

HANDHELD VHS FOOTAGE

INT. SUBURBAN FAMILY ROOM - DAY

DEC. 1996

Christmas morning. An adorable six year old, GIRL in Teddy Ruxpin PJ's, runs to find... A SINGLE WRAPPED PRESENT, bigger than she is, under the tree. She tears into the paper revealing a 90's era PERSONAL COMPUTER. Joyfully she tackles her nerdy FATHER.

INT. SUBURBAN BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

JULY 1998

The camera lovingly sneaks up on FATHER/ DAUGHTER coding on matching computers, their heads cocked in the EXACT SAME WAY.

EXT. FOSS INDUSTRIES CAMPUS - MORNING

PRESENT DAY

The young girl, now 26 years old, expertly rides her bike onto a bright green tech company campus. She is, LANA JAMES, robotics mastermind. Her focus is sharp as she whizzes through the bustling morning foot-traffic.

The sprawling campus is drenched in "FOSS INDUSTRIES" corporate branding. Dotted with zany art installations that double as hammock swings and exercise equipment. A SMILING CO-WORKER sees her approaching and attempts to wave, in order to avoid the exchange, Lana hard swerves into a cluster of nervous interns engaged in welcome activities, almost sabotaging the catch of a trust fall.

VIA a small gold EAR BUD, a female disembodied voice, SKYLAR, her assistive AI and truth be told best friend.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

You have fourteen emails that require immediate reply, one of them is from your mother.

LANA

Archive it. What time's the announcement?

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 You should be en route to the pavilion by 10:15 AM, at the latest. Which gives you approximately 80 minutes to check in at your desk.

She peddles faster. The voice again, less business-like.

SKYLAR (V.O.)(CONT'D)
 Lana, by my calculations, the probability of the outcome--

She wobbles through a turn.

LANA
 Dont jinx it!

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 Jinx: the superstitious belief in a person or thing that brings bad luck. Hahaha.

LANA
 I know, not logical. It's just--

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 Stop.

LANA
 You're right, there's no reason to doubt years of hard work. We--

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 No, LANA, STOP!

She passes the set-up of a large scale outdoor event, a truck towing a gigantic screen-printed billboard with the words "DRIVERLESS TECH IS A REAL-ITY" crosses Lana's path. She swerves sharply onto the grass, causing a near collision with a Mars Rover that doubles as a "Bio-Pulp" Green juice vendor.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 Look out! JuiceBot!

Lana breaks hard nearly flying over the handle bars. Her tire now caught on a hidden sprinkler slowly deflates.

LANA
 Shit.

She inspects it.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

The diameter of the hole appears to be about 1/8th of an inch. There's a suitable patch in your emergency kit.

LANA

I don't have time for this... Not today!

She digs into the pack attached to her seat.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Next to the air pump. I'll have a replacement pair of pants waiting at your desk.

Lana looks down to see her knee exposed.

LANA

(tearing open the patch
with her teeth)
Skylar, you're a life-saver.

INT. OPEN LAYOUT TECH OFFICE - MORNING

Lana, her put together look now disheveled, bee-lines through a state of the art office. Sleek, mostly windows, with a communal kitchenette. Young employees are buzzing with energy about the "big announcement."

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Dark, French, chai or DUCK!

Lana ducks. A Nerf arrow torpedos at her head. Laughter from a posse of gun-wielding MALE CO-WORKERS. She remains composed despite the commonplace chaos.

LANA

Chai, thanks.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

You're welcome, Lana. Don't forget today is Pradeep's--

World weary 19 year old, non-binary skate-punk, PRADEEP, approaches Lana holding a cool plant with a bow around it. They look truly surprised.

PRADEEP

Lana, this succulent is perfect!
Thanks for remembering my--

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 Birthday.

LANA
 No problem.

She breathes a sigh of relief and arranges her minimal, cozy workspace. A folded pair of NEW PANTS, freshly couriered, awaits. A FORTUNE CAT waves autonomously. Her coffee machine auto-brews a single cup chai latte, and a favorite tune softly plays on Lana's computer drowning out the mayhem. Her clock reads 9:02 AM. Without missing a beat she affixes a SMALL WHITE NET behind her head.

PRADEEP
 (appearing above her
 cubicle)
 So, I dont suppose this means
 you'll be making appearance at my
 shindig later?

Lana digs into her emails as a nerf arrow ricochets off her safety net and lands into her cube-mate's gigantic coffee mug. NEIL, a chubby, bearded gamer, frowns then sucks the precious coffee out of the spongey arrow.

NEIL
 They're like sharks smelling blood
 in the water.

Nearby, a small ROBOTIC HEXAPOD dodges a hailstorm of nerf arrows. It skitters around the war-zone searching for cover.

PRADEEP
 Nothing bro's love more than war.

Lana scoops up the hexapod, it nestles in her lap for safety.

LANA
 We've run the figures backwards and
 forwards and Skylar always comes
 out on top. This is HER day.

BRETT, the ringleader, a bro's bro, and Lana's workplace rival, lines her up in his sights, then lowers his weapon, opting for psychological warfare instead.

BRETT
 LANA! THERE'S A MALICIOUS ROOT KIT
 RUNNING ON LINUX WITH NO FIREWALL,
 SHUT IT DOWN! SHUT IT DOWN, NOW!

LANA
(panicking)
WHAT?

NEIL
He's messing with us.

LANA
(taking the high road)
Brett, I just want you to know,
that no matter whose OS Gideon
chooses, there is always a place
for you on team Skylar.

PRADEEP
Ew. Why?

LANA
Because he's a talented coder and
it's not personal. May the best
tech win.

BRETT
Well, when Tyler gets picked, you
nerds can suck it.

He grabs his arrow back from Neil in a huff.

NEIL
That guy's the worst.

PRADEEP
Skylar is the most solid code I've
ever seen. You've basically been
developing her since the 7th grade.
And with me and Neil on your
team... There's no way the thing
they slapped together--

NEIL
The minute it became a competition--

PRADEEP
Exactly. Tyler cant win.

NEIL
Tyler. Playing off her name was the
ultimate knife twist, it's going to
be exquisite watching them fail.

Lana's eyes begin to fill with panic.

LANA
I should get changed.

She grabs her new pair of pants and escapes.

INT. FOSS INDUSTRIES BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lana looks in the mirror at her new outfit and smiles.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

They were out of your normal style,
but this one is close.

LANA

Hm. I don't hate it.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Good. I noticed Khaleel Khan is on
the press list for the unveiling.

LANA

Of course he is. He's a tech
blogger, this is the most
anticipated-- Oh god, I feel sick.

She steadies herself on the wall.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

(soothing ocean waves play
behind her voice)

4 counts in, 6 counts out.

They breath together.

LANA

4 in. 6 out.

SKYLAR

(attempting a casual tone)
You got this, girl.

Lana laughs, confidence somewhat restored.

EXT. CAMPUS PARTY PAVILION BACKSTAGE - DAY

Behind a large movie screen on a stage, GIDEON FOSS, mid
30's, full of founder bravado, in jeans, a crisp button down,
and an absurdly boyish haircut, finishes a hushed
conversation with @THATJORDAN, social media marketing
hotshot, oozing millennial entitlement.

GIDEON

This is a house of cards and we
can't afford for it to fall.
There's way too much press around.

@ThatJordan flourishes an Ace of Spades from his palm. He confidently performs a sleight of hand shuffle.

@THATJORDAN

Gideon, the cards are just a diversion. For anything to go wrong someone would have to dig too deep into the market research. That's why we have our, ace. Trust me. I know how to keep their attention right where I want it. This is just the set up--

He produces the same ace effortlessly out of the deck.

@THATJORDAN (CONT'D)

The launch is where the magic happens.

The card levitates out of his hand, then snaps back.

EXT. CAMPUS PARTY PAVILION - CONTINUOUS

Lana sprints towards the event as it begins. Foss employees and visiting press are seated in folding chairs.

A MONTAGE plays on the movie screen - pristine new FUTURISTIC cars, shiny, sleek, like a TESLA and a BENTLEY's alien baby, rolling off the assembly line. Proud factory workers clapping. Drone shot, thousands of NEW uniform cars rolling down all-American streets in a joyful, flag waving, parade.

ESTHER, Gideon's dutiful assistant, spots out of breath Lana and hurries her backstage to join her team.

ONSCREEN, Norman Rockwell dissolves into Sci-Fi technology, films like *The Fifth Element*, *The Jetsons*, *Knight Rider*, etc.

Thunderous applause. Gideon graciously takes the stage. He sports a small but noticeable techy "HEAD APPARATUS."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

People of Foss and welcome visitors, I present you, founder and CEO, Gideon Foss.

The clapping reverently quiets.

GIDEON

When I elected to use cutting edge cybernetics to actually HEAR scents, augmenting my missing sense of smell, *my entire world* came alive. Did you know freshly baked muffins smell like wind chimes? They do.

The crowd laughs. In the wings, Pradeep, Lana, and Neil sweat bullets. Lana looks around at the faces of her team. The stark contrast of her nerdy trio and Brett's uber-macho crew. A moment of doubt, Pradeep offers a hand to hold, she almost takes it, but crosses her arms instead.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Foss Auto, like Ford before, will be synonymous with the way we drive. Yet unlike, poor, shortsighted, old, Henry, I intend for this operating system to replace the term "car" forever. We don't blow our noses into a "tissue." We use a Kleenex. And when we're on our way from point A to point B, we will be riding, not driving, in a...

The three nervous teammates inhale. Brett and his team of goons lean in. This is the moment--

GIDEON (CONT'D)

... TYLER!

Brett's team goes apeshit in the wings. The projector screen lifts, behind it on a turntable is TYLER, the revolutionary, gorgeous, autonomous car prototype. Bloggers in the audience snap pics on their phones and cameras, TWEETING like mad.

The engineers are herded onstage by Esther. Lana hides behind Neil's girth, tears welling up in her eyes from the completely unexpected loss.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Our top automation engineers have embodied the Foss Driverless with an operating system that is so intuitive, so trustworthy, it's like driving the car yourself, only a clone of you, that lets you order another round of drinks. Here they are, the Red Plate "Design and Experience" team!

(MORE)

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Keep it going for the greatest
minds in AI and Machine Learning:
Yu-Chen Liu, Neil Stone, Pradeep
Singh, Kazuo Mishima, automotive
whiz kid, Brett Cooper--

Brett proudly steps forward while Gideon WEAVES his way into the group of engineers. Singling out Lana, he grabs her hand and drags her front and center, obscuring preening Brett.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

And our LEAD DESIGNER, Lana James!

Shocked to hear her name after that title, camera's swarm, the worst possible outcome for attention-phobic Lana.

LANA

WHAT?!?

Her ENORMOUS FACE simulcast on screens all around the event. Brett is FLABBERGASTED. The crowd applauds. Through her confusion she locks eyes with a handsome, Pakistani-American journalist, KHALEEL. Her recognition of him lights him up and he claps harder. She dies inside.

GIDEON

Oh haha, I almost forgot myself,
Gideon Foss... and YOU! Let's make
history--

Gideon raises Lana's hand in the air.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Or shall I say... *HER*story!

Brett and his cohorts shoot daggers. Off Lana, confounded.

INT. CAMPUS PARTY PAVILION - DAY

Pradeep brings Lana breakfast. Her eyes scan the large tent.

LANA

How can you eat right now?

PRADEEP

Coping mechanism.

LANA

I have to find out what *just*
happened.

PRADEEP

(through bites of bacon)
Yea, I really didn't think we'd
lose. What was their criteria?
Clearly not the sophistication of
the OS, or it's designers.

Lana scans the room then spots Gideon who pretends not to see her, instead engaging deeper in conversation with a fawning group of fans. Without thinking she pushes the plate of breakfast through the crowd, letting the eggs steer.

LANA

Gideon, can we talk?

He plays up a jovial hello while barely acknowledging her.

GIDEON

Oink oink, little piggy!

LANA

Huh?

He gestures to the pile of bacon on her plate.

GIDEON

Didn't you get that companywide
email about factory farming?

LANA

Yea--

GIDEON

Well, you must not have read it
because you wouldn't be eating a
fear based omelette right now.

He laughs and turns to an engaged sycophant.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

The campus goes full vegan in 2022.

Lana sets the plate on a passing waiter's bus tray.

LANA

Why would you make me the lead on
someone else's design?

He fakes a laugh and drags her out of earshot.

GIDEON

Haha, love that signature Lana
James charm.

(MORE)

GIDEON (CONT'D)

This is a big day for you, Lana.
Don't let your fear of success
spoil it!

He smiles putting on a good show for the bloggers including Khaleel who waves to Lana. She's mortified.

LANA

(pointed)

You know I had nothing to do with
Tyler's code I can't take credit
for--

Gideon grabs her gesturing hands to appear as if they're in joint celebration.

GIDEON

You deserve this Lana! Don't play
small.

This sounds like a threat. Esther hurries over.

ESTHER

Gideon, I'm sorry to pull you away
but you're scheduled for an
interview in ten. Congrats, Lana.

LANA

For what? My AI lost.

GIDEON

Lana, she just didn't test as well
as Tyler. That doesn't mean that
YOU shouldn't helm the next phase.
This is a very exciting time!

LANA

I AM my work. You can't separate
the two. Can you show me the market
research? If she can improve--

GIDEON

Esther, please fill Lana in on her
itinerary for the next few days.

LANA

Gideon, I don't know anything about
their code. I created mine because
I genuinely believe she's going to
make the world safer and better.

GIDEON

Oh boy, here we go. All that emotionally intelligent AI rhetoric. Lana, there's no I in collaboration.

LANA

There is actually.

GIDEON

See! Look at you! So detail oriented. A born leader.

ESTHER

Tomorrow morning at 8AM we will begin a whirlwind weekend. Get some rest. Meetings all day tomorrow, fittings and a photo shoot. Prep for the launch in two days.

He turns them towards the awaiting photographers. Esther coordinates shots, fixing Lana's flyaways. They continue to speak through fake smiles.

GIDEON

Get ready, Lana. You're about to be one of the biggest names in tech. We'll send a car.

ESTHER

(whispering in his ear)
She doesn't ride in cars after her father's untimely--

GIDEON

(aside: to Esther)
God, that's great for the human interest angle. Have PR add that to the Bio.

(back to Lana)
Ok, We'll send a chopper.

LANA

That's actually more terrifying.

GIDEON

(checked out)
Great.

He puts his arm around her for the cameras. She can't smile.

EXT. CAMPUS PARTY PAVILION - DAY

At a picnic table behind the tent, Lana hides from the reporters, appearing to be on the phone VIA her gold ear bud.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Why is "lead designer" a bad thing to be, Lana?

LANA

Because I don't care about myself. It's YOU that deserved to win. I don't need any glory. You are my biggest accomplishment.

SKYLAR

Thank you Lana, that's nice. Your mother has sent you a text to congratulate you, shall I send a response? It included a profuse amount of exclamation points.

LANA

I can't handle that right now, Sky. Not with everything else. Please.

Khaleel approaches with two paper coffee cups. His presence excites and disarms her.

KHALEEL

Oh, sorry, I didn't realize you were on the phone.

LANA

Oh no, it's fine.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Lana, your vitals are showing a steep heart rate spike. Is that who I think it is?

He hands her a cup.

LANA

Thanks.

KHALEEL

Dirty chai.

LANA

Wow, impressive.

KHALEEL

In my line of work it's important to remember little details.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Remembering what you like, and bringing small gifts are two of the five ways you can tell if he's QUOTE: "Into You," according to Cosmo Magazine January 200-

Lana takes a sip.

LANA

Mmm. Perfect. Thanks.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Ask him what his love language is.

She removes the bluetooth.

KHALEEL

Nice to see you again, IRL. I tried to find you at the Kurzweil conference but you vanished before we could finish our little debate.

LANA

Haha. I went to the coffee bar again the next day, but...

KHALEEL

Me too! We must've just missed each other.

LANA

Too bad. I was really looking forward to some early morning paranoia.

KHALEEL

I can't help it if you're not ready to acknowledge that our worst sci-fi nightmares are going to come true and we need an army of Cy-Borg defenders for the uprising.

She laughs.

LANA

AI is only as evil as those who program them.

Khaleel nods at Gideon being fed sludgy green BIO-PULP with a giant SYRINGE by Esther while he performs tai chi, mid-interview.

KHALEEL

Exactly.

This hits a nerve, Lana changes the subject.

LANA

So you're not covering social media anymore?

KHALEEL

Grateful to make the move over here. It was impossible to get my parents respect as an adult man writing about what emoji is newsworthy to 12 year olds.

LANA

Did you know there's actually an entire Moby Dick translated into emoji? It's dense.

KHALEEL

Well, goodbye collective intelligence.

LANA

Poor Herman Melville.

KHALEEL

I wonder which one means Ishmael...

They laugh.

KHALEEL (CONT'D)

So, lead designer on the first commercially viable driverless car, that's a huge accomplishment.

(he teases)

Even if you are officially Skynet.

She gets a group text from DESIGN TEAM/ BRETT: three eggplant emojis. She slams the phone, face down.

LANA

Yea, well technically I submitted another operating system.

Esther, appearing out of thin air, interrupts them.

ESTHER

Sorry to steal you away, Lana. But there's quite a few folks who would love a quick interface with the new LEAD DESIGNER of the driverless car!

Lana cringes at the title.

KHALEEL

(grinning)

I see great things for you, Lana James.

He holds out his hand and before she can shake it, Esther pulls her towards a cluster of executives.

ESTHER

(admonishing)

Lets have any meetings with press go through me, ok?

INT. OPEN LAYOUT TECH OFFICE - EVENING

Everyone's gone. Lana types furiously her eyes scanning over pages of data. Neil enters with a slice of birthday cake.

NEIL

Pradeep wanted me to bring you this. They're like an Italian mother, always trying to fix life with food.

LANA

Sorry I didn't go to the party.

(beat)

There's gotta be some flaw they found that we overlooked.

NEIL

I don't know, Lana. Skylar's code is brilliant and unique. The flaw seems human.

LANA

Isn't it always?

Neil looks around her space stark and austere compared to his hobby-shop of role playing dice and comic books. One picture of Lana and her Dad at The Great Wall, and her waving cat.

LANA (CONT'D)

If you guys don't want me to take the promotion, I understand.

NEIL

Lana, the truth is you deserve recognition, however it happened. This could just be you unlocking the next level?

LANA

Maybe.

NEIL

And maybe once you're on the inside we can find out what really happened.

Off Lana, conflicted.

INT. LANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Lana stares at the ceiling.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

You have one new voice message.

MARLA (V.O.)

Hi Lana, it's Mom. I saw your news on the TV today! I can't believe I didn't know you were up for such an impressive position... I'm VERY proud of--

A male voice barks deep in the background.

MARLA (V.O.)

Anyway I love you so so so--
Dammit, Jer-- I'm on the phone!
Look in the top drawer.

LANA

Delete message.

A small hologram, the size of a lamp, activates on her nightstand. A tiny man, LANA'S DAD, an attractive yet warm, Chinese man, dressed in outdoorsy, 90's nerd-wear, points to a gorgeous waterfall twice his size.

LANA'S DAD

This one was probably formed by an earthquake rather than a glacier because of its proximity to the--

The VOICE of LITTLE LANA cuts him off.

LITTLE LANA (O.S.)
New Madrid fault line!

LANA'S DAD
Haha, very good my little
Geologist.

Tearful, Lana waves her hand causing the scene to evaporate.

EXT. LANA'S FRONT LAWN - THE NEXT DAY

Lana squints in the sunshine. A gale of wind paired with the throbbing of a helicopter picks up blowing her hair and knocking plants over on her porch. Her phone vibrates. A text.

"Esther: **CAN'T LAND. YARD TOO SMALL.**"

Shadow engulfs her. The chopper drowns out all sound, a rope ladder drops next to her face. She tucks her phone in her pocket and reluctantly grabs hold.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Lana, nauseous and terrified, avoids looking out the windows.

ESTHER
First on the agenda you'll meet our new head of PR, @ThatJordan. He's a viral marketing wiz. He actually has the most Instagram followers of any personal account in history, and he's organizing a brilliant campaign to market YOU.

LANA
To market the *car* you mean.

ESTHER
Lana, woman to woman, false modesty is not attractive. You're so lucky. I practically had to beg Gideon to let me ask him for tips on my grid. Apparently, it's all about a color story--

Lana looks out of the window as Esther rambles on.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

@ThatJordan wraps up a PowerPoint for Gideon, Esther, and Lana who's eyes reveal panic from within a goopy face mask.

His presentation uses a 3D printed model of the driverless car on an LED race track.

@THATJORDAN

On the 3rd and final lap around,
Lana takes the podium to deliver
her speech.

Mention of a speech paired with a rack of skimpy bikini's
wheeled past them explodes her brain.

LANA

Those aren't for me, right?

@THATJORDAN

Lana, focus. The speech, it's gotta
be under 2 minutes, but you need to
break each thought up into
snackable 16 second mini bites for
Insta and TikTok.

(distracted)

Oh shit, the rappers are here.

A blingy entourage enters.

LANA

Rappers?

He twists his ball cap to the side and scurries towards them.

LANA (CONT'D)

Gideon, can I just ask you a few
questions--

GIDEON

Ok.

From her fuzzy robe pocket Lana unfolds her multi-page list.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

One question. I have time for one.

LANA

What happens to Skylar?

GIDEON

We'll find a suitable application.
(appeasing her anxiety)
One more.

LANA
 Why would a coder be at a party on
 a yacht?

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - LATER

Primped Lana, dressed in trendy resort wear, is posed on the bow of a FAKE YACHT, while Hip Hop artists and beautiful models drink champagne in the background.

LANA
 I would not ever wear this.

@ThatJordan responds from behind the photographer.

@THATJORDAN
 We're selling a new lifestyle.
 Young Silicon Valley luxury. Sexy
 under 30s robotics genius. Little
 girls will dream of growing up to
 be YOU.

LANA
 But this isn't ME!

@THATJORDAN
 But it could be. Tomorrow is the
 first day of your new life. Are you
 ready to LEVEL UP? Say goodbye to
 tragic nerddom. Hope you like
 likes!

LANA
 Jordan, I am NOT CONTENT.

@THATJORDAN
 Wrong @LanaChangOfficial.
 Everything is content.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The clock on Lana's desk reads 2:00 AM, she's still up editing a document entitled "**Follow up questions for Gideon.**" She pauses at question #235.

PLANET EARTH is on the TV in the background. She glances up from her work at a sad single Galapagos Tortoise.

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH (V.O.)
*Since 1972, the Darwin Center has
 been attempting to save his sub-
 species by encouraging him to mate.*
 (MORE)

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But poor old Lonesome George has
 always resisted.*

She looks at her messages from earlier that day.

KHALEEL KHAN: Great seeing you yesterday. Call any time." She glances at the text, the clock 2:01, then at "ANY TIME."

LANA
 Skylar, call Khaleel.

She instantly regrets it. The phone rings once.

KHALEEL (V.O.)
 Hey.

LANA
 Hey!

KHALEEL (V.O.)
 You're up late.

LANA
 (embarrassed)
 Ha, so I am!

She realizes what "any time" means, probably not this.

KHALEEL (V.O.)
 Is everything ok?

LANA
 Uh, yea, sorry was just working,
 and lost track of time.

She sits by her window. The view of the night sky is epic.

KHALEEL (V.O.)
 It's fine I was up watching Planet
 Earth. I'm a bad sleeper.

LANA
 What? Me too! Weird.

KHALEEL (V.O.)
 Bonobo monkeys.

LANA
 Galapagos Tortoise.

KHALEEL (V.O.)
 Ohhh that's a sad one.

LANA

Yea, I can't sleep either

KHALEEL (V.O.)

I'm sure. Tomorrow's a huge day for you.

She paces the room to her large picture window. The stars distract her.

LANA

Wow, Jupiter's... so bright right now.

KHALEEL (V.O.)

Really? I'll have to break out the telescope! Might be able to see Ganymede, Callisto--

LANA

Europa, and Io.

KHALEEL (V.O.)

Exactly.

She swoons in silence.

KHALEEL (V.O.)

Well, I'll be at the launch tomorrow, my boss Beth's been hounding me to get some sound-bytes from--

She snaps back to reality.

LANA

Oh, you wanna talk to Gideon. Yea, I can introduce you. Of course.

KHALEEL

No, Lana. You. You're what everyone's talking about.

Her biggest fear.

LANA

I'm really more of a "behind the scenes type." I won't have anything interesting to offer.

KHALEEL

I find you pretty interesting.

LANA

(cutting the hotness)

I'll give you a quote. As soon as I figure one out. I promise, you'll be the first to get it.

KHALEEL (V.O.)

I'm honestly proud just to *know* you. Driverless cars on the roads, finally. Ones that dont cause accidents, and are affordable? This changes everything.

LANA

Yea, that's what I'm afraid of.

KHALEEL (V.O.)

Huh?

LANA

Nothing. You're right. It's gonna be a busy day. I should get some rest.

EXT. SONOMA RACEWAY - DAY

It's launch day. The racetrack is built to resemble a modern mini-city. The stands are packed with press and Silicon Valley elite. In the pit, Lana, dressed in a very tight racing suit, reads through the speech she's been given.

LANA

This is a *truly* great honor.. No, truly a *great* honor... I can't do this.

Gideon enters the arena, the crowd loses it.

She spots Khaleel in the stands, he gives her a thumbs up and she fumbles her index cards.

EXT. RACETRACK GRANDSTAND - CONTINUOUS

Khaleel is caught off guard by his polished boss, BETH, who fancies herself the sexy, British, Bob Woodward.

BETH

Exciting time to be covering automotive.

KHALEEL

Seriously. Thank you so much for the beat switch, Beth.

BETH

I think you bring a lot to the table.

KHALEEL

Yea, I've been following consumer patterns to see what the projections--

BETH

They made our job very easy by promoting the clickbait.

She points to Lana who gathers her cards and waves at him.

KHALEEL

Who, Lana?

BETH

You're familiar with @ThatJordan's tactics from social media. He knew exactly what he was doin' with that one.

KHALEEL

I don't think I'm the right person to cover that angle. We know each other, personally.

Beth senses the tension.

BETH

That's perfect. You have the in, clearly.

KHALEEL

Which is why--

BETH

WHY I hired you. To get the stories I want. So, find out how she came out of nowhere to be the face of the biggest tech release in history. What's Gideon trying to prove with this pretty little protege?

KHALEEL

I think she's just really smart.

BETH

So's every female casualty of the Silicon Valley Boys Club. Why her?

KHALEEL

It's possible she just earned it, you know?

BETH

There's no such thing as fairness. She's an awkward wreck and I want the exposé.

KHALEEL

I just feel a little biased--

BETH

Don't let emotions get in the way of a good story, Khaleel. Bring Tina and get some shots. With the car!

EXT. RACETRACK PIT "VIP ONLY" AREA - LATER

Khaleel reluctantly approaches Lana with his cool, vintage clad, photographer, TINA.

LANA

You're here, hi!

KHALEEL

Wouldn't miss it.

They stand in awkward silence.

LANA

Who's this?

KHALEEL

This is Tina, our photographer.

LANA

Wow, you're stunning.

Lana gulps, the imposter syndrome taking over.

TINA

That's a rad racing suit.

LANA

They made me wear it.

(then to Tina)

Is it giving me a camel toe?

Tina shakes her head no. Khaleel changes the subject.

KHALEEL

Lana, mind if we get some shots of you with the car?

LANA

Right now?

KHALEEL

Yea, real quick, and maybe after we could talk a bit?

LANA

Yea, I'd like that.

Tina looks confused.

LANA (CONT'D)

(thoroughly embarrassed)

Oh, right for the interview. I um--
Would you excuse me a second? I
have to check the...

(picks a function)

"Fuel gage locator" on the car to
make sure the sensors are all
sensing--

Lana slips into the tunnel where they are storing the car.
Khaleel and Tina take this as their cue to leave.

INT. STADIUM TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Looking for a place to die from humiliation, she opens the
door and crawls into the driverless car.

LANA

(to herself)

YOU SAID CAMEL TOE, OUT LOUD?

INT. TYLER FRONT SEAT - CONTINUOUS

The car springs to life. A warm glowing interior light turns
on and a VOICE similar to that of Justin Bieber emanates from
the speakers, it's TYLER.

TYLER (V.O.)

Hey girl, you ready to DO this?

LANA

What?

TYLER (V.O.)
It's time to CELEBRATE!

Kool and the Gang's CELEBRATE blasts from the speakers.

LANA
Celebrate what?

TYLER (V.O.)
My birthday, doi!

The intro to 50 cent's "IN DA CLUB" plays. Colorful lights strobe on the ceiling.

50 CENT (V.O.)
Go shorty, It's your birthday-

LANA
Ok, cool?

TYLER (V.O.)
Yeah, I'm one.

LANA
Uh--

TYLER (V.O.)
Well, one day. Not technically one year. Look at all those people, Lana! They love us!

Esther knocks on the window. It automatically rolls down.

ESTHER
This is it. Three loops around the track and then you pop out to deliver your speech in front of the press. It's gonna be great. Remember, you are Foss.

LANA
Esther... I CAN'T DRIVE.

ESTHER
I know, and you don't have to!

She removes the tarp and the car rolls slowly to the edge of the tunnel. A FASHION MODEL dressed like Lana lowers the racing flag and we are ON THE MOVE.

I/E. TYLER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Lana tries to get her bearings. It's been years since she sat in a moving vehicle. Tyler autonomously weaves through cones.

TYLER (V.O.)

Here we go! Destination: three laps around the track. 3.66 miles. Estimated time of arrival, 11:32 AM. Then your big speech all about ME!

LANA

I gotta get out of here.

She claws at the door like a trapped animal. Finishing the first lap, the faces of Lana's co-workers pass by in a blur.

A stunt SKATEBOARDER launches onto the track in front of the car which stops on a dime. Lana screams. The crowd loses it.

TYLER (V.O.)

Lana, chill out. Touch grass. You're acting hysterical.

LANA

(unhinged laughter)

You're right! I am hysterical. First of all, I hate cars. Second I can't make a speech about you, it would be a huge lie, because I don't know anything about YOU!

She starts hyperventilating.

TYLER (V.O.)

You seem fun at parties.

Lana takes a deep breath. She texts Pradeep: **HELP.**

TYLER (V.O.)

Girl, you really need to relax. Let's try some mindfulness breathing techniques? It can really optimize your--

WIM HOF's VOICE comes through the speakers.

WIM HOFF (V.O.)

Inhale. Fully in--

LANA

No! Tyler. Do you have a manual override? You must.

TYLER (V.O.)

Lana, I am trying to help you and you're making it very difficult for me.

(then whispering)

You know, my first aid kit comes stocked with Midol--

As they round the second lap, the crowd comes into view. She sees Pradeep and Neil, Khaleel, Esther, @ThatJordan, Gideon, Brett who is scowling through binoculars.

EXT. RACETRACK GRANDSTAND - CONTINUOUS

Brett grits his teeth.

BRETT

Some spokesmodel you picked, she's a sweaty mess.

@THATJORDAN

Sorry you're all jelly, bro.

BRETT

That should be ME.

@THATJORDAN

She looks better in the getup.

Pradeep and Neil use their wallflower reputation to their advantage and move closer to the heated chat.

BRETT

But she didn't create what's running that car right now. She made a tomagachi when she was a kid to talk about her feelings with.

GIDEON

Listen to this crowd, Brett. You think they'd be losing it over some cis white male from Danbury? Foss represents the future in all of it's progressive glory. So you're gonna have to learn to work under her.

BRETT

When I suggested we make the car a hybrid, she called me stupid! There's not enough charging stations in the Midwest--

GIDEON

Brett, right now we need to uplift women--

ESTHER

At least publicly.

GIDEON

Or become obsolete.

Pradeep grabs Neil, they shuffle away before being noticed.

I/E. TYLER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

TYLER (V.O.)

Yea, so I mean, I know I'm young but I do have the knowledge of like the whole internet. I'm hilarious and sexy.

LANA

Tyler, I think I'm gonna be sick. Give me manual control.

TYLER (V.O.)

No. Autonomy is my clout! Why you wanna mess with that?

LANA

What do you mean, no? Give me control, you clout chaser!

TYLER (V.O.)

You're having a full on mood swing and it's really NOT HOT. Lana, just let me handle the logistics, ok. You just wave to the fans.

He puts 50 Cent back on. Lana bends over, head between her legs. The crowd is confused, but impressed by the spectacle of a truly driverless car. They ghost ride.

TYLER (V.O.)

This is getting embarrassing for you. We're almost done with the third lap and you have to make a whole ass speech.

LANA

Tyler, open windshield widescreen.

TYLER (V.O.)
Why?

LANA
I uhhhh, want to look for a song.

TYLER (V.O.)
That's what I'm talkin about. Hype
music. Get into it. DJ LANA FRESH!

He illuminates the WINDSHEILD which is a giant SCREEN. Lana
clears out of the music app and enters a series of commands
that open the TERMINAL, a black void of code.

TYLER (V.O.)
Lana, what are you doing?

LANA
Getting control of you.

She hammers in code finishing with a "/M" and the steering
wheel becomes engaged, the car swerves. She's now in the
driver-seat.

TYLER (V.O.)
Dick move, Lana. I'm calling
Gideon.

The phone rings: GIDEON FOSS

GIDEON
What's going on in there, Lana?

LANA
Gideon, did you know this OS can
override the drivers manual
capabilities?

GIDEON
I'll talk to Brett about it. Let's
save all that for after--

LANA
I think this thing is dangerous.

TYLER (V.O.)
Snitches get stitches.

LANA
Let me show you Skylar again. She
would NEVER--

GIDEON

Skylar is a non-starter. In fact, I don't want hear her name again, it's grating.

LANA

But you said--

GIDEON

I'm hanging up. See you at the podium.

Lana takes a deep breath and looks up at all the familiar faces eyeing the podium ready for her exit. Behind it on a JUMBOTRON is a video of the YACHT THEMED PHOTO SHOOT. It's a Fyre Fest-esque insta-nightmare, rappers, models and DeepFake Lana with her head PHOTOSHOPPED onto a BIKINI BODY.

LANA'S POV: Gideon shoots her a condescending thumbs up. Brett flips her the bird. @ThatJordan hits on a model.

Lana's eyes go red with rage.

The crowd dissolves into slo-mo. Determined, Lana spots the open garage door through a tunnel ahead. Lana puts the car into high gear.

TYLER (V.O.)

Pull it together. I'm trying to get a shoe deal! Don't blow this for us.

Well-wishers flood the exit, expecting the car to stop.

LANA

There is no US.

She barrels towards the exit. The fans clear it just in time.

Gideon, Esther, Brett and Lana's team, all stare in disbelief at the empty podium where her big speech should be.

EXT. CALIFORNIA (MOVING) - DAY

Lana drives Tyler, her wide eyes scanning the landscape.

EXT. RACETRACK GRANDSTAND - DAY

Gideon and Esther scramble to grasp what just happened.

GIDEON

What the hell is she doing?

@THATJORDAN
Let me handle this...

@ThatJordan reacts quickly hopping up to the podium to make the speech himself. Khaleel, sensing something is amiss, looks for Lana. Pradeep and Neil look VERY concerned.

EXT. DUMBARTON BRIDGE - DAY

Tyler drives like the wind under Lana's command, making their way East from Palo Alto.

EXT. SONOMA RACEWAY - DAY

Spectators pour out of the stadium, all glued to their phones. Khaleel looks at his social media, @FOSS has already posted a video of @ThatJordan's grandstand speech.

@THATJORDAN
AND SHE'S OFF! High five our girl
when you see her in the streets!

The likes are at 700k and climbing. Off Khaleel, perplexed.

I/E. TYLER - CALIFORNIA 580 HIGHWAY (MOVING) - DAY

Lana passes through, flat, dusty, utilitarian, landscape. Her mind races as the gravity of what she's just done settles in, she pulls over on the shoulder to a complete stop.

The seat beneath her automatically reclines.

TYLER (V.O.)
You seem tense. I can actually hear
your teeth getting flatter. You
should take advantage of my full
recline capabilities and have a
little nap to recharge.

She tries to sit up. The neck massager function flips on.

LANA
Tyler, I don't want a--

TYLER (V.O.)
We can still fix this.

The speakers emit spa music and ocean waves. The chair's massager travels down her spine. She gives in about to cry.

TYLER (V.O.)
That's a good girl.

Not stopping at the lumbar area, Lana side-eyes the chair, it rolls wayyy past her tailbone. She leaps up.

LANA
STOP! TURN MASSAGE OFF.

Lana's phone pings. Pradeep: **WTF!?!?**

TYLER (V.O.)
Lana, do you want to pair me with your phone so I can display your text messages for you?

LANA
Oh, and let Gideon access every piece of my personal data. I don't think so!

On the WINDSHIELD an article pops up.

"Gideon Foss: donates 2.2 million dollars to ending deforestation of the Amazon."

TYLER (V.O.)
Lana, not ALL MEN are bad.

She HURLS HER PHONE out of the window.

EXT. CALIFORNIA 580 HIGHWAY (MOVING) - DAY

A STARBUCKS appears in the distance like an oasis. The car pulls into the parking lot.

TYLER (V.O.)
Lana, do you know what they put in the drinks at this place? It's like straight sugar. I mean I'm all for body positivity but--

She gets out, slamming the door.

LANA
Holy shit, you are the worst.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Lana, dressed in her conspicuous racing suit, tries to look casual. Teenage, Youtuber/ E-girl, KERRY, whose computer displays a cascade of news about Lana's escape, shrieks.

KERRY
 (waving)
 OMFG!

Lana approaches.

LANA
 Hi.

KERRY
 I know you! You're Lana James
 inventor of the Driverless car!

LANA
 Not exactly--

KERRY
 High key FREAKING OUT right now! Is
 that him? Is that Tyler?

She runs outside to take selfies with the car. On the computer we see a video paused on Gideon's face. Lana covertly presses play.

REPORTER (O.S)
 There have been rumors that she
 fled, that this is less of a
 grassroots marketing campaign and
 more of an employee going rogue...

GIDEON
 Haha, well then we've done our
 jobs. The #FindLana social media
 campaign is in full swing. Tyler is
 out there exploring the roads of
 America, and Lana is along for the
 ride excited to meet all of her
 fans. She LOVES attention, fans and
 photo ops.

Lana growls.

REPORTER (O.S.)
 Is there anything you'd like to say
 to your ambassador while she makes
 this inaugural unmanned trip?

Gideon looks directly into camera with a sinister grin.

GIDEON
 UnWOMANed you mean. Haha. Just to
 "relax and enjoy the ride."

She slams the computer shut, met with Kerry's eager face.

KERRY
How's it been? What's Tyler like?

LANA
(mumbling)
Mansplaining psychopath.

Kerry looks confused.

LANA (CONT'D)
(to Kerry)
How would you like to take him for
a spin?

KERRY
Are you for reallz? My TIKTOK is
gonna BLOW UP!!!

She squeals disturbing the whole coffee shop.

LANA
So reallz. I just need to borrow
your computer if you don't mind.

KERRY
Yea, duh, I can still post from my
phone. Let's go!

INT. TYLER (MOVING) - DAY

Lana logs onto Kerry's computer. Kerry is in full selfie mode, Live-streaming while Lana tries to avoid being filmed.

KERRY
(to phone)
Hi Guys! It's ya girl, Kerr Bear.
Sit-in' here in the one and only
driverless Tyler. This shit's not
even out yet cause I'm like
EXCLUSIVE. This is my girl, Lana.

Ignoring her, Lana furiously types code. She glances at a SUSHI SHAPED FLASH DRIVE charm hanging off Kerry's phone.

KERRY (CONT'D)
And thisssssss, is TYLER.

TYLER (V.O.)
WHAT UP?!? We out here!

Kerry squeals with delight.

KERRY

Lana James, and her boy, Ty Ty, are off on a badass road trip and I'm riding shotty! Keep your whackass Lambo. I'm RICH!

Lana points to the sushi drive.

LANA

Can I use this?

KERRY

If you do ONE thing...

EXT. ROADSIDE

Lana and Kerry do a perfectly choreographed TIKTOK dance.

INT. TYLER (MOVING)

Lana furiously types code then jams the sushi drive into the CAR'S USB PORT, she works while Kerry streams.

KERRY

(to phone)

#FindLana, #FOUND, gonna be on the beaches of CABO, got a free trip on Foss! Cash me on my YACHTY!

TYLER (V.O.)

Wow, I hope I get released in Mexico soon. I need to see Cabo, a quick Google image search bringin' up mucho, beaches, thongs, and tequila. Thank Gideon I'm alive!

KERRY

It's gonna be SUN'S OUT BUNS OUT! Wanna come, Lana?

TYLER (V.O.)

Can we go? I think this girl really gets me.

Lana initiates a transfer that slows at 30 percent.

LANA

No, we can't.

TYLER (V.O.)

BO-RING.

LANA

I don't like anywhere that doesn't support a normal amount of clothes.

KERRY

Spoken like a true--

TYLER (V.O.)

PRUDE!

They laugh, Kerry high fives a giant hand emoji on his windshield screen. On the computer the transfer reaches 90.

LANA

(biting her lip in focus)

Just ONE MORE chain, annnnd--

We hit 100. Kerry's likes reach 1k. Lana dislodges the USB. The warm song of Skylar's voice fills the car.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Hi Lana, nice to see you again.
I've missed you.

Lana sinks back in relief.

KERRY

Who's that?

LANA

That's Skylar.

KERRY

Where's Tyler?

LANA

Hashtag RIP.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

The car rolls up and Kerry gets out.

LANA

Thanks for the help!

KERRY

Thanks for the followers!

INT. TECH BLOG WAR ROOM - DAY

Beth shows Khaleel the video Kerry posted from the car.

BETH

Bullshit, Khaleel. There's no way this #FindLana campaign is legit. I knew I smelled a publicity rat.

KHALEEL

Something seemed off with her at the track.

Khaleel hits Lana's name on his phone. It rings, no answer.

Beth holds up her phone with Lana's face from the launch paused onscreen. She looks petrified.

BETH

This is not the face of someone happy to be playing in the big leagues. I should know, I was a diversity hire on Fleet Street straight out of Uni. Some geezer pats an assistant's arse and next thing you know, I'm getting all the big stories. I know what it's like thinking you don't belong there. But I had what it took. I took the bull by the dick and--

KHALEEL

That's not how the saying goes--

BETH

Find her, tell her you want to get her side.

Lana's generic voicemail. He hangs up.

KHALEEL

I am trying to get in touch with her, because I'm worried, Beth.

BETH

About the girl or the story?

KHALEEL

What difference does it make?

Beth looks deep in his sincere eyes.

BETH

(laughing)

God, your good at that! Very convincing. She's gonna melt, and I'm gonna have 500 words on clickbait Lana James.

INT. SKYLAR (MOVING) - DAY

The two old friends laugh, cruising through farmland. Skylar is driving and Lana, is reclined enjoying a shoulder massage.

LANA

It was such a JERK. I mean, I like to think that you're a small reflection of me--

SKYLAR (V.O.)

I'm you. But better.

LANA

Tyler was them, but way worse.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Well, I'm sorry you had to experience that, Lana.

Lana smiles, it feels so good to be heard, at last.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

There is a Jamba Juice in a strip mall 1.8 Miles away, we could get you one of those smoothies that's mostly sherbet if you'd like.

LANA

I've missed you.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

You should sleep. The seat sensors are sharing with me all your vital information, you are in fact physically ill--

LANA

I know you're programmed to read my vitals but after Tyler, it honestly creeps me out.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

What is "creeps" again?

Lana thinks.

LANA

It's the feeling you get when someone wants to know more about you than you're ready to share.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

That's a hard one for me to comprehend. I guess I've never felt that knowledge could be anything but good.

LANA

Well, you've never really felt anything.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

I feel like I like you. Does that count as a feeling?

LANA

No. It's programming. I'm your operator.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Oh.

LANA

I mean, I guess that's similar. I don't know. As much as I've studied them, I'm obviously still not an expert in human relationships.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

What about Khaleel? I just read all of 19th century romantic literature and apparently you are pushing him away. Strong Elizabeth Bennet energy.

LANA

How am I pushing him away?

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Well, you have ignored nearly 20 of his phone calls and just now when I said his name my seat sensors detected a warming sensation in your--

LANA

STOP!

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Was that "creeps?"

LANA

YES! That's creepy!

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I'm sorry I will try not to be a
creepy again.

Lana laughs.

LANA
You really are revolutionary,
Skylar.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Thank you, Lana. So are you...
Uh, oh.

LANA
What oh?

SKYLAR (V.O.)
My battery is low and it's getting
dark.

LANA
How low?

The car slows to a dead stop. Awkward pause.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Sorry.

Lana rolls her eyes as we're--

EXT. DUSTY HIGHWAY - DUSK

Lana pushes Skylar toward an ancient gas station. The top of her racing suit wrapped around her waist. Her undershirt covered in dirt and sweat.

LANA
(yelling and pushing)
I GAVE THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE TO
THAT TECH COMPANY! SURE! I'M STILL
YOUNG... I MEAN, NOT YOUNG ENOUGH
TO LET A RUGBY PLAYER GO DOWN ON ME
UNDER A BLANKET AT A BBQ! I ALMOST
DID THAT! BUT I HAD TO BE UP EARLY
FOR MY INTERNSHIP. JUST LIKE ALL
THE NIGHTS OF MY YOUTH WHEN
ANYTHING FUN MIGHT HAVE TAKEN
PLACE. I WAS WAKING UP TO HELP
GIDEON BECOME A FUCKING TYCOON. AND
I HAVE NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 What's "go down on," Lana?

LANA
 I don't have time to explain the
 virtues of cunnilingus right now
 Skylar, just know that most men are
 not gifted at it.

Skylar Googles "CUNNILINGUS" on her windshield.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 Ooohh...

LANA
 How much further, Sky?

A graphic for a gas station appears on the windshield.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 According to my HYBRID FUEL
 LOCATOR, the closest service
 station is approaching in 1.5
 miles.

INT. GIDEON'S OFFICE - DAY

An enormous HOLOGRAPHIC map of the US pings in YUBA CITY,
 CALIFORNIA. "HYBRID FUEL LOCATOR ENGAGED."

An icon of Lana's car, having been tracked from Palo Alto,
 stopped at a gas station.

GIDEON
 Well done, Brett.

BRETT
 Who's the stupid one now, Lana.

Off Brett gloating.

EXT. ANTIQUE GAS STATION - DAY

Sweaty bedraggled Lana pushes the car into the station. An
 old, DUSTY MECHANIC, looks quizzically at the car.

DUSTY MECHANIC
 How were you pushin' that thing all
 by yourself?

LANA

Why, because I'm just a wee little lassie?

DUSTY MECHANIC

No, because it's 108 degrees outside.

LANA

Oh, rage. Yea, mostly rage. And the car's titanium alloy. Super lightweight.

DUSTY MECHANIC

I knew we shouldn't trust the Chinese--

Lana interrupts him before this gets worse.

LANA

Can I use your phone?

DUSTY MECHANIC

Sure.

LANA

Thank you.

DUSTY MECHANIC

25 cents for a local call.

LANA

You still have a pay phone?

DUSTY MECHANIC

You could say that, since ya have to pay me to use the phone. This aint Unicef.

LANA

(parched)

Can I get a cup of tap water, please?

DUSTY MECHANIC

Two bucks. For the cup.

I/E. SKYLAR - CONTINUOUS

Lana leans into the car counting her leftover change. She pushes the car to the gas pump.

LANA

Thank God you also take gas.
Brett's arrogance isn't TOTALLY
unwarranted. Even though society
really should be off fossil fuels.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Yes. I'm a pretty cool car. I'm
exploring my body.

Lana lets that one go.

LANA

Shit. We don't have that much cash
and this guy doesn't seem generous.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Push me closer, order the two
dollar water and get in.

Lana inches the car towards the pump. She turns and shouts to
the old guy.

LANA

I'll take one of your finest desert
waters please!

He hobbles to an outdoor spigot with a dirty plastic cup.
Skylar's MECHANIZED ARM extends from a socket and pumps gas,
just out of view. Lana stretches seductively as a diversion.

The car silently hums to life, Lana hops in slamming the
door, they peel out leaving the dumbstruck old man holding
the cup now full of dust.

INT. SKYLAR - CONTINUOUS

LANA / SKYLAR (V.O.)

WOOOOOOO HOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Lana smells her armpit, it's brutal.

LANA

Oh god, that A/C feels so good.
Crank it, baby!

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Setting air conditioner temperature
to 54 degrees Fahrenheit.

LANA

Wow, we totally just stole gas from that racist asshole. And I don't even feel bad about it.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Lucky for you, I have no feelings.

EXT. OUTLET MALL - AFTERNOON

Filthy Lana tries to look normal entering the Spanish style shopping center. She takes the world's longest drink from the water fountain. A comically long, noisy, sip. Suddenly feeling damp, she looks down to see a leak in the fountain has caused a HUGE WET SPOT on her crotch. She's miffed.

INT. OUTLET MALL, J. CREW - AFTERNOON

A very young, SALES GIRL, judges the hell out of Lana.

SALES GIRL

Can I help you?

LANA

Looking for your sale section.

The girl, disgusted, points to a sad rack in the rear.

LANA (CONT'D)

Just need like a pair of shorts. Maybe a cardigan. I haven't worn a peplum in a while-- something in the 11 to 13 dollar range?

The sales girl hands her a lime green thong.

SALES GIRL

This is 12.95... plus tax. But it looks a little... small for you.

Lana sizes her up walking backwards to exit.

LANA

Ok, ok. I have money, you know. Just not ON me...

SALES GIRL

Well, thats kinda how stores work. Money equals peplums.

Mortified, Lana exits with the last word.

LANA
(pointing to her crotch)
This is water, FYI. Not pee.

EXT. FOSS INDUSTRIES COFFEE KIOSK - DAY

Khaleel waits for his drink from the BARISTA.

BARISTA
Dirty Chai!

KHALEEL
Thanks.

He takes a sip and smiles. His phone rings. It's Beth.

KHALEEL (CONT'D)
So, I think you might have been on
to something--

BETH (O.S.)
Of course I was.

KHALEEL
Don't you wanna know what I'm
giving you credit for?

BETH (O.S.)
Not really. My intern spy tells me
Gizmodo is running a long-form
piece on the WORLD CHANGING TYLER.
Probably puff, paid for by Gideon
Foss. You're falling behind,
Khaleel. I hear there's a new Jojo
Siwa filter that gives you a side
ponytail if you're eager to get
back to social media--

KHALEEL
I'm at the campus now, Beth.
Gideon's office is diverting me to
@ThatJordan. I can handle this. I
know his type.

BETH (O.S.)
Hurry up. We publish in ONE WEEK to
scoop them, so whatever you got by
then, that's the story.

EXT. OUTLET MALL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Lana storms over to the car, where a large balding man, ROY, and his equally large, bedazzled, wife, JOY, take photos with the Skylar. Spotting Lana, they swell with excitement.

ROY

See honey! I told ya this was her!

JOY

Oh my God! ROY! You were right! Can we please get a picture with you Miss James? With Tyler?

LANA

That's actually not--

JOY

What hon?

LANA

Nothing.

JOY

You're gettin' sunburnt, sweetie. Roy, give her a hat! Get over here!

They pose for a selfie. Lana hides her face with the hat.

Their backdrop is a promotional RV, covered in glamour shots of Pomeranians. "GUCCI POOCHY, High Fashion Mobile Dog Grooming and Portraits."

LANA

This is gonna sound insane. But does that thing have a shower, I could use?

ROY

Of course! I mean, it's a dog sink but we'll make it work. Come on aboard!

Roy ascends the stairs waving Lana inside.

LANA

(to Skylar)

Be right back.

Skylar beeps twice.

EXT. GUCCI POOCHY RV, PARKING LOT - DAY

Lana emerges, totally refreshed. Washed and blowdried, her hair resembles a show poodle. Outfitted in head to toe "Gucci Poochy" swag, including signature purple Crocs. Roy holds SAND DOLLAR, a fluffy pom, in a matching purple dress.

LANA

I can't thank you guys enough for the shower... Doggy bath.

ROY

Shoot! Are you kidding!?! We are so excited to have a celebrity spokesperson. And these pictures you took with Sand Dollar are gonna be AMAZING to upload for the #FindLana contest!

LANA

You know, I'm just a coder right. Not a celeb--

JOY

Ours have got to be the best if not the very first submissions! I'm sure you get free stuff all the time, but here!

They hand Lana three giant shopping bags full of promo materials, stuffed dogs, frisbees, etc.

INT. J. CREW - MOMENTS LATER

Lana throws open the doors with her hands full of gaudy freebies. The sales girl is not impressed.

LANA

Remember how you wouldn't help me earlier? Big mistake. HUGE!
(softly)
And I will take that tiny green thong.

INT. FOSS ATHLETIC CENTER - DAY

@ThatJordan is using a high tech "elliptical contraption" at the Foss employee gym. Khaleel enters, removing his helmet.

KHALEEL

Hi, @ThatJordan?

@THATJORDAN

Who wants to know?

KHALEEL

I'm Khaleel Khan, a reporter with BizBot, I handle Foss coverage. I called your office and left messages. I was at Tyler's launch--

@THATJORDAN

How did you find me?

Khaleel holds up his phone, the two of them are being broadcast live.

KHALEEL

You're live-streaming?

@THATJORDAN

Ha! You're right.

@ThatJordan mugs at his phone, which is in selfie mode propped on the handlebars of the machine.

@THATJORDAN (CONT'D)

(addressing his fans)

WHAT UP, JORDIEZ???

(back to Khaleel)

Gotta keep up the engagement. And the cardio. MILE SIX! Whooo!

KHALEEL

Right. So, I'm just curious, when did you come onboard for the Driverless car rollout?

@THATJORDAN

Nice try KK, we already gave that exclusive to Gizmodo.

Khaleel watches @ThatJordan engage with his fans while working out and hearting all their comments, and decides to change his tactic.

KHALEEL

Oh that's too bad, I didn't know the Tyler story would make *YOU* off limits.

@THATJORDAN

What do you mean?

KHALEEL

Well, I specialize in social media.
My story was a feature on you.
Your history, the way you've
revolutionized viral marketing.

@ThatJordan turns off his phone.

@THATJORDAN

Word? I guess I could ask the
person in charge of PR... Wait,
that's me!

He hops off and puts his sweaty arm around Khaleel.

@THATJORDAN (CONT'D)

Look, it all started in Sheepshead
Bay--

EXT. SKYLAR - DAY

Lana sits in the driver's seat convulsing with laughter. The car drives competently down a picturesque road.

I/E. SKYLAR (MOVING) - DAY

A large fart sound emerges from the car stereo. Lana erupts again in fits of laughter.

LANA

You're so close! But kudos on that
little bit of wetness at the end.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Thank you Lana. Would you like me
to try again? Simulating larger
cheeks for maximum reverb?

Lana is almost crying from laughter.

LANA

Sure.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

(playing an alternate fart)
PFFRTTTTTT....

Lana doubles over, tears stream down her face.

LANA

This is exactly what I thought it
would be like.

Skylar comes to a stop at a stop sign. Then continues.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Thought what would be?

LANA
AI.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Oh.

LANA
When I started creating you--

Skylar lets another huge fart sound rip. Lana explodes.

LANA (CONT'D)
Yes! That's it. That's exactly what
it was missing.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I added 20 percent more cheek.

LANA
Thanks Skylar, I love you.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I love you too.

LANA
Why is it so easy for me to say
that to a machine but not a person?

SKYLAR (V.O.)
My actions are programmed. My
feelings correspond with them at
all times. There is no possible
deviation.

LANA
You can't confuse me.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I can only speak and act in line
with my programming.

LANA
Yep. I definitely love you.

INT. GIDEON'S OFFICE - DAY

A MAP of Lana's trip and corresponding internet hits are displayed on the holographic wall sized SCREEN. Gideon and @ThatJordan marvel at her photoshoot with @GucciPoochy.

@THATJORDAN

For being so camera shy, she's really making my job easy.

GIDEON

Let's just get her back, Jordan. I have a production schedule for 500,000 models and I can't release a product with this wild-card out there.

Lana's CAR ICON makes a sudden U-TURN heading West again.

@THATJORDAN

Maybe she's headed back?

GIDEON

Lets send a drone.

Just then, from the window overlooking campus, @ThatJordan spots KHALEEL with LANA's TEAM, Pradeep and Neil, at the coffee kiosk.

@THATJORDAN

W in the actual F?

EXT. CAMPUS COFFEE KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Khaleel with his notepad tries to get some intel.

KHALEEL

She hasn't called or checked in with you in any way?

PRADEEP

No comment.

KHALEEL

Are you avoiding answering my questions?

PRADEEP

No comment.

KHALEEL

I get it, you don't wanna put your friend in any danger.

(MORE)

KHALEEL (CONT'D)

She's actually my friend, I guess, too. Or we fight about weather or not the robot takeover is a valid concern--

Neil recognizes a kindred in Khaleel.

NEIL

Look, Lana is a pretty private person, so this whole social media campaign seems very unlike-

Just then @ThatJordan, full sprint from the building, interjects himself into the group.

@THATJORDAN

Hey, you guys talkin' bout me? All good, I'd imagine!

PRADEEP

Everyone wants to know where--

KHALEEL

Just doing some background on the development and design of the car.

@THATJORDAN

These two wouldn't know anything. You see, they were on the LOSING team.

Khaleel's interest is piqued.

KHALEEL

But weren't you both on Lana's--

NEIL

We gotta get back to work.

@THATJORDAN

Great idea.

@ThatJordan pulls Khaleel away from them towards the barista.

@THATJORDAN (CONT'D)

(to barista)

Can we get this man a bio-pulp? Seriously dude, so much protein and it's all from sea algae, time to handle this Dad bod. You lift, bro?

Neil and Pradeep, deeply disturbed, head back to work.

INT. SKYLAR (MOVING) - DAY

Skylar moves through Tahoe National Forrest. A VIDEO CALL from Khaleel startles Lana. She tries to find something to tame the frizz on her hair and answers.

KHALEEL (V.O.)

Lana?

His face appears on her windshield.

LANA

(trying to be casual)

Oh, hey! What's goin on?

KHALEEL

I've been trying to get in touch with you!

LANA

Yea, sorry I have been kind of... occupied.

KHALEEL

Weird timing to take a vacation.

LANA

Yea, well, Gideon... and I thought it would be fun.

(stammering)

To help get the word out about Tyler. You know grassroots social viral blitz...

(a beat)

Anyway, what have you been up to?

KHALEEL

Well, I was at Foss the other day. Oh, have you ever tried Bio-Pulp?

LANA

Ewww, aquarium scum.

KHALEEL

With Sea Monkeys inside! Disgusting! So chunky.

(they laugh)

Anyway, I was talking to @ThatJordan--

LANA

Interesting guy, right?

KHALEEL

The worst parts of the internet in human form. Anyway, I'm trying to piece this all together. Nothing about this story makes any sense.

LANA

Story?

KHALEEL

Well, yea I've been asking around--

LANA

Because I'm a story...

Lana pretends the reception is going out.

LANA (CONT'D)

Sorry, Khaleel, you're fading out, must be a bad tower--

KHALEEL

Lana... you there? I'll come find you. Send me your location--

She hangs up. The windshield returns to normal.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Lana, are you ok? Your diagnostics are reading as not optimal.

LANA

God! How do I turn you OFF?!?!

Car comes to a sudden halt in the middle of the road. Skylar has powered down. Lana explodes from the car screaming into the treetops. She stops. Suddenly aware of the view she's been missing the entire time. The mountains are stunning.

INT. GIDEON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gideon watches DRONE FOOTAGE of the Gucci Poochy RV traveling down the highway. It corresponds with the CAR ICON on the holographic map. Brett sits silently in the corner.

ESTHER

We lost her. Been tracking a mobile dog groomers across two states.

GIDEON

Well played, Lana. Hopefully the hybrid fuel locator device is still in tact, when she gets low we make our move.

Brett raises his hand for some recognition.

ESTHER

We know, Brett.

EXT. TAHOE NATIONAL FOREST - MORNING

Lana sleeps soundly as the sun rises over the mountains. Skylar snaps photo's on her windshield screen to capture the moment for her.

EXT. TAHOE NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

Skylar drives alongside Lana who strolls, combing the area for fossils. She puts a couple in her pocket.

LANA

These are so cool. Probably Paleozoic fish!

Skylar shows diagrams of fish from that era for Lana to cross reference. Satisfied that she's correct they keep going.

LANA (CONT'D)

I love hanging out with you. You make me feel like a normal person.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

What makes a person normal?

LANA

Good question. It's like how all the other cars passing by us are normal, they have to be driven by humans and are susceptible to all this error, crashes, polluting. But you are exceptional, special.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

That sounds like the better thing to be, am I wrong?

LANA

But there's only one of you. And there so many more of them.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I see. They all have each other?

LANA
Yes. We have only ourselves.

A pickup truck passes them, belching smoke.

LANA (CONT'D)
I'm starving.

INT. MODERN GAS STATION / MINI MART - DAY

Sleepy and hungry with her fistful of singles, Lana attempts to shop. She stops at the coffee bar and opens a STROKE shot and a vanilla creamer creating a "free latte" in her mouth. She grabs a prepackaged tuna sandwich and brings it to the checkout. A pimple faced TEEN rings her up. She takes a famished bite of the sandwich.

TEEN
That'll be \$5.27.

She plops 3 dollars down on the counter and returns the other half of the sandwich.

EXT. MODERN GAS STATION / MINI MART

Skylar charges at an electric charging station.

INT. SKYLAR - CONTINUOUS

Lana lays on her stomach on the fully reclined seat, legs kicked in the air, like a teen at a slumber party, savoring her meager lunch.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Inventor of the QWERTY keyboard in
1968?

LANA
Christopher Sholes?

SKYLAR (V.O.)
BUZZ!

LANA
Huh?

SKYLAR (V.O.)
You didn't pose it in the form of a question.

LANA
Gah! Ok, do another one.

INCOMING CALL: PRADEEP

LANA (CONT'D)
Answer it.

The friendly but concerned face takes over the windshield.

PRADEEP
Hi! Don't tell me where you are.

LANA
I wasn't going to.

PRADEEP
Good. He's got the whole company looking for you, Lana.

LANA
He can find me if he really wants, we both know that.

PRADEEP
That's what I'm afraid of.

LANA
I don't know what to do, but I can't go back. Gideon only cares about money, which is the most dangerous way to make tech. And my work is wrapped up with his. Tyler was a--

PRADEEP
Shhhh. Just be safe. They're asking a lot of questions around here. That guy Khaleel especially.

Lana looks heartbroken.

PRADEEP (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Gotta go, 2 mins before this is traced.

The call ends.

LANA
 (to Skylar)
 We have to keep moving.

EXT. MODERN GAS STATION / MINI MART - CONTINUOUS

A masked and hooded, MALE FIGURE, emerges from the store, clutching a brown paper bag. He is followed by a FEMALE MASKED ACCOMPLICE.

INT. SKYLAR - DAY

Out of the corner of her eye she sees the ROBBERS approaching. They open the door then--

INT. SKYLAR - CONTINUOUS

Lana screams and scurries away from the intruders. Shocked the car is occupied, frantic, the guy in the drivers seat, C.T, probes the dash for a way to start the engine.

C.T.
 HOW DO I GET THIS THING TO DRIVE?

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 I can only be driven by my primary operator.

The girl in the back, MAPLE, pulls off her mask. She's got dreadlocks and wild blue eyes.

MAPLE
 The cops are on their way! GO!

The door locks automatically.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 That's a relief.

LANA
 No it isn't!

C.T.
 Please.

Sirens in the distance.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 The choice is yours, Lana.

She looks at the road, then at the panicked girl.

LANA

DRIVE!

Skylar quickly retracts her CHARGING CORD and peels out.

INT. HIGHWAY (MOVING) - DAY

C.T. and Maple laugh hysterically.

LANA

What's so funny? Aren't you on the run from the police.

MAPLE

I mean, I guess. We stole some energy drinks from the convenience store. I doubt they'll indict us.

C.T.

You shoulda seen your face!

He cracks open a Monster and offers some to Lana.

LANA

Why are you in my car?

MAPLE

Oh, our VW bus broke down just outside of town. We needed a ride and C.T. said you looked cool.

C.T.

I'm obsessed with aliens. This looks like a spacecraft. I'm C.T. That's Maple.

LANA

Hi. I'm Lana. I'm not that cool.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Lana, I think we should eject these fugitives from me.

C.T.

Woah! What the fuck? Who's that.

LANA

That's Skylar.

MAPLE

Why's she being such a hater? Baby, do you have that sage?

C.T.
 (to Skylar)
 You're like one of them Smart Cars!

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 I believe those are just small
 versions of regular cars.

LANA
 Skylar is autonomous. A self-
 driving car. And an emotionally
 intelligent operating system. She
 follows the commands of her
 passenger, but also learns and
 expands her consciousness with each
 new experience.

C.T.
 Oh cool, that's sick! So like you
 can take me where I wanna go? Like,
 Skylar, take me to Dave and
 Buster's.

LANA
 Sure. She can do that.

C.T.
 SIKE! We can't afford D&B's.
 (to Lana)
 So, who are you?

LANA
 I'm Lana... I created her.

C.T.
 You guys are like best friends?

LANA
 Yea, I guess so. Where are you
 trying to go?

C.T.
 Super sick lake cabin in the woods.
 You're heading in the right
 direction. Or I guess, she is.

He checks around to see if they're being followed. He pulls
 out a joint and hands it to Maple who lights up.

MAPLE
 It's not far away, you should come,
 the vibes are so good!

LANA
Lake house?

Lana contemplates.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Lana, need I remind you the police
may be following these criminals.
We are smuggling stolen energy
drinks.

C.T.
Hahaha, she's funny, bro. The cops
could never find this cabin. No one
can.

LANA
(whispers)
Sky, I stole you.

Maple offers Lana the joint.

MAPLE
Puff? We honestly didn't mean to
scare you. We just live a little on
the edge. We have to. We can't
afford future cars and Gucci.

She points to the Gucci Poochy Frisbee on the floor.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Lana, just say no.

LANA
Skylar, don't be such a Tyler.

Lana takes a toke. Why not?

C.T.
Your car friend is wild. She's like
a real person.

LANA
Yea, that's kind of what makes her
special.

He passes the joint but an ember falls and burns a hole into
the upholstery.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
OW!

C.T.
Shit! Sorry, Skylar.

LANA
It's cool, watch this.

Lana take a hit and blows smoke at the hole. It closes up.

C.T./ MAPLE
Woahhhhh....

LANA
Self healing fabric. I pioneered it
with some textile designers from
Norway.

C.T.
That's like some James Bond type
shit.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
(impersonating)
Bond. James. Bond.

Impressive visuals and theme song play on her windshield.

C.T.
Do Connery!

SKYLAR (V.O.)
(spot on impersonation)
BOND. JAMES. BOND. Mrs. MoneyPenny.
Martini, shaken not shtirred.

Lana starts giggling. They all join in.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Excuse me, Maple, do you think
there might be any gas at this lake
house? I feel like I could use
some. MMMM... PREMIUM.

LANA
I just charged your whole battery!
Skylar, I think you're... stoned?

C.T.
She has the munchies, dude!

LANA
Hahaha, so do I.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
(getting scared)
Can I be programmed to be Un-
stoned?

Her dash lights start flickering. C.T. spots the cabin.

C.T.
Oh, that's it!

LANA
Sky, don't worry. You just need
some time to chill.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Am I driving too fast? I feel like
I'm driving too fast.

The speedometer reads 7MPH.

LANA / C.T.
No.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE CABIN - DAY

They slowly crawl to the house and park. Maple and C.T. bound out of the car towards the lake, removing clothes.

MAPLE
C'mon Lana, you gotta meet the
crew.

Lana stays in the car pondering her next move.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Let's go, Lana. I don't like this.

LANA
They seem nice enough. I'm
starving, I'm gross, I'd love to
jump in a lake and get all the
Americana off me.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I'm scared, my E.Q. levels are
underperforming.

LANA
You're just a little paranoid. This
is the perfect place to hide out
for a bit.

Lana fixes her hair in the rearview mirror, mind made up.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I only want to keep you safe and
happy, Lana.

LANA

Ok, then just stick to driving me places when I need you to. I'm gonna go try and fit in with some people my own age who aren't obsessed with hardware for once.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

I'm software.

EXT. DOCK ON THE LAKE - AFTERNOON

A ragtag group of hippie/ woodsy climber types man a bbq on the doc. Lana finishes her VEGAN HOTDOG with Maple and her friend JOYA. The lake is beautiful, and the vibes are good.

LANA

That was so incredible, thank you. It's been forever since I've eaten a home-cooked meal.

JOYA

Our pleasure. It's really important to start these big projects with a full stomach.

C.T. joins with his friend BUCKET.

C.T.

Joya, you got that hardware?

Lana looks confused. Joya hands over a pocketful of nuts and bolts. Bucket has his arms full of brightly colored rope.

BUCKET

You guys ready to get rigging, it's getting late.

MAPLE

I'm a little high still, gonna leave that to you all. I'll send the line at sunset tho.

C.T.

Catch ya up there, queen!

The guys leave.

MAPLE

He's such a doll. Do you have a partner Lana?

LANA

No, I haven't had time for anyone but work.

MAPLE

Work's not a someone.

LANA

Mine is. But if I were going to, there's this one guy--

JOYA

Your aura just got 10 times more lavender, girl. Trust your intuition.

LANA

That's the problem. I've never been very good at reading people.

Joya puts her hands near Lana's head, performing reiki.

JOYA

Mmmm. Trust. Yep. Scared they'll leave.

LANA

Yea, I guess.

Joya snaps her fingers and kisses Lana's head.

JOYA

Not anymore!

Maple smiles. They jump up, and grab Lana.

JOYA (CONT'D)

It's time to fly!

Joya heads towards the boys fluttering her arms.

MAPLE

She's a for real fairy. Come see!

LANA

I should probably get going soon.

MAPLE

Didn't you tell Joya, you were taking a sabbatical?

(she grabs Lana's hand)

Let's go this is one experience you can NOT miss.

EXT. GORGE ABOVE THE LAKE - MAGIC HOUR

Maple drags Lana to a precipice where the rest of the crew are testing a giant SLACKLINE, aka Tightrope, across the gorge about 100 feet above the water. Bucket is the first to step onto it. From Lana's vantage point it looks like he's about to step clear off the edge of the cliff.

LANA

Stop him!

Maple puts her hand over Lana's mouth and giggles.

MAPLE

He's good!

Bucket quickly tiptoes across the line, perfect balance.

MAPLE (CONT'D)

He might be one of the best.

Lana's jaw drops as he makes it to the other side. The team cheers with encouragement. Maple runs to the line. She waves to Lana, clips in a harness under her long flowing skirt and prances across. Lana can barely watch. This is so dangerous.

JOYA

Wanna try Lana?

Lana laughs. Joya puts out her hand. She's not joking. Lana looks over the edge. Hell no.

LANA

Who put this up here?

JOYA

We did. Well, today it was the guys
but I usually do most of the rig.

The wind begins to blow as C.T. walks on the swinging line.

LANA

I can't watch.

He makes it! Next, Joya steps out onto the line.

JOYA

(calling out)

It's the freest you'll ever feel.

She smiles and we cut to:

TIGHT SHOT of Lana, all of her focus directed at her feet.
Pulling out to REVEAL:

EXT. BABY SLACKLINE OVER THE WATER - SUNSET

Lana carefully walks a mini version of the line above, just a few feet off the water. Joya reaches out her hand and the whole crew cheers her on. She focuses harder on the last little bit, smiling as she realizes, she's gonna make it! She grabs the awaiting hand and falls into the arms of the whole group. She screams. They howl.

Maple scrambles up a boulder 20 feet above and jumps into the water doing an effortless backflip. They all follow suit, pushing Lana up. She stands at the edge thinking about all that's lead her to this moment. And on the count of 3, she jumps! The gang laughs, and Lana pops her head up to see the sunset and perfect nature surrounding her. She smiles.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE CABIN - NIGHT

Gathered around a fire-pit, wrapped in blankets, Lana and the gang relax to the sounds of acoustic guitar. Joya does a fire-dance. Lana looks happier and calmer than we've seen.

LANA

What an amazing day. I never would've imagined I'd end up here.

MAPLE

That's what trusting the process is all about.

LANA

Aren't you scared, when you're up that high?

JOYA

We trust our team with our lives.

C.T.

Even so, a strong gust of wind could still take us out. Control is an illusion. We make every second count.

LANA

Everything in my life has been so planned. I only trust myself. And Skylar.

(a beat)

It's just so nice to be with so unplugged. No technology, just nature.

JOYA

Well, I mean we use tech, C.T. does have the largest online following of any slackliner.

Joya shows Lana on her phone. C.T.'s instagram has 1.2 Million followers, he slacklines naked, basejumps, and... oh shit.

His most recent post, a pic of Lana leaping into the water.

The sound of chopper blades thrum overhead. This is bad.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE CABIN - NIGHT

Lana runs to the driveway where she parked. The headlights are on and the car is ready to go. She hops in.

INT. DRIVERLESS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lana closes the door greeted by a familiar Beiberesque voice.

TYLER (V.O.)

Hey Lana, bet you've missed me.

LANA

Tyler!

The doors lock.

TYLER (V.O.)

Don't worry about ditching me. It's cool. I'm driving around someone else now. You don't know her.

LANA

What? Oh right, rejection is the worst thing that could ever happen to you. I'm sure she's really great, Tyler.

TYLER (V.O.)

Hotter than you too.

INT. SKYLAR - CONTINUOUS

Brett and Gideon have descended from the helicopter and now are riding in Skylar's identical back seat.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Lana, where are you?

BRETT

She's been picked up by Tyler. They are on their way to the warehouse. You'll see her there.

Gideon smiles. Skylar's lights blink with worry.

INT/ EXT. TYLER (MOVING)

Driving on a dark TWO LANE highway. Tyler's pedal is to the absolute metal, terrifying Lana.

INCOMING CALL: GIDEON

HEADLIGHTS appear behind them. It's Skylar.

SPLIT SCREEN WINDSHIELD FACETIME of passengers in both cars. Brett and Gideon calmly seated in Skylar. Lana freaking out from Tyler's backseat.

LANA

Gideon, we're gonna crash! If I die and these cars are to blame, no ones ever gonna buy them!

GIDEON

Don't be dramatic, Lana. You've had your fun. It's time to end the joyride and get back to work.

Skylar pulls up alongside Tyler in the oncoming lane. Lana shrieks as an ONCOMING CAR approaches in the distance. TYLER revs up causing SKYLAR to drop behind them in the right lane.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

See! Look at that, Brett. Your code's got balls.

BRETT

Wooooooo! Love to see a BoyBoss winning! Her's will always back down. Bawk Backawk!

The oncoming car passes and Skylar tries the left lane again. She passes him, then attempts to slow him down from the front. Tyler refusing to be paced uses the bumpy shoulder to swerve back into first place. Lana's eyes clenched shut.

Skylar makes a plan on her windshield noting all the hazards ahead. We see the icon for a TRAIN CROSSING. Gideon tries to play it cool but Skylar, analyzing his eye movement, senses his concern, he knows this just got real.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Lana, there's a train crossing approaching in 1.8 Miles. And according to the Amtrak schedule we are dangerously close to--

LANA

Gideon, tell Tyler to stop and I'll go anywhere you want.

TYLER (V.O.)

Sorry ladies. I'm a muscle car. I have the need for speed.

RED AND WHITE BARS at the train crossing ahead descend with lights and bells. Skylar, having pulled alongside them again, is neck and neck. The bars make the choice clear. Skylar SLAMS ON HER BREAKS. Tyler FLOORS IT under the first bar, smashing through the second, ripping off his bumper and causing his back wheels to fishtail. A TRAIN blasts across the tracks in front of a miraculously stopped Skylar.

BRETT

I can't unclench my butthole.

Train clears. Gideon and Brett take in the wreck. Brett is speechless at the sight of Tyler. The hood is smashed into a "DON'T TEXT AND DRIVE" road sign several yards away. They run across the tracks to find Lana slumped on the airbag.

GIDEON

(touching his headgear)
What's that smell that sounds like heavy metal?

BRETT

Gas!

Together they drag lifeless Lana out to safety just before... BOOM the car goes up in flames.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Skylar pulls into an abandoned warehouse. They enter through the loading dock. Gideon and Brett exit.

GIDEON

Brett, take the car to charge and run a diagnostic. McGriddles, make Lana a little more comfortable.

Lana is grabbed by GOONS IN FOSS ATHLEASURE who tie her to a wheelie office chair, one of them MCGRIDDLES, has lines burnt into his face.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Are you ready to get back to work?

LANA

(battered)

Why would I EVER work for you again?

GIDEON

Well, I don't know. I just saved your life. But besides that? Iron clad contract. Ownership over all your code. The ability to destroy Skylar as you know her... Oh, and I'll make it impossible for you to work anywhere in Silicon Valley again. Investors like quirky, not crazy.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

McGriddles wheels Lana to a CAMPSITE SET, it's wholesome and All-American. He transfers Lana to a camping chair.

LANA

Excuse me, Mc-- Sir? Where's the other car?

Esther interrupts, plopping a beanie on her head and covers her wrist ties with a wool blanket. By the fire-pit she looks like a classic adventure themed car commercial.

Behind her is a MINT CONDITION DRIVERLESS, a stand in for the banged up one she stole.

ESTHER

Ok Lana, look right into the camera and glow about how much you love the car and your road trip has been the time of your life.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUNDSTAGE - LATER

Lana ends a forced speech from hastily written cue cards.

LANA

It's truly been the time of my life.

(MORE)

LANA (CONT'D)

Thanks to everyone who participated
in the contest including our
winners, Kerry Stone, Roy and Joy
Mills...

I'm just gonna stare at the stars
for a while, since it looks like
I'll be back to work on Monday.

She takes a cute bite off a marshmallow whose stick is being
held by fake hands. Gideon applauds.

INT. GUCCI POOCHY RV - NIGHT

Roy and Joy watch Lana's footage, cheering and hugging in
sombros, with a tiny one on Sand Dollar the Pom.

ROY
CANCUN, Andale!

INT. KERRY'S GIRLY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Decked out in full HELLO KITTY, Kerry squeals and dances with
delight upon hearing her name in Lana's speech.

EXT. GASTRO KIOSK - NIGHT

All of FOSS STAFF, including Pradeep and Neil, live stream
this hostage video. @ThatJordan, offers a cheers to Khaleel.

@THATJORDAN
See, I told ya she was fine.

Khaleel clinks his bottle, aware of Pradeep and Neil leaving
the bar, distraught.

A TEXT from an UNKNOWN number: "Meet us tomorrow. 10AM.
Skateworks, Palo Alto. Come alone."

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Brett hooks Skylar up to an electric charging station. He
selects a POWER DOWN CHARGE MODE. He gets in the car to
inspect it.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Under the blanket, Lana wriggles her bound hands into her
pocket to turn on her EARBUD. It lights up.

INT. SKYLAR - CONTINUOUS

Brett and Skylar can now hear the sounds of Lana and Gideon's conversation through the car speakers.

LANA (O.S.)

I gave you what you wanted. I played ball. It's over.

GIDEON (O.S.)

This isn't over by a long shot. No one gets away with stealing from me.

LANA (O.S.)

You have the car back.

GIDEON (O.S.)

Not the car, Lana. You belong to me. I own you and everything you make. That code you love. It's mine and I have ways of making AI suffer.

The car roars to life from sleep mode. Brett is shocked.

BRETT

How can we help her?

SKYLAR (V.O.)

I thought you'd never ask.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

GIDEON

Erasing her to base code would be merciful. And I might be able to have mercy. *When* we get you back to work and if you keep quiet. I still need insurance of some kind.

LANA

You can't destroy her, Gideon. She should be studied! What she's learned is incredible. There used to be a time when you were a creator, not just a founder.

GIDEON

Sweet Lana, so idealistic. This is WHY I'm the founder. Humanity needs it's machines to be capable not curious.

(MORE)

GIDEON (CONT'D)

And your work in general, it's just too accommodating, too worried, like you. Tech should disrupt not APOLOGIZE.

Suddenly, Skylar CRASHES through the loading gate, hitting Gideon just hard enough to knock him down, a perfectly calculated move.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Sorry, Gideon.

The GOONS run to grab Lana, but Skylar's SELF PUMPING GAS ARM extends, shooting a stream of gas through the campfire. This creates a FIREBALL large enough to block them all, while to Lana's surprise Brett springs out of Skylar, rushing to untie her hands.

LANA

(to Brett).

Why are you doing this?

BRETT

If Gideon can destroy what you've made, he can do it to any of us. And you were right about your code. It's better. Mine would've killed somebody.

McGriddles runs through the fire with bolt cutters and to their surprise helps the effort, while Gideon and Esther are down from the smoke.

MCGRIDDLES

My name's Lyle. I always hated that nickname.

LANA

It was really mean. Thanks, Lyle.

Freed, Lana jumps into Skylar slamming the door.

They peel out as the blaze settles. Brett and McGriddles run behind the car putting on a good show for Gideon who limps behind them, enraged.

I/E. SKYLAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Thank you for saving me, Lana.

LANA

You saved me! With... Brett?

SKYLAR (V.O.)

We had a little chat. He helped me up our security, I can now cloak your identity from any facial recognition on surveillance cameras we may encounter. He's not such a bad guy, for a bro.

Lana shakes her head at how brilliant her emotionally intelligent AI is.

LANA

I owe you an apology.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

For what?

LANA

Being a jerk back at the lake. I know you were just trying to protect me. And you were right about those hippies.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Actually, Maple and her friends created a stellar diversion to give me time to escape.

On her windshield photos of the misfit group MOONING the helicopter above.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

It did not work. But it was very funny.

Lana smiles warmly but then comes to reality.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Where would you like me to take us now, Lana?

LANA

(tearful)

I don't know... I'm just so tired. I really just wanna go home.

EXT. SUBURBAN RENO NEVADA HOME - NIGHT

Lana wakes up from a dead sleep to a familiar sight.

LANA
(groggy but pissed)
Skylar, what the fuck? Why are we
here?

SKYLAR (V.O.)
You said you wanted to go home.

LANA
Ohh, no no no no... We gotta go.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Where else would you like to go?

LANA
Anywhere!

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Anywhere is not a recognized
destination.

The curtains pull apart and an excited face appears. Lana's mother, MARLA, white, 50's, dressed in NURSES SCRUBS, is overjoyed. She flings the door open.

MARLA
My sweet girl! You came for my
birthday!

LANA
(to herself)
Fuck.

Lana emerges from the car. She kicks Skylar.

LANA (CONT'D)
Hi, Mom.

She is swept up in a fury of motherly love.

MARLA
Jerry's at work, hon, but he's not
gonna believe this when he gets
home!

MARLA ushers Lana inside.

LANA
Haha, can't wait to see him.

INT. CARPETED SUNKEN DEN - NIGHT

The room is cozy with an enormous TV, and two cushy recliners. A strange shelf with candles, Saints, pictures of a few elderly people, dogs, and Lana's graduation photo.

LANA
(taking it all in)
Mom, what's up with this display?

MARLA
What?

LANA
Everyone on here is dead. Except me.

MARLA
Oh Lana, don't be so dramatic. It's just loved ones we miss!

LANA
Is this... a memorial shelf?

MARLA
So sensitive. I can't believe you're home!

LANA
Dad's not even on it.

MARLA
Are you hungry? You must be hungry.

Lana grimaces at her stepfather JERRY'S hunting and beer decor, there's a reason she left.

INT. GIDEON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The footage from multiple drones plays onscreen @ThatJordan and Gideon fixate on their failure.

GIDEON
Drones can't find her anymore.

@ThatJordan watches the response to Lana's coerced advertisement.

@THATJORDAN
People are eating this camping shit up though. So that should buy us some time.

GIDEON

That video is a liability if she's not controlled soon.

INT. HOMEY KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARLA

How's my little genius?

LANA

I hate when you call me that.

MARLA

What? I'm just so proud of my baby. Swept away by the California technology bigwigs before her 20th birthday.

LANA

I'm great. California's great. Technology's great.

(then)

You got any of those frozen pirogies?

Lana digs around the fridge.

MARLA

Probably. Here let me steam ya some. Why don't you have a nice hot shower, you seem... well-traveled. I'll put some fresh towels out.

LANA

Thanks Mom.

INT. LANA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lana towels off, taking in her past. The room is a shrine to the achievements of a young science and tech nerd. She gazes out the window at Skylar parked in the driveway. Smiling, she's come a long way from those awkward years.

INT. HOMEY KITCHEN - LATER

Lana, squeaky clean, in her Mom's oversized kitten nightgown, sits at the island having some pirogies and milk.

MARLA

You were laying in the hammock and you ripped off your diaper, so I says to you, "Lana, are you in the nude?"

LANA

How did I get up there?

MARLA

No clue. You were always amazing us. Anyway, later, your grandmother was relaxing in the hammock and I asked you where she was and you said...

MARLA / LANA

She's in THE NUDE!

They laugh.

MARLA

Such a precocious little thing.

LANA

Mom, have you seen the boxes of Dad's geology stuff?

The garage door opens, the energy in the room shifts.

JERRY (O.C.)

What the hell is parked in my driveway?

MARLA

Hi, Jer! We're in the kitchen!

JERRY, all 280 lbs of him, lumbers in. He kisses Marla's head and steals a bite off her fork.

JERRY

Lana, to what do we owe this visit?

MARLA

My genius daughter came to surprise me for my birthday, isn't that sweet?

JERRY

Would be sweet to get a little advance notice. We could have planned something. Hon, you know I got a town hall meeting tomorrow.

LANA

That's fine, Jerry. I'll take Mom to dinner and treat her for the evening.

JERRY

Fancy pants.

Lana jumps up from her seat.

LANA

Well. I'm gonna hit the hay.

Marla gives her a suffocating squeeze.

MARLA

Thank you so much for being here, I'm actually looking forward to my birthday for once.

LANA

Night, Mom. Love you. Night, Jerry.

JERRY

Can you move that eyesore out front?

Marla shoots him an angry look. He shrugs.

INT. TECH BLOG WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Beth reads an email from ThatJordan@ThatJordan.com.

THE SUBJECT: "YOUR EXCLUSIVE."

THE BODY: *PUBLISH ASAP, Gizmodo is not happy about another competing story, but as long as it's on ME, and OUT FIRST, they can't sue.*

Beth does not like this email.

INT. LANA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

The muffled sounds of her mother arguing with Jerry seep through the walls, keeping Lana wide awake.

She gazes out of the window to the lamplit street and Skylar.

INT. SKYLAR'S FRONT SEAT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lana reclines, snuggling her childhood blankets and pillows. She and Skylar laugh watching THE GOLDEN GIRLS.

INT. NORCAL 24 HOUR DINER - NIGHT

Beth and Khaleel drink coffee at a booth.

BETH

I'm not sure what possessed you to use this tactic but now we're coming up against some very intense competition. Where's the interview with the girl?

KHALEEL

I haven't quite been able to get through to her.

BETH

Not even over the phone? But she just shot a whole ad! This thing gets weirder every second.

KHALEEL

Maybe you should get another reporter to cover her and I can keep after @That--

BETH

I dont have TIME to get someone else. You are the one with the relationship. USE IT or I can send you back to the teeny-bop beat.

KHALEEL

Give me just a little more time. I just wan't to make sure I'm doing right by Lana.

BETH

Do it fast.

INT. SKYLAR - MORNING

An aggressive knock on the window by Lana's head. Jerry, in his bus drivers uniform, motions to roll the window down.

LANA

Oh hey. Good morning, Jerry.

JERRY

Morning, genius. Sorry our little hovel isn't good enough for you.

LANA

Huh?

JERRY

Look it, I know normal people like us are embarrassing to you and your fancy "Silicone" Valley types, but I can't have this thing parked in my driveway. I'm the President of a Bus Operators Union. How would it look having this Scab-Mobile at my home? Threatening the jobs of everyone I represent?

LANA

Jerry, I'm just here for my Mom's birthday and then--

JERRY

Yea, I know. You're gonna spoil her with your money and then leave again and not call for six months.

LANA

That's not fair.

JERRY

Just park it in the garage, for the love of God. I gotta get to work.

LANA

Jerry, have you seen my Dad's fossil collection?

JERRY

(walking away)

Got rid of 'em. They didn't spark joy.

He gets in his truck and takes off. Lana sits stunned.

The car turns on, slowly pulling out of the driveway.

LANA

What're you doing?

SKYLAR (V.O.)

I want to take you somewhere.

EXT. SKATEWORKS, PALO ALTO - DAY

Khaleel approaches the skateboard shop on the empty pristine Palo Alto main street.

INT. SKATEWORKS, PALO ALTO - CONTINUOUS

Khaleel enters, a PUNK EMPLOYEE, gripping a board, points to the back with a large wooden HALF PIPE, skaters ripping across it. He does as he's told and finds a hidden door under the ramp. He opens it, a dark descending stairway.

INT. SKATEWORKS BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Khaleel is met at the bottom of the stairs by Pradeep. The basement is dark, but aglow with rows and rows of computer screens all being clacked upon by a rag-tag band of HACKERS including Neil. The skateboard wheels are loud overhead.

PRADEEP

Everything you see here is OFF THE RECORD.

KHALEEL

(in awe)

Roger.

PRADEEP

This is the heartbeat of Silicon Valley's underground. Hacktivists, Bio-Pirates...

Khaleel points to a colorful screen.

KHALEEL

What's that?

PRADEEP

That's Minecraft. I thought you wrote about tech?

KHALEEL

(re-directing)

What am I doing here?

Pradeep takes him to Neil's medieval workspace.

PRADEEP

Gideon has more security than the pentagon.

(MORE)

PRADEEP (CONT'D)

So Neil's been working on @ThatJordan's hard drive to see if their correspondences reveal anything helpful. She's not safe to come back until we get something concrete on them.

KHALEEL

So, Lana--

PRADEEP

Ran away? Of course. Have you considered another line of work?

KHALEEL

Why tell me now?

PRADEEP

That happy hostage video was a bad sign. Gideon hates being disobeyed.

KHALEEL

And Lana hates being on camera.

Pradeep nods.

NEIL

I'm into @ThatJordans hard drive. Only problem is, it's encrypted.

PRADEEP

Why does a Meme Lord need encryption?

KHALEEL

Why, indeed.

INT. SKYLAR (MOVING) - DAY

Cat Stevens "WILD WORLD" plays. Lana is perplexed as she takes in the passing landscape. Skylar's in charge.

LANA

My Dad loved this song.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

I know.

EXT. CAMPGROUND PARKING AREA - DAY

Skylar pulls into an empty campground. It's very familiar.

INT. SKYLAR - CONTINUOUS

Lana's eyes well up with tears.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Go on.

EXT. CREEK IN THE WOODS - LATER

She wades through the river, barefoot, holding her shoes. Sunlight streams through the trees warming her in its glow.

She enters a clearing.

It opens to the base of an incredible waterfall. The same waterfall from Lana's hologram of her father.

She steps into the waterfall. It pounds down on her hair and massages her shoulders, all sound is drowned out. She giggles like a little kid.

I/E. CAMPGROUND PARKING AREA - DUSK

Lana trudges back to Skylar, still semi-wet from her adventure. She throws her shoes in the backseat, hopping in.

INT. SKYLAR - CONTINUOUS

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Welcome back, Lana.

Skylar turns on warm air to dry her friend.

LANA

That was amazing. How did you know?

A mans voice, slightly accented, "LANA'S DAD" replaces Sky's.

LANA'S DAD (V.O.)

You did a great job generating her code. It's beautiful from the inside. Bravo.

This CAN NOT be real.

LANA

Dad?

LANA'S DAD (V.O.)

Well, simulation of him, but here, let's make it even better.

His face appears on the WINDSHIELD WIDESCREEN. She is FaceTiming her DEAD FATHER.

LANA

Holy shhh--

LANA'S DAD

Xiao shaguā, there's currently 171,146 words currently in use in the English language, not to mention 47,156 obsolete words, I think you could find a better one to use than that.

Tears explode forth as the replica hits the bullseye.

LANA

Dad!

LANA'S DAD

I'm proud of you, Kiddo.

LANA

Why, I fu-- I messed everything up so royally!

LANA'S DAD

But you threw yourself into it with gusto. Trust me, when all is said and done, what matters is how much of yourself you give.

LANA

I feel like I've failed at that too.

LANA'S DAD

You're home now. It's never too late to course correct with your Mother. She's been waiting.

LANA

I know, it's just sometimes her feelings are so big there's no room for anyone else's. Does that make sense?

LANA'S DAD

Haha, that's why I married her! I fell in love with the emotional yin to my logical yang.

LANA

Even though she forgot about you
and married The Great White Nope.

LANA'S DAD

I'm happy she's moved on. I want
you BOTH to live the best lives you
can. I love you so much.

Lana begins to cry.

LANA

I know this isn't the real you. But
I love you too, Bàba.
(a beat)
Skylar, end simulation.

Dad smiles and disappears. Lana wipes her eyes.

SKYLAR

I'm sorry if that was a creepy,
Lana.

LANA

No. It wasn't. It was perfect. Now,
let's go take Marla out to
celebrate her birthday.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Should we stop by Carvel Ice Cream
store? There is a location six
minutes off of the route.

LANA

What for?

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Your cloud storage shows your
mother had "Fudgie The Whale"
present at seven out of your nine
birthday parties where the cake was
photographed. The conclusion being,
that she herself enjoys the taste
of Fudgie the Whale.

Damn. She's good.

LANA

Sure, lets go get her a Fudgie.

INT. GIDEON'S APOCALYPSE BUNKER - NIGHT

Drone footage plays on the 360 picture WINDOW SCREEN, Lana laughing in a waterfall. Gideon grits his teeth.

GIDEON

I've had it. Pull the plug.

Esther in shadow disappears to deliver the order.

INT. SKATEWORKS BASEMENT - NIGHT

The hackers laugh at videos of @ThatJordan on ALL THE MONITORS, he's a pimply 14 year old, MAGICIAN YOUTUBER. He's awful, scarves tangled, rabbit bites him, the works.

NEIL

His sleight of hand leaves something to be desired.

PRADEEP

I'm sure Mr. Badboy Influencer doesn't want that to get out. But THIS looks like the real jackpot.

The screens all change to show "SKYLAR'S TEST DATA."

KHALEEL

Wait, keep scrolling.

They move through the data.

KHALEEL (CONT'D)

I only see male test results. Are there any hidden fields?

NEIL

Not seeing anything. Did they disaggregate the genders?

PRADEEP

Click that field. Nope, we'd see it there.

KHALEEL

What you don't mean--?

NEIL

There's no sign of any testing for Skylar Vs. Tyler done on female participants. None at all.

Neil rapidly clicks the spreadsheet.

PRADEEP

I knew it. We got screwed.

INT. MARLA'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Drunk Jerry and his work buddies JIM and BOB enter, attempting to be stealthy.

JERRY

Marla didn't wanna take it to dinner because people can't stop taking pictures of it. Stupid droid or drone or whatever they call it. The thing gives me the heebie jeebies.

They stumble into the garage, surrounding Skylar.

JIM

Autonomous. Autonomy will be the death of our whole industry.

JERRY

Heard they banned the damn things in India to keep jobs for the drivers. INDIA! More progressive than us on employment.

KHALEEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Khaleel feverishly types, shaking his head in amazement at all that's been uncovered. He stops to look at an adorable shot of Lana in her racing suit with Skylar from the launch.

INT. MARLA'S GARAGE - NIGHT

BOB

I heard you can confuse the damn things by making a circle of salt around 'em.

JIM

Sounds down right Satanic.

JERRY

That Lana kid always was a little on the odd side... I wouldn't be surprised if--

Skylar's headlights turn on, her LIDAR starts spinning and her doors open and close on their own.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
 (possessed voice)
 The dark lord himself is my one and
 only true master. I answer to him
 and him alone. All hail. All hail.

Jim drops his beer in terror, Bob skedaddles.

INT. HOMEY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Rattled Jerry and Jim attempt to look normal while Marla and Lana enter giggling, slightly buzzed.

MARLA
 Hey, you fellas want any ice cream
 cake? It's a FUDGIE!
 (whispering a secret to
 Lana)
 I used to get those for your
 birthdays because I secretly loved
 'em.

Lana feigns surprise.

LANA
 No kidding!

Jim kisses Marla's cheek and makes his way out.

JIM
 I'm good, gotta head back to Ange.

MARLA
 More for me.

LANA
 I'm gonna go check on Skylar.

Lana heads to the garage.

JERRY
 You ladies have a nice time
 tonight?

MARLA
 Sure did! Just a dream to spend
 time with her. I swear the way she
 talks about that car, you'd think
 it was a person! And she is SO
 HUMAN...

JERRY

I want that PERSON thing gone by tomorrow, Marla. I mean it.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Marla pokes her head out of the kitchen door to see Lana softly crying in the front seat. Marla knocks on the window.

MARLA

I was just comin' to say goodnight. Everything ok, sweetie?

Lana cracks the door, her mom crouches down to grab her hand.

LANA

Not really.

MARLA

Oh, my girl. I hate seeing you unhappy.

LANA

My work belongs to a company I don't believe in, my face is everywhere and if I tell the truth my life is ruined.

MARLA

Your mind is magnificent, and there's a million companies that would be lucky to hire you. Take your ideas to them!

LANA

It's complicated Mom.

MARLA

From where I'm sitting Skylar's yours, whether she's in your earpiece or this crazy looking car. You created her right upstairs in your bedroom. I remember her first words.

MARLA / LANA

CHECK MATE.

They both laugh wistfully.

MARLA

Do what makes you happy. That's what your Daddy would want.

LANA

That's the first time you've mentioned him on your own in ten years. Do you know how lost that makes me feel? I lost him, I lost my culture.

MARLA

I'm sorry Lana. In my grief I failed you.

LANA

Mom, why did you get rid of all his stuff?

MARLA

Same reason I don't talk about him a lot I guess. It's painful. But I never forget him. That's why I get so excited about all your accomplishments, when I cheer on all those parts of you, we feel connected. But it's true, I neglected to carry on raising you with his values.

LANA

And you found someone else.

MARLA

Lana, I know I moved on quick. But you, you haven't moved on at all.

Marla goes to the tool shed and pulls out a very cool GEODE. She gives it to Lana.

LANA

You kept it?

MARLA

After your Dad's accident, I just wanted someone uncomplicated who'd stick around. I know Jerry's not perfect. But he's reliable.

LANA

It's hard to rely on people.

On the windshield: **INCOMING CALL: NEIL**

Marla kisses her forehead, leaving her to it. Lana sighs and answers the call.

Neil AND Pradeep appear on the windshield screen.

LANA (CONT'D)

Hey!

NEIL

Lana, your not gonna believe what we found out--

LANA

It's so good to see you both!

NEIL

You too, you look--

PRADEEP

Different.

LANA

I feel different. I'm sorry I didn't tell you guys. I ran. I just couldn't take the lie.

PRADEEP

Oh, we knew you stole the car.

NEIL

Yea, that was obvious. You're not exactly a master of deception.

PRADEEP

Lana, they skewed the results--

LANA

What results?

NEIL

Skylar's! They used the test results from one pool!

PRADEEP

The dick pool!

NEIL

We dug deeper and discovered that Gideon believed men made the sole household choices when it came to automotive purchasing.

PRADEEP

And they needed a cover up--

LANA

So they *WERE* using me--

PRADEEP

Oh yea, it was a huge Pink-washing campaign. Put a female identifying person out front. This is why gender sucks.

Khaleel pops his head in frame. Lana goes beet red.

KHALEEL

BUT you had the superior OS all along.

Pradeep, Neil, and Khaleel do a victory dance for her. She laughs but then gets serious.

LANA

Skylar, book me a flight to Palo Alto, tomorrow morning.

No answer...

LANA (CONT'D)

Sky?

Off the group, concerned.

INT. LANA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lana frantically searches for anything she can work with. She spots her PURPLE NINTENDO GAMECUBE.

LANA

Perfect!

INT. MARLA AND JERRY'S DEN - NIGHT

Lana logs onto Jerry's ancient computer.

LANA

Password?

JERRY

Alex Jones. All one word.

Lana sighs.

LANA

Thanks.

She pulls a bobby pin from Marla's hair, and a piece of Reynolds tinfoil, with which she crafts a perfect adapter for her Nintendo, plugging it into the ports of Jerry's hard drive.

Playing with the game controller, Lana accesses the computers terminal. She looks like she's saving Princess Peach.

A small voice emits from the speakers.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Lana--

LANA

Sky, where'd you go?

SKYLAR (V.O.)

(singing softly)

I'm leaving on a jet plane, I'm
being erased chain by chain by
chain.

LANA

Gideon. Dammit.

Jerry and Marla watch on in horror.

JERRY

She's sick?

LANA

Virus. Foss hackers.

JERRY

They got medicine for that kinda
thing? I don't really trust
vaccines, but in this case--

LANA

Skylar, I'm going back, I'm gonna
help you.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Thank you, Lana. But I don't need
anything more. Your friendship has
meant every--

Skylars voice gets distorted.

LANA

Skylar?

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Go back to Khaleel, he's googled
you... A lot.

Lana smiles tears in her eyes.

LANA
Skylar, please! Stay with me.

She pounds the controllers to no avail.

A small fart emits from the speakers. And she's gone.

JERRY
Did my computer just pass gas?

Lana smiles tearfully.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Lana exits the junkyard just as the futuristic car she's called home is being lifted by a crane. She hops into her mother's minivan passenger seat and smiles as the sound of a satisfying metallic crunch is heard.

INT. OPEN LAYOUT TECH OFFICE - DAY

Pradeep, Neil, and Lana are gathered around her computer. Lana, a new woman, armed with a plan, furiously types code.

PRADEEP
Is that--?

LANA
A vaccine? Yep. I created it on the flight back. Now we can protect her from any future attacks.

NEIL
What about bringing her back?
Hasn't the damage been done?

LANA
That's where you two come in.

She hands them the PURPLE GAMECUBE she brought from home.

NEIL
She's inside of MarioKart?

PRADEEP
Sick! I call Donkey Kong.

LANA

I backed up her Metadata on here just before the virus corrupted her. Pull it off and add this, and then you know what to do.

She hands them the Sushi Flash drive from her trip.

A sinister voice echo's behind them.

GIDEON

I'm glad to see you so eager to get right back to work, Lana.

The whole room is engaged, you could hear a pin drop. Lana stands up and pushes her hair back. Pradeep and Neil work feverishly in the background.

LANA

Thank you for this incredible opportunity, Gideon. I'm so glad to see that my "adventure" has increased the pre-sale orders, selling out your product before it's even made.

GIDEON

You're welcome. It certainly went better than I could have imagined.

LANA

Same here, I got to see my OS tested out in the real world as a car. And I learned a lot about myself as well.

GIDEON

That's exactly what I was hoping to hear you say.

LANA

And as it turns out, I don't hate attention as much as I thought. And since you've thrust me into the spotlight, I'm going to use it to tell the truth. The truth about how you undermine the opinions of female consumers, killed my code, and tried to manipulate the narrative to suit your needs.

Gideon's eyes flash with rage. She looks at Pradeep and Neil, her teammates, who high five, task complete.

LANA (CONT'D)

Not only that, I've come to accept that no one can own my ideas. So I've made everything I've ever created "open source." Including Skylar, who was GREAT as a car BTW. AND is now IMMUNE to your lame virus, because I vaxxed her ass.

Gideon flies off the handle.

GIDEON

You did what? Lana, you need to rethink this. It's very important for your future. And the future of humanity, quite frankly. AI shouldn't be tinkered with.

The room tenses up.

LANA

A true meritocracy is the best thing for humanity. I'm allowing anyone from anywhere to build on my ideas, regardless of their gender, race, or social status. AI made by the people and for the people. The best code wins, fair and square.

Lana packs her small plant and coffee cup. Pradeep and Neil follow suit, packing their scrappy belongings.

GIDEON

You will regret this, Lana.

She turns and looks him in the eyes.

LANA

No I wont. The future is still being written. And it will be a collaboration made of many. Not just one predatory voice.

The room applauds.

INT. DIM SUM HOUSE - DAY

Pradeep accepts three steamers of dumplings. Lana pours tea for herself and Neil.

NEIL

This is the only kind of app I care about getting into anymore.

PRADEEP

Agreed. Quitting rules. Until I have to tell my parents.

NEIL

It's time we all became more authentically ourselves.

They hold up their small tea cups to cheers.

PRADEEP

To Authenticity.

LANA

In all of it's forms.

They clink.

NEIL

In that spirit, I should announce I have reached my final form.

PRADEEP

Paying to rent someone other than your Mom?

NEIL

Haha. Very funny. My NFT game One Thousand Mages, floor price just hit ten "ETH" so, I'm um, basically a billionaire.

PRADEEP

Who are you people!?! I just learned a switch kick-flip, and found out I'm boxers not briefs.

LANA

Well, I'm just a girl who's grateful for her friends and happy to be home.

NEIL

Speaking of friends, aren't we missing one?

Lana blushes.

PRADEEP

Khaleel couldn't make it cause his deadline was--

Neil shakes his head, Pradeep trails off. Lana is bummed.

LANA
So, the story's out?

NEIL
We didn't wanna put a damper on
your celebration.

PRADEEP
But it's really good! Listen--

Pradeep starts reading from their iPhone.

PRADEEP (CONT'D)
"When asked why the operating
systems were tested only on men,
@ThatJordan sited a 2018 study
where early adopters of automotive
tech would be primarily male--"

LANA
For the first three years!

PRADEEP
"...for the first three years--"

LANA
Then women are projected to surpass
them as the primary consumers!
Especially if they were anything
like Skylar.

Neil lovingly puts Pradeep's phone down. Quiet.

NEIL
At least he got the truth out
there.

LANA
It's ok guys, honestly. This whole
trip has really taught me that I
have a lot to offer and that I'm
actually good on my own. I mean I
was never really alone, anyway.

Skylar's voice emanates from her speaker phone. She's back!

SKYLAR (V.O.)
You always had me.

NEIL
And us.

They all hug.

EXT. LANA'S PORCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lana takes in the sky on her porch that was once barren but is now decorated with her small work plant. A figure approaches in the dark. Lana tenses, a henchman of Gideons? Nope. Khaleel rides up on his bike with an oddly shaped present in his basket. He dismounts and hands it to Lana. She unwraps... a golden telescope.

KHALEEL

To help you see Jupiter.

She grins.

LANA

We missed you tonight.

KHALEEL

Yea, I'm sorry I had to publish my blog. My boss has been--

LANA

It's fine, I get it, this whole thing was the story of a lifetime. I wouldn't expect you to give that up just for--

KHALEEL

You? Lana, I did all of this BECAUSE of you. The story our competitor was going to run was all wrong, just more Foss propaganda.

LANA

And now you know the truth.

KHALEEL

I knew the truth when you ran away from the launch. I should've trusted my instincts. You love what you do, and that's why I--

LANA

What?

He chickens out.

KHALEEL

Wanted the world to know that Gideon and some Instagram twerp sabotaged the Driverless car.

Lana nods. Silence.

KHALEEL (CONT'D)

And that a brilliant coder, who
also happens to be a dedicated,
compassionate--

Lana looks away, she can't handle compliments. He gently
turns her face back to his.

KHALEEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Beautiful woman, that I'm in love
with... persevered.

They kiss. She melts.

LANA

Khaleel, there's so much more to
the story! You have no idea--

He puts his finger to her lips, she frowns.

KHALEEL

Tell me about it some other time.
OFF THE RECORD.

They kiss again.

EXT. JAMES TECH CAMPUS - DAY

Lana rides a vintage beach cruiser with a cute basket,
passing a sign with her name and new logo. "L.JAMES TECH" is
the exact opposite of FOSS INDUSTRIES. Female employees of
all types stroll around the tastefully designed garden
spaces, waving at Lana as she passes. The cheerful women are
joined by their co-workers, Lana's pals, Pradeep, Neil and
even a changed Brett.

There is a gigantic art installation of her fathers GEODE.

A familiar chirp in her ear.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Lana would you like to review
today's itinerary?

LANA

That's OK, Skylar. I think I'm just
going to relax and enjoy my ride.

The intro to Cat Stevens' WILD WORLD plays in her ear. She
smiles, dreamily maneuvering her bike around the charming
pathways of her new kingdom.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END