

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

COLD OPEN

BLACK SCREEN

Garbled PA ANNOUNCEMENTS. The low BUZZ of a crowd.

CAPTION: "RACE DAY: New Year 10-Mile. Projected time: 58:00."

NELL (V.O.)

So let's review: machine learning,
reinforced learning.

A STARTER'S PISTOL

Goes up and fires: CRACK! Spectators CHEER (O.S.).

EXT. CHICAGO, LINCOLN PARK - DAY

A grim January morning. Runners stream over a starting line.

NELL (V.O.)

First, we have an agent.

ON ELEANOR FLANAGAN, RUNNING

NELL to us. Smart, serious, spare of frame, she's an honest-to-God endurance athlete, just into her thirties.

NELL (V.O.)

The agent is the one taking the
actions. Making decisions.
Hopefully doing some learning.

EXT. LAKEFRONT - DAY

The runners head south, towards the Chicago skyline. Waves slap against the concrete shore and flood their feet.

NELL (V.O.)

Next, we have an environment. We tend to think of an environment as temperature, pressure, humidity-- Weather Channel stuff. But in computer science, the environment is different.

Nell's approaching the first mile marker. She looks for

TOM, IN THE CROWD

Nell's twin brother, handsome and fit. Sitting on a bike, he checks his watch as Nell rolls by: 5:31.

NELL (V.O.)

It's the set of fixed conditions within which the agent has to work.

Satisfied, Tom kicks off and cycles away down a side path.

AT THREE MILES

There's a clock: 16:27... 16:28... 16:29.... Tom brakes his bike underneath the clock, checks it, and then spots

NELL, RUNNING IN THE PACK

She chants breathlessly to herself as she reels in one woman after another, her eyes on a RIVAL leading yards ahead:

NELL

(tune of "Frere Jacques")
Motherfuckers, motherfuckers/ Here
I come/ Here I come...

Tom waves his arms wildly.

TOM

NOT YET, FLANNY, NOT YET!!

Nell settles her pace, clearly annoyed.

AT SIX MILES

32:17... 32:18... 32:19...

Tom skids to a halt, winded. He leans on the handlebars and has a COUGHING fit that surprises him. He looks up to see

NELL CLOSING IN

On the Rival, her face a breathless shark's grin.

NELL

I'm a-gonna catch you/ You're not
gonna like it/ Ha ha ha/ Ha ha ha.

Tom stands up on the pedals to shout:

TOM

DON'T YOU DARE!

Nell flips him off, but backs down again.

TOM, CYCLING THROUGH THE PARK

He rolls to a halt and dismounts, unsteady on his legs. He drops onto a bench, WHEEZING and GASPING. Fear in his eyes.

NELL (V.O.)

The elevator goes up or down. The
processor has such-and-such a
speed. The robot's battery lasts
only so long.

AT NINE MILES

49:20... 49:21... 49:22... The pack has thinned. It's Nell, the Rival, and a couple of B-list men.

Nell looks for Tom in the crowd. There's no sign of him. After an instant's doubt, she surges to take the Rival down.

AT THE FINISH LINE

Volunteers stretch out a tape. Nell breaks it in 54:20 to CHEERS from the small crowd.

NELL (V.O.)

The environment includes anything that affects the agent's power to act. Anything that limits it.

In the finish chute, people bring her a drink, a space blanket, an oversized check for \$1,000. She's looking for

TOM, WITH HIS BIKE

He pushes through the crowd, CALLING his sister's name.

Nell spots him just as his eyes roll back and he FAINTS.

He collapses, sprawled under the bike. The crowd give him space.

NELL, PUSHING THROUGH THE CROWD

Using her giant check as a wedge. She looks down at her brother, her face a weary question: Oh God, what now?

NELL (V.O.)

Anything it can't change.

BLACK SCREEN

NELL (V.O.)

And that's where we start: agent, environment.

END OF COLD OPEN