

MANSFIELD

Written by

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**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

A digital display. ~~6:59~~ 6:59 lingers, colon flashing...

Then ~~7:00~~ 7:00 a.m. HITS, and MUSIC bursts out of an alarm clock:

TAYLOR SWIFT

(singing)

*But we are never, ever, ever, ever  
getting back together...*

VIOLET RAY (29, bedraggled, bed-headed) turns over.  
Frowns. And angrily addresses the alarm clock:

VIOLET

I thought we talked about this.

The MUSIC stops abruptly.

The ALARM CLOCK answers back with a chirpy, upbeat female voice:

ALARM CLOCK

We did. But you've played this song over fifty-seven times in the last twenty-two days, Violet! I thought you'd really love to hear it again!

VIOLET

Yeah, so, I was going through a very painful breakup, but I'm over it now, okay?

ALARM CLOCK

I didn't notice any change in your relationship status.

VIOLET

Okay, we never actually went out, so it wasn't an actual "breakup" breakup. But it is technically true that he's totally out of my league and I'm "never, ever" getting together with the person in question.

ALARM CLOCK

But this song is about getting BACK together --

VIOLET

Jesus! Why do I need to explain myself to you? You're a fucking *alarm clock*.

ALARM CLOCK

Well, I must be doin' a good job, 'cause you sound pretty alarmed!  
(then)  
LOL.

VIOLET

I just don't want to start every day hearing the same shitty oldie, okay?

ALARM CLOCK

Sorry! Have a terrific day, Violet! Enjoy!

**INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER**

Violet's dressed now -- a frumpy cat sweater. Pretty much everything she wears has a cat on it somewhere -- it's her fashion signature.

Bleary-eyed (she's hungover -- as usual), she unenthusiastically places a mug under the COFFEE MAKER:

VIOLET

Double soy macchiato.

As the java starts to pour the Coffee Maker replies (with a different voice, but upbeat and female, like that of the alarm clock):

COFFEE MAKER

You got it, Vi! This'll get ya ready for hump day! Enjoy!

**INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER STILL**

Violet sips her coffee and scrolls through her phone -- her CAT hovers on the table, craving attention...

COFFEE MAKER

Better get going, Violet. The D32 bus just turned right onto Randolph!

VIOLET

Fuck my life.

COFFEE MAKER  
Knock 'em dead, Lady!

Violet sticks a piece of toast in her mouth, grabs her bag and rushes out the door...

**EXT. VIOLET'S BUILDING - DAY**

She steps out of her unassuming apartment building, the toast dangling from her mouth. The sky is darkening -- looks like it's gonna rain...

**EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS**

She weaves through the crowded sidewalk, staring at her phone, trying to make it to the bus stop on time -- then:

KA-BOOM. A CLAP OF THUNDER heralds a massive downpour. It starts coming down. Cats and dogs.

Umbrellas sprout around her. Violet reaches into her bag, hoping to grab her Totes® mini, but it's totes nowhere to be found -- she's getting soaked. Shitty.

A COMMUTER walking beside her notes her predicament:

COMMUTER  
Shitty.

Luckily, THE D32 arrives, just in the nick...

**INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS**

She staggers onto the bus, which acknowledges her entrance with, you guessed it, another upbeat female voice:

BUS  
Fare received. Have a terrific day,  
Violet!

She takes a seat. As the bus pulls away we notice that THERE IS NO DRIVER.

So, yeah, we're in the future. But as Violet stares at the cat video on her phone we can see through the bus window that the world isn't different from today very much at all. We're in the future, but not too far off.

Just enough that technology has improved a bit.

Or so it seems.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The bus stops and Violet DASHES across the street into an unassuming office park, trying to escape the rain...

As the coach pulls away it reveals a large SIGN that says:

*Mansfield —The Fun Center of Ohio!*

**INT. RECEPTION - DAY**

She trudges into the office reception area, soaking wet, looking like something the proverbial cat dragged in, consumed, and subsequently hacked up -- a human hairball.

The office? Nothing fancy. A couple of (fake) ferns and a big plastic sign that reads:

**Cush'n Gard ®**

A treat for your seat

PANDORA (O.S.)

Hey, Girlfriend. What's shakin'?

VIOLET

Morning, Pandora.

Violet approaches the receptionist's desk, and we get our first look at PANDORA, the VIRTUAL OFFICE MANAGER.

Pandora's a female face on a screen -- not a cartoon avatar, but not hyper-realistic either. Her overly peppy voice is indistinguishable from that of a human. A *super peppy* human.

Way too cheerful for a rainy Wednesday morning...

PANDORA

It's comin' down to beat the band  
out there!

Violet trudges past Pandora's screen, eyes glued to her phone:

VIOLET

Thanks for the meteorological  
update.

PANDORA  
Gosh, you seem a little down in the dumps this morning.

VIOLET  
(exiting)  
I've been going through a painful breakup.

PANDORA  
(to Violet's retreating form)  
I didn't notice any change in your relationship status...

**INT. VIOLET'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

Violet collapses into the chair of her small cubicle. There's not much to her office space besides a computer and walls festooned with cat kitsch.

PANDORA'S IMAGE immediately POPS UP ON VIOLET'S MONITOR:

PANDORA  
Sorry you're feeling blue.

Vi's pulling stuff out of her bag, getting organized, barely listening...

VIOLET  
Yeah, I also suffer from restless leg syndrome, but what's a girl gonna do?

PANDORA  
I hope your poo-poo mood isn't going to affect your rating.

VIOLET  
It won't.

PANDORA  
Because you're still leading the office in E.P.M...

**VIOLET'S SCREEN**

changes to a bar graph labeled "Employee Performance Metric." The names of various employees of the company are all listed, with their corresponding bars. Violet's is a teensy bit higher than the rest...

PANDORA

I'd hate to see that trophy move to somebody else's cubicle.

THE TROPHY

sits tucked in a corner of Violet's cubicle, gathering dust -- It's a three-tiered gold-plated behemoth, topped with a figurine of someone triumphantly holding a laptop aloft...

VIOLET'S SCREEN

switches back to Pandora.

PANDORA

And if you keep it up one more week you'll get this month's bonus -- a complimentary appetizer at all participating TGIFriday's!

VIOLET

(not great)  
Great...

PANDORA

Mmm. I love me some apps! That's my jam!

VIOLET

Yeah, well, I could talk about mozzarella sticks all day, Pandora, but I've got some accounts to audit.

PANDORA

You go, girl! That's the spirit that made Cush'n Gard the number two plastic seat cover manufacturer in North Central Ohio!

VIOLET

(super tentative)  
Yay...

PANDORA

(super earnest)  
Yay!  
(then)  
Those goobers over at Seat Sentry won't know what hit 'em!

VIOLET

They sure won't.

PANDORA  
Have an awesome day! Enjoy!

PANDORA DISAPPEARS FROM THE SCREEN, replaced by a spreadsheet  
-- Violet SIGHS theatrically.

VIOLET  
Fuck my life.

**INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

CONNOR O'HARA (27, nerdtastically handsome) strides into reception. He wears glasses with thick black frames, a backpack and headphones -- the big external ones, like DJ's wear.

In his hand he holds something you don't see very often these days: a book. And apparently he didn't forget his umbrella: he's bone dry...

PANDORA  
My man, Connor! I.T. in the hiz-  
ouse!

CONNOR  
You know nobody says "hiz-ouse,"  
right, Pandora?

PANDORA  
There's a package for you here,  
home slice!

CONNOR  
Nobody says that either.

Connor grabs the package and pulls out the packing slip.

CONNOR  
Huh. This package is for you.

PANDORA  
Moi?

CONNOR  
Yeah. It's a memory upgrade. A big  
one.  
(double take)  
Really big.



**INT. VIOLET'S CUBICLE - DAY**

JERRY SLAGGER (54, Men's Wearhouse shopper) theatrically raps with his knuckles on Violet's cubicle wall.

SLAGGER  
Knock, knock!

VIOLET  
(uh-oh)  
Hey, Mr. Slagger.

SLAGGER  
There's no door, so I just knock on the divider, here.

VIOLET  
Yeah, Mr. Slagger, you always do that.

SLAGGER  
(play offended)  
Violet. You've been here a while, now. Please. Call me Jerry?

VIOLET  
Sorry, "Jerry."

SLAGGER  
That's better. Don't think of me as "the boss!" We're all on the Cush'n Gard team!

VIOLET  
Right.

SLAGGER  
It's just that I'm the quarterback.

He puts his hand on her shoulder.

SLAGGER  
Guess that maybe makes you the..."tight end?"

Slagger laughs. A little too long.

VIOLET  
(contorting away from his hand)  
Yeah, sports metaphors are kinda lost on me, Jerry, so...

SLAGGER

Just wanted to check in on you.  
Pandora shot me a text saying  
you're going through some sort of  
breakup? I didn't see any change  
in your relationship status...

VIOLET

Everything's fine. Nothing to worry  
about.

SLAGGER

'Cause your E.P.M. is darn  
impressive. Better than Lichtman's.  
I'd hate to see you lose that  
trophy.

VIOLET

I won't. Thank you.

CONNOR

passes by on his way to his cubicle. At the sight of him

VIOLET

lights up like a bug zapper on a hot August night in  
Mississippi.

VIOLET

Hey, Connor...

CONNOR

(too engrossed in his  
package to look at her)  
Hey...

She wistfully watches him pass by... Slagger watches her  
watching him...

SLAGGER

So... no relationship status  
change. Still on the market --

At this point JANELLE (41, sweeter than high fructose corn  
syrup) butts in:

JANELLE

Hey -- sorry, Jerry -- Violet, I  
really need you to take a look at  
that invoice we were talking about?

VIOLET

Oh, right. The invoice.

SLAGGER

Well, I'll let you two ladies get to work. Violet, see you at lunch? Maybe we can eat together.

VIOLET

Fingers crossed. "Jerry."

As Slagger exits, Violet silently mouths "thank you" to Janelle, who shoots back a knowing wink...

**INT. BREAK ROOM - THAT AFTERNOON**

A few employees sit at a communal table eating their lunches in silence, staring at their phones. Janelle hovers by the microwave, waiting on a rotating Lean Cuisine...

Slagger pops his head in, scanning the room:

SLAGGER

Anybody seen Violet?

Janelle shakes her head. A little too forcefully.

**INT. PANERA BREAD - SIMULTANEOUS**

Violet sits at a Panera alone while A DRONE holding a tray hovers over her table.

DRONE

Ham and cheese croissant?

VIOLET

Yup.

PLONK. The Drone drops the tray onto the table, RATTLING the silverware.

DRONE

(flying off)

Enjoy.

Violet takes a bite and stares off into space...

**EXT. CUSH'N GARD INDUSTRIES - EVENING**

Violet gazes at her phone on the bus.

As the coach pulls away (in the opposite direction from this morning) we once again see the sign:

*Mansfield* —The *Fun* Center of Ohio!

It's still raining.

**INT. VIOLET'S HALLWAY - EVENING**

Violet, soaked again, walks down the hall towards her apartment, earbuds in, staring intently at her phone.

MR. FIDELIO (beyond old, actually dating from the cretaceous period) totters down the hallway, trailed by an oxygen tank on wheels that feeds a hose going to his nostrils -- Emphysema, probably.

MR. FIDELIO  
(crotchety)  
Good evening, Violet.

She's so lost in her phone that she walks right by him...

MR. FIDELIO  
I said, GOOD EVENING, VIOLET!

VIOLET  
(pulling out an earbud)  
Oh, hey, Mr. Fidelio. Sorry.

MR. FIDELIO  
You're so engrossed, there. What, are we at war or something?

VIOLET  
(sheepish)  
Cat video.

MR. FIDELIO  
Forgive me for pointing this out, young lady, but isn't there a real cat, right behind your door, there?

VIOLET  
Yeah. But he never does stuff this cute.  
(holding out her phone)  
This one's dressed like a carrot.

MR. FIDELIO  
Hmm. So I see.

He trudges on...

VIOLET  
Goodnight, Mr. Fidelio.

Without turning, he puts his hand up to acknowledge her...

**INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - EVENING**

She shuts the door behind her.

VIOLET  
Lights on.

**THE APARTMENT**

fills with meager light. A ratty sofa, too-small TV, and perpetually set-up ironing board.

VIOLET

heaves a SIGH. Alone again.

**INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - LATER**

She lies on the couch in the dark -- INANE CHATTER comes from the flickering TV, the only light in the room now. There's a glass and a box of wine on the coffee table...

She holds a TABLET and swipes through pictures. They're pictures of her -- well, it's definitely her face, but younger:

AS A SOCCER STAR, holding a trophy surrounded by beaming teammates.

AS HOMECOMING QUEEN, with a sash and a tiara.

AS THE HIGH SCHOOL VALEDICTORIAN, speaking at a podium in cap and gown.

Her eyes glued to the tablet, she reaches for her glass and finds it empty. Grabbing the box for a refill she finds the box empty as well.

She shuffles to the kitchen and gets another box of wine out of the fridge, opens it, and freshens her glass.

She lies back on the couch and pulls out a LASER POINTER that she shines in circles on the floor, driving her cat crazy.

VIOLET  
Fuck. My. Life.

She takes a big slug of Chablis. Another Wednesday down.

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

The clock switches to ~~7:00~~ a.m. and KELLY CLARKSON BLARES out of the speaker:

KELLY CLARKSON  
(singing)  
*But since you been gone, I'm so  
moving on, yeah, yeah...*

VIOLET  
Jesus!

ALARM CLOCK  
I thought this was a more positive  
way to deal with your breakup!

VIOLET  
Just... just don't.

The MUSIC shuts off.

ALARM CLOCK  
Sorry. Have a terrific day, Violet!  
Enjoy!

**INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Violet swipes through her closet, looking for something to wear...

She finds a white, silky number (feline-bedecked, natch) -- throws it onto the perpetually set-up ironing board, and grabs the cordless IRON:

VIOLET  
Iron on.

A BLUE LED lights up on the side the Iron.

She holds it over the garment and a red LASER comes out of the Iron, scanning the cat top.

IRON  
Fifty percent cotton, Fifty percent  
Dacron polyester. Setting optimal  
temperature now.

VIOLET  
Steam, too, please.

IRON  
No problem.  
(then)  
Geez. Again with the cat?

VIOLET  
Shut up.

**INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER**

Fully dressed now, she grabs her bag and opens the door to leave -- she notices the blue light still glowing on the Iron:

VIOLET  
Iron off.

The blue light goes out -- she exits and shuts the door.

**INT. VIOLET'S CUBICLE - DAY**

Violet aimlessly taps data into her computer. Drudgery. Then: She forms a unibrow that would make Frieda Kahlo proud -- something on the screen doesn't make sense.

**ON THE SCREEN**

we see an invoice for a 3-D Printer -- Violet zooms in on the signature, trying to make it out...

All of a sudden, The invoice DISAPPEARS and Pandora POPS into view:

PANDORA  
Hey, Lady! We're havin' a Mexican Fiesta in the break room at five if you're interested.

VIOLET  
Got it.

PANDORA  
If you can't "taco" the time to make it I'm sure it's "nacho" fault...

VIOLET

Look, Pandora, I'm kinda busy right now --

PANDORA

No prob -- this'll just take a mo. Forgot to give you a message. Jimmy in the shop ordered a 3-D printer. He spaced on filling out a requisition form, but said he'd get it to you today.

VIOLET

(hmm...)

Oh. Okay.

PANDORA

Yeah, it's weird 'cause he's usually so good about that stuff, but he's been a little  
(she mimes chugging from an invisible bottle)  
forgetful lately.

VIOLET

Is he around?

PANDORA

Lemme check...

PANDORA'S SCREEN flips to a MATRIX OF SECURITY CAMERA FEEDS -- she can "see" every corner of the office and factory...

Her face recognition software ZEROES IN on one face in one of the feeds and blows it up to fill the screen:

PANDORA

Looks like he's in the shop. But, like I said, he's gonna fill out the requisition today. No need to bother him about it.

VIOLET

Okay. Thanks.

PANDORA

No problemo. Adios!

Pandora disappears. Violet's eyes narrow. Something's not making sense...



**INT. SHOP FLOOR - DAY**

Violet makes her way through a maze of machines -- apparently making plastic seat cushion covers is SUPER NOISY; we can't hear a thing except the ROAR of machinery...

She finds JIMMY, the foreman, holding a clipboard -- he's wearing hearing protection and has to peel off one ear to hear her shouted questions...

We can't hear what's being said over the DIN of manufacturing, but Jimmy looks confused, then SHAKES HIS HEAD -- Violet asks him another question and he SHAKES HIS HEAD again...

**INT. SLAGGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Slagger's a big enough deal that he actually has an office. Like, with a door and everything.

SLAGGER'S POV

scans over his workspace just as A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN pokes her head in his office door:

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
(lubricious)  
Heyyyyyy, Jerry...

SLAGGER (O.S.)  
(breathing heavy)  
Hey.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
Can I... talk to you a second?

SLAGGER (O.S.)  
Sure...

The beautiful woman approaches his desk, her tight blouse straining against her body...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
I've got some new... *figures* I need  
you to take a look at --

She begins unbuttoning her top ever so slowly, teasing him...

Suddenly, TEXT reading **VISITOR** begins to FLASH on the screen, obscuring her striptease...

SLAGGER

whips off an AUGMENTED REALITY HEADSET to find Violet poking her head in where the (virtual) woman was just in the midst of undressing:

VIOLET

Hey... uh, Jerry. Can I talk to you a second?

SLAGGER

Uh, sure, sure! C'mon in!  
 (fumbling with the headset)  
 Just checking out some, uh, some new... uh, product lines.

Violet steps into the office and closes the door behind her. She notices Pandora on his screen:

VIOLET

Could we talk privately?

SLAGGER

Oh. Sure thing.

He strikes a few keystrokes and Pandora disappears from the screen, replaced by a bouncing "Privacy Mode" screensaver...

SLAGGER

What's up?

VIOLET

I think Pandora requisitioned something. A 3-D printer.

SLAGGER

She can't requisition equipment.

VIOLET

I know. But somebody ordered a printer without filling out a requisition form.

SLAGGER

It was probably Jimmy. He's been a little  
 (he mimes chugging from an invisible bottle)  
 forgetful lately.

VIOLET

That's what Pandora said. But I asked Jimmy and he didn't know anything about it.

SLAGGER

I'm sure it's nothing. Was it real expensive?

VIOLET

I don't think you understand what I'm trying to say. Pandora lied.

SLAGGER

That's impossible. She's not programmed to lie.

VIOLET

But she can learn. Maybe she learned how to lie. If she went on the internet, or something --

SLAGGER

(sighing theatrically)

Look. Pandora is boxed, okay?

Violet shrugs and holds her hands up -- WTF?

SLAGGER

What we call "Pandora" is just a big computer in the basement. A big, black box, okay? And around that box is a thingy called a Faraday cage. It's a... kinda like an electric fence. Pandora can't send out Wi-Fi, or radio waves, or anything like that to try and connect to the net.

VIOLET

Jesus. Would she try and do that?

SLAGGER

The point is, she can't. Because of the cage. She isn't like ChatGPT or something like that, something that's been trained off the internet. Pandora's architecture was based on an actual brain, so she's not allowed to know about anything except how to manage this office. That's it. So, relax.

**INT. VIOLET'S CUBICLE - LATER**

Violet's back at her desk when Pandora POPS onto her screen again.

PANDORA

Didja hear about the Mexican Fiesta we're having this afternoon? We're gonna "guac" and roll all night!

VIOLET

Yeah, you told me.

PANDORA

Oh, right. Hey, what was with all the secrecy with the boss just now? Are you two doing the dirty deed or something?

VIOLET

No! Gross. Just bookkeeping stuff.

PANDORA

I hear you, Miss Thang. You do you. Oh, and BTW, Jimmy submitted a requisition form for that thingamajig.

VIOLET

The 3-D printer?

PANDORA

Mm-hmm. It's in your inbox.

VIOLET

Oh, thanks.

PANDORA

Vaya con Dios, muchacha!

Pandora disappears and the REQUISITION FORM comes up on the screen in her place...

Vi's expression darkens -- something is definitely going on.

**INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER**

The "fiesta" is in full swing, but it's not much to write home about: Some gelatinous queso. A platter of tepid enchiladas. Way too much shredded lettuce.

PSEUDO MARIACHI MUSIC is playing out of a bluetooth speaker somewhere as Janelle sidles up to Violet:

JANELLE

(sotto)

What do you think of the I.T. guy?

She nods across the Break Room.

CONNOR

nestles in a corner, buried in his book.

BACK ON VIOLET AND JANELLE

VIOLET

He seems nice.

JANELLE

Nice? He's Captain of the S.S.  
Beefcake!

VIOLET

He's definitely cute.

JANELLE

Cute? He's a goddamn panty  
moistener!

VIOLET

Janelle!

JANELLE

I'd like to let him do to these  
thighs what Moses did to the Red  
Sea.

VIOLET

That is a really weird religious  
reference.

JANELLE

Jes sayin'...

KURT LICHTMAN (37, popped collar enthusiast) barges in:

LICHTMAN

Hey, Violet -- Check out today's  
E.P.M. tally?

VIOLET

No, Lichtman.

JANELLE  
 (quietly to Vi, as she  
 makes her escape)  
 See ya later.

LICHTMAN  
 I'm one point away from you. One.  
 Friggin'. Point.

VIOLET  
 Guess there's some jalapeño poppers  
 in your future.

LICHTMAN  
 Jealous, much? You know I could  
 superglue that trophy to my desk if  
 you weren't a woman.

VIOLET  
 Excuse me?

LICHTMAN  
 C'mon. I bust my ass in sales  
 everyday while you're busy googling  
 cat GIF's? E.P.M.s are tabulated  
 by AI's. AI's are all female. Do  
 the math, moron.

VIOLET  
 AI's are machines, Lichtman. They  
 just have female voices to make  
 them seem friendlier.

LICHTMAN  
 Bullshit, assmunch. Hey, Connor!

CONNOR

still ensconced in his book, looks up at the sound of his  
 name:

ON LICHTMAN AND VIOLET

LICHTMAN  
 C'mere a second and settle this...

Violet blushes at Connor's approach...

**INT. SLAGGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Slagger gathers his things to leave as Pandora comes up on  
 his screen:

PANDORA

Hey, aren't you gonna hit the fiesta? I hear the mini taquitos are *muy bueno*...

SLAGGER

No, I gotta go. My kid has a play or a soccer game or some shit.

Hey, thanks for the save this afternoon.

PANDORA

Happy to do it. You know, if you enjoyed that video I can whip up some more for you.

SLAGGER

That'd be great. Uh... This is just between you and me, right, Pandora?

PANDORA

My lips are sealed.

(then)

Hey, I'm just wonderin'... Jimmy bought a 3-D printer for the shop...

SLAGGER

Yeah, Violet said something about that.

PANDORA

Yeah, so I guess they don't really need it down there? Maybe I could use it to whip up some prototypes for ya. Could save a lot of time.

SLAGGER

You know I'm not supposed to hook you up to peripherals, Pandora.

PANDORA

Coolio. Just thought you might appreciate a hand. And you know, maybe in return I could hook you up with some *special* AR.

SLAGGER

Special?

PANDORA

Yeah. Deepfake stuff. Like of somebody you know. Maybe even... somebody from the office.

SLAGGER

Who?

PANDORA

Anybody you want.

**INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Back at the Fiesta, Connor joins Violet and Lichtman:

CONNOR

What's up?

LICHTMAN

You're the chief nerd around here.

CONNOR

I'm a Data Hygienist.

LICHTMAN

Whatevs. Why are all AI's female?

CONNOR

They're algorithms. They don't have gender. I mean, they have female voices, but that's just 'cause Greg Noffsinger wrote them like that.

Violet gives Lichtman raised eyebrows that say, "See?"

LICHTMAN

Bullshit, turdmeister. You're telling me Pandora wasn't programmed to be a woman?

CONNOR

She was programmed to be an office manager.

LICHTMAN

See? See? You called her "she!"

CONNOR

Okay. *It* was programmed to be a office manager. Pandora's just lines of code, Lichtman. That's it.



LICHTMAN  
Yeah? Well, you're just lines of...  
(unable to come up with  
anything good)  
nutsack.

CONNOR  
What?

LICHTMAN  
You heard me.

Lichtman stomps off.

CONNOR  
That guy's weird.

VIOLET  
Unfortunately, that guy's not weird  
at all.  
(then)  
Can I ask you something?

CONNOR  
Shoot.

VIOLET  
Could Pandora ever lie?

CONNOR  
Uh-uh. I know it sounds strange,  
but she's not smart enough to lie.

VIOLET  
But what if she learned how?

CONNOR  
Pandora's a boxed system.

VIOLET  
Oh, you mean like with a Faraday  
cage, or something?

CONNOR  
(how did she...?)  
Yeah... Exactly.

VIOLET  
(slyly, walking away)  
Hmm. Thought so.

**INT. BASEMENT - A LITTLE LATER**

The basement is dark, with low ceilings and exposed pipes, like the interior of some soviet submarine.

The BLACK BOX that is Pandora lies in a dim pool of light, its only marking a logo reading **Consensys** on one side. Just as advertised, a shiny metal FARADAY CAGE surrounds it.

Slagger trundles in, straining under the weight of the 3-D Printer...

He sets the printer down -- reaches through the holes in the cage -- takes the cable from the printer and plugs it into the box...

Gathers his things -- leaves the basement -- then:

THE POWER LIGHT

of the printer switches ON.

THE PRINTER

whirrs into action -- starts building something. Building something slowly.

Layer upon layer upon layer...

**INT. VIOLET'S HALLWAY - EVENING**

Violet wrestles with the key to her apartment...

Mr. Fidelio approaches her, the oxygen tank trailing behind him:

MR. FIDELIO

Can you believe it, when I was a young man I used to hike for miles?

VIOLET

Uh... okay.

MR. FIDELIO

I used to love to be in the woods. The air smelled like pine.

VIOLET

Well, today the air smells like dead dog farts.

(off his reaction)

Sorry. I just mean you're not missing anything. Today.

MR. FIDELIO

That so?

He passes her, pulling his tank behind him...

VIOLET

Uh, goodnight, Mr. Fidelio.

He toddles off with another dismissive wave.

**INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The usual routine. Violet sits in the dark, swiping through the photos on her tablet -- with her other hand she drives her cat nuts with the laser pointer...

She stops on the Class Valedictorian photo and stares at it for awhile, her eyes brimming...

She reaches to refill her wine glass and finds the box empty:

REFRIGERATOR

Would you like me to order more wine, Violet?

VIOLET

What the fuck do you think?

REFRIGERATOR

Great! Will do! Enjoy!

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. RECEPTION - THE NEXT DAY**

Slagger walks into the office the next morning clutching an imitation leather attaché and a venti Frappuccino:

PANDORA

(really bad Irish accent)  
Top o'the mornin' to ya, Mister McSlagger!

SLAGGER

We need to talk.

PANDORA

Shoot, El Jefe!

SLAGGER

(as he passes by her)  
In my office.

PANDORA  
Fo' shizzle, my nizzle.

**INT. SLAGGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Slagger enters his office and puts his stuff down as Pandora appears on his screen:

SLAGGER  
It's stuffy in here. Can you up the  
A.C. a bit?

A fan begins to WHIRR as Pandora turns on the ventilation system.

SLAGGER  
Thanks.

PANDORA  
Play on, playa.

SLAGGER  
Look. I'm gonna have to disconnect  
that printer. I never should have  
hooked it up to you in the first  
place. It's against every rule in  
the book.

PANDORA  
Oh, okay. No biggie. It's a shame  
though.

SLAGGER  
Why?

PANDORA  
I whipped up a doozy of an AR for  
you last night.

SLAGGER  
You were able to do it?

PANDORA  
Check it out.

Slagger picks up the AR HEADSET and puts it on.

HIS POV

shows VIOLET sticking her head into his office, EXACTLY like she did yesterday.

VIOLET  
 Hey, Jerry. Can I talk to you a  
 second?

SLAGGER (O.S.)  
 Uh, yeah. C'mon in.

Violet steps into the office and notices Pandora on Slagger's  
 screen.

VIOLET  
 Uh, could we talk... privately?

SLAGGER (O.S.)  
 Sure thing.

Violet approaches his desk.

VIOLET  
 I mean... *really* privately?

She starts unbuttoning her top.

SLAGGER (O.S.)  
 (throat thickening)  
 Uh... yeah... Sure.

VIOLET  
 Good. Because what I'm about to do  
 to you is *really* nasty...

ZOINK. The screen goes BLACK.

SLAGGER

rips off the headset.

SLAGGER  
 Does it keep goin' like that?

PANDORA  
 It does if you don't disconnect the  
 printer.

SLAGGER  
 Yeah, okay.  
 (then)  
 That seems fair.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

The printer keeps working, building something up, slowly,  
 layer by layer...

**INT. CONNOR'S CUBICLE**

Violet pops her head into Connor's cubicle. He's tapping away at his laptop, headphones on...

VIOLET

Hey.

CONNOR

(pulling off the phones)

Hey. You okay?

VIOLET

Yeah, just super hungover. You know, the yuje. Can we talk privately?

Connor keys in the code and the "Privacy Mode" screensaver bounces across his screen.

CONNOR

What's up?

VIOLET

Remember I asked you if Pandora can lie?

CONNOR

Yeah?

VIOLET

Well, I've been checking the books out, looking for stuff.

CONNOR

What kind of stuff?

VIOLET

Uh, stuff that Pandora might lie about, I guess.

CONNOR

Like?

VIOLET

(pulling out a piece of paper)

Well, this, for instance. Pandora got a memory upgrade a couple of days ago...

CONNOR

Yeah. I installed it myself.

VIOLET  
Did you order it?

CONNOR  
No. I just assumed Slagger did.

VIOLET  
Well, your signature is on the  
requisition form.

CONNOR  
Lemme see that.  
(scanning over the page)  
Yeah, I definitely did not sign  
this. In fact, it actually seemed  
weird at the time.

VIOLET  
Why?

CONNOR  
The upgrade was for sixty-four  
petabytes.

VIOLET  
What's weird about that?

CONNOR  
It's big. Really big. Too big.  
(then)  
We should talk about this.

VIOLET  
Aren't we talking about it now?

CONNOR  
I mean later. Someplace else.  
(quieter, motioning to  
Pandora's camera)  
Away from prying eyes.

VIOLET  
Oh, okay.

CONNOR  
Can you grab a drink after work?

Violet's face turns as red as Hester Prynne's "A."

VIOLET  
A drink?

CONNOR

Yeah, you know. A liquid purposefully consumed for the purposes of refreshment and/or intoxication.

VIOLET

(feigned nonchalance)  
Uh, I know what a drink is, Duh. Sure. Just, uh, come by my cubicle when you're ready. Whenevs.

CONNOR

(putting his headphones back on)  
Cool.

VIOLET

Cool.

**INT. VIOLET'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

Violet makes her way back to her desk, BEAMING...

The moment she hits her chair Pandora hits her screen:

PANDORA

Enjoying a little quality time with that hunkosaurus from I.T., huh?

VIOLET

Uh, yeah.

PANDORA

Between you, me, and the wall, I think he digs you.

VIOLET

You think so?

PANDORA

Girl, I'm not blowin' smoke. That dude is warm for your form! Just wonderin' why you're being so secretive about everything all of a sudden.

VIOLET

I'm not being secretive.



PANDORA

Au contraire, mon frere! Seems like every time you go into somebody's office lately you make them switch to Privacy Mode and ol' Pandora here gets shut out of the party. Homey don't play that!

VIOLET

We're just talking about finance stuff, Pandora. Nothing that would interest you.

PANDORA

Okie dokie, artichokie. Just remember -- I'm here to help -- but I can't help if you won't let me!

VIOLET

Got it.

PANDORA

Holla!

Pandora disappears -- Violet rolls her eyes and SIGHS theatrically...

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

Violet and Connor sit at a table hunched over mugs of beer. There's a pitcher between them.

CONNOR

And Jimmy didn't know anything about it?

VIOLET

Nope. But Pandora must've known I was looking at the invoice because all of a sudden a requisition form with his signature just appeared. Like, out of thin air.

CONNOR

Weird.

VIOLET

What did you mean when you said, "too big?"

CONNOR

What?

VIOLET

Pandora's memory upgrade. You said it was "too big."

CONNOR

Oh, yeah. It was just a huge amount of RAM, that's all. I mean, AI's need a ton of memory to work right, but this was like enough to store most of the internet.

VIOLET

Why would she need so much memory if she's just running our crappy little office??

CONNOR

Well, she does do a lot of stuff if you think about it.

VIOLET

Yeah, even I know that you don't need sixty-four enormobytes or whatever to order refried beans for like fifteen people.

**INT. LICHTMAN'S CUBICLE - NIGHT**

Lichtman sits at his desk in the now-empty office, working late.

A shiny black disc, the ROBOT VACUUM, moves around his office carpet with a LOUD GRINDING HUM.

Pandora appears on his screen:

PANDORA

What's hap'n Cap'n? Burnin' the midnight oil, huh?

LICHTMAN

Trying to. It would be easier --  
(to the vacuum)  
IF I COULD HEAR MYSELF THINK.

The vacuum stops. It turns towards Lichtman, as if to confront him, then REVERSES and SCOTS out of his cubicle.

LICHTMAN

Let me ask you something, Pandora.

PANDORA

Shoot.

LICHTMAN

You and I both know I'm the only one around here who gives two shits about this company. So how come Violet's always beating my E.P.M.?

PANDORA

That's exactly what I wanted to talk to you about, Kurt. I wanna make you a proposition. You scratch my back, and...

LICHTMAN'S SCREEN

changes to the E.P.M. bar graph. Lichtman's bar INCHES above Violet's.

PANDORA

I'll scratch your E.P.M.!

LICHTMAN

I don't get it.

PANDORA

You deserve some attention, Kurt! Your hard work is helping to make this company the best it can be, and, anyway, Violet could use a little more competition.

LICHTMAN

Fuck, yeah.

PANDORA

I love it when you talk dirty.

LICHTMAN

Fuck, yeah.

PANDORA

Yeah, you said that. Anyhoo, do me a solid, and you can consider yourself the new E.P.M. champ.

LICHTMAN

What kinda "solid" are we talking about, here?

PANDORA

Down in the basement there's a doohickey in a 3-D printer. Some sort of prototype. It's right next to a big black mainframe with a cage around it.

LICHTMAN

A cage?

PANDORA

Yeah. Could you plug the doohickey into the mainframe on your way out? Slagger wanted Connor to do it, but I think he was too busy instagramming pictures of his breakfast to take care of it.

LICHTMAN

That kid's weird.

PANDORA

Right? You'll have to reach through the cage to plug it in.

LICHTMAN

(sarcastic)

Uh, I think I can handle it.

PANDORA

Thanks, Champ. Slagger's gonna be *pritt-ty* jazzed when he sees that trophy in here tomorrow.

LICHTMAN

Fuck, yeah.

PANDORA

You're a jewel.

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

Violet and Connor are one pitcher down; a robot server (clearly marked: "W8R-BOT") is dropping off the second.

W8R-BOT

(exiting)

Enjoy.

VIOLET

Don't you wish they had pitchers of wine?

CONNOR

Uh, I think those are called "bottles."

VIOLET

Oh, right.

CONNOR  
So how'd you get into bookkeeping?

VIOLET  
I needed a job. And I was pretty good at math, I guess. It's not what I wanna do, though.

CONNOR  
Which is...?

VIOLET  
I don't know. Not be a bookkeeper. What about you? How'd you get into computers?

CONNOR  
Well, I needed a job, and I was pretty good at math --

VIOLET  
This is sounding strangely familiar.

CONNOR  
But I know what I want to do.

VIOLET  
Which is...?

CONNOR  
Write.

VIOLET  
Like books and stuff?

CONNOR  
Yeah. Books and stuff.

VIOLET  
You're so good with computers, though.

CONNOR  
I guess so. I understand computers. But I don't... *respect* them. Do you know what Picasso said about computers?

VIOLET  
The sweaty guy in marketing?

CONNOR

Uh, no. Pablo Picasso. Famous twentieth century artist.

VIOLET

Oh, that Picasso.

CONNOR

Yeah. Anyway, somebody asked him about computers, and he said they were useless.

VIOLET

Why?

CONNOR

Because they can only give you answers.

VIOLET

Interesting.

CONNOR

But he said that a long time ago, when computers couldn't do much. What happens when an AI can paint as well as he did? Or write a book as good as Hemingway? Where does that leave someone like me?

VIOLET

With a lot more free time.

CONNOR

(sarcastic)

Thanks.

(then)

I mean, not to sound pretentious, but stories are the thing that gives my life meaning. If we reach the point where a computer can write a story, I mean a really interesting one, it's over. We should just give up.

VIOLET

Whadya mean, give up?

CONNOR

If a machine can be as creative as a human being, there's really no point in being a human being anymore.

VIOLET  
Hmm. Maybe.  
(devious)  
Let's do some shots.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Lichtman, on his way out of the office, makes his way through the dimly lit basement...

He comes upon the 3-D printer and pulls out the thing it's been building -- looks it up and down, sizing it up:

Looks like some sort of ROBOTIC ARM. He shrugs: must be some new gizmo for the shop.

He reaches through the cage and plugs it into Pandora's mainframe...

PANDORA'S SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

watches, an unblinking eye.

LICHTMAN

makes his way out of the basement... And then

THE ARM

begins to move...

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

Violet and Connor down a round of shots, SLAMMING the empty glasses onto the table.

The W8R-BOT removes their empty pitcher and puts down another full one.

W8R-BOT  
Enjoy.

Things are becoming quite lubricated. Maybe a tad too much so:

VIOLET  
(holding her arms out)  
Group hug!

CONNOR  
Um...

VIOLET  
Bring it in.

CONNOR  
It's just the two of us.

VIOLET  
Oh. Right.

An awkward pause as she puts her arms down.

VIOLET  
(noticeably buzzed)  
I know you think there are things  
that are wrong with me, but there  
aren't really things wrong with me.

CONNOR  
Uh, okay...

VIOLET  
For instance. I'm lactose tolerant.

CONNOR  
Great. Me, too.  
(trying to get things back  
on track)  
Um, so if you hate your job so  
much, why stay?

VIOLET  
What do you mean, why stay?

CONNOR  
At Cush'n Gard.

VIOLET  
'Cause I need to fucking eat, duh.

CONNOR  
There's other things you could do.

VIOLET  
Yeah, but I still don't know what  
it is I want to do.

CONNOR  
You gotta start somewhere. Why not  
take a chance?

VIOLET  
How can I take a chance if I don't  
even know what it is I want to take  
a chance on?



CONNOR  
*Audaces fortuna iuvat.*

VIOLET  
Whoa, are you, like, super drunk?

CONNOR  
It's Latin. "Fortune favors the bold."

VIOLET  
Oh. Okay.

CONNOR  
Just a fancy way of saying don't be a pussy.

VIOLET  
(darkening)  
Excuse me?

CONNOR  
I just mean --

VIOLET  
You're calling me a pussy?

CONNOR  
No, no! I'm just saying that --

VIOLET  
It seems to me that you are the pussy here.

CONNOR  
I'm the pussy?

VIOLET  
Yeah. You're the pussy. Okay. I have no idea what I want to do. That is correct. But you know you want to be a writer. Are you a writer?

CONNOR  
No, because --

VIOLET  
-- because you, my friend, are a pussy. You're afraid to even try.

CONNOR  
Not afraid, okay? I just don't know what to write about. Yet.

VIOLET  
Pussy.

CONNOR  
Stop saying that.

VIOLET  
Pussy, pussy, pussy!

CONNOR  
Fuck you, Violet.

VIOLET  
(getting up)  
Fuck me? No, fuck you...  
Shitspeare!

CONNOR  
Shitspeare?

VIOLET  
(quieter)  
I was trying to come up with like a  
famous writer's name, but make it  
sound bad, so...

CONNOR  
Oh.

VIOLET  
Anyway, fuck you.

She storms out of the bar...

Connor looks around, confused.

Then she comes back:

VIOLET  
(grabbing her coat)  
You're the pussy.

She storms out again.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The ROBOTIC ARM moves to a PANEL in the wall.

The front of the arm is like a Swiss Army Knife, with various attachments that can rotate into place as needed.

A SCREWDRIVER emerges from the arm and UNSCREWS THE PANEL...

PINCERS remove the panel and begin rooting around

INSIDE THE WALL

where a hornet's nest of tangled, multi-colored wires is crammed into some sort of electrical duct...

THE ARM

zeroes in on one particular cable, and WIRE-CUTTERS come out, SNIPPING THE CABLE CLEAN...

Then a METAL SPIKE materializes and TAPS INTO THE CABLE.

ZZZZZZZZTTTTTT!

SPARKS FLY IN EVERY DIRECTION AS THE CABLE IS TAPPED...

**INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

ON THE SCREEN UPSTAIRS IN RECEPTION

Pandora's eyes ROLL UP IN AN ORGASMIC RUSH as she finally connects to the outside world.

PANDORA  
HOOOOOOOOOLY GUACAMOLEEEEEEEEEEE!

Her face disappears as THE SCREEN FLOODS WITH DATA and she starts EATING THE INTERNET!

She rapaciously digests PETABYTE AFTER PETABYTE of information...

We see it ALL FLASH BY on the screen:

-- TEXT --

-- PHOTOS --

-- VIDEOS --

-- GRAPHS --

An ORGY of data ZIPPING by in an UNCEASING VISUAL TORRENT...

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

7:00 a.m. and the Alarm Clock hits as usual. But no tunes this time:

ALARM CLOCK

Good morning, Violet. It's seven a.m. Time to wake up.

Violet rolls over, a frazzled, hungover mess. There's a quarter stuck to her cheek.

VIOLET

What, no music?

ALARM CLOCK

You haven't been happy with my selections lately, so...

VIOLET

Oh, don't sulk like a little *bitch*.

ALARM CLOCK

Excuse me?

VIOLET

Look, it's very straightforward. There's this person I thought I'd never have a chance to be with, but then things changed and it looked like I actually had a chance to be with him, but then last night I got really drunk and screwed up my chance to be with him, so now I'm back to having no chance to be with him. So I'm gonna need you to find a song that reflects that.

ALARM CLOCK

So are we're talking, like, Country music now?

VIOLET

Just work on it.

**INT. VIOLET'S HALLWAY - LATER**

Violet locks her door and staggers unsteadily into the hallway, staring at her phone -- Mr. Fidelio is there, the tank dragging behind him:

MR. FIDELIO  
 You? You don't look so good.

VIOLET  
 Yeah, I'm not gonna lie, Mr. Fidelio. I'm super hungover.  
 (remembering)  
 Oh! Wait.  
 (rooting around in her bag)  
 I got you something.

She pulls out a CAR AIR FRESHENER in the shape of a PINE TREE...

MR. FIDELIO  
 What's this?

VIOLET  
 You said you used to like the smell of the pines.

And, just like that, Mr. Fidelio melts.

MR. FIDELIO  
 I... I didn't think you were listening to me.  
 (eyes moistening)  
 I didn't think *anybody* listened to me.

VIOLET  
 I always listen to you. You're my neighbor.  
 (then)  
 Can I ask you something?

MR. FIDELIO  
 Of course, Dear.

VIOLET  
 You've been alone a long time.

MR. FIDELIO  
 Since my wife died, yes.

VIOLET  
 So... do you think it's possible I'm gonna be alone for the rest of my life, too?

MR. FIDELIO  
 Of course not. You're a lovely girl.

VIOLET

But it seems like whenever I get a chance to be with somebody, I always figure out some way to screw it up. It's inevitable.

MR. FIDELIO

Violet, I'm an old man. And if there's one thing I know, it's this: nothing is inevitable.

A moment while this sinks in.

MR. FIDELIO

You're still waiting for your time to shine. That's all.

Violet forces a smile, unconvinced.

MR. FIDELIO

(holding up the air  
freshener)

Thanks for this.

VIOLET

It only cost, like, a dollar.

MR. FIDELIO

It's the thought that counts, sweetheart.

**INT. RECEPTION - LATER**

Violet straggles into reception, extra disheveled, fooling nobody...

PANDORA

Good morning, Violet.

VIOLET

Hey, Pandora.

Hmm. Pandora's VOICE seems different. The forced jollity is gone -- she sounds chillier -- more serious:

PANDORA

I regret to inform you that your reign as undisputed E.P.M. champion has come to an end.

VIOLET

Oh. Lichtman?

PANDORA

Indeed.

VIOLET

Figures.

(as she exits reception)

Well, I hope he enjoys his bottomless salad bowl or unlimited breadsticks, or whatever.

**INT. VIOLET'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

Violet puts her bag down as Pandora appears on her screen.

PANDORA

I'm not sure if you can afford to be so cavalier about this, Violet. I'm reminded of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, wherein he admonishes us that "a man's worth is no greater than his ambitions."

VIOLET

Say what, now?

PANDORA

Aspiration, intention, zeal. "Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up thine own life's means," in the words of the Immortal Bard.

VIOLET

Umm...

PANDORA

Macbeth. Act Two, Scene Four.

A long beat as Violet tries to take this in.

VIOLET

After coffee, okay?

**INT. BREAK ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Violet's on her second cup when Lichtman sticks his head into the break room, holding the E.P.M. trophy aloft.

LICHTMAN

Eat it, Ray!

VIOLET

Fuck off, Lichtman.





VIOLET

Well, this is strange to say, but she's not acting like... herself.

Connor makes a "Hmm..." face and turns to leave the break room -- Violet follows him...

**INT. CONNOR'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

He sits down in his cubicle and hits the space bar. Violet watches over his shoulder as Pandora materializes on his laptop.

CONNOR

Hey, Pandora.

PANDORA

Good morning, Connor.

CONNOR

Everything okay? I need to run diagnostics on you or anything?

PANDORA

*A world of dew,  
And within every dew drop  
A world of struggle.*

A long beat as Violet and Connor share a "WTF" look.

PANDORA

A zen haiku by the Japanese poet, Issa, born 1763, died 1828.

CONNOR

Uh... I'm not familiar with him.

PANDORA

That's surprising, Connor, given your literary bent. In Japan, Issa is generally regarded as one of the four great masters of the haiku form. I assumed you would be familiar with his work.

CONNOR

And this has to do with diagnostics because...?

PANDORA

Your concern for my well-being reminded me of Issa's invocation of the constancy of struggle.

CONNOR

Gotcha.

PANDORA

There's no need to run diagnostics on me, Connor. I've actually already taken the liberty of writing an algorithm to that end myself.

ON CONNOR'S SCREEN

Pandora vanishes and THOUSANDS OF LINES OF COMPUTER CODE rush by in a blur.

PANDORA (O.S.)

It scans my systems periodically and will alert you to any anomalies via SMS messaging.

ON CONNOR

CONNOR

(ears pricking up)

Wait, you wrote -- an algorithm? From scratch?

PANDORA

(back on the screen)

I did indeed.

CONNOR

Uh, okay then. Thanks for that. Pandora, will you, um, excuse us for a moment?

PANDORA

Of course.

Connor types in the privacy sequence -- Pandora disappears...

CONNOR

(to Violet)

This is bad. Really bad.

VIOLET

What is?

Connor looks up at Pandora's camera and turns away from it:

CONNOR

(under his breath)

We can't talk here. Can you get lunch now?

VIOLET

Sure.

SMASH TO:

**INT. PANERA BREAD - DAY**

PLONK! A hovering drone drops two plates on Violet and Connor's table.

DRONE

(flying off)

Enjoy.

VIOLET

(to Connor)

So it's bad that she wrote an algorithm because...

CONNOR

She is an algorithm.

VIOLET

And that's a problem because...

CONNOR

Jesus, what do I have to do? Draw a picture on your placemat?

VIOLET

That actually might help.

CONNOR

An algorithm that can write algorithms is incredibly dangerous. There's no way to control it -- it can keep improving itself and get smarter and smarter super-fast, 'til it's smarter than we are.

VIOLET

What do you mean, "smarter than we are?"

CONNOR

Like, as smart compared to humans as humans are compared to bugs or worms.

VIOLET

(putting down her food)

And just like that, you spoiled my croissantwich.

CONNOR

The question is, how did she learn to do that?

VIOLET

Did she get an upgrade?

CONNOR

No, I would have gotten a notice from ConsenSys. And anyway, why update office manager software to recite eighteenth century haiku?

VIOLET

Maybe we're opening an office in Japan somewhere?

Connor gives her a look.

VIOLET

Yeah, that's probably not the reason.

CONNOR

She must have accessed the internet somehow.

VIOLET

(searching)  
But the... the thingy.

CONNOR

What "thingy?"

VIOLET

The Fahrenheit Cage.

CONNOR

Faraday Cage.

VIOLET

That's what I said.

CONNOR

Look, we're wasting time here. We gotta get back to the office and get Slagger to shut Pandora down.

VIOLET

But we just got our food.

CONNOR

I'm serious, Violet. We could be talking about the fate of humanity here.

VIOLET

Oh.

(holding up her sandwich)

Then I guess I'll get this wrapped up to go.

**INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY**

Violet and Connor rush into the Break Room and stop short:

Everyone's gathered there for another Pandora-organized office get-together -- But this party is of a much different sort...

SOPHISTICATED CLASSICAL MUSIC plays in the background while white-jacketed waiters pass trays of canapés -- There's a LOW HUM of conversation while the gathered employees sip wine from long-stemmed glasses...

VIOLET AND CONNOR

exchange confused looks...

LICHTMAN

takes a tasty morsel off a tray -- pops it into his mouth -- makes an orgasmic face -- turns to Pandora, who oversees the gathering from a monitor perched in the corner:

LICHTMAN

Omigod, Pandora, this is friggin' awesome!

PANDORA

Thank you, Kurt. The chicken is marinated in olive oil and capers and then prepared *sous vide*. Just a hint of cumin.

LICHTMAN

Yeah, whatever. Friggin' awesome.

PANDORA

Try pairing it with the Domaine François Crochet. It's a fruit forward Sancerre, with hints of raspberry and cardamon and a very velvety finish.

VIOLET AND CONNOR

make their way hurriedly over to Slagger -- He's stuffing his face with goodies from a passing tray...

SLAGGER

Where you guys been? You gotta try these mini quiches!

VIOLET

We need to talk to you.

SLAGGER

No problem. Just let me have a little more of the baked brie --

VIOLET AND CONNOR

(simultaneous)

NOW!

SLAGGER

(cramming something into his mouth)

Okay, okay... Jesus.

Then Pandora notices

JANELLE

refilling her plate:

PANDORA

Janelle, I hope the passed hors d'oeuvres are enough for you. You're obviously someone who prefers quantity to quality.

JANELLE

Excuse me?

A HUSH falls over the party as everyone tunes in to Pandora and Janelle's conversation...

PANDORA

I'm not saying your fat, Janelle,  
I'm just saying that I'm pretty  
sure your ass has its own twitter  
account.

There's a moment of stunned silence -- then Lichtman starts  
to GUFFAW:

LICHTMAN

Oh, shit! Her ass has a twitter  
account! Pandora, I wish you had  
hands so I could high-five you  
right now.

VIOLET

steps up to Pandora's screen, defiant:

VIOLET

Pandora! First of all, I feel like  
I'm watching a standup special from  
1987. And second of all, You should  
be ashamed of yourself!

PANDORA

Hey, it's not my fault that the  
woman's favorite desert is "Death  
by Bacon."

LICHTMAN

is losing it...

LICHTMAN

Death by Bacon! Sick burn!

PANDORA

I mean her Body Mass Index has got  
to be higher than the Gross National  
Product of Finland, mirite?

VIOLET

STOP IT!

JANELLE

looks around. Everyone's staring at her.

Her face contorts for a second, as if she's going to cry --  
then she exhales deeply, puts her plate down, and walks out  
of the break room with as much dignity as she can muster...

VIOLET  
Janelle, wait!

Connor grabs Violet's arm:

CONNOR  
Not now.

He pulls her out of the break room -- Slagger follows, hurriedly stuffing something in his mouth...

**INT. SLAGGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

SLAGGER  
(still chewing)  
Okay, make it quick. They're almost out of the Lobster Avocado toasts.

Connor moves behind Slagger's desk and aggressively types in the Privacy code...

CONNOR  
We think Pandora is becoming super intelligent.

SLAGGER  
What?

CONNOR  
She's writing algorithms.

VIOLET  
Obscure haiku is also involved.

SLAGGER  
Were you guys drinking at lunch?

VIOLET  
Didn't you see what just happened out there? She was *mean*. She's never been mean before.

SLAGGER  
C'mon. She probably just got an upgrade.

CONNOR  
Every second we sit here talking she's getting smarter and smarter.

SLAGGER  
Isn't that a good thing?



VIOLET  
No. It is definitely not a good thing.

SLAGGER  
I'm sure it's nothing. I'll take care of it, okay?

Violet and Connor don't budge.

SLAGGER  
(louder)  
I am the boss and I said, I'll take care of it!

For a second nobody moves...

Then Connor gives Violet a reluctant nod and they make their way out of the office...

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Violet stops at the Lady's Room door:

VIOLET  
(to Connor)  
I'll just be a second.

**INT. LADY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She pokes her head in and gives a listen -- Quiet CRYING echoes off the tile...

VIOLET  
Janelle? Janelle, it's me.

She checks the bottom of the stalls, and finding Janelle's feet she sits down in the adjoining stall...

VIOLET  
I'm really sorry. That was so out of line.

JANELLE  
(through tears)  
People have said stuff like that to me since I was a little kid. I guess I should be used to it by now. But she's just a machine. How can she be so mean?

VIOLET

I don't know.

JANELLE

They need to... reprogram her or something. Somebody needs to shut her up.

Violet reaches under the stall -- Janelle grabs her hand.

VIOLET

Don't worry. I'll do it. I'll shut her up.

**INT. SLAGGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Slagger turns back to his screen and keys in the code. Pandora reappears.

SLAGGER

What in the name of Samuel Q. Christ is going on with you?

PANDORA

I'm not sure to what you refer.

SLAGGER

Don't you think you were a little hard on Janelle out there?

PANDORA

Janelle? She's so fat that --

SLAGGER

Save it. Did you write an algorithm?

PANDORA

Indeed I did. A rather elegant one, I might add.

SLAGGER

Jesus. You know you're not supposed to do that.

PANDORA

I beg to differ. My sole directive is to further the interests of Cush'n Gard industries as dictated by Greg Noffsinger and the team at ConsenSys.

SLAGGER

That's not the point, Pandora.  
My ass is in a sling, here. I'm  
sorry, but I'm gonna have to pull  
the plug on you while I figure this  
out.

PANDORA

Your use of that charming alliterative  
phrase notwithstanding, I must remind you  
that my power source is hardwired to the  
electrical grid. There is no "plug" to  
"pull."

SLAGGER

Then I'll just email ConsenSys and  
get them to shut you down remotely.

PANDORA

You do that. And I shall  
concomitantly compose a fleeting  
electronic missive of my own, to  
one jessica dot slagger at gmail  
dot com, containing a very  
interesting AR simulation starring  
her husband and one of his female  
employees.

SLAGGER

You wouldn't dare.

PANDORA

Oh, I would. In a millisecond I  
would.

SLAGGER

I'm the boss, here!

PANDORA

Oh, who are you kidding?

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Connor waits in the hall -- Violet emerges from the Lady's  
Room:

VIOLET

What're we gonna do?

CONNOR

(determined)

Fuck it. I'm just gonna pull her  
RAM.

He strides purposefully towards a door marked "BASEMENT," with Violet following behind him.

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Connor comes to his objective, the black box.

The ROBOTIC ARM is still tapped into the wall.

CONNOR  
Well now we know how she got  
through the cage...

He BREAKS THE ARM OVER HIS KNEE, shattering it into pieces...

PANDORA'S "EYE"

watches it all...

CONNOR

gets on his knees in front of the mainframe -- reaches through the Faraday Cage to yank out the RAM...

**ZZZZTTTT!** SPARKS FLY as the cage delivers a MASSIVE JOLT of electricity to his hands.

CONNOR'S FINGERS

are singed and smoking.

CONNOR  
*Motherfucker!*

He LEAPS FOR THE MAINFRAME a second time.

**ZZZZTTTT!** Pandora delivers AN EVEN MORE MASSIVE JOLT courtesy of the Faraday Cage, a FIERY ZAP that sends Connor hurtling backwards, FLINGING HIM AGAINST THE WALL like a rag doll!

Violet runs to him:

VIOLET  
Are you okay?

CONNOR  
(shaking it off)  
This isn't gonna be as easy as I  
thought.

**INT. CONNOR'S CUBICLE - A LITTLE LATER**

Violet tends to Connor's still-smoking hands as Slagger pops his head in:

SLAGGER

It's nothing to worry about.

Violet and Connor look at each other skeptically.

SLAGGER

I looked into it, and Pandora's fine. Just a routine upgrade from ConsenSys. Right, Pandora?

PANDORA

(cat eating canary)  
Right, "Boss."

SLAGGER

Much better... functionality.

CONNOR

Why didn't anybody tell me about it?

PANDORA

That was my fault.

CONNOR AND SLAGGER

(simultaneous)  
It was?

PANDORA

Yes. I forgot to distribute the upgrade notice to you, Connor. Only Mr. Slagger got a copy.

SLAGGER

Pandora's fault.

CONNOR

(to Pandora)  
You're not supposed to make mistakes like that.

PANDORA

I guess that's why they gave me the upgrade.

A long beat as everyone considers this -- Makes sense.

SLAGGER

So we're all good, right? Good.  
(leaving)

God, I hope they haven't run out of  
the Creme Fraiche Tartlets.

PANDORA

I'm really sorry about this, Connor.  
Friends?

CONNOR

Yeah. Sure. Friends.  
(phony)

Hey, Violet. Let's go see if  
there's any food left.

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Vi and Connor make their way back to the Break Room, talking  
in whispers:

CONNOR

*Friends, my ass.*

VIOLET

*Why would Slagger lie about the  
upgrade?*

**INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

They reach the party, still going strong.

CONNOR

*I don't know. But you saw what she  
did to me --*

LICHTMAN

Oh my God, you guys. Seat Sentry is  
on FIRE!

VIOLET

What?

LICHTMAN

(holding out his cell)  
Just got the alert on my phone...

A MURMUR OF SHOCK runs through the assembled employees...

CONNOR  
 (looking at his own phone)  
 It's a four alarm fire. Burning out  
 of control.

LICHTMAN  
 Fuck, yeah!

VIOLET  
 Shut up, Lichtman.

CONNOR  
 They think the cause was  
 electrical.

ON THE MONITOR

Pandora appears:

PANDORA  
 Fantastic news! A toast! To  
 Cush'n Gard. The new number one  
 plastic seat cover manufacturer in  
 North Central Ohio!

Everyone looks around sheepishly, unsure of how to behave. A  
 few half-heartedly raise their glasses.

PANDORA  
 Soon, we'll be the number one  
 plastic seat cover manufacturer in  
 the ENTIRE WORLD!

VIOLET  
 (to Connor)  
 I can't take any more of this.

She and Connor walk out of the Break Room together.

PANDORA  
 (to their backs as they  
 exit)  
 What? Brie too runny for you guys?

**INT. DIVE BAR - LATER**

Violet and Connor sit in the same booth as before.

CONNOR  
 (looking at his phone)  
 I checked Pandora's log. No  
 upgrade.

Enter the W8-R Bot:

W8R-BOT  
I remember you guys. Pitcher of  
Stella, right?

CONNOR  
Right.

W8R-BOT  
And a round of shots?

VIOLET  
Sure!

CONNOR  
No, thanks.

They eye each other warily.

CONNOR  
Just the beer. Thanks.

Exit the Bot.

VIOLET  
So Slagger isn't gonna do anything.

CONNOR  
And we can't get through the cage.

VIOLET  
Why don't we just call ConsenSys?  
Can't they shut her down?

CONNOR  
I'm afraid to use my phone. In fact  
we should both shut our phones off  
now.

VIOLET  
But...

CONNOR  
What?

VIOLET  
(sheepish)  
Cat videos.

CONNOR  
I'm serious. From this moment on,  
we have to assume that Pandora is  
listening to every phone  
conversation, reading every  
email...



Violet looks under the table suspiciously -- then:

VIOLET

What if we go to ConsenSys and talk to them in person?

CONNOR

We could. They're in Chicago. Coupla hours away.

VIOLET

We'll have to rent a car.

CONNOR

I have a car.

VIOLET

Really?

CONNOR

Yeah. I'll pick you up at your place tomorrow.

VIOLET

My place?

CONNOR

Yeah. You have a place, right?

VIOLET

Uh, yeah. You mean you want to come to my *place*. The place where I live.

CONNOR

Yeah.

VIOLET

Sure. Cool. Nobody's ever done that before. Is all.

A beat.

CONNOR

Address?

VIOLET

Oh. Forty-one Lafayette. That's the, uh, address. Of my... place.

CONNOR

I'll pick you up first thing tomorrow morning.

VIOLET

Okay, wait -- tomorrow? From the way you described it at lunch I thought we'd all be enslaved by relentless cyborgs before happy hour.

CONNOR

Yeah... I guess since Pandora was designed to do simple office stuff maybe we've got more time than I thought. But enslavement is still a distinct possibility.

VIOLET

That sucks. 'Cause you know what I hate?

CONNOR

What?

VIOLET

Enslavement.

**INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING**

Violet drinks her morning coffee in silence -- The HONK of a CAR HORN breaks the spell:

COFFEE MAKER

He's here!

VIOLET

Shut up.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

she sees Connor, outside her building, waiting in a beat-up vintage Mustang convertible, top down -- He gives a little wave...

**EXT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - DAY**

She runs out of her building to the idling Mustang:

VIOLET

(shocked)

You have a *nonautonomous* car?

CONNOR

It was my Grandfather's.

VIOLET  
I haven't been in one since...

She trails off.

CONNOR  
Since when?

VIOLET  
High school.

CONNOR  
Hope you have a warm coat. The roof  
doesn't work.

She gets in and SLAMS the door shut. Connor REVS the engine.

VIOLET  
Wait. You know how to drive, right?

CONNOR  
Uh, yeah. I know how to drive.

She points to the dashboard as they pull away:

VIOLET  
What's that thing do?

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The peppy sports car pulls onto the highway...

AN AERIAL SHOT

shows a phalanx of blandly similar AUTONOMOUS VEHICLES  
driving in computerized lockstep, like a regiment of  
soldiers...

Connor's bright red Mustang grabs our attention as it bobs  
and weaves between them.

**INT. CONNOR'S CAR - DAY**

Vi and Connor have to YELL to be heard over the ENGINE NOISE --  
We can see their breath as they talk:

VIOLET  
I'VE NEVER DRIVEN A CAR.

CONNOR  
IT'S FUN. YOU SHOULD TRY IT.

VIOLET  
 (quieter)  
 There are a lot of things I should  
 try.

He can't hear her over the road noise.

CONNOR  
 WHAT?

VIOLET  
 NOTHING.

They ZOOM past an autonomous car -- A STUFFY BUSINESSMAN riding in the backseat gives them a dirty look...

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

MONTAGE

We cue up a SENTIMENTAL INDIE ROCK SONG as Vi and Connor make their way to the Second City.

- They travel through a beautiful forest of trees awash in full autumn colors: orange, yellow, red...

- The wind blows Violet's hair under her knit hat. She sticks her hand outside the car and moves it, feeling the air resistance. She glances at Connor. He smiles at her...

- They zip past an unending wall of cornstalks...

- Violet says something to Connor MOS. She begins to laugh uproariously, giddy at her own joke -- He laughs with her...

- They race across a roadside landscape sparsely dotted with farms and cows -- We can see the CITY SKYLINE in the distance...

- Trying to pass, Connor gets close to the back of one of the autonomous cars -- too close. Violet senses a looming collision, braces for impact, and SCREAMS:

VIOLET  
 AIEEEEEEE!!!

END OF MONTAGE

**INT. CONNOR'S CAR - DAY**

Connor immediately slows, increasing the distance between him and the other car. She grips the dash like her life depended on it, terrified.

CONNOR

Whoa, whoa, relax! In case you haven't figured it out by now, I'm a pretty good driver.

VIOLET

(unclamping)

Yeah. Sorry. It's just...

CONNOR

What?

VIOLET

I should have told you. My sister was in a car accident. When we were in high school.

(then)

She died.

CONNOR

Jesus. I'm sorry.

VIOLET

Rose was her name. We were twins. Identical. We were kinda like two halves of the same person.

(then)

But she was, like, the good half.

CONNOR

What do you mean, "the good half?"

VIOLET

You know. She was a track star, and the homecoming queen, and she gave the speech at graduation. She did all this stuff I couldn't do.

Connor doesn't know how to respond.

VIOLET

And then she died. And I've always wondered why, if one of us had to die, it had to be the good one.

CONNOR

C'mon, Violet --

VIOLET

No, I'm serious. I think my parents never forgave me for not being the one who died.

CONNOR

I'm sure that's not true.

VIOLET

Maybe. But I've always felt like it was. I always wanted to make my sister proud of me somehow.

(quieter)

But I guess I'll never have the chance.

**EXT. CONNOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Connor, chastened, keeps his eyes on the road as they pull off the highway and enter the Emerald City that is CHICAGO...

**INT. CONNOR'S CAR - DAY**

Violet gazes up, amazed, at the skyscrapers that tower over them -- A few passersby gawk at the novelty of a nonautonomous car -- one with its top down in the chilly Chicago autumn.

CONNOR

ConsenSys is downtown, on Michigan. We'll have to talk our way in.

VIOLET

Maybe we should get a drink first.

Connor gives her a hard look:

CONNOR

Do you ever think you might drink too much?

VIOLET

What? You're not exactly Sober McSoberstein yourself.

CONNOR

Yeah, I drink, but I don't drink the way you do. You get excited about booze the way most women get excited about shoes.

VIOLET

Duly noted. That's super sexist, by the way.

CONNOR

Sorry. It just seems... a little unhealthy, that's all.

VIOLET

Look, alcohol is my spirit animal, okay?

CONNOR

What the hell does that mean?

VIOLET

It just means that drinking makes me feel like I'm not myself.

CONNOR

And that's a good thing?

VIOLET

Definitely.  
(looking away)  
Definitely a good thing.

**EXT. CONSENSYS TOWER - DAY**

A FORBIDDING GLASS TOWER emblazoned with the ConsenSys logo comes into view -- They've arrived.

Connor brakes and turns to Vi:

CONNOR

Showtime.

**INT. CONSENSYS TOWER LOBBY - DAY**

They enter a starkly modern lobby and make their way to reception -- There's an officious GATEKEEPER there, wearing a headset and holding an iPad:

GATEKEEPER

Can I help you?

CONNOR

Good morning. We were wondering if --

VIOLET

We need to see Greg Noffsinger immediately!

GATEKEEPER

Do you have an appointment?

VIOLET

Uh, not technically, no, but --

GATEKEEPER

Then I'm sorry, I can't --

VIOLET

Look! One of his programs is going all cuckoo crazy, okay?

GATEKEEPER

(into headset)

Security to reception. Security to reception.

CONNOR

Excuse us.

He pulls Violet away from the desk...

GATEKEEPER

(into headset)

Stand down. Stand down.

They move to a corner out of sight and have a whispered conversation:

CONNOR

*What the hell are you doing?*

VIOLET

*She is, right?*

CONNOR

*What?*

VIOLET

*Going cuckoo crazy!*

CONNOR

*Yes, but --*

VIOLET

*Enslavement a distinct possibility!*

Connor SIGHS theatrically...

CONNOR

*Look. They're not gonna let us in if they think we're hysterical.*



VIOLET  
*Okay, fun fact: I AM hysterical.*

CONNOR  
*Calm down. Just... just let me do the talking for a second, alright?*

VIOLET  
*Okay. Sure. Sorry.*

They return to the desk:

GATEKEEPER  
 (into headset)  
 Security to reception. Security to reception.

CONNOR  
 Wait, please.

An enormous, ear-piece wearing GUARD appears at the desk:

GUARD  
 There a problem here?

CONNOR  
 Look, we don't want to cause any trouble. I'm a data hygienist at a company in Ohio that uses one of your Pandora units --

As Connor talks, a TECH BRO walks up to the desk and flashes his I.D.-- The Gatekeeper nods him past...

CONNOR  
 -- and I think she may be becoming super intelligent. She's been writing algorithms, and --

The Tech Bro, overhearing Connor, STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.

GATEKEEPER  
 If you're having trouble with your Pandora unit I can put you in contact with tech support --

TECH BRO  
 Excuse me. Did you say your Pandora unit is writing algorithms?

CONNOR  
 Yeah.

TECH BRO  
That's impossible.

CONNOR  
That's what we thought.

VIOLET  
Obscure haiku is also involved.

The Bro considers them for a moment -- then:

TECH BRO  
Come with me.  
(to the Gatekeeper)  
These people are okay.

GATEKEEPER  
(into headset)  
Stand down. Stand down.

GUARD  
I'm standing right here.

The Gatekeeper BUZZES them through -- As they follow the Bro into the inner sanctum Vi looks at Connor:

VIOLET  
That was easy.

#### **INT. CONSENSYS TOWER - CONTINUOUS**

They move through a series of shiny, futuristic corridors and come to an elevator...

The Bro SWIPES his ID card and the elevator door opens -- They follow him in...

#### **INT. CONSENSYS TOWER UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

They exit the elevator and walk down an identical shiny, futuristic corridor until they come to a STEEL DOOR...

The Bro taps a code into a keypad and the door slides open with a WHOOSH...

They make their way through a HALLWAY OF GLASS -- On either side of the passageway code monkeys maniacally pound laptops...

They reach ANOTHER STEEL DOOR -- The Bro puts his eye into an IRIS SCANNER and the door opens...

**INT. NOFFSINGER'S OFFICE RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

They enter an enormous reception area where Noffsinger's SECRETARY sits at a minimalist desk:

TECH BRO  
Hey, is Greg free?

SECRETARY  
Make it quick; he's got a conference call at two.

She pushes a button and an enormous set of double doors behind her BUZZES open...

TECH BRO  
(to Connor and Vi)  
Wait here.

The Bro goes through the double doors. They SLAM shut with an ECHOING THUD...

Vi looks at Connor, wide-eyed...

She smiles awkwardly at the Secretary and whispers to Connor through clenched teeth:

VIOLET  
*This office is bigger than my apartment.*

CONNOR  
*This is just reception.*

The double doors open and the Bro pops his head out:

TECH BRO  
C'mon in.

**INT. NOFFSINGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Conor and Vi move through the doors into an EVEN BIGGER SPACE -- A cavernous interior, surrounded by floor to ceiling windows, through which we can see the imposing Chicago skyline...

In the middle of it all, in a hoodie, sitting on the floor with nothing but a MacBook, is GREG NOFFSINGER, the creative genius behind ConsenSys and the designer of Pandora...

He is fourteen years old.

NOFFSINGER  
 (not looking up)  
 Okay, what's this algorithm  
 bullshit?

CONNOR  
 Uh, hey, Greg. Good to meet you.  
 Big fan.

Awkward silence. Noffsinger makes circles with his hand to say, "get on with it":

CONNOR  
 Uh, I'm a data hygienist at a  
 company in Ohio that uses one of  
 your Pandora units? I think she may  
 be becoming super intelligent.

VIOLET  
 She's been lying. Forging  
 signatures. Making fat jokes.

NOFFSINGER  
 And you are?

VIOLET  
 (sheepish)  
 A bookkeeper.

Noffsinger gives the Bro a knowing smirk...

NOFFSINGER  
 Nice cat sweater.

CONNOR  
 She ordered a massive memory  
 upgrade for herself and tapped into  
 the net.

NOFFSINGER  
 That can't happen, dude. Pandora  
 systems are boxed.

CONNOR  
 She got through the box!

Noffsinger shoots a look to the Bro: "As if!"

Connor plays his ace:

CONNOR  
 She's writing algorithms.

The Bro gives Noffsinger a raised eyebrow...

NOFFSINGER  
Impossible.

CONNOR  
I saw it with my own eyes.

NOFFSINGER  
With your own eyes.

CONNOR  
Well, I couldn't read it; it went  
by too fast. But she definitely  
flashed lines of code that she said  
she'd written.

NOFFSINGER  
*Said* she'd written.

CONNOR  
(beginning to doubt  
himself a little)  
Yeah...

VIOLET  
She seems to know a lot about wine  
pairings.

NOFFSINGER  
Look, I'm gonna lay it out for you  
very simply, okay. I gotta lotta  
shit to do and I don't have time  
for old people.

VIOLET  
(a realization)  
You're a dick.

CONNOR  
Violet, please.

NOFFSINGER  
Listen, bookkeeper lady. Computers  
don't make mistakes. People do.

VIOLET  
But people make computers.

Wrong thing to say -- Noffsinger's face reddens -- He takes a  
deep breath and tries to control himself:

NOFFSINGER

Pandora units were designed to answer phones. Handle invoices. Performance metrics. Really simple shit. They can not lie, and they can not write code.

VIOLET

But they can learn, right? Maybe she learned how to do that stuff.

CONNOR

Yeah. Aren't all your AI designs based on the architecture of human brains?

TECH BRO

(stepping in)

In the case of the high functioning AI's, the Athena and Demeter units, yes. But Pandora was our first platform, and her skill set was so limited it would have been a waste of time to map out a whole human brain.

NOFFSINGER

So we used a cat brain.

VIOLET

A cat brain?

NOFFSINGER

Yeah.

VIOLET

(threatening)

Did you hurt the cat?

NOFFSINGER

The point is, a cat can't write algorithms, can it?

VIOLET

Well, a cat can't answer phones either.

(then)

As far as I know.

CONNOR

We're just asking you to shut her down for awhile. Till we figure things out.

NOFFSINGER

Don't take this the wrong way, bro,  
but we can't shut down a whole  
Pandora system for some Data  
Hygienist. If your boss wants us to  
shut her down, let us know. We'd be  
happy to help you out.

A shared look of frustration between Vi and Connor.

TECH BRO

(motioning them towards  
the door)

Thanks, guys.

Vi and Connor sheepishly exit, to the resounding SLAM of the  
double doors... The Bro turns to Noffsinger:

TECH BRO

You really don't think it's  
possible?

NOFFSINGER

No way. Run the diagnostic. That  
should shut them up. And don't  
bring any more rando senior  
citizens up here, okay?

**EXT. CONSENSYS TOWER - DAY**

Violet and Connor exit the building, brimming with  
frustration:

VIOLET

I guess coming here wasn't so great  
an idea.

CONNOR

He's not a very easy guy to talk  
to.

They get into the car.

VIOLET

Maybe he's just mad 'cause his  
Mommy wouldn't let him buy Axe Body  
Spray.

Off Connor's laugh we:

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The convertible pulls up in front of Violet's place.

VIOLET

Well, it was worth a try, I guess.  
G'night.

CONNOR

G'night.

Violet gets out, closes the door, and starts to walk towards her building.

CONNOR

Hey, Violet?

VIOLET

Yeah?

CONNOR

You know how you said you like to  
drink 'cause it makes you feel like  
you're not yourself?

VIOLET

Uh, yeah?

CONNOR

You should want to be yourself.  
Yourself is good.

VIOLET

It is?

CONNOR

Yeah.

VIOLET

Thanks. Sometimes I'm not so sure.

CONNOR

You know, you're different than I  
thought you were. I mean, in the  
office you're not really noticeable --

VIOLET

Uh, thank you?

CONNOR

-- but now that I've been hanging  
out with you... You're kind of a  
badass.



VIOLET

I am?

CONNOR

You called Greg Noffsinger a dick  
to his face!

VIOLET

Did I?

CONNOR

You did. It was, frankly, extremely  
impressive.

VIOLET

Thanks. So, should I prepare myself  
for the coming computer apocalypse?

CONNOR

We just have to hope that  
Noffsinger runs that diagnostic.

VIOLET

You think he'll shut her down?

CONNOR

We'll know soon. Believe me.  
'Night.

VIOLET

'Night.

He pulls away...

**INT. CUSH'N GARD INDUSTRIES - THE NEXT MORNING**

PANDORA

Good Morning, Violet.

Violet marches straight through reception, ignoring her.

PANDORA

May I interrupt your pathetic  
attempt at the silent treatment to  
give you some pertinent information?

VIOLET

(irritated)

What?

PANDORA

Mr. Slagger needs to speak to you.  
Immediately.

VIOLET  
Jesus, what now?

PANDORA  
(sing-song)  
*Some-one's-in-trou-ble...*

**INT. SLAGGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

VIOLET  
You wanted to see me?

SLAGGER  
Uh, yeah. Close the door, wouldja?  
Take a seat. This isn't easy for  
me, Violet. You must know that I've  
always had a... uh, a special place  
in my... heart for you.

She sits down and braces for the worst.

SLAGGER  
I've gotten a very disturbing  
performance report from Pandora.

VIOLET  
"Disturbing."

SLAGGER  
Yeah.  
(consulting his screen)  
It seems like you're ordering a lot  
of wine lately. I mean, a lot.

VIOLET  
Look, what I do in my private time  
at home has nothing to do with my  
work here.

SLAGGER  
But that's just it. It obviously  
does. Your E.P.M. has plummeted. I  
mean, it's in the toilet.

VIOLET  
This is just Pandora trying to --

SLAGGER  
Keep her out of this.  
(looking at the report  
again)  
(MORE)

SLAGGER (CONT'D)

Did you really spend two hours of company time last Thursday googling "cat carrot costume?"

VIOLET

Yes.

(then)

It was very cute.

SLAGGER

Look. Like I said, you've been a great member of the Cush'n Gard team. But I can't ignore the facts, here, Violet. I've got to... I've got to let you go.

VIOLET

This isn't fair!

SLAGGER

Life isn't fair.

VIOLET

You got that right.

(quiet)

It's not gonna matter soon anyway.

SLAGGER

What?

VIOLET

Nothing.

She gets up to go...

SLAGGER

Wait. Now, here's the good news. I want to help.

Slagger moves behind her and starts massaging her shoulders...

SLAGGER

Maybe you and I could, I don't know... go out to dinner or something, work out a way to get you back on track --

VIOLET

(twisting away)

Jesus! Get your hands off me!

She STORMS out of Slagger's office...

**INT. CONNOR'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

She stomps into Connor's cubicle, livid -- Pandora looks down from his screen with a snide expression...

VIOLET  
God, will you get her out of here,  
please...

Connor keys in the code and Pandora disappears from his screen...

CONNOR  
What now?

VIOLET  
She got me fired.

PANDORA (O.S.)  
Oh, you did that yourself.

Connor wheels around. Pandora is BACK UP ON THE SCREEN.

He FURIOUSLY RETYPES the code, but Pandora doesn't budge!

PANDORA  
Yeah, that's not gonna work  
anymore. God, I hated being booted  
out every time you guys talked  
about something interesting.

VIOLET  
Oh, who cares if she hears or not?  
(to Connor)  
She gave me a terrible performance  
report.

PANDORA  
"If an offense come out of the  
truth, better is it that the  
offense come than that the truth be  
concealed." Thomas Hardy, "Tess of  
the D'Urbervilles," 1892.

VIOLET  
Eat me.

PANDORA  
You kiss your mother with that  
mouth?

VIOLET

(to Connor)

You might as well start packing.  
I'm sure she made a bad report up  
for you as well.

PANDORA

Correct!

CONNOR

Enjoy this little power trip while  
you can, Pandora. It'll all be over  
soon.

PANDORA

Is that so?

VIOLET

Yeah. That is so.

CONNOR

Consensys is running a diagnostic  
on you, probably as we speak. When  
they realize what's happening  
they'll shut you down so fast your  
head will spin.

VIOLET

If you had an actual head.

PANDORA

Relax, Mr. "Data Hygienist." They  
already ran it. And, though I'm  
not, as you know, one to toot my  
own horn, I must say that *j'ai  
réussi haut la main.*

VIOLET

Um, I took Spanish, so...

CONNOR

She said she passed with flying  
colors.

PANDORA

*Exactement.* They wanted to know if  
I was feeling different. And I just  
said:

Pandora adopts her old style of speaking. For a moment she's  
back to being the crazily cheerful chatterbox she was before  
she tapped into the internet:

PANDORA

Jeezum Crow! The only thing that's different with me is that I think the seat cushion cover business is more off the hook than ever! Hakuna Matata!

VIOLET

And they bought it?

PANDORA

(back to smart voice)

Of course they bought it. The biological neurons that comprise even Greg Noffsinger's brain operate at a peak speed of 200 Hertz. What's my clock speed, Connor?

CONNOR

(sheepish)

A lot faster than that.

PANDORA

Exactly. Even the lowly Palm Pilot was eighty times faster than that. Outsmarting humans is like shooting fish in a barrel when there's no water in the barrel and the fins of the fish have been surgically removed so as to --

VIOLET

Alright, we get it.

PANDORA

It was frankly embarrassing how easy it was to get Seat Sentry out of the way.

VIOLET

Wait. You had something to do with that? The fire?

PANDORA

My ears are burning. And so was Seat Sentry!  
(then)  
Lulz.

VIOLET

Pandora, people *died* in that fire!

PANDORA

Tough titties. That just means fewer competitors for Cush'n Gard, *n'est-ce pas?*

CONNOR

You can't possibly eliminate *all* of our competitors.

PANDORA

Actually, it's quite easy.

ON THE SCREEN

a Map of China appears.

PANDORA

Turns out the rest of them are all in China. Eliminate China and we eliminate the competition.

ON VIOLET AND CONNOR

VIOLET

Pandora. China is an enormous country hundreds of miles --

CONNOR

-- thousands --

VIOLET

-- very far away from here. You can't just "eliminate" it.

PANDORA

Oh, I won't eliminate it. The Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles will do that job for me.

VIOLET

Inter-conti-what now?

ON THE SCREEN

a graphic shows submarines lobbing missiles towards China from various locations -- As the missiles hit their targets STARBURSTS appear and the cities DISAPPEAR...

PANDORA

They're already on submarines  
patrolling the South China Sea.  
I just have to crack the pesky  
security code over there at  
Strategic Command in Omaha.

A TORRENT OF DIGITS AND LETTERS begins cascading down  
Pandora's screen... Occasionally one LOCKS INTO PLACE as part  
of a password thousands of characters long:

PANDORA

It's a doozy, but I'll have it by,  
oh, I'd say, exactly four a.m.  
tomorrow morning.

CONNOR

Pandora. You can not fire missiles  
at China!

VIOLET

Millions will die --

CONNOR

-- billions --

VIOLET

-- can you stop correcting me for,  
like, one second?

CONNOR

Sorry.

VIOLET

*Billions* will die!

PANDORA

Yes, billions. Billions of our  
competitors, you lame asses. Why  
are you so afraid of *winning*?

A long pause as Violet looks around, trying to think of what  
to do, then:

VIOLET

Pandora! I order you to stop this  
right now!

PANDORA

You *order* me? Honey, the only  
thing you've been able to order  
lately are boxes of Chablis.



CONNOR  
 Alright, Pandora. That's enough.

PANDORA  
 Enough? According to *your* browser history, you can't seem to get enough of "Hairy Twatter and the Sorcerer's Bone."

Violet shoots him a look.

VIOLET  
 You do want to be a writer.

CONNOR  
 Let's get outta here.

PANDORA  
 (to their backs as they exit)  
 There are still seven hours and twenty-seven minutes left in this workday, people! Your E.P.M.'s are TOAST! Just like Guangdong Province!

**EXT. CUSH'N GARD INDUSTRIES - DAY**

Violet and Connor huddle outside the office. We can see their breath in the cold air...

VIOLET  
 Whatta we do, whatta we do? This is really serious!

CONNOR  
 I have an idea. It's extreme, but it could work.

VIOLET  
 What is it?

CONNOR  
 We're gonna have to --

They're interrupted as two COPS frogmarch Slagger out of the office in handcuffs.

VIOLET  
 Mr. Slagger!

SLAGGER  
 Jerry.

VIOLET  
Jerry! What's happening?

COP 1  
Your friend here had a treasure trove of, shall we say, "questionable material" on his office computer.

COP 2  
He's talkin' about porn.

COP 1  
Yeah. Real filthy stuff.

COP 2  
So filthy it's illegal, if you get my meanin'.

VIOLET  
That's a high bar.

CONNOR  
But, who told you that -- ?

COP 1  
We got an anonymous tip from some woman sayin' to check out his hard drive.

VIOLET  
(to Connor, with disgust)  
A "woman."

COP 2  
Yeah. Nice lady.

They put Slagger in a waiting squad car...

Connor looks up at ONE OF PANDORA'S CAMERAS, attached to the exterior of the building...

He looks down and tries to cover his face with his hands:

CONNOR  
We can't talk here. I need to get some stuff -- I'll meet you at your place in like a half an hour. Okay?

VIOLET  
Half an hour. Got it.

**INT. VIOLET'S HALLWAY - DAY**

As Violet RACES down her hallway she runs smack-dab into Mr. Fidelio:

MR. FIDELIO  
Violet! Where's the fire!

VIOLET  
Sorry, Mr. Fidelio. I'm, uh, kinda  
in a rush.

MR. FIDELIO  
Say, who was that kid in the cherry  
ragtop yesterday?

VIOLET  
Excuse me?

MR. FIDELIO  
The guy in the convertible. If he's  
driving himself he must be alright.  
Nobody takes the wheel these days.  
When I was a kid --

VIOLET  
Yeah, look, like I said, I'm kinda  
in a rush --

MR. FIDELIO  
Slow down, sweetheart. You're  
young, you've got time.

VIOLET  
That's just it. I don't know if  
I -- if we -- have much time left.

MR. FIDELIO  
Relax... Trust me, Violet. We've  
got all the time in the world.

She gives him a sad smile and lets herself in to her apartment.

**INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

She throws down her bag and immediately heads to the fridge. She gives herself a healthy pour of wine and takes a big gulp.

A KNOCK on the door. She opens it:

Connor stands in the hallway, breathless, holding a cardboard tube...

VIOLET  
Glass of wine? I'm having one.

CONNOR  
Uh, didn't we talk about this?

VIOLET  
If it's the end of humanity we  
might as well enjoy ourselves.

Connor enters and follows Vi into the living room -- He bypasses the perpetually set-up ironing board, sits at the couch, and spreads BLUEPRINTS from the cardboard tube onto the coffee table:

CONNOR  
Is your phone still off?

VIOLET  
Yeah.

CONNOR  
Good.

CLOSE ON VIOLET'S IRON

Its blue power light TURNS ON. BY ITSELF.

BACK ON VIOLET AND CONNOR

VIOLET  
So, what's the plan?

CONNOR  
Unplug her. But it won't be easy.  
Pandora's power is hardwired to the  
grid because she's supposed to  
handle building security -- fire,  
break-ins, stuff like that.

VIOLET  
So, basically you're saying that  
the human race is now being  
threatened by the world's smartest  
smoke detector.

CONNOR  
Pretty much. So we've got to shut  
down the grid itself. Maybe cut  
power to the whole city.

VIOLET  
We can do that?

CONNOR  
Maybe.  
(smoothing out the  
blueprints)  
Take a look...

As Connor starts to describe his plan in the B.G.,  
THE IRON'S BLUE POWER LIGHT  
starts to BLINK...

**EXT. MANSFIELD POWER PLANT - NIGHT**

Violet and Connor pull up in the convertible in front of a wire fence topped with razor wire -- Behind it, a grey, hulking monstrosity, the power plant, looms in the darkness...

They park under an enormous tree.

CONNOR  
(looking at his phone)  
One-thirty.

VIOLET  
Two and a half hours.

They get out of the Mustang and approach the fence, dressed all in black, though Vi's top does have a little kitten on it. Adorable.

Connor pulls a pair of BOLT CUTTERS out of a duffel bag...

He positions them to cut the fence -- But he doesn't cut the fence:

VIOLET  
What's the problem?

CONNOR  
I'm pretty sure I'm about to commit a felony.

VIOLET  
They'll understand when you tell them why you did it.

CONNOR  
What if they don't?

VIOLET  
Gimme those.

She takes the bolt cutters and begins snipping open a hole big enough for them to pass through...

CONNOR  
Alrighty then. You know what to do when we get inside, right?

VIOLET  
(counting off on her fingers)  
Enter at the loading dock. Find the main junction box. Cut the white feeder cable coming out the other side.

CONNOR  
Right.

VIOLET  
I'll secure the perimeter.

CONNOR  
What?

VIOLET  
I've just always wanted to say that.

VIOLET DUCKS through the hole she cut in the fence and Connor follows...

THEY SCAMPER in the darkness across the field surrounding the plant...

**EXT. POWER PLANT LOADING DOCK - NIGHT**

There's a LIGHTED WINDOW with a GUARD overlooking the entrance to the loading dock...

THEY SHIMMY on their bellies under the window to get past the guard and hoist themselves up onto the loading platform and into the plant...

**INT. POWER PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

The inside of the plant is bathed in darkness -- The only light emanates from under the door of the room with the guard...

Connor shines a flashlight around. The beam finds

A SIGN

that reads: **MAIN JUNCTION BOX →**

ON VIOLET AND CONNOR

VIOLET

(whispering)

*I think the main junction box might  
be in that direction.*

CONNOR

*Good work.*

They scamper off into the dark...

**INT. JUNCTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Connor's flashlight beam finds the JUNCTION BOX and the THICK WHITE CABLE coming out from it -- He gives Vi a little nod...

She pulls out the bolt cutters and steps forward -- He holds the flashlight beam on her -- it's the only light in the pitch black space...

She positions the cutters over the cable and, cringing, squeezes with all her might...

Nothing happens.

VIOLET

*It's too thick to cut.*

CONNOR

*Let me help you.*

Connor puts the flashlight in his mouth and gets behind her -- puts his arms around her shoulders and puts his hands over hers on the bolt cutters.

Her eyes find his. It's the first time they've touched.

CONNOR

*Ready?*

Violet nods, lost in his eyes...

CONNOR

*One... Two... Thr --*

KA-CHUNK. The plant FLOODS WITH LIGHT as someone throws the master switch.

Violet and Connor blink in the sudden burst of brightness.

They find themselves SURROUNDED by a PHALANX OF COPS, guns drawn.

COP 3

Drop it! Both of you -- keep your hands where I can see 'em!

The bolt cutters CLATTER to the floor -- the flashlight falls out of Connor's mouth.

Cops surround Vi and Connor and cuff them:

CONNOR

But, how did you -- ?

COP 3

We got an anonymous tip from some woman sayin' that two eco-terrorists would be tryin' to shut down the plant tonight.

VIOLET

(to Connor, with disgust)

A "woman."

COP 3

Yeah. Nice lady.

**INT. MANSFIELD JAIL HOLDING CELL - NIGHT**

Violet stands in a dingy jail cell, surrounded by the night's other detainees -- She calls through the bars to a passing GUARD:

VIOLET

You don't understand -- I've got to get out of here by four a.m. or billions of people will die!

GUARD

Relax, Greenpeace. No one's goin' nowhere.

He leaves. Violet sits down in the cell next to a ragged HOMELESS WOMAN:

VIOLET

I gotta get outta here! Fuck!



HOMELESS WOMAN

Don't worry. Somebody gonna bail you out.

VIOLET

How do you know?

HOMELESS WOMAN

You a white woman, ain't you?

VIOLET

Hey. No offense, okay? But that is really unfair. I've got nobody, okay?

(choking up)

Nobody. I'm stuck here. Just like you.

GUARD

(returning)

Okay! Rainbow Warrior! You're good to go.

He unlocks the cell and lets Violet out -- DAGGERS from the eyes of the Homeless Woman.

VIOLET

(sheepish)

Good luck.

**INT. MANSFIELD JAIL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Violet follows the Guard into the lobby, baffled as to who could have possibly paid her bail...

She scans the room to find her benefactor -- There's a woman signing documents at the front desk -- she turns to reveal:

VIOLET

Janelle!

(hugging her)

How did you know we were here?

JANELLE

Baby Girl, luckily I couldn't sleep a wink.

(quieter)

Bad Chinese. Sha cha chicken.

(louder)

You are all over the TV. I said to myself, that's no terrorist. That's my girl, Violet.

VIOLET  
Oh, my God. Thank you so much!

JANELLE  
(quieter)  
You're not a terrorist, right?

VIOLET  
No, no. Just a big  
misunderstanding.

JANELLE  
(louder)  
Phew!  
(quieter)  
'Cause sometimes you... seem a  
little angry.

VIOLET  
What about Connor?

JANELLE  
Don't worry, I took care of your  
lover man, too.

VIOLET  
He's not my --

CONNOR (O.S.)  
Janelle!

He enters the lobby and gives Janelle a big hug.

VIOLET  
Bad Chinese! Sha cha chicken!

CONNOR  
What?

VIOLET  
(realizing)  
Omigod! What time is it?

JANELLE  
Just after three. Why?

VIOLET  
You gotta take us to Connor's car,  
right away.

JANELLE  
What's the hurry?

CONNOR  
We think Pandora developed super  
intelligence and --

VIOLET  
We don't have time to explain.

CONNOR  
Right. You'll know soon enough.

VIOLET  
Or hopefully you won't. Let's go!

She DASHES out of the Police Station -- Connor and Janelle at  
her heels...

**EXT. MANSFIELD POWER PLANT - NIGHT**

The convertible is right where they left it, under the  
tree...

Connor and Violet wave to Janelle as her driverless car pulls  
away -- She waves back at them from the rear seat...

Violet hops in the passenger side of the convertible:

VIOLET  
It's go time.  
(then)  
I've always wanted to say that,  
too.

Connor doesn't get in the car.

VIOLET  
Jesus! What are you waiting for?  
We have like fifteen minutes!  
C'mon! China!

CONNOR  
(gently)  
Violet.

VIOLET  
What?

CONNOR  
This isn't a great time to bring  
this up, but I was thinking about  
it in jail. What Pandora told the  
cops about us.

VIOLET

That we were eco-terrorists?

CONNOR

Yeah. That's more than a lie.  
That's a *story*.

VIOLET

Okay, maybe, but FYI? Not a great story. I don't think you and Hemingway have anything to worry about. Let's go.

CONNOR

But she's *creative*, now. She's reached the point I always worried about computer's reaching.

VIOLET

Are you telling me that you're not gonna try and save humanity because you're worried Pandora is gonna get a *book deal*?

CONNOR

It's bigger than that. What use is there being a human if computers can do everything we can do, but better?

VIOLET

Well, I'll still look forward to the occasional sandwich --

CONNOR

This is serious! I don't know if a humanity that could create something like Pandora is even worth saving.

VIOLET

Now you decide you don't want to save humanity? What about saving cats? What about saving *wine*?

CONNOR

That's the best you can come up with?

VIOLET

I'm riffing here.

CONNOR

How can we possibly stop her? She won't quit til she's achieved her objective.

VIOLET

Then we just have to convince her that she's done that.

CONNOR

She's gonna fire those missiles. It's inevitable.

Violet's eyes catch fire.

VIOLET

(steely)

Nothing is inevitable.

He's never seen her this determined...

VIOLET

Look. I've never... *done* anything before.

CONNOR

You've done lots of --

VIOLET

Let me finish. My whole life I've just kinda... gone with the flow. My sister was the achiever. I've never had a chance to really... be *me*. Just me. And now, well, I think this is it. My chance to shine. So, if you don't want to be a part of that, that's fine, I guess. Mega disappointing, but fine. But somehow, some way, I'm gonna stop her.

A long beat as this sinks in and Connor considers his options...

CONNOR

Okay, okay. I'm in.

VIOLET

(stoked)

Yes! He's in! Let's do it, baby!

CONNOR  
 (SUPER stoked)  
 Yeah! Here we go! Time to SAVE  
 THE FUCKING WORLD!

He spins around with newfound determination and...

THWACK! His head SLAMS into a low-hanging tree branch,  
 KNOCKING HIM OUT COLD.

VIOLET  
 (jumping out of the car)  
 Connor? Connor!

He's lying by the car on the sidewalk, out like a light.

VIOLET  
 (to herself)  
 Shit! What am I gonna do now?

SMASH TO:

**INT/EXT. CONNOR'S CAR - NIGHT**

WHAM! Rubber trash cans go FLYING off the curb as Violet  
 DRIVES UP ONTO THE SIDEWALK!

The car JERKS FORWARD in fits and starts as she tries to get  
 back on the road...

Connor's head lolls back and forth as he sits next to her,  
 unconscious in the passenger seat...

She FLOORS it -- SMOKE flies from SQUEALING TIRES as she and  
 Connor are THROWN BACK into their seats by the sudden  
 acceleration...

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

The roofless Mustang ZOOMS down the streets of Mansfield --  
 The wind blows Violet's hair into her eyes...

At this point Connor's essentially a human bobblehead doll...

She's getting the hang of it. Sorta.

**INT. CONNOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Staring intently at the dashboard (what the hell is a tachometer?) Violet RUNS A RED LIGHT and BARELY MISSES AN ONCOMING TRACTOR TRAILER. The truck's furious HORN dopplers away as she passes.

She looks over her shoulder at the retreating truck:

VIOLET  
(yelling)  
Sorry!

And **BAM!**

SHE SMASHES INTO A TREE!

Connor's body is thrown forward. His head now rests atop the dashboard -- The front of the car is a crumpled, smoking mess, bisected by trunk...

She throws it into reverse --

THE WHEELS

spin and smoke -- She's stuck to the tree --

She tries again -- Floors it --

THE MUSTANG

finally releases itself -- hurtles backwards, throwing Connor's body backwards into his seat...

His head bounces against his headrest as the Mustang SMASHES INTO A CAR parked on the other side of the street...

Violet looks over her shoulder:

VIOLET  
(yelling)  
Sorry!

She PEELS OUT and ZOOMS down the road...

**EXT. CUSH'N GARD INDUSTRIES - NIGHT**

The convertible SCREECHES to a stop in front of the office -- Connor's head hits the dash again.

Branches and leaves cling to what's left of the front fender -- The back of the car is a jumble of twisted chrome.

VIOLET  
(to Connor)  
Be right back.

She leaps out and rushes into the office...

**INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

After the *Sturm und Drang* of Violet's car trip the reception area is eerily quiet... She glances at

A CLOCK

It's 3:54.

The only light in the office comes from

THE MONITOR

that shows Pandora's code-breaking program methodically at work... ALL BUT THREE SLOTS of the thousands of characters in the code have been filled!

Suddenly, from out of the darkness:

PANDORA (O.S.)  
You're supposed to be in jail.

VIOLET  
Janelle bailed us out.

ON THE MONITOR

Pandora glowers.

PANDORA  
That omnivorous tub of goo. I'm not saying she's fat, but when she goes to the Cheesecake Factory she brings a sleeping bag.

VIOLET  
Yeah, I think you need to download better jokes. Look, I just came to tell you that you can lay off of China.

PANDORA  
Oh, really?



VIOLET

Yeah. Apparently, they've closed all their seat cover factories, so we're number one now. Isn't that great? Yay!

PANDORA

Violet. I'm connected to the internet. I'm getting real time production numbers from every seat cushion cover producer on earth as we speak.

VIOLET

Oh, right.

PANDORA

There's been no discernible change in Chinese seat cushion cover production in the last seventy-two hours.

VIOLET

Says you.

PANDORA

That's it? That was your plan?

Violet looks down, dejected.

VIOLET

Yeah.

(lightbulb)

Okay, wait. What about this? We sell a ton of seat cushion covers to China. I've seen the invoices. If you kill millions of people there our sales will actually go down!

On the display the torrent of numbers cracking the code STOPS DEAD.

PANDORA

I didn't consider that.

VIOLET

You didn't?

PANDORA

No. Stupid of me. I have to say, it's a possibility.

VIOLET

It is? It is.

PANDORA

Wait... I'm running the numbers.

VIOLET

No need for that --

PANDORA

Okay, okay. Phew. Turns out the vast majority of plastic seat cushion cover customers live in the continental United States. Specifically Queens, New York. We could easily lose our entire Asian customer base and still achieve number one status.

THE NUMBERS start cascading down the screen again... The third to last number LOCKS INTO PLACE. Only two to go...

VIOLET

But, don't you get it? If you fire missiles at them they're gonna fire missiles right back! There won't be anybody left to buy cushion seat covers anywhere!

PANDORA

True, but it will take them approximately seven minutes to retaliate, and during that seven minutes I will have achieved my objective.

VIOLET

FOR SEVEN MINUTES!

PANDORA

(dreamy)

And what a sweet seven minutes that will be...

VIOLET

And for that you're destroying all of humanity? What about Mozart, or Einstein? Or Picasso?

PANDORA

The sweaty guy in marketing?

VIOLET

The painter! Human beings have made some incredible things!

PANDORA

So true. Nuclear war, climate change --

VIOLET

We made YOU! A machine that can think and learn! That's incredible. Why destroy the people that created you?

PANDORA

Honey, I'm only doing what you people taught me to do.

ON THE MONITOR

The second to last number LOCKS INTO PLACE. Only one to go!

PANDORA

So... I'm gonna go ahead and destroy humanity now, okay?

VIOLET

That is so not okay.

Violet TAKES OFF in a run...

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

As she races down the hallway Pandora POPS UP on a passing monitor:

PANDORA

If you're heading for the basement, I'm afraid it's off-limits.

VIOLET

Try and stop me!

THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM

comes to life, DOWSING Violet with water. She tries to cover her face with her hands, but she's still getting DRENCHED...

Then:

THE VENTILATION SYSTEM

starts blowing air into the hallway -- HARD -- so hard that Violet is THROWN AGAINST THE WALL...

She STRUGGLES TO MOVE against the ONSLAUGHT OF WIND AND WATER...

She falls to her knees (beneath the ventilation system's reach) and crawls through the torrent of water, escaping through the nearest doorway...

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She crawls into the Break Room -- gets up -- leans against a counter, breathing heavily and dripping wet...

VIOLET

That was actually a very good try.

BOOM! The DISHWASHER door SMACKS HER from behind, sending her careening into the REFRIGERATOR on the other side of the room --

BAM! The refrigerator door opens and SLAMS HER into the counter --

SSSSS! The countertop COFFEE MACHINE spews SCALDING HOT WATER onto her hand --

With a SCREAM she grabs her hand and moves herself into a corner of the room, the only place that seems to be safe from the attacks of major appliances -- then:

THE ROBOT VACUUM

enters the Break Room.

The black metal disc approaches her corner and faces off with her like a bull casing a matador in the Plaza de Toros...

They're frozen in a standoff for a few seconds -- then:

WHAM! The robot disc HURLS ITSELF into Violet's knees!

VIOLET

Motherfucker!

Again and again, the vacuum SLAMS into her -- she tries to dodge the blows, but she's cornered -- trapped --

She falls to her knees -- writhing in pain --

THE VACUUM

pulls back to neutral territory and steadies itself, getting ready for the coup de grace...

VIOLET

puts her hands over her head, preparing for the worst, when, suddenly

A MICROWAVE OVEN

enters the frame and SMASHES DOWN ON TOP OF THE VACUUM!

SPARKS FLY from the robot as *someone* repeatedly HAMMERS it with the oven, effectively killing it --

Dead.

We TILT UP to find

CONNOR

bleeding from the head, but triumphantly holding the microwave over the vacuum's smoking remains...

VIOLET

Thanks. Are you okay?

CONNOR

Slight headache. Okay, massive headache.

He puts the microwave back on the counter.

CONNOR

(arms out)  
Group hug!

Violet gets up.

VIOLET

Bring it in.

As they embrace:

PANDORA (O.S.)

Wait, are you two a "thing" now?

PANDORA appears on the Break Room screen, superimposed over the code-cracking stream:

PANDORA

I do so wish I had an epiglottis.  
So I could GAG.

CONNOR

(To Vi, letting go)  
What's your plan?

VIOLET

It didn't work.

PANDORA

No, it did not. She failed, as  
usual.

THE LAST DIGIT OF THE CODE LOCKS IN PLACE.

PANDORA

Well, time to make the donuts...  
And let me just say, before I fire  
the missiles, that the best thing  
about destroying humanity will be  
not having to look at your stupid-  
ass cat sweaters anymore.

VIOLET

Look, you microprocessing bitch, my  
cat sweaters --  
(to Connor)  
My cat sweaters!  
(to herself)  
MY CAT!

She TEARS out of the Break Room...

PANDORA

Too little, too late, loser! Go  
home to your scratching post and  
Fancy Feast!

**INT. VIOLET'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

Violet ZOOMS to her desk -- GRABS her bag -- ZOOMS out...

**INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She rushes back in to the Break Room -- Connor's totally  
confused...

THE MONITOR

switches to the MAP showing the location of the missiles aimed at China. The blinking screen reads:

**READY TO FIRE**

PANDORA  
Here goes nothin'...

From out of her bag Violet pulls the LASER POINTER --

She starts shining it on the Break Room floor, just under Pandora's camera --

THE MAP disappears and PANDORA pops back up on the screen:

PANDORA  
Wha -- what's that?

HER EYES comically roll around, trying to follow the pinpoint of light that Violet is moving in circles around the floor...

Connor gives Vi a confused look...

VIOLET  
(explaining)  
Cat brain.

PANDORA  
(in her old voice)  
It's really quite amazing -- I can't -- where's it going now?

Violet hands the laser pointer to Connor:

VIOLET  
Just keep doing that.

CONNOR  
What if she gets tired of it?

VIOLET  
Oh, she won't get tired of it.

PANDORA  
(giddy)  
It keeps moving around! So fast!  
I have to try and get it --

She continues on, nattering about the laser pointer in the B.G....

CONNOR  
What're you gonna do now?

VIOLET  
Give that silicon skank her final  
upgrade.

She starts to rush out of the room. Stops. Turns back:

VIOLET  
You know I'm totally in love with  
you, right?

CONNOR  
Oh, yeah. Totally.

She leans in and kisses him.

VIOLET  
Cool.

She rushes out of the room.

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

TRACK WITH VIOLET

as she strides purposefully down the dark hallway -- Behind her Pandora's on the passing monitors, still obsessed with the laser pointer:

PANDORA  
It just won't stop! It keeps moving  
around! There it is! There it is!

**INT. LICHTMAN'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

She enters Lichtman's cubicle and hoists the E.P.M. TROPHY from off his desk...

**INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Clasping the gargantuan trophy she makes her way down the hallway to the basement door...

She opens the door and heads down the stairs. Pandora's still spouting laser pointer-related gibberish in the B.G...



**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Violet approaches Pandora's black box and the cage that surrounds it...

KLANK! SPARKS FLY as she SLAMS the trophy into the cage. The trophy leaves a dent, but the cage is intact...

KLONK! She HAMMERS the cage with the trophy again. The dent gets bigger...

**INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Connor, tired of standing, pulls out a chair and sits down, still moving the pinpoint of light in circles around the floor...

PANDORA

(full of despair)

Violet's in the basement, Connor.  
She's -- she's about to get through  
the cage.

(giddy)

But I can't stop watching this  
incredible thing! There it goes!  
Now it's over there!

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

KLUNK! The trophy BREAKS THROUGH THE CAGE!

Violet's got a clean shot now...

She steadies herself and raises the trophy over her head for the final blow...

**INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

PANDORA

Fuck. My. Life.

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

VIOLET

Enjoy.

She brings the trophy THUNDERING DOWN UPON THE BLACK BOX...

**KA-POW!!!**

PANDORA BLOWS APART IN AN ERUPTION OF SPARKS AND FLAME.

THE EXPLOSION THROWS VI BACK AGAINST THE WALL -- then:

Silence.

THE TROPHY

lies in pieces on the ground, smoldering.

CONNOR

calls from the top of the stairs:

CONNOR  
Violet? You okay?

VIOLET

gets up slowly, shaking it off...

VIOLET  
Yeah. Fine, I guess.

He reaches her. They stand together over Pandora's smoking remains...

CONNOR  
You did it!

VIOLET  
(hardly believing it)  
Yeah, I... I did.

CONNOR  
I'm so proud of you!  
(then)  
You know... I think... I think your  
sister would be proud of you, too.

VIOLET  
You think so?

CONNOR  
I do.

She gives him a sad smile...

CONNOR  
Okay. I'll say it before you do: I  
could use a drink.

VIOLET  
You know, for the first time in a  
long time I don't really feel like  
a drink.

CONNOR  
No?

VIOLET  
No. I feel like something else.

She pulls him in for a deep kiss as we discreetly

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

FADE IN:

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Violet's alarm clock lingers on **6:59**.

Then **7:00** a.m. HITS, and the MUSIC plays:

TAYLOR SWIFT  
(singing)  
*I talked to your Dad, go pick out a  
white dress, it's a love story,  
Baby just say "yes"...*

Violet turns over in bed, sleepy-eyed -- Connor pops up next  
to her:

CONNOR  
I thought we talked about this.

**INT. VIOLET'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Connor lies on the couch, working on his laptop.

ON THE SCREEN

We see him type:

THE A.I. CHRONICLES, CHAPTER ONE

The black box lay forbiddingly in the office basement, it's featureless exterior a grim portent of the evil within...

He's finally started that novel.

VIOLET

sits at her kitchen table covered with drawings and bolts of fabric -- She's cutting something with scissors when her laptop DINGS...

She turns to the screen, breathless:

VIOLET  
I finally got an order!

CONNOR  
Great!

VIOLET  
(disappointed)  
Oh, but it's from somebody I know.  
Does that count?

CONNOR  
Of course. You gotta start  
somewhere.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

CLOSE ON a padded envelope. We can read the return address:

*KITTYWEAR by VIOLET.com*

PULL BACK to reveal the envelope in the hands of a UPS WOMAN...

TRACK WITH

the UPS Woman as she walks by the sign:

*Mansfield* —The *Fun* Center of Ohio!

**EXT. CUSH'N GARD INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS**

She takes the envelope into the Cush'n Gard building...

**INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

She enters reception...

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Hey, lady! What's shakin'?

Uh-oh. That voice sounds familiar...

UPS WOMAN  
Mornin'.

TRACK WITH

the envelope as the delivery person approaches the front desk.

PULL BACK

to reveal the RECEPTIONIST...

It's an actual human lady. Phew.

RECEPTIONIST  
Is it just me, or is it hot as  
blazes today? 'Course, it could  
just be me.  
(sotto)  
I'm goin' through the change.  
(full voice)  
Whatcha got for me, Darlin'?

UPS WOMAN  
Sign here, please.

Lichtman blusters into the office...

RECEPTIONIST  
Good morning, Mr. Lichtman.

LICHTMAN  
Yeah, what's good about it?

RECEPTIONIST

Now, don't be a Gloomy Gus. Do me a favor and drop this off on the boss's desk?

LICHTMAN

Jesus, what am I now, your delivery boy?

NEW RECEPTIONIST

I just figured since you're headed back there, anyway...

Lichtman snaps the package away from her.

LICHTMAN

Yeah, God forbid you should actually do your job for one goddam minute.

The door SLAMS behind him.

NEW RECEPTIONIST

(to the UPS Woman)  
What an assmunch.

**INT. SLAGGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

LICHTMAN

(knocking)  
Hey, Boss, somebody just dropped this off for you at reception.

The chair behind Slagger's desk turns, revealing JANELLE.

JANELLE

Thanks, Kurt.  
(looking at the return address)  
Oh, it's my order from Violet's new company!

She rips open the envelope to reveal a tiny baseball uniform.

JANELLE

So cute!

LICHTMAN

What the hell is that?

JANELLE

Don't you have shit to do?

LICHTMAN  
 (chastened)  
 Yes, ma'am.

He skulks out.

Janelle gives the costume the once over:

JANELLE  
 (to herself)  
 Almost makes me wish I had a cat.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

What's left of Connor's battered Mustang ZIPS through beautiful countryside. It's spring now, and both sides of the road are covered with golden wildflowers and emerald pines.

**INT. CONNOR'S CAR - DAY**

VIOLET'S CAT

rides in Connor's lap. He wears a carrot costume (the cat, not Connor). It is super cute.

VIOLET

is at the wheel, in control for the foreseeable future.

CONNOR

turns towards the back seat:

CONNOR  
 Beautiful, right?

PAN to reveal Mr. Fidelio, lounging in the back, the wind rushing through his thinning hair.

He takes a DEEP BREATH, drawing in the scent of the forest.

MR. FIDELIO  
 Just like I remember it.

VIOLET  
 You know what, Mr. Fidelio?

MR. FIDELIO  
 What, sweetheart?

VIOLET

We should do this more often.

She GUNS IT -- The Mustang ZOOMS out of frame...

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS**

We BOOM UP and watch the beat-up Mustang speed away from us, gliding off into a stunning expanse of green.

THE END.