

FLOWBAND

Written by

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BLACK.

UNSEEN NARRATOR (V.O.)
I know it was just a dream...but it
felt different.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRESTRIAL PARADISE - DAY

As the voiceover continues, we see shots of a terrestrial
paradise. There are beautiful shots of trees, forests,
meadows, waterfalls, etc.

UNSEEN NARRATOR (V.O. - CONT'D)
I could tell that I was still on
earth, but it was very far in the
future and I felt as if everyone
had left long ago. I felt the
weight of centuries on my soul, but
I wasn't old. I looked younger than
I am now. It's like I'm trying to
remember the time before...

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAMSBURG BAR, PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

We cut from the shots of the terrestrial paradise to the
interior of a bar in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. The narrator is
revealed to be SARAH FIORE. She is 39 years old. She sits at
a table with her coworker ROBERT D'ANGIOLO. In contrast to
the sound of her voice in the V.O. Sarah's voice now sounds
grounded in reality, like someone just sitting and talking
in a bar.

SARAH
...the time we're in now, but it's
like the memories belong to another
person.

ROBERT
It was just a dream Sarah.

SARAH
Yes, I know that Robert...that was
the first thing I said...but it
felt like it could have really
meant something to me.

ROBERT
You think everything means
something.

SARAH
When? I've never said anything like
this before to anyone. I don't
believe in anything.

ROBERT
You're just very bored, and you're
a dreamer.

SARAH
I'm a dreamer? Have you ever met
me?

ROBERT
I've worked in an office with you
for a year and a half, trust me,
you're a dreamer.

SARAH
Define "dreamer".

ROBERT
You think things could be different
than they are.

SARAH
That's called an idealist, Robert.

ROBERT
Same difference.

Sarah takes a gulp of her IPA.

SARAH
Did you talk to Lauren?

ROBERT
About the layoffs?

SARAH
No, about her hemorrhoids. Yes!
About the layoffs.

ROBERT
Probably a few people from
engineering in the fall.

SARAH
Who?

ROBERT
I don't know, I didn't ask and I
don't care.

SARAH

You don't care? You guys have a new baby.

ROBERT

If it's gonna happen, it's gonna happen, and honestly Tracey makes more money than me anyway.

Beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Look, I wouldn't worry about if I were you.

SARAH

You think they'll keep me?

ROBERT

No, almost certainly not, Steve hates you. I just don't think you should worry about something you can't do anything about.

Sarah sighs.

SARAH

What the fuck am gonna do?

ROBERT

Just do freelancing or something. You'll be fine.

SARAH

Right, I guess it turns out my destiny really is to be "fine".

ROBERT

Look, I've gotta get home. I'll see you tomorrow.

SARAH

(Dejected)

See ya.

Robert gets up from the table, walks out of the bar and heads home to his wife and new baby leaving Sarah alone at the table.

After he walks out, Sarah leans back in her chair to use the window as a mirror. She unravels her pony tail and lets her hair down. Satisfied with her appearance, she goes up to the bar, orders a drink and does her best to make herself approachable.

After several minutes a cute guy starts to make his way towards Sarah and she gets excited. But right when he gets to Sarah he makes a head gesture to someone directly behind her and walks right past her.

A dejected Sarah signals to the bartender for another drink.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG PIER, EAST RIVER - NIGHT

Sarah walks down the Williamsburg Pier north of the bridge and stares at the black water for a moment before she lights a cigarette and looks up at the sky to see a handful of visible stars that are bright enough to break through the city's light pollution. Sarah takes a drag of her cigarette as she takes in the few visible stars with as much hope as she can muster.

Sarah is a dreamer.

INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Sarah enters the bathroom in her apartment to do her monthly purge of grey hairs. She examines her hairline to identify the targets.

We watch in quick succession as Sarah plucks out several grey hairs on either side of her head.

CUT TO:

Pluck number one.

CUT TO:

Pluck number two.

CUT TO:

Pluck number three.

After she plucks out the last hair Sarah briefly smiles at herself in the mirror with her small victory over aging. Her smile disappears when she remembers that she's fighting a losing battle and that sometime sooner or later the tweezer won't cut it.

INT. OFFICE, DUMBO - DAY

Sarah's boss STEVE X, early 50's, speaks in front of about forty employees in a brightly lit tech office in the DUMBO neighborhood of Brooklyn. Sarah, a minute or two late for the meeting, quietly walks through the open doorway and slowly makes her way across the back of the crowd.

We follow her as she slowly weaves between the crowd, but we never lose sight of her and she never lets a gaze drift from the front of the room.

STEVE

...so I want all the PMs to email me about that before the end of the day. But the real reason I called an all-hands is because corporate sent over a pretty unusual task for the entire department. Since the Turing test was rendered moot by LLMs, the entire industry has been using unreliable benchmarks, and we need an entirely new way to measure these systems as they become more intelligent. So what I need today is ideas I don't want to go I need out of the box ideas I need orthogonal thinking

Sarah rolls her eyes at at Steve's use of the word "orthogonal"

STEVE (CONT'D)

I don't care how crazy or weird your ideas is are, just email me the task by the end of the day

The all hands meeting disperses. Everyone heads to their workstations and conference rooms. Sarah hangs back for a moment, staring at the floor, contemplating her assigned task.

INT - OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Sarah sits at her workstation, eating a yogurt and playfully swinging back and forth in her chair. She writes something in her notebook, looks out the window and eats a spoonful of yogurt. After a beat Sarah thinks of an idea, with a calm excitement, she swivels her chair chair to her workstation, spoon in mouth, and begins to type up an email.

INT - OFFICE - DUSK

Sarah confidently walks into Steve's office.

SARAH

Hey, did you get a chance to read my idea.

STEVE

Yeah Sarah um I don't think you understood what I was asking the team. I'm looking for an objective measure of intelligence. I didn't really understand what you're email said about using my request as the answer.

SARAH

I mean we could simply just ask newly released models to think outside of the box, just like you asked.

STEVE

Can you add a few more sentences to that.

Sarah excitedly sits down in the chair in front of Steve's desk.

SARAH

Okay so it's not just a simple prompt, we can create a series of complicated prompts that iterate over an array of very specific prompts with very specific questions.

STEVE

What kinds of questions?

SARAH

The most vexing questions we have, like, what do we do about climate change, poverty, whatever, but we build into the prompt that we specifically want out of the box thinking. If you ask it it to come up with solutions that no human could come up with.

STEVE

Then what?

SARAH

(with excitement)
Then we wait.

STEVE

Wait for what?

SARAH
Just wait until we get some
interesting answers.

Steve stares at Sarah with curiosity.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Steve we can make the prompts as
specific or broad as we like and if
these solutions are as powerful as
we anticipate, then there's no way
using these prompts won't generate
interesting ideas.

STEVE
You know that I meant for you to
come up with benchmarks tied to
objective measurements, how are we
going to evaluate prompt responses
that are inherently subjective?

SARAH
I can build a leaderboard with
up/down votes.

Steve ponders for a moment.

STEVE
Okay.

SARAH
Okay?

STEVE
(smiling)
No harm in trying. I'll have Alice
send you the API keys.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH
Awesome.

STEVE
Right, awesome. I'll see you
tomorrow.

Sarah walks out of Steve's office, trying her best to hide
her excitement.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

We see a relatively short montage of Sarah working on the web app. We see her writing code and testing her app, always eating something different each time we see her working.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

At last Sarah has finished the web app and starts testing with a prompt asking for advice about preventing global pandemics.

The response is a generic answer representing a combination of information from the WHO and the CDC.

Sarah frowns.

She inputs a second prompt asking about asteroid impact prevention, it returns a response that's basically an amalgamation of ideas you could find on Wikipedia.

Sarah leans back in her chair, sucking on her lollipop, and stares at the ceiling in frustration.

SARAH

Dammit.

Several Months Later:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sarah sits at her desk, eating a burrito bowl watching some ridiculous video on YouTube, when her coworker X comes up to her workstation.

X

Hey.

SARAH

What's up?

X

Did you get the email from Alice?

SARAH

(smiling)

I've gotten many emails from Sarah.

X

(smiling)

You should actually read this one.

As X walks away she opens her Gmail to find a new model was released by X.

Sarah opens her web app, inputs the new API key and looks through her collection of prewritten prompts. She chooses "smartphone addiction" and an auto generated prompt gets run against the new model.

A five paragraph response is quickly generated by the new model. Sarah reads through it and it's relatively generic except for one sentence that catches her eye.

"Take into account the level of At this point of market saturation, practical utility and deeply entrenched daily use, the most practical solution at this point would be a secondary device that would help modulate phone use."

Before Sarah has any time to contemplate, she receives an email from HR. She has been let go.

INT. STEVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah storms into Steve's office, furious.

SARAH

You don't even have the fucking balls to fire me in person.

STEVE

Sarah, relax, I didn't fire anyone. HR has been planning layoffs for months now. It has nothing to do with performance, the entire department is being downsized.

SARAH

It has nothing to do with performance?

STEVE

No.

SARAH

Then how were the layoffs determined?

Beat.

STEVE

Sarah you're taking this way too personally. You're a great programmer. You'll get another job and I'll write you a recommendation if you need.

SARAH

Okay, Steve, write me a reference
letter and then go ahead and shove
it up your ass.

As Sarah walks out of the office Steve returns to the work
on his desk.

STEVE

Goodbye, Sarah.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG BAR - NIGHT

In the same bar as the first scene. We see Sarah at the bar
drinking alone. She is not at the bar to attract suitors,
she is drinking for a single purpose...to get wasted.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sarah drunkenly enters her apartment, drops her keys and
forgets to lock her apartment. She staggers down the
hallway, makes it to the kitchen, trips and falls and hits
the crown of her head on the corner of her wall.

CUT TO BLACK:

Sarah awakens back in The Dream. This time the dream is much
more vivid. Sarah is there in her younger body and it's
night time but it's unlike any physical nighttime Sarah has
ever seen before. It's somehow dusk on all sides but as
Sarah looks up at the center of the sky she sees what looks
like the dead of night. There are thousands of stars visible
along with a full moon. A physical impossibility. Sarah
explores the landscape like a young girl looking at
everything, absorbing anything she sees into her soul. Sarah
spots a bunch of flowers in the ground and kneels down to
pick one up. She examines it with intense curiosity. The
color of the flower is a beautiful mixture of pink and
purple. While looking at the flower a single pedal falls off
gently falls to the ground and the second it hits the
ground... BANG.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Sarah awakens on the floor of her kitchen in the middle of
the night. She takes a second to realize where she is. She
is face down in a small puddle of blood, but at first she
can't figure out where it came from. Did it come from her
mouth? Did she smash her teeth? She realizes that it's
coming from the gushing cut behind her forehead. She goes to
the bathroom, turns on the light and immediately needs
stitches.

INT. HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

We see Sarah getting stitches from a nurse in the ER. Her eyes are shut, as the nurse stitches the gash right above her hairline.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sarah arrives back in her apartment, takes her sneakers off, walks to the bedroom, lands on her bed and immediately falls asleep.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Sarah slowly awakens. She stretches, yawns and feels amazed at how much better she feels than when she fell asleep.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sarah sits down at her computer with a cup of green tea. She opens up the AI voice model on her workstation.

"I need some help designing and building a wearable device connected to an iPhone application, for some context, I have extensive experience designing and building software but I've never built any hardware before so I'm gonna need you to take me step by step through using CAD software to design the wearable, what components I will need and where to order them and how to use a soldering iron to put it together."

AI voice response:

"Sure, I can help you do all of those things. Tell me more about the wearable you would like to design and build and we can get into the specifics."

Sarah smiles and takes a sip of her tea.

Over several days we see Sarah using CAD software to design the enclosure of the wearable and receiving several packages. We see Sarah unpacking and opening up the soldering iron on her desk. At her workstation wearing safety goggles Sarah solders together the components she ordered using the LLM for guidance. She puts together the components and the enclosure she had 3D printed. Sarah stares at it.

The final enclosure is a tiny 3D printed plastic box sitting on her desk. Purpose still unknown.

Sarah pairs the homemade device to the complementary app she built. She then exits the app and begins playing with her phone, opening different apps and putting her phone on and off several times.

At last she opens her phone to look at the time and the little plastic box on her desk vibrates.

Sarah smiles.

INT. BROOKLYN MIXED USE BUILDING - DAY

Sarah makes her way down the hallway in a large building in Brooklyn.

Now a completely refurbished mixed use building occupied by a unique collection of creative professionals. Sarah makes it to the end of the hallway to reach room 5F. She knocks on the half open door to find a young man with curly hair. This is Andrew, early 30s.

SARAH
Andrew?

ANDREW
Yea.

SARAH
Hey, I'm Sarah.

ANDREW
Oh hey Sarah, perfect timing. Come in.

Sarah walks into the room and is immediately overwhelmed by the number of half built and finished hardware devices littered across the tables in the room. Sarah comes across as awkward, not knowing where to place herself in the room in relation to Andrew.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
So you got my number from Scott?

SARAH
Um... yes. I'm looking for someone to help me streamline my hardware prototype and get it ready for production.

ANDREW
Sure, so why did you reach out to me?

SARAH
Because like me you're self-taught.

ANDREW
Self-taught?

SARAH
No college education.

Andrew smiles.

ANDREW
Oh... okay, interesting.

Beat.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
So you have a working prototype?

SARAH
Absolutely.

Sarah plops down the little black box and hands it to Andrew. He examines it for a moment.

ANDREW
Okay, what does it do?

SARAH
It connects to your phone via bluetooth and vibrates when you've been using your phone too much.

ANDREW
Hmm... it vibrates when you've been using your phone too much.

Andrew opens the 3D printed enclosure and examines the component.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
How does the device keep track of screen time?

SARAH
It's connected to an iPhone app that takes advantage of the native APIs.

ANDREW
Clever.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH
I know.

Andrew smiles.

ANDREW

Okay... so what do you need from me?

SARAH

I need you to miniaturize the components so that they can fit into a wearable. I was thinking of something like a silicon wristband.

ANDREW

Well, to make it that small you're gonna need some custom components. It won't be cheap.

SARAH

How much?

ANDREW

At least an order of magnitude more than you spent to make this. And that's just to make it get the prototype perfected, that doesn't include a production run.

SARAH

That's fine, I have money.

EXT. WESTCHESTER SUBURBS - DAY

We see wide shots of beautiful tree lined streets and increasingly nice homes in the northern suburbs of Westchester. An Uber drops off Sarah in front of a large brick mansion with a giant green lawn. She walks up to the front door and rings the doorbell. A few seconds pass. The door opens, sees Sarah standing there smiling and immediately attempts to shut the door on her face, but she stops the door with her foot.

TERRI

Sarah no.

SARAH

Terri please let's just talk.

They try to talk to each other through the door.

TERRI

I don't wanna see you, talk to you or think about you.

SARAH

Come on Terri, it's been almost two decades. Can we try to move on?

Terri quickly opens the door to directly confront Sarah.

TERRI
Move on? Do you think Julia's
parents can just move on?

Beat.

SARAH
You know that's not what I meant. I
didn't mean that we forget about
what happened but we can't go
through the rest of our lives with
our guilt.

TERRI
Your life, your guilt.

SARAH
Terri... I had a dream.

Terri slowly opens the door to directly confront Sarah.

TERRI
A dream or THE dream?

SARAH
THE dream... twice.

TERRI
How do I know you're not
bullshitting me?

SARAH
You remember what Julia said that
night?

TERRI
Of course I do.

SARAH
Then I can prove it.

INT. TERRI'S KITCHEN - DAY

Terri and Sarah sit directly across from each other on the
breakfast table with the little prototype in the center of
the table.

TERRI
If this... I can't fucking believe
it, but if this,

SARAH
I knew exactly what I needed to do.

TERRI
This isn't proof of anything.

SARAH
It happened just as she said it
would happen.

TERRI
What happened? You got drunk, fell
on your head and had a fucking
dream. How do I know it was THE
dream? Or you could just be
bullshitting me altogether. And
this little box doesn't mean shit
either.

Beat.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Sarah look at me, this little black
box is not going to change the
course of history.

Sarah smiles slightly.

SARAH
This is just a prototype, okay...
it's just the beginning.

TERRI
Is that actually true? Or do you
just want it to be true?

SARAH
It is true. Do you think it's just
a coincidence? I'm telling you I
had the dream just like she said
and afterwards I knew what I needed
to do. I knew where to come here
and I knew where to go next.

TERRI
Where are you going next?

SARAH
There's another person involved in
this that I haven't seen yet and I
want/need you to come with me.

Terri knows exactly who she is talking about.

TERRI

I haven't seen her in years, I
don't even know where she is.

SARAH

Do you think I would've come here
if I didn't know where to find her?

EXT. MANHATTAN, BUILDING PLAZA - DAY

Sarah and Terri wait outside of a large skyscraper in
Manhattan during the lunch rush.

TERRI

This is ridiculous, I can't believe
that I'm doing this.

SARAH

She's gonna be happy to see us.

Terri laughs.

Sarah turns to face Terri and places her hand on hers in a
way that makes Terri really listen.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Really she will, just watch.

Terri spots Nicole walking out of the building lobby and
nudges Sarah's arm.

TERRI

Well, there she is.

Sarah excitedly pops up and heads towards Nicole.

SARAH

Nicole!

TERRI

(under her breath)
Oh my god.

SARAH

Nicole.

This time Sarah catches Nicole's attention through the crowd
and she stops dead in her tracks, unable to believe her
eyes.

She removes her sunglasses and is still unable to believe
her eyes.

Sarah confidently walks up to Nicole, with Terri walking reluctantly a few steps behind her.

The two of them are now face to face with Nicole who has a look of complete disbelief. Terri is almost certain that Nicole is not happy to see either of them until Nicole begins shedding tears of joy and runs to hug both of them.

NICOLE
(in tears)
Oh my god, I can't believe you're here.

Nicole hugs them tighter.

Terri can't believe it, Sarah knew it.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Thank you, thank you so much for finding me. I wasn't strong enough to do it. I'm sorry. I just wasn't strong enough.

SARAH
(now tearing up as well)
I wasn't either, I'm sorry too.

Beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(with a lowered voice,
eyes open)
Nicole, I had the dream.

Nicole lets out more tears in relief.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nicole, Terri and Sarah sit in a midtown coffee shop. The kind that pretends to be hipster but actually couldn't be more yuppie.

NICOLE
I've been waiting for this day for so long, but I was afraid it would never come.