

Can you tell which script was created with AI?

Excerpt 1

INT. SYNTHWAVE DIVISION HQ - NIGHT

The room is washed in the glow of neon lights. Holographic screens float around, displaying streams of data, cases, and dossiers. A state-of-the-art '80s synth tune plays softly in the background.

DETECTIVE RICO, a grizzled officer with an eye for old-school detective work, pours over an analog photo of a crime scene, comparing it to its holographic counterpart. Next to him, **AGENT LUNA**, a younger tech-savvy agent, flicks through virtual files with a swipe of her fingers.

RICO

(gazing at the analog photo)

You see this, Luna? Before the world went all digital, we had these. Real. Tangible. Nothing quite like holding evidence in your hands.

LUNA

I've seen them in the archives. But, you know, with the VR reconstructions, I can step into the crime scene, walk around, see every angle. It's tubular!

RICO

(scoffing)

Tubular? You and your retro lingo. But no virtual reconstruction can give you gut instincts. There's something about this case... it's gnarly.

LUNA

(grinning)

Now who's talking retro? Anyway, check this out.

(She pulls up a digital hologram of a suspect.)

Meet our perp, or at least his digital doppelgänger.

Excerpt 2

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SARI LOUNGE - NIGHT

Peyton and Xander emerge. Peyton is pissed.

PEYTON

Were you hatched? Do you have no concept of what that man was going through?

XANDER GRANT

I don't get the whole family thing. It's a long story. It requires alcohol.

PEYTON

There are ways of establishing guilt and innocence that do not involve total and complete ignorance of people's emotions.

XANDER GRANT

How do you know he didn't do it?

PEYTON

He was eating bar peanuts.

XANDER GRANT

That's it?

PEYTON

The killer is a control junkie and control junkies don't eat bar peanuts. They also don't engage in sentimental cultural rituals or use first person singular pronouns. Guilty people use third person to shift the blame away.

Excerpt 1

INT. MORLEY COTTAGE - DAY

A cottage warm, lovely and packed full of sentimental items – the result of an overabundance of women.

CASSANDRA BABBAGE, 19, Jane's cousin, golden and sweet, works on a charcoal drawing of her mother, **ETHELDRED BABBAGE, 50s**, a silly, soft woman, who snores softly from a chair by the hearth.

The door BURSTS open and Jane tumbles in.

CASSANDRA

You are forever bursting in and tumbling forth. Might not you try knocking gently?

JANE

(out of breath)

Miss Tatler... Right behind me... Caught me... at the beach...

CASSANDRA

Quickly. The drawing.

Jane grabs a chair. Places it in front of the hearth.

JANE

The shawl.

Cassandra realizes. Jane carefully TIPS her aunt forward as Cassandra grabs her SHAWL. Jane lowers her back down.

Then Cassandra hands Jane the shawl and Jane throws it on, sitting in the chair.

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK! *Etheldred STARTLES awake, looks around.*

Excerpt 2

THE ABANDONED WEAVING ROOM

A dimly lit room filled with old weaving equipment, discarded fabrics, and looms covered in dust. A large window at one side, its shutters half-open, lets the golden sunset streak in, casting a warm glow over everything. Elinor sits on a stool, working intently on her latest design, while William, still in his worker disguise, watches her, fascinated.

WILLIAM

(softly, with a hint of wonder)

Such an intricate dance of threads... Much like the delicate intricacies of life itself.

ELINOR

(without looking up)

It's just weaving, sir. A task as ordinary as the day is long.

WILLIAM

Perhaps to the untrained eye. But in these threads, I apprehend a silent melody, a tale told by hands more eloquent than words.

ELINOR

(pausing, looking at him)

You see much for a mill worker.

WILLIAM

(hesitating, then choosing his words)

Life at the mill has woven many patterns into my understanding, Miss Elinor. Patterns of hardship, of joy, of dreams held close to the chest.

ELINOR

(whispering, looking down)

And what might your dreams be, sir?