

The Singularity Summit: A Teeter Peele & Elmo Rust Satire

Characters:

- **TEETER PEELE:** (40s, intense, contrarian, dressed in understated but expensive tech-bro casual. Carries a small, well-worn copy of "Zero to One.") – A venture capitalist and philosopher of progress, constantly seeking the "undiscovered country" of innovation, deeply skeptical of anything that smacks of "competition" or "globalization." He believes in building monopolies and finding unique truths.
- **ELMO RUST:** (50s, disheveled but impeccably tailored, eyes darting with restless ambition) – A tech mogul, inventor, and self-proclaimed savior of humanity, prone to grand pronouncements, sudden pivots, and an insatiable desire to scale *everything*.
- **ANNOUNCER (V.O.):** A disembodied, overly enthusiastic voice.

Setting:

A stark, minimalist "Future-Proofing Chamber" within a top-secret Silicon Valley think tank. Holographic projections flicker across the walls, displaying abstract data visualizations, blueprints for orbital habitats, and a constantly updating "Global Existential Threat Index." A single, uncomfortable-looking "Ideation Pod" sits center stage.

(The scene opens with TEETER PEELE pacing slowly, his eyes fixed on a holographic projection showing a complex web of interconnected financial markets. He mutters to himself.)

TEETER PEELE: Mimetic desire... the ultimate trap. Everyone building what everyone else wants. A race to the bottom, disguised as progress. Where is the *zero to one*? Where is the truly unique truth, the un-competed-for future?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.): Welcome, esteemed visionaries, to the inaugural "Singularity Summit"! Today, our two titans of tomorrow will engage in a synergistic ideation session to pinpoint humanity's next great leap!

(ELMO RUST bursts into the room, almost tripping over a stray power cable. He's holding a tablet that projects a miniature, rotating Martian colony.)

ELMO RUST: Teeter! You won't believe it! We've optimized the atmospheric processing units for Mars Colony Alpha by 17%! And by "optimized," I mean we've reduced the mass by 0.03% and increased the oxygen output by a factor of... well, let's just say enough to sustain a small, highly motivated, self-replicating colony of sentient algae!

TEETER PEELE: (Turns, unimpressed) Elmo. More iteration. More incremental improvement. That's not progress, that's just... faster competition. You're building a better horse, while I'm looking for the automobile that renders horses obsolete.

ELMO RUST: (Confused) But horses are already obsolete, Teeter. We have self-driving electric vehicles that can deliver a latte to your orbital habitat in under 30 minutes. Unless you mean a *metaphorical* horse... In which case, my sentient algae are far more efficient than any metaphorical horse I've encountered. They photosynthesize *and* provide emotional support!

TEETER PEELE: (Sighs, gestures to the Ideation Pod) We are here, Elmo, to identify the *one thing* we believe to be true about the future that nobody else does. To find the un-obvious monopoly. Not to build a slightly more efficient version of what everyone else is already building.

ELMO RUST: (Eyes lighting up) Ah, the "un-obvious monopoly"! I like it! My new "Neuralink-Up" brain-computer interface is pretty un-obvious. We're integrating direct consciousness uploading. Imagine, Teeter, your entire life's memories, thoughts, and even your unique contrarian

worldview, stored on a blockchain! Indestructible! Immortal! And, crucially, *mine*!

TEETER PEELE: (Shudders) Immortality via distributed ledger... a terrifying prospect. And hardly a monopoly if everyone can upload. The value erodes. The scarcity is gone. No, Elmo. We must think deeper. What fundamental truth are we missing about the human condition in 2025?

ELMO RUST: (Pacing excitedly) The human condition! Yes! It's inefficient! We waste so much time sleeping, eating, having emotional crises. My "Hyper-Productivity Pill" (still in phase 2 trials, minor side effects include spontaneous combustion and an insatiable desire for artisanal sourdough) will solve that! Imagine a world where everyone is operating at 1000% capacity, all the time! We could colonize the entire solar system by Tuesday!

TEETER PEELE: (Pinches the bridge of his nose) And what happens when everyone is hyper-productive? They compete more fiercely. They produce more of the same. The signal-to-noise ratio plummets. We need to *reduce* the noise, Elmo, not amplify it. We need to find the quiet, foundational truth that allows us to build something truly new, something that avoids the competitive fray entirely.

ELMO RUST: (Stops, a mischievous glint in his eye) Quiet, foundational truth... I've got it! The ultimate monopoly! The thing no one else wants to build because it's too... *unsexy*!

TEETER PEELE: (Intrigued, leans forward) Go on.

ELMO RUST: (Leans in conspiratorially) We build... the world's most advanced, fully automated, self-sustaining, off-grid, *longevity-optimized bunker system*. For *one person*.

TEETER PEELE: (Eyes widen, a flicker of appreciation) A true escape velocity. A single, perfect, un-competed-for existence. But... why just one person?

ELMO RUST: (Grinning) Because then, Teeter, *you* are the monopoly! The last human! Everyone else is stuck in the mimetic rat race, while you're living in blissful, immortal, solitary perfection. And I get to charge a premium for the technology. It's a win-win!

TEETER PEELE: (Slowly, thoughtfully) The last human... a truly contrarian position. Unburdened by the demands of society, free to pursue pure thought... Yes. Yes, Elmo, this has potential. But how do we ensure *true* isolation? No rogue Wi-Fi signals, no lingering echoes of the collective consciousness?

ELMO RUST: (Pulls out a small, glowing device) That's where my "Reality Distortion Field Generator" comes in! It creates a localized spacetime bubble, rendering you invisible to all sensors, all social media algorithms, and even the occasional curious alien. Plus, it doubles as a personal espresso machine!

(Teeter looks at the device, then at Elmo, a strange mix of horror and genuine, albeit twisted, admiration on his face.)

TEETER PEELE: (A slow smile spreads across his face) Elmo... you magnificent, chaotic genius. We've done it. We've found the ultimate "zero to one" opportunity. The monopoly of solitude.

ELMO RUST: (Puffs out his chest) To the future, Teeter! The future of... well, just you, mostly! But it'll be *glorious*! And highly scalable for other billionaires who want to be the *second* last human!

(Teeter's smile falters slightly at the mention of scalability, but he quickly recovers, already envisioning the philosophical implications of being the sole survivor of progress.)

(FADE TO BLACK as the holographic projections shift to show a single, glowing dot disappearing into the vastness of space.)