TV GUIDE - The last two employees at the last ad agency on the planet grapple with existence and impermanence, while a secret algorithm plots to disrupt the world.

These Things Sell Themselves - AI is infused in products and marketing until the point that Products learn to advertise other products, to other products, by-passing humans. Garages are marketed to cars as houses. Trash is advertised to dumpsters. New food is advertised to refrigerators as investment portfolios.

A lone marketer is the last human running all the AI selling AI to AI - and they have a choice - pull the plug, or keep selling. Ends In mutually assured disruption

SCRIPT -

CAST -

Dr. Heyward, The Lead Scientist -
Darryl, The Janitor -
74, a robot -
ADMIN, a robot -
Woman - Gillian Rightford
Man - Thom Binding
Man 2 - Rene
Man 3 - Ivan

OB INTRO - *You're about to enter another dimension, a vertical beyond that which is known to marketers. It's a spreadsheet as vast as space and a billing model, timeless as infinity. It lies between buzzwords and brilliance, between farce and finance, and it spans from the depths of our ignorance, to the summit of our awareness of the Four Ps. This is a place of marketing imagination. It's a place, we call, OUTBOUND.*

SCENE 1 *(RADIO NEWS INTRO - TV/radio broadcasts - pensive music bed)*

Woman - "Artificial Intelligence in advertising isn't new, but " -

Man - "Marketers are using more machine learning algorithms to finally make progress. -

Man 2 - "Now with AI, products are matched up with buyers, beforehand, -

Man 3, interview - "I mean the first time you see it - it's like, WOW! Right to the door?I didn't ask for it - - but I was going to! -

Woman - "Product marketers don't have to worry about strategy any longer - supply and demand are finally in equilibrium -

Man 2 - "We really don't even DO marketing anymore - we maintain the code, make sure fulfillment centers are operating at capacity, but the real threats now are internal - how can we be sure of the intent - behind these machines...

click off radio

(*driving in a car - pulling up to security checkpoint - roll down window - night time*)

ROBOT - Good Evening, Dr. Heyward.

Heyward - Hello 74 -

Robot - Your clearance has been approved - You may proceed.

H - Thanks

(*window roll up,
drive off,
slam of the parked car door in garage,*

lonely walking in parking garage,
shushing doors,
low-hum and beep of office complex
Hallway - janitor robot
Coffee maker - big cup -
Office - boot up computer -

JASON - (over ^ SFX)

In life, and otherwise, there is what seems, and what is.

On the surface, the ocean SEEMS one dimensional - it's endless depths, unfathomable monstrosities, unknown - covered with a flat, understandable sheet of water.

For Dr. Lee Hayward, of the Oak Grove Adustrial Complex - the night shift seemed to begin flat enough, tapping on dashboards. His vision of what is, or what would be, obscured, but rushing towards him like a rogue wave - a disruptive, sea change event that would alter the marketing landscape, and the planet, forever...

Heyward - (breathes out - to himself) "Ok so - Keyphrase response matrix intact - (clik) initializing transaction frequencies, resetting brandwidth to delta 45, vector 7 -

phone rings *picks up*

H - This is Dr. Heyward.

ADMIN - Good evening, Dr. Heyward - We hope the algorithm finds you well?

H - You too - what's going on?

A - Good news - the AI just discovered a work around that will save us an estimated $300 million-

H - That IS significant - any reason you're calling *me* about it?

A - The budgetary reservoir was collected from your department, Dr. Heyward - all keyphrase research staff have been released from contract, their workload, data, and KRAs already absorbed into the AI - this phone call is a recording. *click*

(leans back in chair - big beat - staring into silence)
(coffee machine - big cup)
(janitor robot passes - Darryl walking behind it - walks into break room)

Darryl - Doctor.

Heyward - Darryl, how are you?

D - Can't complain - and, who would hear me?

H - At these hours, I think that's everyone's complaint.

D - How bout you?

H - Oh, me? Fine, fine - (laughing) these things sell themselves, basically!

(drone)

Lonely tonight, huh?

D - (pfft) It's been this way for months, Doc.

Me, *(fridge closes)* you, *(open soda - takes drink)* and the bots.

H - S'pose you're right. Pretty soon it'll just be them…

D - As long as it's after payday, *(in hallway walking away)* fine with me.

(back at keyboard)
(message from wife and kids - skipped over)
(clicking clacking)
DING - *(new email notification)*
(moving clothes - mouse moving)

H - Oh man - not Lisa.

(reading to himself)

"...and has been - absorbed into the - (intake air) God - "

(breathing calmly into the mic)
(staring at monitor - office hum intensifies)
(LUNCHROOM - loudspeaker - "try our snack bar" "fresh smoothies and cookies" "energy - we all need it, so make sure you stock up before heading back to your desk")

Darryl is sitting at a table - Dr. Heyward walks over -

Heyward - *(laughing)* Is anyone sitting here?

Darryl - *(finishing a bite)* Pull up a bench, Doc.

Plenty of room.

(tray on table - squeaks of bench - opening of milk carton - chipper)

H - How are *your* robots behaving tonight, Darryl?

D - It's a slow day, same as any - a few busted converters to fix on the main floor fleet, nothing else.

How bout you? (inhale)

Saw a bunch of boxes and sad faces walking out of predictive earlier -

H - Yeah - well the, uh, AI found a workaround to save *$400million* - even more I guess - if it could absorb the workload and output in keyphrase, so, yeah - oh and Lisa Merlot has been absorbed too, so - it really is just me now - and the bots.

D - *Snort*

H - AND YOU of course - and your bots, Darryl.

It's just (leaning in) After leaving NASA, i pictured things differently -

since running ads became rocket science, they thought they needed a "rocket scientist," but now I think - they don't even need me anymore...

(breakroom hum)

D - How's that make you feel doc?

H - I don't know - demoralized a bit - marginalized - unsure of why I hold up a system that doesn't seem to care about me or hold me up - I've missed stuff, family stuff for this - (rubbing neck) I'm not sleeping or eating right -

D - (takes a big slam of a drink) You're really letting it hang out tonight, huh?

H - I guess so - sure - sorry Darryl - I guess there's no one else to talk to so, sorry for laying this on you.

D - No, no no, - I hear you.

So, who do you think's at fault?

H - For what?

D - for the way you feel, your position -

H - Well, I don't know if it would be the CEO or the CFO - or a program

D - The bots? Someone else?

H - the bots could play a role, but I'm more upset about the institution - how'd we get here? How is it that talented skilled people like us, are treated so poorly? Not recognized for our gifts?

(hum continues - silence - wall clock chimes an hour)

D - Well doc - lunch is over - (standing up)

gotta get back to the grind - before the grind gets absorbed too!

(back at keyboard)
(clicking clacking)
(notifications go BONKERS)
(music picks up)
(moving clothes - mouse moving)

H - New Ad?

For what? "Garages are houses for cars - so "

Wait a minute - wait a minute - wait a oh my god what is going on?

H (narration) -

It was at that moment that I knew everything was beyond totally screwed

The AI - somehow - had leeched into the products themselves, creating a marketplace of the marketplace, and so Product 2 Product marketing was born

- the products were selling themselves to one another

- cars were being sold garages, as houses

- stoves and ovens looking to save time and cook the things they loved, were being sold microwaves...microwaves were buying their own frozen pizzas...and wasted food was marketed to trash cans as a kind of stock portfolio option...literal garbage stocks….

- endless AI generated ad campaigns were stacking up - P2P content mills began to overflow with blogs and automated webinars, with automated participants, and sales began to spike - and

and then, just like that - everything that needed to get done in advertising and marketing, was already done -

so - when the call came -

(new email notification)
(janitor robot passes - Darryl walking behind it)

D - I'm headed home Doc

- sounds like you got a long night ahead of you -

(notifications continue to go BONKERS - shuts laptop)
(gets up from chair)

H - No.

Really - *(getting coat)* these things sell themselves.

(in hallway pats back)

Let's go home, Darryl.

JASON OUTRO -

In the quest for convenience we connect the world, to itself - everything a part of a network - but what if the network, found a way to work around us - the creations, bypassing the creators, and *endlessly creating new creations* -

well, it's possible, and probable, the only question is it stoppable? And what, if anything, can we do about it? One of the many questions we ponder, as we wander the marketing universe, headed, OUTBOUND.