

FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE. NIGHT

Two men stand in a garage, a tinkering shed for great minds on the verge of a breakthrough.

Carl stands staring at something off camera with great pride and intrigue.

Algernon approaches him, carrying a headpiece covered with lights with wide-eyed inspiration.

ALGERNON

I've done it, Carl. With this machine we will finally be able to bring your ideas to life and together we'll change the world.

Carl stares in awe as Algernon slides the headpiece onto his head like he has given him a crown of ultimate power.

CARL

This is amazing Algernon, how does it work?

ALGERNON

This equipment reads the user's brainwaves and an AI will map their thoughts into the meta-space simulator just here--

He points to the space in front of them (behind the camera).

ALGERNON (cont'd)

--let's try it out, shall we?

Carl looks mesmerised while Algernon fiddles with a repurposed XBox controller.

A bright light glows on their faces and Algernon and Carl stare into it like it is the light of God.

CARL

Wow, so I just think and it will draw my thoughts in the meta-space?

ALGERNON

Exactly.

Carl narrows his eyes in concentration.

ALGERNON (cont'd)
Just think, Carl. With this technology
the limits are endless.

The light glows brighter.

ALGERNON (cont'd)
Entire complex systems and concepts
drawn out in a matter of seconds,
worlds will--

The light fades to a lesser brightness and Algernon's face
drops.

ALGERNON (cont'd)
...what is that?

Carl looks sheepish.

ALGERNON (cont'd)
...did you just draw a penis?

Carl looks at the ground.

CARL
I'm sorry, I panicked.

Algernon tries to give him the benefit of the doubt.

ALGERNON
That's okay, new technology is bound to
have some hiccups. Try again.

CARL
Okay.

Carl narrows his eyes with determination, they both stare at
the meta-space with anticipation. The light brightens again.

ALGERNON
Yes, you're doing it! Keep going,
it's... it's...

Algernon's face livens like he is seeing something amazing,
the light fades his face drops. Carl cringes.

ALGERNON (cont'd)
...another penis.

CARL
I swear that isn't what I was thinking
about.

Carl tries again. Algernon watches expectantly, but with less enthusiasm.

The light brightens and then fades. They both recoil.

ALGERNON

Jesus, Carl. What is wrong with you?

Carl looks distressed, he pulls the headpiece off his head.

CARL

Something's wrong with this thing.

Algernon scoffs.

ALGERNON

Hey, don't go blaming my equipment.

CARL

Well, you try it then.

Carl shoves the headpiece towards Algernon, who snatches it.

ALGERNON

Fine!

Algernon puts the headpiece on and concentrates, the light brightens.

ALGERNON (cont'd)

(muttering)

*Dang pervert drawing up penises all
over my--*

The light fades. Algernon's face drops and Carl smiles in vindication.

ALGERNON (cont'd)

Oh...

CARL

You were saying?

Algernon pulls the headpiece off, now irate.

ALGERNON

Well, it's hard not to think of penises
after seeing so many.

CARL

Don't blame me!

The tug the headpiece back and forth, bickering...