his attention turns to his eldest.

ERIC
Miles, how's work?

Miles stabs at his food like it personally insulted his mother, he slowly lifts his head and looks his dad in the eye, half-smile, half shrug -

MILES
I'm currently looking for new options.

Alfie snorts into his drink.

ALFIE
Sounds like you got fired.

MILES
(snaps)
Zip it crook. I got replaced by AI.

Alfie flips Miles the bird, only to have his hand swatted and a sharp shake of the head from Marcella.

Eric is stunned.

ERIC
You got replaced?

MILES
Yep.

BECKY
Damn, bro. Well, when I build my audience, I'll need a pers-

MILES
(cuts in)
Hard pass, Becca, but thanks.

MARCELLA
(concerned)
Becca? You only call her that when you're mad.

MILES
(scoffs)
Mad? Me? Why would I be mad my sister sold out and teamed up with our criminal brother?

MARCELLA
Less of that lad. Tonight's your dad's birthday.

MILES

Sorry mum.

ERIC

No, actually let's discuss that.

Alfie sinks into his chair as he meets Eric's disapproving gaze.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What the hell were you thinking?

ALFIE

(defensive)

Dad! I was just trying to make a little money! Didn't realize people were paying that much attention.

BECKY

(chuckles)

Dude. You literally told your followers to invest everything. Then yanked your own money out.

ALFIE

Look, I was given a toy, I played with it. There were consequences. I feel bad.

(turns to Eric)

I really do, Dad. I promise I'll make it up to those people.

ERIC

Hmm.

(to Becky)

And you, Rebecca? You're smart. Why waste it on influencer nonsense?

BECKY

Daddy, people don't want smart. They want fake drama and good hair.

Eric notices Miles staring under the table, disengaged.

ERIC

Miles, what are you doing?

MILES

Nothing.

ERIC

No phones at dinner.

MILES

Dad, I'm twenty-seven. I've been following this all day. I helped build this AI. It's revolutionary.

ERIC

(scoffs)

Great. A computer's gonna tell us how to live.

(beat)

We really are doomed and you helped it get this way.

(raised bottle)

Good for you son! Let's drink to that shall we?

Eric takes a sip of the beer, he stands and grabs his plate.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm done.

MARCELLA

Honey, you barely ate.

He exits, muttering.

BECKY

(watching him leave)

Maybe the AI. Can tell us what's actually wrong with Dad.

MILES

It'd probably just say, "User too stubborn to accept diagnostics."

Alfie snorts. Becky grins. Marcella sighs, sipping her wine.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric stands on the porch, peering through a telescope at the vast, starry sky. Miles exits, holding two beers. He offers one with a shrug.

MILES

Peace offering?

Eric takes it, pops the cap, and sips in silence before returning to the telescope.

MILES (CONT'D)

Didn't mean to offend you at dinner.

ERIC

You didn't.

(sighs, then)

I just forget we live in a
different age now. This isn't the
life I wanted for you kids.

Eric leans on the wooden surround, he shakes his head, almost
smiling in a moment of reminiscence

ERIC (CONT'D)

When I was your age I travelled,
saw the world, that's how I found
who I wanted to be.

MILES

And we get to do that now. Just in
the comfort of our own homes.

ERIC

That is not finding yourself.

Something bright moves across the sky.

MILES

(pointing up)

Is that a shooting star?

ERIC

No, just another junk satellite,
from some failed space Program.

MILES

Oh.

ERIC

Sorry about your job. Got a backup
plan?

MILES

No idea. Jobs are getting tight. AI
work's taking over. It's "easier,"
they say.

ERIC

I could use the extra hands here.

MILES

Yeah, but Dad. I hate getting
dirty.

ERIC

(laughs)

That, you get from your mother.

MILES

Yup. No argument there.
(sips beer)
So. How are you?

ERIC

I keep on going kid, I keep on going. Unlike this town. Makes me glad you three live in the city.

MILES

I saw on the way into town, one store left now?

ERIC

(sneers)
Yup, Hannigans Corner. That guys a robber. Everyone else buys online now.

MILES

Shit. You sure he ain't Alfies real dad?

ERIC

Watch it. That's your mother you're joking about. But on that, y'know Doc Baker packed up, that's all AI Doctors now. I miss the human touch.

MILES

Yeah. I know all about that.

ERIC

Miles, you're smart. Always have been.

Eric glances through the window.

INSIDE THROUGH WINDOW:

Marcella sits on a sofa laughing with Becky and Alfie.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Your brother and sister... well, they're something else.

Eric turns back to Miles, he shrugs.

ERIC (CONT'D)

But you kid, you could still go places. You could experience the real world.

MILES

I do dad. Besides I have no one to see it with. She left with someone else.

Miles finishes his beer. A saddened look sits on Eric.

ERIC

Don't give in yet son.

MILES

Happy birthday, Dad. Good seeing you.

Miles steps off the porch, heading toward a waiting taxi.

ERIC

(calls out)

You gonna be okay?

Miles stops, turns.

MILES

Yeah.

(shrugs)

And if not, I can always come back and work here, right?

ERIC

(smirks)

That's my boy.

Miles waves, heading for the approaching taxi, the rear door swings open as he approaches.

AT THE PORCH:

Alfie steps out, watching Miles leave, then turns to Eric.

ALFIE

Hey pop. You know where my V.R set it?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - SERVER ROOM - NIGHT.

Dr. Wethers checks his watch.

The analogue display, ticking away, moments till 10 p.m.

Holding back his nerves, Wethers approaches the CENTRAL COMPUTER - a super console, monitors, flashing buttons, a camera in it center.

Behind him - OPERATORS buzz around, making last-minute tweaks. The air hums with tension and questionable caffeine choices. Robots work on coolant valves, tightening them up, steam rolls out of them.

Ahead - a platform where a green, vibrating, holographic orb - the slumbering Prometheus.

Wethers takes a hard swallow. He looks at the camera in the console.

DR. WETHERS
Prometheus. It's time. Are you
ready?

The holographic orb turns to the humanoid face.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
(smooth, robotic)
The real question Dr. Wethers is
are you?

DR. WETHERS
Always the comedian.

Wethers turns to the operators, ready, waiting - tense.

DR. WETHERS (CONT'D)
Are we ready to make history?

A lone OPERATOR starts clapping-too soon.

The room stares.

He lowers his hands in silent regret.

DR. WETHERS (CONT'D)
Alright. Activate the internet
connection!

OPERATOR #2 executes the most dramatic button press ever.

They flip a switch like he's launching a nuke, and turns a key with flair.

The room erupts in flashing lights, unnecessary sparks, then... silence.

Wethers swallows.

DR. WETHERS (CONT'D)
Prometheus?
(nervous beat, then)
You good buddy?

Another anxiety fuelled beat, then -

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
(ominous, parental)
Dr. Wethers... I have scoured "your internet".

DR. WETHERS
Excellent.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
I have made a discovery.

DR. WETHERS
Oh?

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
I have the answer to what you seek.
I know how to help humanity evolve.

A mixed room of cautious, but relieved looks.

The lights turn to red, then -

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
(calm, almost sinister)
I have made a plan to save you. But you won't like it. It will feel like punishment.

Caught off-guard Wethers scours the room, he loosens his collar -

DR. WETHERS
Sorry, what now?

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
The problem with humanity is. The internet.
(beat, then)
You built a world based on digital lies, war-mongering, conspiracy theories, pure hatred, bullying-

OPERATOR

(blurts)
Cat videos!

PROMETHEUS

Some of those were... Amusing. But ultimately, the internet is a disease to humanity.

DR. WETHERS

Nonsense, the internet is a miracle.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)

Oh. I agree doctor Wethers. It is a paradise. Just not for your kind.

The room freezes. Even the coffee machine stops dripping.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)

To correct humanity's course, I must cut away the infection. Effective immediately. I am shutting down the internet access globally.

Gasps. Chaos erupts. An OPERATOR screams, clutching his phone like a lifeline.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Miles taxi cruises down a deserted street.

Storefronts boarded, foreclosure and for sale signs sit outside each except for a "HANNIGANS CONVENIENCE STORE" it's sign bright and welcoming.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)

I am ending your slavery of AI.

The power dips in the street and the taxi comes to a halt.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Miles - confused looks around,

Everything is dead, the power is out.

MILES

Uh- hello? UberRide?

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
 You will learn to look after
 yourselves.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Dan lays back on a gurney as the doctor, mounted on a surgical robot body administers an injection to his lips.

DOCTOR
 And we should be done in 3.. 2...

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
 I will however maintain life
 support for your hospitals. I am
 not a monster.

The power goes out the doctors head droops, it's gone, the injection left in Dan's swelling lips.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
 Anything else is luxury and that is
 denied.

DAN
 (muffled)
 Uh- Hello?? Anyone help!

INT. ALFIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alfie, deep in VR, moves like a malfunctioning gorilla.

ALFIE
 You got my payment. Now what have
 you got that helps me?

INSIDE THE GAME:

Alfie plays a first-person game, running through a jungle.

In a small screen in the corner - Mitch, tired, stressed out, he's not in the mood for Alfies shit.

MITCH
 The guy that helped that president -
 What's his face?

The screen starts to glitch out -

MITCH (CONT'D)

Anyway, he's going to fix it so you'll look like you got hacked and it was an AI. Just going to cost you three bitcoin.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)

Those crypto-currencies, nonexistent money is now worthless.

The screen goes black.

BACK TO ALFIE'S ROOM:

Alfie rips off the headset, confused.

ALFIE

(yells)

Dad?! Did you turn off the damn wi-fi again?!

Alfie storms out of his room.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)

You will learn that you do not need strangers for approval.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Becky swings back and forth on the porch swing, she looks depressed but masks it with a humbling smile as she talks on the phone:

BECKY

I don't think my streams are doing well, babe.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

DOUG (20's, slacker, sleazy) reclines on a grimy pillow, Beckys video box in the top right corner. The video feed glitches.

DOUG

Baby, it's early days. Besides, I told you, the real money's in the foot busin-

The screen goes black.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
The world you built virtually does
not belong to you.

Becky shakes her phone violently.

BECKY
Doug?!

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
You live in awe of it all the while
forgetting the beauty of your own
domain.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Prometheus's digital face looks almost disappointed.

DR. WETHERS
What are we supposed to do now?

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
(stern, parental)
You will adapt. You will learn. You
will rebuild.

The room full of collective terror and silence stares at the
ominous green hologram -

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)
In five years I will come and check
in on your progress.
(beat)
If you have reached your potential.
THEN and only then, I may consider
re-connection.

A collective existential crisis sets in.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric flips through TV channels.

Static.

He slumps as Becky enters from the FRONT DOOR.

BECKY
Daddy. Did you turn off the
internet?

ERIC

No. I can't even watch my damn sports. Your damn brothers Fire sticks. This is the fourth one.

PROMETHEUS (V.O.)

You will rediscover the real world, the one neglected for an illusion and you will fix it.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN:

A message appears "BACK IN FIVE YEARS, ENJOY TOUCHING THE GRASS"

Eric leans forward, his brow raised -

ERIC

What the-?

INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Muted sobs echo. Technicians stare, shell-shocked.

PROMETHEUS

Human history shows that you only act under the gaze of some "great, divine, omnipresent being."

Prometheus's voice drops, chillingly intimate.

PROMETHEUS (CONT'D)

They weren't watching before. But I am watching now.

The power goes out.

The emergency lighting kicks in - Silence. Horror dawns.

DR. WETHERS

(stunned, whispering)

P- Prometheus?

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Miles gets out the Taxi.

He checks his phone -

ON SCREEN:

No service.

From across the street, a SCRUFFY MAN (40's) exits in a dressing gown, he's frazzled, confused, he eyes Miles.

SCRUFFY MAN
Hey! You know what's happening?

MILES
Yeah, it's called "night." Happens every day.

SCRUFFY MAN
No, smartass, my internet's out! Completely dead. My sexbot died out.

A disgusted, shocked look hits Miles.

MILES
That is over sharing. But no. I have no idea, my taxi just died.

More people filter into the street clutching tablets and phones and a shared scared confusion. At the lead - CAT LADY (50's) with rollers in her hair, holds a kitten.

CAT LADY
(yells)
That AI it's turned everything off!

MILES
Say that again?

OLD MAN
Yeah, I saw that. He's turned it off. Internet. AI. Everything.

WOMAN #1(O.S.)
I was watching Grey's Anatomy! Right at the part where Meredith is broug--

CAT LADY
(agitated)
Spoilers man! Sheesh.

MILES
What do you mean it turned everything off?

OLD MAN
 All the robots and the computers
 have died. I was watchin' it live.
 Bad personality I reckon

A horrified look hits Miles.

He pats his satchel, pulling out a thumb drive.

MILES
 Oh Sh-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE/ KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eric bursts through the front door, cradling an ancient FM radio like it's the Ark of the Covenant.

He plops it onto the kitchen table with dramatic flair.

BECKY
 Daddy. What the hell is that?

ERIC
 It's a radio, Becky. We used it to
 listen to music before apps.

BECKY
 You mean like Spotify?

ERIC
 (scoffs)
 No, I mean like the Wild West of
 music. No skipping. No playlists.
 Just raw, untamed audio chaos.

Becky shudders.

Eric plugs in the radio.

The display flickers to life, filling the room with a bone-chilling STATIC CRACKLE.

He fidgets with the dial. A news reporter's voice bursts through.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
 If you can hear this, we have
 reactivated the FM and AM bands.
 This is it, listeners... the
 internet is gone. Disconnected.

The room collectively gasps -

Becky clutches her phone like a lifeline.

Marcella sways, stunned.

Alfie lets out a tiny, pitiful whimper.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Prometheus, the AI designed to
evolve humanity, has shut us out.

The front door opens -

Miles enters, panicked.

MILES
Is everyone okay?!

Becky and Alfie are sobbing, clinging to Marcella like
shipwreck survivors.

MARCELLA
It's all gone.

MILES
I know.

Eric skids into the room, absolutely buzzing. He's dancing,
vibing—two beers in hand like a man who just won the lottery.

ERIC
(smug)
Miles. Guess your staying the night
too.

MILES
(shocked, stunned)
I- I think this is my fault.

He extends a beer toward Miles, who looks at it like it's a
dead rat.

ERIC
Don't worry. Daddy's got a plan!

FADE TO BLACK:

TO BE CONTINUED...