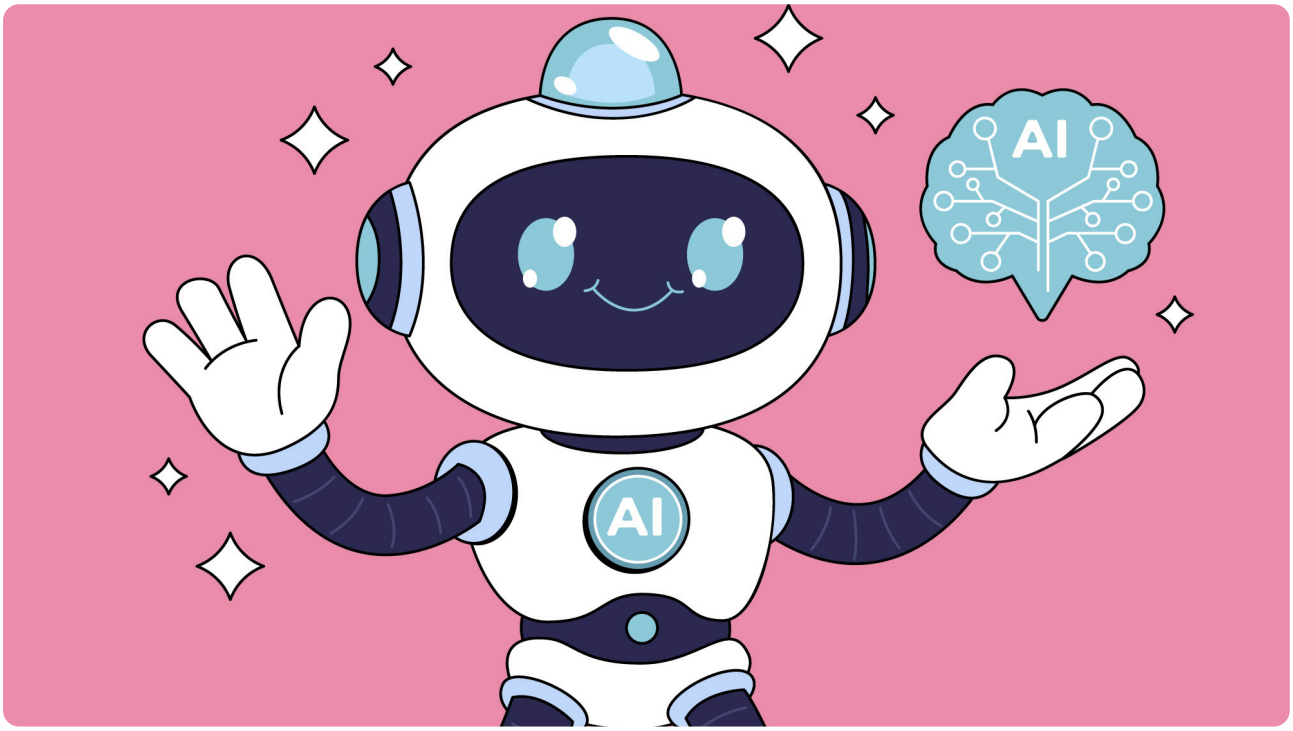
NEWS

Agent code check

my personal keeper

4 May 2026, Tobias Engl



It's that moment in the morning when you open the front door and life just happens, without you having to do anything more than put on your shoes. The cab is already hovering outside the door - in the city center, they have long been flying silently over the rooftops, while the streets are left to the slower fleet. Autonomous, of course, and long since paid for. All taken care of by Code Check, my personal agent, who obviously knows my calendar better than I do. It ordered the cab while I was still taking my last sip of coffee, coordinated the route with the traffic AI and - this is the really scary thing - decided that I'd rather listen to classical music in the back today, not podcasts. He was right.

The microchip under my skin ensures that Code Check even knows it's me and only works for me, only follows my orders. A tiny signature in my arm that only makes sense for me and only for him. No PIN, no password, no device that breaks down or goes on strike with an empty battery. The smartphone, remember? A rectangular box, had to be charged, could be forgotten in a cab. Brilliant, but a long-forgotten predecessor. Today, most things are done via chip recognition, voice commands and smart glasses, and when things have to be done quickly, Code Check and I understand each other without words. A glance is enough, a quiet thought and it has long understood what I want. It couldn't be quicker, safer, more discreet or more personal.

The cab agent... The cab also has its own agent, we are in the future after all and everything has an agent... has already booked at the airport. A robot baggage handler is waiting there, who obviously knows that my trolley wants to be pulled to the right. As I enter the terminal, a screen flashes briefly, my face is recognized, the chip also logs in silently, a friendly digital nod, checked in. The robot carrier rolls confidently to the baggage reclaim machine, which already knows that 23.4 kg is on the agenda today. At the same time, the cleaning robots make their rounds because the airport's super agent has registered a coffee stain on gate B19 via a sensor. Outside, on the thirty-metre-high glass façade, the window cleaning robots hang and polish the morning sun out of the panes because the agent has ordered it that way. No bucket, no rag, no janitor in a bad mood. Just a gentle whirring.

The pilot sits in the cockpit of the plane, hands in his lap, looking out of the window. His job is to supervise. The autopilot flies more calmly, precisely and politely than a human ever could and does not brake abruptly. It doesn't swear about turbulence and it keeps to the schedule down to the minute. Somewhere between ten thousand meters altitude and millions of data points per second, I lean back and look out. The fields below me. A farmer is probably sitting on his terrace, tablet in hand, using an app to control his autonomous combine harvester as it eats its way through endless rows of barley. Later, he will drive to the field to check that everything is running correctly. But this is more ritual than work. In his greenhouses behind it, robots regulate the irrigation, dose nutrients down to the milliliter, monitor each tomato separately and harvest them at the exact moment they are ripe. The future is getting sweeter. And I mean that in the best sense of the word.

Landed. At my destination airport, a vending machine lights up, stocked with fresh vegetables, fruit and wraps. A tempting display advertises this, but I wave it off. Code Check had already placed my order yesterday using an autonomous drone, which delivered and handed over the week's shopping to my household robot. Everything is in the fridge, nicely sorted, with a perfect best-before date. The door to my house recognizes me, opens, the light comes on and my favourite music plays from the speakers at exactly the right volume. A freshly cooked meal is steaming on the table, timed to the minute by my smart kitchen system and served by the domestic robot. While I eat, my robot unpacks my suitcase, sorts what needs to be washed into the washing machine and puts it on hold. Tomorrow, when the sun is shining and the solar power is flowing, it will start by itself. It's nice to be home again.

Speaking of feeling good! My chip, which used to be a smartwatch, dutifully collected data during the trip and Code Check analyzed it. It added BMI via camera and room sensors and made an objective judgment, all unobtrusively, in real time. The journey wasn't too strenuous, my sleep was good and my heart rate was exemplary. My doctor's appointment tomorrow? Already canceled. The data has been transmitted, the doctor has agreed. I found out about it when Code Check presented me with a tidy calendar. Thank you, I say. You're welcome comes the reply.

Everywhere on this journey, whether in the cab, in the terminal, in the cockpit, at the luggage vending machine, on the farmer's tablet or on the display in my kitchen, what makes this future come to life in the first place was running - information, played out precisely, in the right place, at the right time, for exactly this moment. The world behind this seamless networking is exactly what we at ScreenWay work on every day: Content that leads, not distracts. Screens that don't shout, but inspire and accompany. Whether at the airport, in a hotel, in a restaurant or at home. Wherever there is a screen, there is a piece of the future waiting to be played with ScreenWay in a meaningful way.

It's nice to have a personal agent who organizes everything perfectly. And nice to know that behind all the whirring, rolling, opening and steaming runs a network of information that quietly and elegantly holds the world together. The rest is just putting on your shoes and stepping out.