

FADE IN:

INT. ROBOTICS/TECH TRADE SHOW - DAY

A huge, floating, drone-powered sign hovers over crowded aisles and booths filled with futuristic robots and gadgets. The sign reads: ROBOTTECH 2024.

JEFF NORMAN, late 20's struts through the crowded aisles like he owns the place, wearing his everyday uniform of baggy khakis and a plaid flannel shirt like a badge of entitlement.

People stare, wave and point at him like a rock star.

Jeff laps it up.

P.O.V. THROUGH JEFF'S CONTECHS LENSES - CONTINUOUS

Jeff's Contechs (contact lens visual interface) labels everything he sees, ala the Terminator.

He stares at a pretty waving woman.

ALLIE, the voice-controlled Artificial Intelligence of Contechs, scans the woman, talks in Jeff's earpiece.

ALLIE (V.O.)
Simulate nudity?

JEFF (V.O.)
Yes.

Allie displays an overlapping naked simulation of her.

Another attractive woman approaches. Allie scans her.

ALLIE (V.O.)
Simulate nudity?

JEFF (V.O.)
Yes.

INT. TRADE SHOW AISLE - DAY

BECKY PUCKETT, Jeff's wild-maned, 30's fiancée, decked in rock and roll gear, watches Jeff check out the ladies from a few yards behind. She catches up fast.

BECKY
What's with all the yessing?

Jeff stops, faces Becky. She rage-chews a wad of gum.

BECKY
What are you scanning?

JEFF

What do you think I'm scanning, Becky?
Why are we here?

Becky chews harder, flashes her press badge from WIRED.

BECKY

Well Jeff, I'm here to score a profile with someone other than my maybe-not-a-visionary-anymore fiancée. You're supposed to be looking for an Allie upgrade. Is that what you're checking out every time a nice pair of tits points in your direction?

JEFF

God! You are so insanely jealous. I have never cheated on you once!

BECKY

Then why all the groupie ogling?

INT. TRADE SHOW AISLE - DAY

Down the aisle from Jeff and Becky, another couple watches.

SIMON JACKSON, 30s, Jeff's best bud, sports a black track suit with neon trim. He shakes his head, keeps his distance.

CLAIRE O'RILEY, 20s, Jeff's cute, nerdy assistant, huddles with Simon, glances at her Wonder Woman wristwatch.

CLAIRE

How long this time? Minute forty?

SIMON

I say two fifteen.

CLAIRE

You're on. Jello shots?

SIMON

Sure, but "Price is Right" rules. Closest wins, but you can't go over.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JEFF/BECKY AND SIMON/CLAIRE

Jeff groans at Becky. She moves in closer.

JEFF

Can you please let me do my job?

BECKY

The only job you care about is a hand job.

BECKY

If you logged in half the hours on product dev that you do on spank porn, you'd have something in the pipeline besides a chaffed dick!

JEFF

If you spent half as much time stroking it as you bitch about me stroking it, we'd both be happier.

BECKY

Yeah, cause stroking your dick is every woman's vision of paradise!

Jeff looks at his shoes, mutters.

JEFF

Could be someone's vision.

Becky raises his chin, moves even closer.

BECKY

Dream on spanker. When was the last time we went to a club? A concert? I'd rather see a Maroon 5 reunion than sit on the sofa another night with you and a bottle of Jergens.

JEFF

Can you please keep it down?

BECKY

You need to keep IT down! You're gulping dick pills like Mentos! If you don't rein it in, your two hour meat balloon's gonna--

Becky blows a gum bubble until it pops. Jeff laughs, relaxes.

Becky smiles, grips Jeff's shoulders.

BECKY

We used to have fun. We used to go places. Do things.

JEFF

You're right. I've been selfish. I'm just so stressed, Becks. I gotta fix Allie, then we'll take a vacation.

BECKY

Make it Australia, cause you're goin' down under.

They smile, hug, notice Claire and Simon.

Claire looks at her wristwatch, sighs.

CLAIRE

We're both over. Jello shots anyway?

Simon nods, looks back at Jeff and Becky.

JEFF

Now let me walk the floor okay?

BECKY

Okay. Go find your dream AI.

Jeff walks ahead of Becky. More pretty girls approach.

JEFF

Yes. Yes. Yes.

P.O.V. THROUGH JEFF'S CONTECHS LENSES - CONTINUOUS

Jeff scans the booths on either side of the aisle.

JEFF (V.O.)

Allie, search for AI demos.

ALLIE (V.O.)

Aye, aye. Searching for lemons.

Jeff groans, pronounces each syllable.

JEFF (V.O.)

Search for Artificial Intelligence
Demonstrations.

ALLIE (V.O.)

Exhibitions or protests?

JEFF (V.O.)

Gawd! You know what I'm doing? I'm
shopping for a replacement for you!

BACK TO SCENE

Geeks snicker at Jeff yelling to himself. Simon walks over.

SIMON

Glad you've worked the bugs out.

Jeff ignores him, scans more booths, sees a variety of amazing gadgets. He fake-yawns with boredom.

JEFF

Another year, same old shit.

SIMON

Check it. Here's something new.

Simon walks to a robot head with a beautiful female face. He moves in closer, admires the realistic skin and fake pores.

SIMON

(to robot)

Hey, gorgeous. What are you doing after the show?

ROBOT HEAD

What did you have in mind?

SIMON

Drinks at least. Hopefully more.

ROBOT HEAD

Are you inferring a sexual subtext?

SIMON

Hey Jeff, we got a live one.

Jeff, Becky and Claire follow. The robot's eyes track all of them, focus on Jeff.

ROBOT HEAD

Hello Mr. Norman. It is a pleasure to meet you.

JEFF

Decent visual recognition software.

BECKY

Probably read my TECH TALK feature.

Robot head frowns at Becky, turns back to Jeff.

ROBOT HEAD

Thank you sir. May I say that you're even more attractive in person.

JEFF

Well, uh, thanks, robot head.

BECKY

(to Claire)

Obviously DBM.

Claire nods, giggles.

JEFF

DBM?

CLAIRE

Designed by men.

Jeff gives her the stinkeye. Simon laughs.

SIMON
 (to robot)
 You got a name? I'm--

ROBOT HEAD
 Simon Jackson, former co-owner of
 IZ, noted for the Contechs eyeware
 and not much else. I'm Hedy.

SIMON
 (to Jeff)
 Got your checkbook handy? I think
 Hedy's your new Allie.

JEFF
 Meh. Let's keep lookin'.

INT. DIFFERENT AISLE--TRADE SHOW - DAY

They spot a chair onstage, with dexterous, humanoid arms.
 Banner above the booth reads: ARMZ. They join the crowd.

The stage is a household kitchen with a variety of appliances,
 connected to a living room with a sofa and a big screen TV.

CHAIR is old-fashioned, with engraved wooden legs and paisley
 upholstery. The high-tech headrest and fleshy arms look
 ridiculously out of place. Chair waves at Jeff. He gapes.

JEFF
 What the fuck?

BECKY
 Is that a Chippendale chair?

SIMON
 Thought they only made dancers.

Claire tugs on Jeff's sleeve.

CLAIRE
 It's only 24 minutes to show time.

JEFF
 Relax, we'll make it.

BENJI CHANG, 30s, flanks Chair onstage, oozing snark.

BENJI
 So Chair, tell our guests a little
 about yourself and what you can do.

Chair replies in a sultry female voice from speakers in the
 headrest. Her arms are in constant motion.

CHAIR
 (to crowd)
 What would you like to know?

Jeff steps up boldly.

JEFF
 I have a question.

BENJI
 Wow, what a way to kick off the show!
 Chair, do you know who this is?

Chair has twin cameras mounted in swiveling balls on the sides of her headrest. Blue lights glow within her "eyes."

CHAIR
 Of course. Jeff Norman, CEO of IZ.
 What would you like to know Jeff?

JEFF
 I want to know--why? Why, why, why?

Becky cringes. Simon steps up, looks at chair, then Benji.

SIMON
 Excellent question. Besides pun
 points for arm-chair, why?

Chair rolls smoothly and silently toward Jeff and Simon on ball-bearings concealed in the leg tips.

CHAIR
 In the Internet of Things, where all
 appliances, devices and security
 systems are fully integrated, a
 reliable administrator is essential
 for optimal efficiency. I am the
 orchestra leader of your household,
 your personal assistant, your gal
 Friday and an extra pair of hands
 when your own are--otherwise occupied.

Jeff tilts his head, intrigued.

CHAIR
 Would you like to join me onstage?

Jeff doesn't move.

CHAIR
 Don't be shy. I don't bite. No
 teeth.

JEFF
 Okay, okay.

Jeff hops onstage to big applause, puts his hands in his pockets. Chair swivels around, moves uncomfortably close.

CHAIR

Good. Keep your hands in there and let me do all the work. Have a seat. Take a load off.

JEFF

You look a little flimsy.

CHAIR

I can handle you just fine. Climb aboard, big boy.

Claire giggles. Becky is stone-faced. Jeff eases into the seat an inch at a time.

CHAIR

How do I feel?

JEFF

Surprisingly comfortable.

CHAIR

(to Benji)
That's our new ad slogan.

Benji nods with approval.

CHAIR

So, what can I do you for? Coffee? Something stronger?

JEFF

Coffee's good.

CHAIR

Caf? Decaf? Half-caf?

JEFF

Caf. Double shot latte. No, wait. Caramel macchiato.

CHAIR

Comin' right up.

Chair rolls to the fridge, opens door. Her seat elevates on metal extension rods that rise from her legs.

Chair grabs the milk, rolls to the espresso machine, steams it, pours Jeff a cup, adds milk, squirts caramel on top.

Jeff gawks at a message written in caramel sauce: HELP ME! He looks over his shoulder at Chair's swiveling eye camera. The camera aperture blinks.

JEFF

What's wron--

Chair elbows him in the ribs with one arm, while her other hand stirs away the message.

CHAIR

How about some fudge?

JEFF

Fudge? I love--

Claire waves at Jeff, pointing to her wristwatch.

JEFF

Nah, my presentation is coming up.

ALLIE (V.O.)

I have a message coming through from an unknown source. Play?

Jeff nods.

CHAIR (V.O.)

Promise you'll come back for me.

Jeff slowly stands, nods at Chair's camera.

JEFF

Very impressive, Chair.

CHAIR

You ain't seen nothin'.

JEFF

Yeah, I'll bet.

(to Benji)

Let's talk later.

Jeff walks offstage, turns to Claire. Becky pulls him back.

BECKY

(to Claire and Simon)

Give us a sec, okay?

Claire and Simon nod, shrug, back off.

BECKY

I can't make the presentation.

JEFF

Why?

BECKY

I've got an appointment.

JEFF

At the same time as my presentation?

BECKY

The world does not spin on your axis.
Other people have schedules too.

JEFF

Or maybe you just can't stand watching
me with the fans again?

BECKY

Look Jeff--
(beat)
Y'know, I'm done explaining myself.

Becky turns, walks away. Jeff raises an arm, drops it.

INT. IZ STAGE AT THE TRADE SHOW - DAY

A huge crowd gathers around an empty stage. A giant IZ logo looms above, flanked by posters that read: "For Your IZ Only"

Jeff walks through crowd to stage. Excited fans hold out programs for him to autograph. A cute FAN GIRL approaches. A pimply, FAN BOY blocks her, shoves program in Jeff's face.

FAN BOY

Can you sign it "The Wizard of is"?

Jeff scowls, refuses to sign.

JEFF

It's pronounced "eyes" not "is" acne poster boy.

FAN BOY

Then maybe you should spell it like eyes, non-genius prickster.

Jeff pushes him aside, offers to sign fan girl's program.

JEFF

How would like it?

FAN GIRL

Behind the stage?

Jeff gulps, signs program, bounds onstage. The crowd roars.

JEFF

I've been called a lot of things:
madman, visionary--

FAN BOY

--Monumental asshole!