

REDEMPTION TV-PILOT

Written by

Jacklyn A. Lo

Based on
Redemption novel, Jacklyn A. Lo
<https://rbjal.com/>

Published by FRG Worldwide Oy in 2021

© Jacklyn A. Lo

COLD OPEN

INT. SATAN'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A flame in a fireplace slightly lits a large room in a medieval castle.

As the small blue-green planet turns lazily in the holographic projection, a slim male hand skims its surface with slow calculative desire.

The hand belongs to SATAN (looks 35), an arrogant, handsome man, elegantly dressed, with a massive ring.

A stocky man (50s) with a repulsive face stands in front of his Master. Attached to his frayed jacket's lapel is an expensive ID badge with an inverted pentagram and DEMON name.

Behind Demon, barely noticeable, is the third fellow, uncertain age, much shorter and thinner than others. His badge is engraved with the name SPY.

All three pairs of eyes stare at the Earth, which glows like a beacon in the dark.

As Satan's sleek hands are spreading out, the holographic images in the Earth are ZOOMING IN:

NORTH AMERICA

The U.S.A.

CHICAGO

A BUILDING

A BEDROOM

A WOMAN

SATAN
(in excitement)
That's *her*!

THE END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

SUBTITLE IN: CHICAGO. THE YEAR 2030.

In the spacious bedroom, ANN (24), a brown-haired woman, tosses, and turns in her bed. Her body bends - she SCREAMS.

ROB (O.S.)
I love you, Ann!

The voice comes from the sleek portable device on her bedside table. Ann reaches out from beneath the cover and gropes for the device.

The smiling face of ROB (20s), her SmartAssistant, pops out to the screen.

ROB (CONT'D)
Your day is fully booked, my lady!

Ann GROANS but gets to her feet.

ANN
Okay, okay, I'm up!
(beat)
Check up the traffic.

While moving, she presses a button labeled SmartHome. The shutters open to reveal spectacular views of the color-changing skyscrapers and the suspended pedestrian gardens in between.

The holographic clock hovering over the city reads 6:35 am.

ROB
Traffic is easy, beautiful. I'll plot the best way anyway; you won't be late.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Passing the vast reflective panel, Ann gives herself a critical once-over - after the bad dream, her slender figure seems crooked.

An image of WHISTLING Rob shaving the night's growth of stubble appears on the corner of the mirror.

ROB
(with a wink)
You look great, as always!

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Ann steps into the shower. Jets of water immediately burst into life from the wall, already at the optimum temperature.

ANN
You're a terrible liar, Rob. But
I'll do, soon!

EXT. A.I.I. GARAGE - LATER

Ann's car, a beautiful sporty number, parks closer to the elevator.

There is a running greeting on the wall-display: "Welcome to Artificial Intelligence International!".

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Now, in her elegant suit and proper make-up, Ann looks and feels like a business lady.

Rob, wearing rimmed glasses and a tie, peers out of the device on the dashboard.

As Ann parks, her foot in the high-heeled shoe slips on the gas pedal, causing the car to JERK forward. Rob shakes his head.

ROB
Smooth! I still love you, though.

Ann gracefully knocks the device with a flick of her finger, switching it off.

ANN
(sarcastically)
Sorry.

INT. A.I.I. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

THE VAST OFFICE SPACE. FUTURISTIC. NEAT. ERGONOMIC.

As Ann enters the hall, MIKE-7, a robot-secretary with the name on his white robe and a doll-like appearance, smiles artificially to her.

MIKE-7
(slightly metallic voice)
Would you like some coffee?

The name Mike-7 smoothly changes to the corporate slogan "Artificial But Intelligent." Without replying, Ann jumps onto the escalator.

INT. ESCALATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ann looks down. Multi-story glass-and-steel office teems with life. Either side of the long central gangways the sight of desks equipped with high-tech devices.

PETER, (20s), with a cup of coffee, jumps on the parallel escalator.

PETER
Ann, what time do you call that!

Ann slowing down just a bit turns her head to him.

ANN
The correct greeting, Peter, would be "good morning". And I think you'll find I am never late!

She jumps out of the escalator. Peter COUGHS and follows her.

INT. SALES AND MARKETING DOMAIN - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly Ann stops and turns to face him.

ANN
I spoil you, boys, too much, that's the problem. If it were up to you, I'd be living here, mothering you and holding your hand through every little task.

PETER
(grinning)
Hah! If my mother was as pretty as you, I'd never leave the house.

Ann frowned at him, pausing just long enough to make him feel slightly uncomfortable.

ANN
You know that sounds rather weird?

PETER

Yeah, I guess so...

Ann reaches up and pinches his cheek between her perfectly manicured fingers.

ANN

My poor little baby.

She laughs as she turns and walks away, leaving Peter staring after her, absentmindedly rubbing his cheek.

MOMENTS LATER

LINDA (late 30s), A.I.I. secretary, in the tent-style dress with a giant flower, smiles warmly at Ann.

LINDA

Good morning, Ann.

Ann waves a hand across her face to ward off the excessive amount of Linda's perfume.

ANN

Good morning, Linda.

Thankfully, Linda doesn't stop, eagerly leaping further. Ann turns to Peter and points at Linda's retreating back.

ANN (CONT'D)

You see? Good morning. That's the way to do it!

MOMENTS LATER

Advancing to her desk, Ann comes across JOHN (the early 20s), a fresh out of college man, who takes water from the beverage machine.

JOHN

Hi Ann!

ANN

Hi there!

John hesitates.

ANN (CONT'D)

Anything I need to know?

JOHN

Er... I was first in the office and noticed you got an encrypted message.

PETER (O.S.)

A teacher's pet!

Ann doesn't pay any attention to Peter.

ANN

(to John)

Encrypted message?

She squints her right eye. John nods.

ANN (CONT'D)

Excellent! Thank you, John.

She smiles at him.

MOMENTS LATER

Ann touches her screen, which immediately comes to life. Sure enough, she has the important notification waiting for her.

Her poker face, however, doesn't reveal whether it's excellent or devastating news. She presses a button on her portable device.

ANN

John, could you arrange a meeting with the whole team, please?

INT. MEETING ROOM - LATER

Seven pairs of male eyes stare at her. The WORLD'S TOP PROFESSIONALS. All men.

Slender and not too tall, Ann has such a powerful self-confidence, which makes her a true leader.

She holds their gaze for a few moments.

ANN

You must have heard of an important notification from upstairs. Like, way up the stairs. Actually, as high as you can possibly go.

She pauses as the team glance at each other.

ANN (CONT'D)
They are thrilled with our global
sales for Smart Products and
Solutions!

She changes her serious look to a smile.

ANN (CONT'D)
We have done a five hundred percent
sales increase during the last
quarter. That's more than
impressive!

There is a brief silence. Then, as one, everybody starts
TALKING animatedly. MIKE-12, the twin brother of Mike-7,
joins in the excitement, flashing his permanent smile around.

MIKE-12
Long live Artificial Intelligence
International!

Ann raises her hand.

ANN
We've got much ahead of our
competitors.

She looks around everyone.

ANN (CONT'D)
And this is all thanks to you,
guys.

She pauses.

ANN (CONT'D)
Therefore in recognition of your
hard work, I would like to offer
you a two-day vacation at the
company's expense!

Even louder cheers fill the meeting room, and Ann joins in.

However, the smile froze on her face as her portable device
burst into life, revealing the grinning face TOMO (25).

TOMO (V.O.)
Hello, gorgeous!

Immediately the room fell SILENT as everyone craned forward
to look at the screen.

TOMO (V.O.)
 Don't forget our special romantic
 lunch! We will treasure the memory
 of pleasure...

Ann cuts off his voice abruptly, shutting the screen.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Ann powders her nose and puts on lipstick. Squinting her right eye, she unfastens two upper buttons on her blouse.

INT. A.I.I. CANTEEN - MOMENTS LATER

The eating area is laid out and run like a high-class restaurant decorated by fountains and palm trees. From all around them comes the SOUND OF THE BIRDS' CALLS.

ANN
 I'm not complaining, Tomo, but
 there are a time and a place.

Tomo shrugs, smiling broadly as he leans back in his chair.

TOMO
 That's hardly my fault; your
 meeting was obviously in need of
 one more participant.

Tomo raises his hands in mock surrender, and for an instant, his eyes flick down to Ann's ample cleavage.

ANN
 All men are children, Tomo, but
 you? Doubly so.

TOMO
 So true. And I need a pretty nanny.

He grins.

ANN
 A hungry nanny is not good for any
 child.

She smiles at him and runs a finger across the touch-sensitive menu with the label SmartCarte.

She SMELLS a couple of meals and presses a button.

As Tomo makes his choice, she squints her right eye and gives him a once over.

He is definitely an attractive man, and his neat beard and black, shoulder-length hair probably make a big impression on most women.

ANN (CONT'D)
You look great today.

TOMO
Thanks. I thought I'd make an effort for you, my sweet.

ANN
Huh! Are you sure I'm your sweet?

TOMO
Well, it's not against the law to dream, is it? Not yet, anyway.

He smiles.

TOMO (CONT'D)
Don't you have dreams?

Ann winces.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

DREAM SEQUENCE:

A HUGE SPIRAL absorbs her. It's tightly holding her in its grip, continuing the endless rotation.

She tries to break free, but there is no way - she is TRAPPED.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

She shakes her head.

ANN
Not that sort of dreams.

She frowns.

ANN (CONT'D)
But you're alright, or we wouldn't be good friends.

She winks.

TOMO
We could be so much more, Ann!

Tomo seductively leans forward and places his elbows on the table.

A waitress robot ALICE-4 comes to their table. Tomo sits up.

TOMO (CONT'D)

Wow! These things are something.
Amazingly quiet.

ALICE-4

(slightly metallic voice)
Bon appetite!

ANN

Thank you, Alice!

ALICE-4

You are most welcome, madam.

Alice soundlessly slips away.

ANN

Hmm. You notice she called me
'madam', not Ann.

TOMO

No face recognition feature. I'm
sure it saved a nice chunk of cash.

ANN

Maybe, but how about how much
market share we're losing because
of the poor customer service?

TOMO

Hmm... Of course! A.I.I. should
leave everything in your hands,
gorgeous!

He smiles broadly. Ann examines Tomo and sees that he really mean what he said.

ANN

You're very likable sometimes, you
know.

TOMO

Really? What do you like about me,
exactly?

ANN

Well, I like your work.