

THE ELECTED

Created by
Felipe Franco

Written by
Fernando Silvestrin
Felipe Franco

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*** NOTE TO READER:** Dialogue will be in Spanish.

EXT. VINEYARD - DUSK

The heavy red and overcast sky slowly pushes the sun away behind the Penedés mountains. Trying to camouflage themselves within the idyllic scenery, GIGANTIC METAL-MADE MACHINES loom over us. SPACESHIPS, ready to take over the fields.

We're not in 2022. It's the near future.

We HEAR A SNIFF, followed by a MAN'S NOSE searching for the right smell like a dog searches for food... It finds a GRAPE CLUSTER where a hand picks precisely one grape.

That's JASON OLIVER (41), kind eyes in a strong body. He moves gently. The patience of a man who has been working with nature for a long time.

Jason checks the quality of the GRAPES. He squeezes the picked one gently, turning it into a NASTY JUICE. He doesn't seem happy. THE LIQUID IS PUTREFIED -- the BAD SMELL gets him sick, and he covers his mouth with disgust.

Jason uses a POCKET KNIFE to chop the bunch stem but accidentally cuts his finger. Shit! He sucks the blood, trying to stop the bleeding.

A few steps down the vineyard, Jason sees an AUTOMATED HARVESTER MACHINE. A RED LIGHT BLINKS on its display: It has stopped working. He presses the machine's main controls, but nothing seems to work.

Jason cleans the sweat from his face and looks up at the sky. A MASSIVE STRUCTURE -- translucent and reflective like pure crystal hovers between the clouds. They're called ORBITALS CORP: artificial orbital farms run by AI machines.

A LOUD LAUGH brings Jason back to Earth -- it's coming from the FARMHOUSE nearby, where an open window glows with light inside. Jason frowns and smiles timidly at the bright room in the distance.

INT. FARMHOUSE - PARIS'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Tech-savvy, Eurasian, PARIS (10) sits behind a computer in a professional GAMER CHAIR. She stares at a TWO PIECE MONITOR and plays a futurist version of Fortnite with friends.

Her dye purple hair strips match the large headphone piece she's wearing and the bubblegum inside her agitated mouth.

PARIS
 (excited)
 Get him! Behind your back! Nooooo!

Paris is shot dead and needs to wait for a new round.

PARIS (CONT'D)
 (sarcastic)
 Thank you, Carol!

Paris quickly shifts her attention to the second monitor: Her eyes focus on THE ELECTIONS 2046 RESULTS live stream.

Winners are being announced. One by one, they are picked and ANONYMOUS DISPLAYED on the screen. Their pictures are blurry, and only the elected's location and first name are shown.

PARIS (CONT'D)
 It's him! It's him!

Paris jumps out of the chair, throwing her headphones on the desk. She rushes to the window, open it, and sticks her head out, facing the vineyards --

PARIS (CONT'D)
 DAD! YOU'RE IN!

Paris's SCREAM ECHOES through the landscape. And as she stands by the window, we slowly PUSH IN to her desk.

A BLURRY PROFILE PICTURE with a name under it glows on PARIS'S computer screen: JASON XXXXX. We use it to merge with our --

OPENING TITLES: T H E E L E C T E D

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

A CROSSWORD PUZZLE is about 2/3 finished. A pen rests on top of the newspaper on the kitchen counter. Staring at it, ATENA (61), face hardened by decades of grief.

She spots Jason, on his MUDDY FARM CLOTHES, coming towards her. Atena quickly SWALLOWS A MINT.

JASON
 Didn't know they still make these nowadays.

Jason kisses Atena's forehead, and glimpses at her puzzle.

He places a handful of ROTTEN GRAPES INSIDE A GLASS JAR labeled "ANALYSIS" next to Atena, who's still staring at the newspaper in front of her.

ATENA

(reading)

The use of chance to divine the will of the gods. Potential for helping large associations to govern themselves.

Jason pauses to think about the puzzle for a sec. Then starts looking for food. We explore the kitchen with him: an interesting mix of traditional equipment and high-tech appliances, but with an OUTDATED FEEL to them.

ATENA (CONT'D)

(looks at the glass jar)

They keep growing dead, son.

JASON

It has been worse.

ATENA

They won't stop until there're no real farmers left.

Jason opens the kitchen cabinets, and we glance at FOOD PILLS of VARIOUS SORTS LABELED: "carrots", "tomato", "onions", "ginger", "lemons". Atena rises and follows him, quickly closing the cupboards Jason has just opened.

JASON

I won't let that happen. Don't worry.

ATENA

We barely have fresh food anymore.

He picks one food packaging and reads the label: SALAD --

ATENA (CONT'D)

And those things up there? How can they call that farms? It's bloody --

JASON

Have you taken your meds today?

Jason interrupts her, changing the subject. He knows where this is going. He places the salad package back.

ATENA

I can handle my own pills, Jason.

Atena grabs a BURGER from the refrigerator and gives to him.

ATENA (CONT'D)
(serious)
What's left from dinner.

Atena walks back and sits with her crossword puzzle.

JASON
Did Paris print this?

Jason smells the food -- mouth watering. He takes a bite.

JASON (CONT'D)
(chewing)
Hm... Not bad...

He sees the FOOD PRINTER MACHINE beside the fridge. It looks like a 3D printer but with a plate inside.

Jason touches the device as if it's the first time he ever uses it. But nothing happens.

FOOD PRINTER MACHINE POV -- Jason leans down, stares at its interior for a beat. He bites the burger, then walks away.

Jason picks up the pen from the counter and finishes the crossword puzzle. The missing word: SORTITION. Atena looks up at him and raises an eyebrow. Jason smiles, kisses his mother's forehead, and strides out with his dinner.

Atena waits for his son to turn the corner. She stands up and opens one of the kitchen cupboards. She grabs a hidden VERMOUTH BOTTLE and pours herself a glass. Finally.

She opens the kitchen drawer underneath and takes a COCKTAIL OF MEDS. Atena places them one by one on her palm, then into her mouth. She sips the Vermouth and swallows the pills.

INT. FARMHOUSE - PARIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Between rocket and futuristic posters on the wall, surrounded by tech gadgetry accessories, we find Paris still playing online and staring at her computer.

PARIS
I'm definitely moving to the city --

A hand calmly lifts Paris's headphones.

JASON
(whispers in Paris's ears)
Gotcha.

Paris turns back and finds her father. What a good surprise!

JASON (CONT'D)

Let's go. Time for bed. School starts early.

PARIS

Dad! Did you think about it?

JASON

What? Paris, don't even start --

Jason squats, and Paris jumps on his shoulder. He takes her daughter to bed.

PARIS

It's you! Of course, it is!

Paris lies down, and Jason covers her tiny body.

JASON

The last time I was elected anything, was when I was captain of my high school team. And that didn't work very well.

PARIS

But... What if?

JASON

How many Jasons do you know?
(pretends to think)
See?

Paris smiles, her eyes glowing with sweetness. Jason kisses her daughter.

PARIS

Are we going to meet mom in the city?

JASON

One day... Good night, baby.

He walks to the doorway and glances one last time at her ten-year-old. Paris turns her body to the other side.

Jason SWITCHES THE LIGHT OFF --

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

UNDER THE SCORCHING SUN, Jason's up on a LADDER. He sets up the SOLAR-POWERED LASER on top of a pole with a DIGITAL TABLET, adjusting the settings of the device when --

A HELICOPTER NOISE in the distance. Jason looks up, searching for the chopper, but finds nothing --

Suddenly, an OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT DRONE SOARS low overhead. Sleek, black, and with the Government's modern coat of arms.

Jason instinctively lowers his head. The drone cruises over the fields, SPOOKING BIRDS on its way to the farmhouse. Jason watches its movements for a beat --

He drops his tools and rushes down.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Atena and Paris stand on the front porch. They protect their eyes with their arms as the drone land, sweeping dust everywhere. Jason quickly joins them. He uses his body as a shield to help Paris and his mother.

The Drone has a FACE RECOGNITION CAMERA attached to it. The lens scans Jason's body, and profile, confirming his identity as it lands.

LOUDSPEAKERS START TO PLAY the National Anthem. It then projects the PRESIDENT'S HOLOGRAM.

PRESIDENT'S HOLOGRAM

Good afternoon Mr. Jason Oliver,
Following our current constitution,
dating from 2031 and exercising the
powers that were given to me as the
President of this country, I'm here
to inform that you were elected
through our AI Sortition System to
serve as Congressman.

Paris seems to be the only one enjoying this unique event.

PRESIDENT'S HOLOGRAM (CONT'D)

As a man of the Land, you were
assigned to the Agriculture Caucus.
Every elected has the choice to
reject their election in the period
of 72 hours. For your own safety,
please keep this information
confidential. Thank you, and we
hope to see you serve your nation
in congress soon.

Jason's eyes fixed on the drone as it takes off, flying away. Paris can't hold her excitement. Her eyes shine happily as she looks up at her father, holding Jason's legs.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jason and family eat dinner. A dead silence. The packages of powdered food are on the table. Jason eye side his daughter, who barely touched her soup. Paris looks down at her plate --

ATENA

(to Paris)

I don't want to hear about the election anymore. I thought me and your father were very clear. No politics in this house.

Suddenly, Paris rises from her chair. She drops the fork on the table and runs away. Jason sketches a reaction to go after her, but Atena touches his hand as a sign: don't.

ATENA (CONT'D)

One day she'll understand. Paris is a big girl. She'll get over it.

Jason swallows his frustrations in silence.

INT. FARMHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jason sits behind a small desk. He types into a search engine on his LAPTOP: "AI Sortition System."

Thousands of SEARCH RESULTS POP UP on his screen. Jason scrolls and clicks through some of them. With INSERTS, we learn more about both sides of the new political system:

- Democracy at its last chance.
- No more professional politicians. No more corruption.
- Is it a real randomized system? Pros/Cons of sortition.
- Automated Machines are now controlling our lives.
- Corporations are taking over the elected.
- Wife blames ORBITAL CORP for the disappearance of her elected husband years ago.

THE LAST HEADLINE triggers Jason to search for "ORBITAL CORP CRIMES". More results pop up on his screen.

- INSERTS of bold texts from news and articles: "ORBITAL CORP IS THE FUTURE!", "STOP AGRO-CONGLOMERATES!", "CORRUPTION AND MURDERS!", "OUR FUTURE IS NOT ORBITAL. IT'S ON EARTH."

MOMENTS LATER

Jason stands in front of the open window. Clearly distressed about his research. A GREEN LASER cuts through his face every few seconds, almost like a rotating lighthouse effect.

FROM HIS POV: the laser scans the vineyard in a random cycle. We HEAR a GROUP OF BIRDS flock away --

Jason looks up at the stars as if he's making a wish. The moonlight bathes his worried face.

INT. FARMHOUSE - PARIS'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Paris yawns in her pajamas and stands in the middle of the room. She wears a VR HEADSET and makes circular gestures. She's attending remote school.

TEACHER (V.O. THROUGH VR SET)
And please, remember to bring your assignments for our in-person socialization class next week. This month it will be on a Friday.

PRE-LAP: Cool beat by someone we can get the rights --

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

A BLACK LUXURIOUS SEDAN drives through the gravel road and enters Jason's property: WELCOME TO LA TIERRA ORGANIC WINERY.

The car stops outside the front porch. A BUSINESSMAN IN A SUIT comes out from the back seat and steps on a rotten grape, in perfect time to our stylish drum beat --

He carries a SMALL GIFT BOX. We don't see his face yet as he marches toward the front door --

The Business Man knocks on the door a few times. No answer.

He peeks through the front windows when --

Jason opens the front door with his shirt still unbuttoned and puts up his pants. His sleepy eyes turn wide awake once he sees the man's face.

They stare at each other for an eternity. TIM (35) is the man in the perfect suit and tie. Handsome. Some of his features resemble a younger version of Jason.

TIM
 (sarcastic smile)
 I thought countrymen woke up early.

Jason stares coldly at him.

TIM (CONT'D)
 Nice to see you too. May I?

Tim motions to Jason that he wants to get inside the house. But there's a tense beat here as Jason stands in front of the door and stares into his eyes...

Jason finally steps aside, and Tim walks past him --

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason's eyes follow Tim's every step as he scans the sitting room, gently touching objects; vases, family portraits, chairs.

TIM
 I come with an offer for you.
 (sits on the couch)
 In fact, for the whole family.

Tim places the gift box on the side table.

JASON
 We don't need anything.

TIM
 Look. We might have our issues, but
 I'm here in peace. So, please...

Tim motions to Jason to sit down with him on the sofa. But Jason refuses to move. He stands like a rock.

TIM (CONT'D)
 We know you're one of the new lucky
 elected for the Agriculture seat.
 And, who happens to work in the
 field?

(ironic beat)
 That's right. Myself. As you know,
 Orbital Corps --

JASON
 I thought the elected profiles were
 anonymous.

TIM

Of course, they are. Orbitals want to work with you. It's pretty simple. You help us with a few bills, and we'll help you with whatever you need.

Tim slides a business card across the table, and we read: TIM OLIVER- CHIEF GROWTH OFFICER, ORBITAL CORP.

JASON

Get out of my house.

Jason paces through the living room; walks past Tim --

TIM

Think about Paris's college. Also, no more medical expenses. In fact, we're very close to a cure for cancer --

JASON (O.S.)

I won't repeat it again --

Tim turns around and finds Jason with a SHOTGUN, aiming at his snobby face.

JASON (CONT'D)

Get out! Now!

Jason cocks the gun -- eyes narrow in a fury.

ATENA (O.S.)

What is going on here?

Atena stands in the back, covered in her sleeping robe. She sees Jason's gun and her face suddenly awakes.

ATENA (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Jason? For God's sake --

She rushes and pushes down Jason's arm, lowering his gun.

JASON

He never gave a damn about this farm. Dad had to work himself to death to keep our mouths full. How can you forgive him... traitor!

That's right. Tim is TIM OLIVER -- JASON'S YOUNGER BROTHER.

TIM
I'm the traitor? You chose this
rotten farm over your wife. No
wonder she left you --

Jason swallows the fuck you that's on the tip of his tongue
and in one motion, jumps to physically attack Tim --

ATENA
Stop it! Enough!

Atena steps in between the brothers.

PARIS (O.S.)
Uncle Tim!

Paris runs towards Tim and jumps in his arms. A tenderness
and kindness from her uncle that we haven't seen yet.

Jason backs off. He sees his daughter in Tim's arms. There's
nothing he can do about it. It's family. Tim kneels down in
front of Paris.

TIM
Hey, princess. I missed you.

JASON
Paris, go back to your class. Your
uncle is already leaving.

TIM
Just came to bring you a little
gift. (whispers in Paris's ear)
Don't tell daddy it's from me.

Tim picks up the gift from the table and gives it to Paris.

TIM (CONT'D)
(only to Paris)
I'll see you soon, okay? Maybe we
can go for a orbit tour some day?

Paris nods as uncle Tim kisses her. Tim pockets the business
card left on the table and embraces his mother. He kisses her
forehead. Atena holds her son tightly with the care a mother
will always carry toward the youngster.

ATENA
Take care, son.

Jason stands at the front door, tense and focused, as Tim
walks up to him. A face-off between brothers. Tim places his
business card inside Jason's front pocket.

TIM
Think about it. It's their future
we're talking about it too.

Tim walks away, leaving Jason fuming.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We follow Tim to the parked car outside. He opens the door and sits in the backseat. The car is about to drive away when Jason's hand knocks on the dark-tinted window.

The window lowers.

JASON
Don't forget where you came from.

Jason places a glass jar next to Tim and walks away.

Off Tim, seeing the dead grapes inside the jar, and turning his disgusted eyes away.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FOLLOWING

CLOSE ON a wheel spinning -- the sedan drives off in a hurry. Jason stands on the porch and watches his brother leave.

EXT. FARMHOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Paris stares at a MINI ORBITAL FARM floating and glowing inside a TRANSPARENT BOX. Jason comes outside.

JASON
May I?

Paris lets Jason grab the Mini Orbital.

JASON (CONT'D)
When I was your age, I used to help grandpa on the farm. We would hear people talking about Orbitals... Everyone would say it's the future! Your uncle and I would get so excited...

Jason studies the Orbital as Paris looks up at him.

JASON (CONT'D)
All the hard work that would save us.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Food production for the whole world! But you know what your grandfather used to say?

Paris shakes her head.

JASON (CONT'D)

Grapes have to live like grapes, so they'll taste like grapes. Same with tomatoes, chickens. Anything!

PARIS

I want to live like a normal kid in the city. That's where mom lives, isn't it?

Jason shuts up. Sadness in his eyes.

PARIS (CONT'D)

I called uncle Tim.
(a beat)
We need help, dad.

The final blow hits Jason hard. He looks down at the Mini Orbital in his hands. His eyes tear up... but no drop falls.

INT. FARMHOUSE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A carpenter's paradise. Tools, various wood types, and machinery across the room. Jason works on a small piece. He sands the wood like a true craftsmanship, then blows the dust away, carefully studying its details.

A RADIO plays the news in the bg.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)

We are here directly from the capital. Only a few hours left for the last elected to present themselves. In total, there'll be 320 men and women chosen by the AI System to represent the 20 pillars of our democracy: Health, Agriculture, Education, Safety,..

A HAND lowers the radio volume. Jason stops his work and turns his head. He finds Atena with a file under her arm.

ATENA

It wasn't a heart attack. They sent him away.

JASON

What are you talking about?

Atena takes a series of DOCUMENTS and CUT OUTS ARTICLES from her file. She lays them on top of the worktop for Jason.

Police investigations on Jason's father's sudden death and political activism. PICTURES on newspapers.

ATENA

Things were different. People were elected by real people. The whole town knew Richard was a good man.

Jason reads one of the HEADLINES: ORBITAL CORPS UNDER INVESTIGATION.

ATENA (CONT'D)

He only got into politics to protect the family. Our business. Our neighbors. Our friends.

Another HEADLINE: R. OLIVER'S DARK BUSINESSES. ORBITAL CORPS ACCUSES FARMERS OF CORRUPTION.

JASON

Why you never showed me this?

Tears shimmer behind Atena's eyes.

ATENA

Your father knew too much. He started acting strange when --

JASON

Why would they come after him? We're just farmers. I don't understand --

ATENA

Don't do it, son. Don't accept the job. We can't trust these people. They'll come after you, I know. I can feel it --

(losing it)

I don't have much time. You know I won't stay around for much longer... But you're strong, son. Pari's needs you. We need you --

Atena breaks down, and Jason embraces her mother.

JASON
 It's okay, mother. It's okay. I'm
 not going anywhere. I'm right here.

Jason kisses his mother's forehead. His eyes search for answers.

INT. WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

LIGHT SWITCHES ON. It FLICKERS, echoing through the corridors. Jason stands next to the closed door. WINE BARRELS and BOTTLES everywhere.

Jason paces across the room and searches for something. He finally finds it. TWO EXTREMELY OLD WINE BOTTLE covered by mold and dust inside a barrel. The label dates from 2010. And it's signed by RICHARD, ATENA, JASON & TIM OLIVER.

He sticks his hand inside the barrel again and pulls out an OLD PHOTOGRAPH. It's a portrait of Richard and Jason together, smiling. Son and father.

Jason opens the bottle. Sniffs the red wine and gulps. He cleans his mouth. Then repeats. He grabs the second heritage bottle and leaves through a dark tunnel.

EXT. VINEYARD - NIGHT

DRUNK in the wine fields, Jason forces himself to walk in a straight line without falling.

Everything is blurry, and the minimal lights we see create traces. Jason accelerates his gait and accidentally kicks a stone. Ouch. He keeps going for a few meters until he stumbles and falls to the ground, dropping the wine bottles.

He turns around and faces up. Jason opens his arms, squeezing the ROTTEN GRAPES all around his body. A DIM LIGHT GLOWS in the night sky. Jason's face is illuminated by it.

He looks up. A smirk on his drunken face.

JASON
 (to himself)
 Fuck you.

INT. FARMHOUSE - PARIS'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Behind the Floating Orbital Glass miniature, a distorted Paris wakes up in a jump. She leaves the room in her pajamas... No one around... Deadly quiet.

INT. FARMHOUSE - JASON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paris enters Jason's bedroom, but he's not there. His bed is perfectly made, as if he hasn't even slept in his room. She walks out, and we continue to follow her --

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paris finds Atena dozing off on the couch with an empty bottle of Vermouth next to her.

PARIS
Grandma? Where's dad?

Her grandmother wakes up in confusion.

ATENA
Hey, sweetheart...

Atena shifts in her seat and moves the glass away. She gives a MINIATURE WOOD ROCKET to Paris. The kid studies the object for a beat or two.

ATENA (CONT'D)
Your father made this for you.

EXT. CITY PARLIAMENT - DAY

PAN UP to reveal Jason waiting in front of the building. Shaved, he wears a suit that seems too big for him.

Jason walks towards the entrance and stops. He sees his brother, Tim, observing him from a distance in front of the parliament. Their eyes meet for a beat. Tim has a cheeky smirk as if to say I knew you would come.

Jason stands like a rock. Laser-focused eyes. Emotionless. He steps inside the building --

FADE TO BLACK.

AI RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Welcome Elected Number: 38-051.

END OF PILOT EPISODE