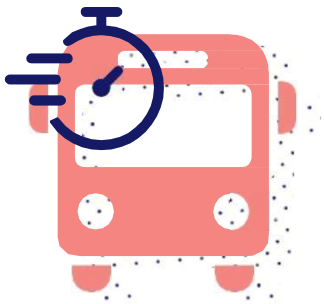
NEXT STOP

THE PROSPECTIVE SERIE BY KEOLIS



Henry Jones and the last peak

From clock tower to algorithm

How work manufactured rush hours, and how AI will flatten them

The three clocks: from bell to algorithm

Every civilisation has structured its movements around a dominant metronome. To understand the origin of the "camel humps" — the morning and evening peaks in demand that still determine the dimensioning of entire public transport networks, one must look back to the three great clocks that have successively regulated collective life. It is in this archaeology of social time that the key to their predicted disappearance lies hidden.

The bell tower clock: the time of land and the sacred

For millennia, the rhythm of life was dictated by two forces: the sun and the sacred. Yet contrary to the popular notion of an idle peasant in winter, the pre-industrial world knew no idle time —it knew different kinds of time. During the clement seasons, people were outdoors: ploughing, sowing, harvesting, picking grapes. Work was intense and physical, calibrated to the length of the day. Sixteen-hour days in summer were not unusual. In winter, work did not stop: it changed form. The long candlelit evenings were devoted to a domestic proto-industry of remarkable variety. Peasants wove baskets, made cloth, spun wool, carved clogs, sewed garments, repaired tools. This was not art and craft for fun —it was a fully-fledged economic system.

Layered over this seasonal organisation, religious time imposed a framework —but a flexible one. The canonical hours — Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, Compline — structured the day long before the invention of the mechanical clock. Sundays imposed rest, but each household arranged the rest of its week as it saw fit. There was no "peak hour" in the modern sense: there were seasons of movement and seasons of stillness.
Travel was diffuse, local, dictated by nature and custom — not by a whistle.

The factory clock: the birth of the camel hump

Industrialisation invented a radically new relationship with time. The machine runs at a constant pace; the worker must conform to it. The factory whistle replaced the church bell. The clock replaced the sun. For the first time in history, hundreds of thousands of people had to be in the same places at the same time. It was no longer the task that defined the rhythm — it was the rhythm that defined the task. Rush hours — 7-9am, 5-7pm — are not a natural phenomenon. They are the scars of a mode of production. Fordism accelerated the process decisively by inventing absolute interdependence. On an assembly line, each worker performs a micro-task on which all others depend. If one link is missing, the whole chain stops. The worker at station 14 cannot decide to start at 10am instead of 7am because stations 13 and 15 are waiting. The Fordist factory is an organism in which every individual is absolutely indispensable to everyone else's work, down to the minute. The ridership peak is not an inconvenience: it is a structural necessity of this mode of production.

Work then defined everything else. The summer holidays? They coincided with factory closures (August). The weekend? It was born from the shutting down of machinery. School hours? They mirrored those of working parents. Everything — from waking to sleeping, from September to July, from Monday to Friday — was ordered by the logic of production. And everyone did the same thing at the same moment — no longer because God commanded it, but because the chain demanded it.

The algorithm clock: towards the dissolution of peak hours

The digital age, accelerated by the pandemic of 2020, has cracked the industrial model. But the camel humps have not disappeared. They have shifted, become concentrated on certain days, smoothed down on others.

Social constraints — chiefly school timetables — maintain a skeleton of peaks. To grasp the scale of the transformation underway, one key figure must be examined: office attendance in major world cities has stabilised at a level 25% to 30% below pre-pandemic norms.
But the deepest rupture does not lie in remote working itself. It lies in what it reveals: the end of Fordist interdependence. If a developer can code at 3am and submit their work to an AI agent that will revise it at 6am, if a consultant can send their presentation at 10pm and receive client feedback at 7am via an automated assistant, then the intellectual assembly line breaks down. The worker at station 14 no longer needs to wait for station 13, because a software agent ensures continuity between the two. And if interdependence weakens, the necessity of synchronisation collapses along with it.

The five technical drivers of peak dissolution

The question is no longer whether the camel humps will flatten, but at what speed and through what mechanisms. Five converging forces, each insufficient in isolation, together sketch a scenario of dissolution by 2045.

1. Agentic AI and the Ddsynchronisation of intellectual work
The concept of "Superagency" (McKinsey, 2025) defines a state in which the individual, augmented by agentic AI systems, sees their creative and decision-making capacities multiplied. By 2045, AI will no longer be a conversational assistant. Agentic systems — capable of planning, executing, and overseeing complex chains of action — will ensure productive continuity around the clock. McKinsey estimates the productivity potential at **4.4 trillion** dollars for generative AI use cases alone.

To understand what this means concretely for working rhythms, the comparison with the Stock Exchange is enlightening. For centuries, the Exchange was a physical place: a trading floor, a pit, stockbrokers shouting orders between 10am and 5pm. Digitalisation and automation shattered this model. The trading floor disappeared, algorithms now place orders in microseconds, and yet **there has never been more stock market activity in history.** It has simply been deconcentrated across time and space: markets run 24 hours a day across time zones, and human operators now intervene only to supervise, recalibrate, and take decisions at critical moments. The same pattern will be reproduced across most intellectual professions.

A lawyer will no longer draft a contract from start to finish over eight consecutive hours. Their AI agent will produce a first draft at 3am, the lawyer will revise it at their convenience, the agent will incorporate the corrections and prepare the next version. An architect will no longer spend the day drawing variants: their agent will produce twenty overnight, and the architect will select the best over breakfast. The subordination of the human to the artificial agent will still have value — it is the human who validates, decides, and steers — but it will be less continuous and above all less synchronous.
There is, however, a darker scenario. If agentic systems become highly autonomous yet remain fallible, the moments when a human must intervene or decide will impose the rhythms — and those moments will be unpredictable. Work will then transform into **permanent supervision**: a state of alert in which the worker must be able to step in at any moment, like an airline pilot in autopilot mode who remains at the controls just in case. But even in this scenario, the classic traffic peak disappears: if the alert can ring at 4am as easily as at 2pm, there is no longer any reason for everyone to be at the office at 9am.

The labour demand equation proposed by Acemoglu and Restrepo (Journal of Political Economy, 2020) captures this tension: the displacement effect — destruction of synchronised jobs — is counterbalanced by the productivity effect — creation of new desynchronised activities. One additional robot per thousand workers reduces the employment-to-population ratio by **0.2 percentage points** and wages by **0.42%**. But current data show that senior managers massively underestimate AI adoption (**4% perceived vs 12% actual intensive use**). This 'silent transformation' confirms that desynchronisation is already underway, even before it has been theorised.

The working population already divides into four archetypes in response to this shift: Bloomers (39%, iterative optimists), Gloomers (37%, regulatory sceptics), Zoomers (20%, accelerationists), and Doomers (4%, fundamentally opposed).

2. The robotisation of services and the birth of a 24/7 world

Robot chefs, automated dark stores, autonomous micro-deliverers, and unstaffed checkouts do not merely replace employees: they abolish the very notion of a 'time slot'. When a robotised restaurant serves a curry at 3am at the same price as at 7pm, the constraint of turning up "before closing time" disappears. When a parcel is delivered at 4am to a connected locker, the need to "get to the post office before 5pm" evaporates.

The implications reach far beyond delivery. Why would a clothes shop not be open 24 hours a day if robots can welcome customers — who will sometimes themselves be other robots sent shopping by their owner — restock shelves, manage payment, clean surfaces, with minimal and occasional human supervision? Why would a public administration not receive visitors at 10pm if an AI agent can handle 80% of requests and an on-call civil servant supervises the rest by remote working? Every service that switches to continuous operation removes a motive for synchronised travel, and adds a motive for desynchronised travel. The total volume of journeys does not necessarily decrease — it spreads.

The same logic applies to transport networks themselves. Why reduce service at night if driving is autonomous? An autonomous vehicle has no hourly cost premium. It does not grow tired at 2am. It has no collective agreement requiring a night-shift allowance. The marginal cost of a trip at 4am is identical to one at 8am. The historical economic argument that pushed operators to concentrate supply around peaks — the cost of the driver — collapses. And if transport supply becomes permanent, it authorises and encourages a permanent life.

In winter, a worker who is free to set their own schedule could easily choose to work at night and make the most of the few hours of natural light for personal interests, family time or sport. This would, through a technological detour, bring us back to the way of life of the pre-industrial farmer: adapting one's routine to the light and one's needs, rather than to the machine.

3. Microshifting and the fragmentation of the commute

Microshifting — the ability for a worker to choose their activity blocks throughout the day — is the mechanism most directly linked to the disappearance of peak hours. **65% of workers** say they are interested in these non-linear working blocks (Owl Labs, 2025).

A parent with shared custody might decide to concentrate their intense working days in the weeks when their children are away — ten hours a day, four days out of five — and work in lighter mode during custody weeks, with short blocks timed around the school timetable. This type of organisation, unthinkable on a Fordist assembly line where each worker is an indispensable link, becomes natural as soon as an AI agent ensures productive continuity between blocks. The fundamental difference with the Fordist model lies precisely here: if a portion of tasks is handled by robots or agents, humans can organise their time according to their preferences and constraints, potentially giving rise to a **revolution in working rhythms.**

4. The autonomous vehicle and permanent mobility

Shared autonomous mobility (robotaxis, driverless shuttles) transforms the transport provision economy. A bus requires a driver whose hourly cost varies little between peak and off-peak. An autonomous vehicle operates at near-constant marginal cost around the clock. The city of 2045 will no longer be a place to which one is compelled to travel for work, but — as McKinsey puts it — 'people choose to meet to create and connect'. Mixed-use neighbourhoods where one can live, work, and shop without a daily commute sketch the concept of the "suburban urbanism": densified suburbs built around local service hubs, structurally reducing the need to converge on the historic centre at the same hours as everyone else.

5. Schools: the last lock of synchronisation

In this landscape of progressive desynchronisation, one institution holds firm: the school. Structurally, it is the precise rhythm of the nineteenth-century factory. And this resistance is not an irrational anachronism. It responds to a fundamental need that neither AI nor robotics can satisfy: children's need for social life. An adult can work alone at home with an AI agent and feel productive. A child cannot learn alone in front of a screen and feel fulfilled. Learning is a fundamentally social phenomenon. It requires interaction with peers, confrontation with a reference adult, play, conflict, the playground. An AI tutor can adapt exercises to the pupil's pace — but it cannot replace the teacher who detects a child in distress, the classmate who provokes a burst of laughter, the school trip that opens up a new horizon. The need to keep a teacher — a human, physically present, in a room, facing a group — remains the last absolute social consensus. And as long as that consensus holds, school imposes a fixed collective rendezvous, at a fixed hour, at an age when one does not choose one's own schedule.

The story

Monday, Northern Beaches, 2045

6:50am - Alarm. The alarm goes off. Then it goes off again. Then a third time. Henry Jones is fourteen years old and he hates mornings. Not mornings in general — school mornings. On Saturdays he gets up at 7am of his own accord to go surfing with his father at Curl Curl. But on Mondays, his body refuses. The school app has calculated that he needs exactly 48 minutes between bed and the gates of Brookvale Secondary, accounting for breakfast, teeth-brushing, and the walk to the Dee Why B-Line stop. It has set the alarm for 6:50am. Henry considers this algorithmic cruelty.

Indiana, the family's golden retriever, is sleeping curled up at the foot of the bed. He has no timetable. He gets up when he hears the word 'walk' or the sound of the automatic food dispenser, which activates at 8am, 1pm, and 7pm. Indiana leads the most desynchronised life in the household, and probably the happiest.

The house is dark. No one else is up. Henry pads barefoot down to the kitchen, guided by the glow of the worktop nightlight. The food preparation robot — a compact model, now as commonplace as a microwave — has sliced fruit, toasted bread, and poured a mango juice into a glass identified by the chip in his wristband.

Total cost: AU$1.20, including delivery of fresh ingredients from the automated dark store in Warringah. Henry eats standing up, half asleep, gazing out at the empty streets of Dee Why. Not a car in sight. Nor any pedestrians. At this hour, the city still belongs to the cleaning robots finishing their rounds and the last automated deliveries.

«Henry eats alone. That's normal. His parents are asleep. The whole city is asleep. He is the only human being awake within a hundred metres, and he has class in an hour. »

7:02am - The mum. In fact, Henry is not quite the only human awake. Sarah Jones pushes open the front door at the exact moment Henry finishes his toast. She is returning from shopping. Sarah does her shopping at 4am. She likes the city when it is quiet. It has become her routine over the past three years, since she discovered that the shops in the Warringah shopping centre — those that remain — now run 24 hours a day, staffed by service robots with minimal human supervision. A security guard. A maintenance technician. And that's all.
Sarah is attached to real shops. She likes to touch fabrics, turn over a label, compare two shades of blue under strip lighting. She takes her time. She tries on things she would never order online. She is increasingly rare in doing this: almost everyone now buys online, delivered in under an hour by autonomous micro-couriers. The physical shops that survive have specialised in sensory experience — touch, fitting, discovery — and they operate night and day alike, because the robots that run them never sleep.

Sarah is their ideal customer: the one who comes at 4am to touch a Japanese linen and leaves with a blouse that no recommendation algorithm would ever have suggested to her. She sets her bags on the kitchen counter. "Ready?" Henry grunts. Sarah sits down opposite him. These twenty minutes of the morning — between 7am and 7:20am, between Sarah's return and Henry's departure — have become their ritual. The only moment of the day when mother and son cross paths physically and consciously. Sarah will return from her shopping trip and go to bed around 8am. She generally sleeps until 3pm. When Henry gets home from school, she will have been up only a short while.

"Did you get the charger I asked for?" asks Henry. Sarah rummages in a bag and produces a cable. "It was on the shelf. Three dollars. The robot even asked if I wanted an extended warranty. At four in the morning." They laugh. Indiana, roused by the voices, comes down the stairs wagging his tail.

7:38am - The bus stop. Henry sprints for the bus. He is late. He is always late. The information panel at the B-Line stop in Dee Why reads "Next B1: 2 min." It is the rush hour — if one can still call it that. The bus arrives, yellow and blue, a double-decker MAN. Henry boards. The upper deck is full. But it is populated only by teenagers. Uniforms, rucksacks, earphones, screens. Not a single adult.

There are no adults on the 7:38am bus any more. None at all. They prefer to get up later, leave later, or not leave at all. The 7:38 has de facto become a school bus — without bearing the name. The driver is software. The safety screen displays an automated message: "Passengers under 16: please remain seated on the upper deck." Henry recognises two girls from his class and a boy from the year above watching a video without headphones. Nobody says anything. There is no driver to do so.

Henry is the only person in his family with a fixed schedule. The only one who must be somewhere at a precise time, five days a week, forty weeks a year. The only one subjected to the camel hump. Without knowing it, he is the last factory worker in the household.

10:15am - The dad. Étienne Jones gets up around 10am. He was never a morning person. That used to be a problem. Now it is a competitive advantage. Étienne is Marketing and Foresight Director at Keolis Downer Northern Beaches, based in Sydney for the past three years. His first meeting of the day is a call with the Neolis team in Paris, scheduled for 11am Sydney time — midnight in Paris, but his Parisian counterpart also works on a staggered schedule, and they found this slot that suits everyone.

Étienne makes a coffee, takes Indiana for a short walk in the street — the pavements are deserted, the city belonging to autonomous couriers and the few desynchronised walkers like himself — and sits down at his screen at 10:40am. Before the call, he sends an instruction to his AI agent: "Draw up twenty creative concepts for the next awareness campaign targeting school pupils. Subject: the behaviour of students on autonomous buses when there is no human driver on board. Tone: caring but firm. Format: poster plus audio message integrated into the onboard screens. Deadline: when I get back from surfing."

The call with Paris lasts 45 minutes. Étienne presents the progress of his strategy document — From Camel Humps to Flat Lines —The Case for Permanent Frequency on the B-Line. The passenger data show a continuous erosion of peaks over twenty years. Tuesday–Thursday remains slightly busier than the rest of the week, but the gap is narrowing year by year. Friday has de facto become an off-peak day since the late 2020s. Weekends are gaining in patronage. At night, the BN1 service is attracting ever more healthcare workers, logistics staff, data centre maintenance teams, executives who prefer to surf during the day and work at night, those who go to shows, bars or shops.

Étienne's conclusion comes down to a single graph refined over three months of ticketing data: if the trend continues, by 2048 the difference between peak and off-peak will no longer justify the current frequency differential. The MAN double-decker buses on the B-Line have a capacity of 100 passengers. At peak times, the average load factor is 78%. Off-peak, it falls to 60%. But the peak lasts only 90 minutes in each direction, while the off-peak covers the remaining 24 hours. Étienne recommends to Transport for NSW that they switch to a single frequency of 5 minutes, 24 hours a day. The perception threshold of a service as "always there" sits at around 5 minutes in satisfaction surveys. This is the level at which a user stops checking timetables. In Keolis vocabulary, this is the permanent appeal of transport provision.

12h00 — Surfing. Call over, Étienne pulls on a wetsuit, grabs his board, and walks down to Dee Why beach. It is noon. The water is 19 degrees. The line-up is sparse — a few retired surfers, two surf coaches with their pupils, one person in a full-length wetsuit talking to themselves (an earpiece for a conference call, most likely).
Étienne surfs for an hour and a half. He does not check his phone. He does not need to. His AI agent is handling the simpler emails and sorting the important ones while he is away.
When Étienne gets home around 1:30pm, his hair still damp, twenty-two creative proposals are waiting on his screen. The agent has generated visuals, taglines, age-group variants, and versions in English and Mandarin for the lines with a large Chinese-speaking ridership. Étienne browses the proposals in ten minutes. He discards sixteen immediately — too gentle, too school-like, too predictable. He keeps two. The first shows an empty bus with a sober message: "This bus has no driver. It still has rules." The second is more daring: a dash-cam captures a teenager standing on a seat on the upper deck, and the bus brakes automatically with an alert message: "Autonomous doesn't mean unsupervised." Étienne asks the agent for modifications: soften the tone of the second, add a version with humour for 12-14-year-olds, test a variant for KleeWee (the most popular social media among teenagers, TikTok being more for his own generation). He sends the instruction and closes the screen.

3:15pm - Henry. Henry comes home from school on the 3:05pm B1. The bus is once again populated exclusively by school uniforms — the departure peak. The dedicated school bus services of the Keolis Downer network are all running simultaneously, like a ghost army that appears only twice a day. Étienne is waiting for him. He has freed up his afternoon for this. They spend two hours together: homework, a snack, walking Indiana in Dee Why Park, a discussion about the weekend's rugby match. Henry mentions that a boy in his class tried to disable the autonomous bus's surveillance system with a pirate app. The bus automatically pulled over and refused to restart for eleven minutes. "Everybody was furious with him." Étienne makes a mental note. An awareness campaign will not go amiss.

3:30pm - The workshop. Sarah woke up around 3pm. She briefly crossed paths with Étienne in the kitchen — he was making a coffee, she was just getting up, twenty minutes of conversation standing at the counter before he headed to the office. Sarah is a craftsperson. That is how she defines herself, even though her workshop looks more like a small production centre than a potter's studio. She designs tableware — unique pieces, limited runs, plates ordered by people who have had enough of the identical industrial ceramics mass-produced by robotised factories. Her AI agent helps her design personalised pieces for clients. Each of them spends time with one of Sarah's agents to define their tastes and wishes. Sometimes clients send their own agents who know their tastes perfectly. Once she has the data, she sketches an idea, the agent generates variants, she refines it, the agent calculates the firing constraints and glaze ratios. Three robots in the workshop — a small converted room in the garage — carry out the orders: shaping, glazing, firing. A fourth, a compact autonomous courier, takes the finished pieces to the distribution centre in Brookvale once a day.
Today Sarah is working on a series of plates inspired by the corals of the Great Barrier Reef. She approved the design the day before. The three robots have been in production since 6am. Sarah has not needed to do anything: they are following the programme. She makes a cup of tea, settles onto the sofa, and puts on her virtual reality headset. GTA 9 has just been released. Sarah is completely hooked. The game reconstructs a 2055 Los Angeles in mixed reality, with autonomous vehicles that can be hacked and industrial sabotage missions in dark stores. It is in spectacularly bad taste. Sarah loves it.

She is deep in a chase sequence between two automated warehouses when a notification interrupts her game. It is robot no. 2 in the workshop, the one managing the glazing. It is uncertain about the exact pattern she wants to achieve on the fourth plate in the series. The coral texture requested is ambiguous: the agent is hesitating between a pronounced relief pattern, faithful to the 3D scan of the original coral, and a smoothed version, more comfortable to the touch.

Sarah removes her headset, looks at the two renders on the workshop screen, hesitates for three seconds. “The relief. Always the relief. You don’t eat coral, you look at it.” She dictates two additional instructions about the glaze tint — “more opaline, less turquoise” — and returns to her game. Sarah’s total productive working time for the day: 45 minutes of supervision and decision-making. But her robots will have shaped a complete set, glazed another, fired a third, and packed a fourth. Her monthly turnover is AU$8,200. She has never thought of herself as an employer. She says: “I’m a craftsperson with three robots and a lot of free time.”

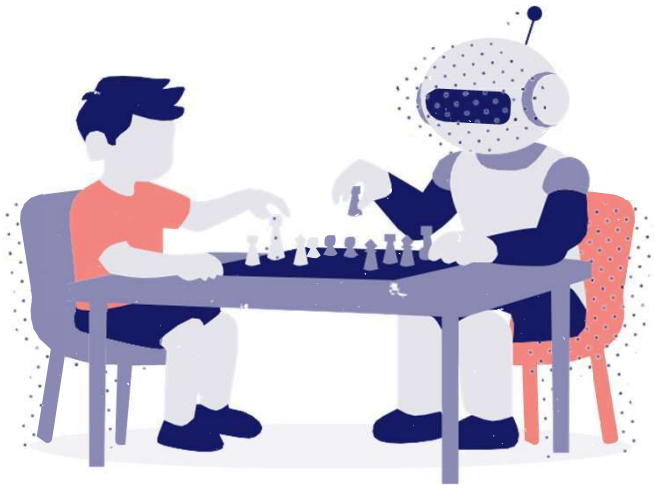
5:30pm - The office. Étienne kisses Henry goodbye, leaves Indiana in the care of the automatic food dispenser, and heads to the Keolis Downer office in Brookvale. He takes the 5:25pm B-Line. The bus is half-empty. A few healthcare workers in scrubs, a human delivery rider who still prefers the bus to the electric bike, two elderly passengers. Not a single student. Not a single executive in a suit. The days when the 5pm B-Line was standing room only are well and truly in the past.

Étienne works in the office from 6pm to 11pm. He likes these hours. The open-plan is quiet, the lighting subdued, the colleagues present are those who, like him, prefer the concentration of evening to the bustle of morning. He finalises his presentation for Thursday's meeting with Transport for NSW. He checks the peak erosion graph generated by his AI. The curve is eloquent: since 2020, the amplitude between peak and off-peak has shrunk by 60%. To mirror this trend, he then wants to present a historical case found in Keolis' internal archives. In 2012 in Rennes, the operator — already Keolis — had worked with the city's Bureau des Temps and the University of Rennes 2 to shift the start times of 8,000 students by a mere 15 minutes. The result: a 17% reduction in load on the metro at the peak of the peak, with no investment in additional rolling stock.
The proposal: a uniform frequency of 5 minutes, 24 hours a day, made possible by the electrification of the fleet and GoA 4 autonomous driving on half the fleet. This is the old Keolis dream of permanent appeal of service provision at its most fully realised — an ultra-simple marketing message, a product tailored to the rhythms of everyone's life. He is pleased with the proposal he will be able to put to his transport authority. He checks the variants of the school campaign his agent has reworked. He replies to a few messages from the Paris team, who are just starting their day and are very enthusiastic about the B-Line project. He catches the 11:10pm B-Line home.

7:00pm - Dinner. Sarah and Henry have dinner together. The food preparation robot has cooked a prawn pad thai — Henry's favourite, the recipe he programmed into the system himself. Indiana is asleep under the table. After the meal, Sarah brings out a chess set from the sideboard. It is an old wooden set, with hand-turned pieces, inherited from her grandfather. The squares are worn, the felt on the pieces is frayed, the black knight has been glued back together twice. It is one of the few objects in the house that is not connected to anything.

They play every evening. It is their ritual. Henry is getting better and better — he also plays against his AI tutor, which teaches him classic openings with infinite patience. But he prefers playing against his mother, even when he loses. The AI does not sigh when it loses a bishop. The AI does not tell anecdotes about its grandfather playing chess in the garden in Manly. The AI does not cheat by quietly moving a pawn while Henry has his back turned — which Sarah does systematically, and which Henry pretends not to notice.

Henry goes to bed at 9:30pm. Sarah goes back to GTA 9. Étienne is still in the office. Indiana has already been asleep for two hours.



Three scenarios for 2045

Each to their own rhythm, more or less together

WHITE SCENARIO

The staggered symphony

AI-driven education has made it possible to personalise school pathways. Secondary schools operate on three timetable cohorts (8am, 9am, 10am), chosen by families according to their chronotype. 'Bell times' still exist, but they no longer all ring at once. The concept of 'Superagency' has delivered on its promises: the effective working week has fallen to 30 hours, offices have become collaboration hubs, and an unconditional basic income offsets the effects of automation.

Mobility: The camel humps have disappeared. The B-Line operates at a constant 5-minute frequency, 24 hours a day. The total fleet has been reduced by 15% but the average load factor has increased by 30%. Permanent appeal has become operational reality.

Family life: Scheduling flexibility has paradoxically allowed shared time to be rebuilt. Étienne schedules his first block between 7am and 9am, freeing up lunchtime. Henry, in the 9am cohort, enjoys a relaxed breakfast with his father. Lunch has become the new family time.

Risk: A society of multiple temporal speeds that only well-organised families know how to navigate.

GREY SCENARIO

Each in their own bubble

Hybrid working has stabilised at around 2.5 days of office presence per week. Results-based management has replaced visual supervision. Adults live on individualised schedules. But school has not budged. NSW's 'bell times' remain fixed at 9am-3pm. The school peak persists and now accounts for 70% of total peak patronage (versus 40% in 2025).

Mobility: The B-Line operates in hybrid mode: every 3 minutes during school hours, every 5 minutes at other times, every 8 minutes at night. An unsatisfying compromise that perpetuates over-dimensioning. The 'camel humps' persist on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Family life: The Dee Why home is a place of cohabitation more than shared life. Everyone has their own schedule, their own screen, their own AI agent, their own delivery service. Shared meals are rare. Henry talks more to his AI tutor than to his parents during the week.

Risk: A silent erosion of social bonds. Technology has not destroyed the family — it has made loneliness less visible.

BLACK SCÉNARIO

The retreat of the clocks

Faced with social anomie and the rise of isolation among teenagers, a political movement demands a return to collective synchronisation. Laws impose fixed working hours, compulsory school meals, and 'disconnection hours'. Sunday reverts to a day when the shops are shut. An elite of 'digital nomads' lives outside these rules, while a vast working class endures insecure algorithmic management.

Mobility: The camel humps return in full force. The B-Line reverts to 2-minute peaks and 8-minute off-peaks. Permanent appeal remains a theoretical concept. A possible systemic crisis in public transport resulting from the collapse of fare revenues.

Family life: Henry eats dinner with his parents every evening at 7pm — robotic delivery services are banned between 6:30pm and 8pm to "preserve family time." The result is better for social bonds but less efficient. Henry finds it artificial.

Risk: A nostalgic regression that masks loneliness beneath compulsory conviviality. Deep territorial and social fractures.

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