

Connected

by

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FADE IN:

SEQUENCE 1

EXT. WEST PALM BEACH MARINA - DAY

A lively promenade. Outdoor cafés bustle beside luxury yachts. Affluence.

A battered water taxi splutters up to the quayside.

At the helm-- TELFORD (62) a sweaty, shifty huckster in a pork pie hat. He hangs a sign on his boat "Telford's Quality Imports".

He flips a briefcase onto the dock, rows of watches gleaming inside.

TELFORD
(English accent)
Romex! Goosey! Carnier watches! Get 'em while they're hot... You luv! Got a fella have ya? Classy bloke? He'd love one of these! It's not tat you know!

Telford taps one of the watches on the dock-- it shatters.

TELFORD (cont'd)
Demo model! Oi, where you going?

Passers-by laugh at him. Telford packs the briefcase away and stashes it under a tarp at the front of the boat.

The boat rocks as someone jumps on board.

TELFORD (cont'd)
All right officer, moving on--

Telford turns to see KIERAN and MICKEY, the heavily inked, ready-to-rumble, Doyle brothers.

TELFORD (cont'd)
K-K-Kieran! I was just coming to--

KIERAN
Were you?

TELFORD
Yeah, yeah-- I've actually got some--

KIERAN
Money for us?

TELFORD
Well... what if I told you--

KIERAN
(to Mickey)
Check the case.

Mickey shoves Telford aside and opens the briefcase.

TELFORD
Fantastic gear. That would actually
cover everything I owe Red--

MICKEY
It's knock-off trash.

KIERAN
Do you think we won't kill you,
Telford?

TELFORD
I was hoping for that, yes.

Mickey throws the briefcase overboard. Telford LUNGES for
the watches as they sink into the depths.

TELFORD (cont'd)
No! You idiot! Why would you--

Mickey grabs the back of his neck and dunks Telford until he
starts kicking, then pulls him up.

TELFORD (cont'd)
(spluttering)
Can we talk about this?

KIERAN
Sure. Monday. When we come back, and
you have the money. Or we kill you.

Telford manages a nod as he chokes.

KIERAN (cont'd)
Can't leave empty handed though. I
will take one of those watches. Just
to prove to Red we paid a visit.

TELFORD
Uhh...

Kieran realizes.

KIERAN

Ah. Right. Now I see the problem. Oh,
I know.

Kieran grabs Telford's pinky.

TELFORD

Please don't cut off my finger!

KIERAN

Why would I do that? You think Red
collects fingers or something? We're
not the Russian mafia Telford. We're
Irish. I'm just going to break it.
Mickey, get me good side--

Kieran grins into Mickey's phone and SNAPS Telford's pinky.

TELFORD

ARGH--

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Summer afternoon on the Space Coast. Minivans. School buses.
Palm trees. Dads hose down jet skis hitched to pick-ups.

MILO (9), short and impish, rockets round a corner on his
bike. FOUR BULLIES, covered in paint, hard on his tail.

Milo looks scared but excited. He shifts gears with his
PAINT SPATTERED HAND.

LEAD BULLY

I'll kill ya little Smurf!

Milo swerves through some teenagers playing basketball--

INT. DIGGLE HOME - POPPY'S ROOM - DAY

A teenage girl's room - fabric artfully draped over a Clairo
poster, string lights, keyboard, guitar.

POPPY (15), expressive, vibrant and colorful. Sets her phone
on a tripod, taps record and backs up, counting down.

She performs a choreographed routine of her song *a cappella*.

POPPY

(singing)

Where did you go, Summer?

Where did you go?

(MORE)

POPPY (cont'd)
I miss you!
Where did you go, Summer?
Where did you--

KNOCKING on the door-- Poppy stops, frustrated.

POPPY (cont'd)
 Dad!

She throws her door open.

Outside is DOUG (44), quirky and warm-hearted. He's wearing cut off jean short shorts, pineapple printed socks, crocs, and an angora sweater.

DOUG
 How's this?

POPPY
 (unexpectedly)
 Perfect. I'm recording.

DOUG
 I gotta get it done before Milo gets home!

POPPY
 Ugh! Fine--

Poppy grabs her phone--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A stuffy room at the end of a long day. A conference table is buried under coffee cups, food trash, and crumpled paper.

BETH and JAMES type at the table.

RICHARD lies on the floor, laptop balanced on his chest.

ALICE (40s), watches a satellite feed of the Gulf of Mexico on the projector. She pushes her glasses, tightens her pony, and folds her arms for the umpteenth time.

Telemetry overlays the feed, most prominently:

Subsurface Terrain Mapping Depth: 0 meters

The depth shifts 0 to 5 meters as clouds blur the feed.

ALICE
 James, what depth are we expecting?

JAMES

These ocean conditions? 20 meters. I could get us to 40 if you'd let me tweak the wavelength--

ALICE

No, we ran these numbers through the computer a dozen times already.

JAMES

Life is not a simulation. You could show a little faith--

ALICE

Can we work on this issue tomorrow, James? Beth--

BETH

There's so much interference. Maybe we can get it next week? The weather forecast is--

ALICE

No! This uplink cost a fortune! It's now or never. There's got to be a way to get rid of those clouds.

JAMES

Got a direct line to god, Alice?

ALICE

(realizing)

Direct! Richard, get the co-ordinates for the Direct TV satellite fleet.

RICHARD

(gets it)

Love it...

He searches on his laptop.

BETH

What are we doing now?

ALICE

Playing ping pong.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

Milo cuts across a lawn, pedaling hard, into a DEAD-END STREET.

The bullies skid to a stop, blocking his way out.

LEAD BULLY
Nowhere to go, Pipsqueak!

Milo flips them the bird and darts behind some bushes.
The bullies fan out and roll forward, slow and menacing.

INT. DIGGLE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Poppy records Doug by the cupboard under the kitchen sink.

DOUG
Before I was a stay-at-home dad I was
a contractor. Let me tell you, there
is nothing to be afraid of when it
comes to garbage disposals. Let's
take a look--

POPPY
Cut!

Poppy taps her chin thoughtfully.

DOUG
What's wrong?

POPPY
It's not working.

DOUG
Is it the sweater? Your mom's going
to kill me if I stretch this out--

POPPY
No.
(snaps fingers)
Dance.

DOUG
Dance?

POPPY
Dance.

INT. SUBTERRA LABS - DAY

Alice watches the screen nervously. Still cloudy.

ALICE
Richard?

Richard groans at her-- *stop talking.*

JAMES
This is illegal.

RICHARD
Your face is illegal. Okay Direct TV
101 west gets you the angle. Sending
Beth the coordinates now--

ALICE
No, send them to me.

BETH
What? I can do it!

ALICE
I know, just... it's quicker.

Alice enters the coordinates on her laptop.

ON THE SCREEN

The feed goes dark, then establishes the new connection.
After a moment, the telemetry reappears:

Subsurface Terrain Mapping Depth: 0 meters

After a moment the number starts ticking up. 5. 10.

BETH
Yes!

RICHARD
Come on!

Digitized terrain appears under the surface of the water.

ALICE
Oh my god it's working!

The number keeps climbing-- 15, 20-- revealing more and more
digitized terrain. The team watch, exhilarated.

RICHARD
I'm finally going home. I can't wait
to poop in my own--

THE SCREEN TURNS BLACK.

Everyone rushes to their laptops.

ALICE
What happened?

BETH
I've got nothing--

RICHARD
Well Direct TV's still up. Dr. Phil.

JAMES
It's the uplink. We ran out of time.

The team slumps, defeated.

ALICE
Hey, come on, we did it! It worked!
We just mapped the Gulf of Mexico!

BETH
Yeah, for 10 seconds.

RICHARD
And I hate to agree with James but
the depth only hit 20 meters.

JAMES
Also, Gulf of America.

ALICE
But we did it! We proved it works!

JAMES
You proved it works. Congratulations.
Can we go home now?

Alice is taken aback.

ALICE
I thought you'd be... yes, okay.
Thank you. I'm proud of you all.

The exhausted team filters out.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

The four bullies ride around the end of the street in
circles, looking for Milo.

LEAD BULLY
Quit hiding you little dweeb!

We PULL UP to reveal Milo lying on the roof of a garage,
playing a game on his TABLET.

SECOND BULLY

I gotta go. Mom's making pot stickers.

LEAD BULLY

You can't hide forever Milo! Your ass is mine tomorrow!

Milo peeks over the roof as the bullies ride away. He goes back to playing his game.

INT. DIGGLE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Doug performs a clumsy TikTok dance and strikes a pose as the music stops. He drops to his knees in front of the sink.

DOUG

Garbage Disposals? Skibidi hard? No cap, it's cake. Giving preschool--

The phone rings.

POPPY

Do not disturb when we're working, Dad!

Doug takes the phone.

DOUG

It's mom--
(answering)
Sup babe.

INT. SUBTERRA LABS - ALICE'S DESK - DAY

An open place office. Alice works at her computer, on speakerphone. The office is empty.

ALICE

Hey--

DOUG (V.O.)

How'd it go?

ALICE

Uh-- yeah, we got something--

DOUG (V.O.)

Nice! What time you coming--

ALICE

I have to work--

DOUG (V.O.)
Right. Right. Hey you missed...

INT. DIGGLE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Doug looks at Poppy, looking back at him impatiently.

ALICE (V.O.)
What?

DOUG
Nothing. We'll talk later--

Milo enters and goes straight to the fridge, leaving BLUE PAINT on the handle.

MILO
What's for dinner?

ALICE (V.O.)
Is that Milo?

DOUG
Yeah.
(to Milo)
Gino's.

MILO
Noice.

Milo dumps his bag and goes to the family room, tablet in hand.

POPPY
Dad, are we shooting?

DOUG
We are, capture this. B roll--

ALICE (V.O.)
I thought we agreed to cut down on
the pizza?

DOUG
Did we?

MILO (O.S.)
(shouting)
Is that mom?