

Here's an original T.V. pilot script that my neural network wrote after watching 1,000 hours of a certain show.

DRUG DAD PILOT EPISODE V4.2069

Time-lapse shot of stratocumulus moving across an azure sky in ARID ZONE. Cut to an elderly woman standing outside her Spanish Mission style home, doing nothing in particular.

WALT WHITMAN enters. He frowns, causing dust and desoxyephedrine to fall from his haggard face.

WALT WHITMAN: "O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul."

SKYLARK enters. She was already frowning. Tumescient, she calls for her mate, WALT WHITMAN, with a series of exquisite chirps, but he cannot hear her, for his ears are full of dopamine.

SKYLARK, livid, enters her 1991 Jeep Grand Wagoneer with four-wheel drive, alloy wheels, and an 8-cylinder, 5.9-liter engine. WALT WHITMAN produces a sound that is both groan and shriek as he runs toward her vehicle. He pounds on her window sorrowfully.

WALT WHITMAN: "O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!"

SKYLARK fearlessly tweets a vivacious song, signaling the start of summer.

WALT WHITMAN: "Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird"

POV shot of SKYLARK from beneath her vehicle's gas pedal, which is briefly transparent without reason. She floors it. Shot of dust being sent into the air by the furiously spinning wheels of SKYLARK's vehicle. Closeup of WALT WHITMAN's face as another layer of ARID ZONE dust – this one slightly lighter in color than that which already coats his skin – slowly descends on his wrinkled features.

WALT WHITMAN bellows in anger and weeps uncontrollably at the same time. He gazes helplessly as SKYLARK grows more distant from him physically as well as emotionally.

POV shot of SKYLARK from her earring on her left side. The camera frame sways side to side, keeping in time with the movements of her earring. She continues frowning. Inexplicably, a jalopy driven by WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER, with WALT WHITMAN in the passenger seat, cuts off SKYLARK's vehicle.

WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER: "Mom! We made this car with spare parts from the dishwasher!"

SKYLARK is surprised, but also frustrated with WALT WHITMAN, but also hurt that WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER has betrayed her, but also horny. Their vehicles collide, smashing both windshields and sending shards of drugs flying everywhere.

WALT WHITMAN [hornily]: "A sprig with its flower I break."

Time-lapse shot of stratocumulus moving across an azure sky in ARID ZONE, but this time while the sun sets.

Extreme closeup of the drug shards from the vehicle wreckage. A Mexican child frolics along the barren highway, skipping to the beat of a song she is singing in Spanish. The subtitles read, "I recall the look in your eyes, and the way that I felt / When I heard you say / 'where did the loving go?' / Funny how it all slipped away". Blissfully unaware of the significance of the drugs, she picks up a large, shiny piece and holds it close to her face, inspecting it curiously.

Cut to a hospital parking lot. WALT WHITMAN, SKYLARK, and WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER are probably in the hospital.

Cut to DRUG TYRO sitting on a chair in a hospital room with WALT WHITMAN, SKYLARK, and WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER, who are lying in separate hospital beds. The half-open eyes of a drug-addled, catatonic WALT WHITMAN are pointed at the screen of a Sony KW-34HD1 34-inch direct-view television, which displays a local news show. WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER seems unharmed, somehow. SKYLARK continues frowning.

NEWS ANCHOR: "A brutal gang knife exploded with twelve *thousand* guns this morning just off Main Stree-"

DRUG TYRO changes the channel. It is strongly implied that there is no God.

DRUG TYRO: "Yo, this is bullshit...bitch!"

In his rage, DRUG TYRO hurls dozens of tear-soaked hundred-dollar bills into the air. WALT WHITMAN, bleeding from his miserable face, rolls out of his hospital bed, landing on the floor with a disturbing thud. He groans.

WALT WHITMAN crawls aggressively towards DRUG TYRO, dragging behind him a Pedigo P-1080-6 iSTAND Infusion Pump Stand, to which he is attached by a tube, through which chemistry visibly flows directly into his veins.

WALT WHITMAN: "With loaded arms I come, pouring for you, For you and the coffins all of you O death."

WALT WHITMAN feebly picks up the bills from the slick tiles of the hospital floor, and greedily stuffs them into his mouth.

DRUG TYRO pulls out a Colt Model 1903 Pocket Hammerless with a .38 Automatic Colt Pistol cartridge, and aims it at WALT WHITMAN.

DRUG TYRO: "Bitch! We gotta cook, yo!"

DRUG TYRO leaps onto WALT WHITMAN and begins beating him about the head. They struggle mightily, exchanging amateurish yet passionate blows. WALT WHITMAN wrestles the gun away from DRUG TYRO, but DRUG TYRO regains control of it, but WALT WHITMAN headbutts him, sending the gun skidding across the floor, under the bed of WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER.

WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER: "Dad!"

SKYLARK continues frowning.

DRUG TYRO [to SKYLARK]: “Ugh! You’re a bad mom!”

Impossibly, a police vehicle crashes into the room.

THE ONLY BLACK PERSON IN THE EPISODE: “Freeze! Hands where I can see them!”

DRUG TYRO stands up and tiptoes backwards very slowly, but THE ONLY BLACK PERSON IN THE EPISODE can see him, regardless, and arrests him with great ease.

THE ONLY BLACK PERSON IN THE EPISODE: “You have the right to remain silent!”

THE ONLY BLACK PERSON IN THE EPISODE shoves DRUG TYRO into the back seat of the police vehicle and slams the door. He turns to face WALT WHITMAN, SKYLARK, and WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER.

THE ONLY BLACK PERSON IN THE EPISODE [to WALT WHITMAN and WALT WHITMAN THE YOUNGER]: “Gentlemen...”

THE ONLY BLACK PERSON IN THE EPISODE [to SKYLARK, while tipping his hat]: “Ma’am...”

THE ONLY BLACK PERSON IN THE EPISODE enters the police vehicle and drives away.

WALT WHITMAN: “Prais’d be the fathomless universe”

Cut to the police vehicle driving down a desolate road that seems to stretch on for all of time.

THE ONLY BLACK PERSON IN THE EPISODE pulls their face off, revealing that beneath the clever disguise, their true identity is none other than SAD THUG.

SAD THUG [to nobody]: “Sheesh. I don’t get paid enough for this crap.”

SAD THUG pulls over. They are by the pair of vehicles that WALT WHITMAN destroyed. SAD THUG exits the police vehicle and opens the trunk. From the trunk, he pulls out a green watering can and places it on the ground. He reaches into the trunk again and pulls out a large plastic jug labeled “hydrofluoric acid”. He pours the contents of the jug into the watering can, then returns the jug to the trunk. He picks up the can, approaches the husks of the two vehicles, holds the can above them, and tips it over, sprinkling the smoldering heaps with liquid until they are gone without a trace. He places the can on the ground, re-enters the police vehicle, and drives away.

DRUG TYRO: “But how did you know?”

SAD THUG: “Oh brother. Well, truth be told...I didn’t. Sometimes you just gotta go with your gut, y’know?”

Overhead shot of the watering can. As the camera slowly zooms in, we see two M68 Fragmentation Grenades inside the can, with the pins out. Wide shot of the watering can in the distance. Huge, fiery explosion.

DRUG TYRO: "Yo, let's go eat Fiesta Breakfast Meats™...bitch."

ROLL CREDITS