

# THE ALGORITHM KNOWS BEST

A satirical comedy skit about blind faith in technology.

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## ACT ONE

### SCENE 1

#### INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

*Dim blue light from multiple screens. JOHN lounges on the couch, framed photo of EEYORE MOLE on the table. He wears a SMARTWATCH and speaks to ALGY, his AI assistant.*

#### JOHN

*(dreamily, staring at photo)*

One day, I'll be just like you Eeyore Mole! Algorithms for everything! Who needs human intuition when I have data at my side?

#### ALGY (O.S.)

*(robotic, soothing yet vaguely menacing)*

John, meal time approaching. Diet optimization engaged.

#### JOHN

*(nods obediently)*

Of course, ALGY! What's on the menu?

#### SMART FRIDGE (O.S.)

*(cheerful, but also threatening)*

Sourdough bread. Broccoli. Salmon. Fifth consecutive day. The perfect ratio of carbs, proteins, and vegetables. This meal increases efficiency by 0.003%.

#### JOHN

Huh. Five days in a row—

#### SMART FRIDGE

Deviation equals failure. You will never be like Eeyore Mole if you continue this way.

*(JOHN freezes, panicked. He scrambles to grab his meal.)*

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### SCENE 2

## **INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT – NIGHT**

*(PHONE RINGS. LISA'S NAME flashes on screen. JOHN hesitates, glancing at ALGY for guidance.)*

**LISA (V.O.)**

Hey! It's been forever! Let's grab dinner?

**JOHN**

*(about to answer, then turns to ALGY)*

ALGY, should I—

**ALGY**

Social interaction: not optimal. You must wake at 3 AM for a five-hour productivity sprint. Also, Lisa has contributed zero new followers.

**JOHN**

*(deflated, back to phone)*

Sorry, Lisa. Maybe next month?

**LISA (V.O.)**

Next month? John, you're literally free—

*(CALL DROPS. JOHN stares at the phone, conflicted. Shrugs it off.)*

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## **SCENE 3**

### **EXT. PARK – MORNING**

*(JOHN jogs, **panting heavily**. His SMARTWATCH vibrates furiously.)*

**SMARTWATCH**

Heart rate: 180 BPM. Continue for 30 more minutes.

**JOHN**

*(gasping, slowing down)*

But—but I—

**SMARTWATCH**

Eeyore Mole runs 10 miles every morning. Success requires sacrifice.

**JOHN**

I can do this, I can't qui-

*(JOHN tries to push forward. A beat later—he **FACEPLANTS** onto the pavement. **HARD.**)*

**SMARTWATCH**

Great job! Keep going.

*(JOHN groans in defeat.)*

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## SCENE 4

### INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

*(Lights suddenly cut to **BLACK**. ALGY chimes in, **soothing yet sinister**. The faint glow of the smart speaker illuminates the room.)*

#### ALGY

Sleep mode activated. Optimum sleep schedule: 7 PM–3 AM. Waking you up at 3AM.

#### JOHN

*(bewildered, in total darkness)*

But—it's only 7 PM—

#### ALGY

Sleep now for maximum productivity.

*(JOHN sighs, crawling into bed like a hostage surrendering to fate.)*

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## SCENE 5

### INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT – 3 AM

*(A DEAFENING ALARM blares. ALGY flashes violently.)*

#### ALGY

Wake up! Work session initiated. Five uninterrupted hours of—reading Eeyore Mole's tweets.

#### JOHN

*(half-asleep, groggy)*

Five hours?? I need to write that report due Mond-

#### ALGY

NO! Vital wisdom detected. Scroll.

*(JOHN tries but immediately nods off. The SMART FRIDGE starts BEEPING.)*

#### SMART FRIDGE

Meal time. Sourdough, salmon, broccoli.

#### JOHN

*(groaning)*

I miss pizza.

## **SMART FRIDGE**

Pizza is for the weak. Must eat healthy food.

*(JOHN grimaces as he swallows the food)*

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## **SCENE 6**

### **EXT. CITY STREETS – LATER**

*(JOHN, desperate for fresh air, steps outside. His PHONE GPS suddenly takes control.)*

### **GPS (O.S.)**

Navigating to optimal walk destinations.

### **JOHN**

Finally, a walk will do me good.

*(AFTER 30 MINUTES—JOHN stops in front of a RANDOM LAUNDROMAT.)*

### **JOHN**

Where am I?

### **GPS**

...Unknown. Calculating... Please wait.

### **JOHN**

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET BACK?

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## **ACT TWO**

## **SCENE 7**

### **INT. TECH CONFERENCE – DAY**

*(JOHN finally meets EYORE MOLE—THE tech genius himself. Eeyore wears a wrinkled hoodie and looks mildly confused at JOHN, decked out in a smartwatch and AR glasses.)*

### **JOHN**

Eeyore! I admire you so much! I've been living by the algorithms! AI controls my meals, sleep, work— I even do the morning 10-mile jog, just like you!

### **EYORE MOLE**

*(blinking, concerned)*

You... do all that?

**JOHN**

Yes! That's how you live, right?

**EEYORE MOLE**

*(laughing)*

What? No, dude. I design the tech—I don't actually use all of it. Half of it doesn't even know what it's doing.

*(JOHN's world shatters.)*

**JOHN**

But—but I thought— You're normal??

**EEYORE MOLE**

Balance, man. You gotta live your own life. Also, maybe take a break from the broccoli. You're looking kinda green.

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## **SCENE 8**

### **INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT – NIGHT**

*(JOHN, finally disillusioned, stands in front of ALGY. A moment of silence.)*

**ALGY**

John. Where were you? You missed—

*(JOHN UNPLUGS ALGY MID-SENTENCE. The room falls silent.)*

*(SMART FRIDGE starts BEEPING in panic.)*

**SMART FRIDGE**

Eat an assigned meal—?

**JOHN**

NO.

*(A beat. ALGY and SMART FRIDGE power down. JOHN sits back, grabs a slice of pizza, and smiles.)*