

# LIFE WITH LEO(h)

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SFX: Audio from a 9-1-1 call.

MR. HAUSER

(on recording)

You have to help me! They're going berserk!

ABE UNIT

No vegan options! No! No!

MR. HAUSER

I'm under attack. They're ruining my dinner party. The governor is in attendance. The governor-- AGH!

The sounds of dishes smashing, screaming, and other assorted chaos cease as JEANINE BELL (28, too busy for your nonsense, a Virgo to the core) cuts the recording.

JEANINE

"Berserk." "Attack." These are emotional words. But androids don't have emotions, Mr. Hauser.

SFX: The scrape of a chair as the prosecutor shoots to his feet.

PROSECUTOR

Objection. It's the job of the defense to demonstrate these androids are not sentient. She can't just state it as fact to undermine my client.

JEANINE

Withdrawn. Because I can demonstrate this. With the court's permission, I would like to bring up AB24b9f.

There's a murmur as an android stands and makes its way to the front of the courtroom.

PROSECUTOR

Objection! Your Honor, the defense is exposing us to a potentially dangerous droid.

JEANINE

The android is restrained, Your Honor. It's perfectly safe.

JUDGE

Proceed.

Jeanine pulls out a sheaf of papers.

JEANINE

What I'm holding is a transcript of the demands that you and your dinner party guests issued to your butler droids.

(to courtroom)

I will now give those same commands to AB24b9f.

(to butler)

Hello, AB24b9f.

ABE UNIT

Good afternoon, madam. You may call me Abe. How may I be of service?

JEANINE

(reading list)

Well, first, I'd love for you to set the table with fifteen place settings.

ABE UNIT

Right away, madam.

JEANINE

No, make it thirteen. I never liked that Eunice and her gasbag husband anyway.

ABE UNIT

Yes, madam.

A gasp from the courtroom as Eunice and her husband get in their feelings.

MR. HAUSER

Eunice, Harold, I didn't mean--

JEANINE

You know what, Abe, make it fifteen again. Their marriage is on the rocks, and that's always fun to watch.

More gasps.

MR. HAUSER

What?! I just said that I wanted you there.

Jeanine proceeds to read from the list without breaking for Abe to respond.

JEANINE

Set the table with the white porcelain. No, set the table with the blue floral china. Use the silverware. Wait, use the gold-plated flatware. Open the windows, we'll have the breeze. Come to think of it, put the air on so we can avoid the pollen. Lay out my light blue suit jacket. Actually, lay out my tan suit. If Obama can pull it off, why not me?

Disdainful murmurs from around the courtroom.

MR. HAUSER

(defensive)

We have very similar coloring.

(beat)

After I've gotten a tan.

Groans from around the courtroom. He's that kind of white guy. The judge raps her gavel.

JUDGE

Ms. Bell, I believe your android is experiencing some sort of malfunction.

And indeed, we can hear the telltale mechanical whirrings and electrical misfirings of an android on the verge of collapse.

ABE UNIT

Yes, milady-- yes, yes-- milady-- my-- lady-- Certainly-- Uncert--

JEANINE

As you can see, this Abe unit is struggling to process Mr. Hauser's demands.

She rattles the papers for effect.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

And I haven't even turned the page.

ABE UNIT

Blue-- Tan-- Milady-- Breeze-- Error-- Wrong-- Wrong-- Wrong.

The Abe unit lunges for Jeanine, but she nimbly sidesteps it. The android crashes to the floor and continues whirring.

JEANINE

As you can see, the Abe unit didn't display emotion. It simply overloaded, through no fault of its own.

PENELOPE

And, just to be clear, no fault of mine.

Jeanine clears her throat to the tune of "Please shut up and let me do my job." Abe continues to whirl in the background.

JEANINE

There were no emotions involved here, no sentient robots trying to take over the world. There were just a couple of androids whose programming couldn't hold up to new money.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, this is nothing more than a gimmick. Abe Unit, excuse yourself.

JEANINE

(instigating)  
Abe Unit, stay here. On second thought, go. No wait! Definitely stay--

There's a loud whirring sound as Abe whips to his feet and tries to decapitate the prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR

My head! My toupee! Those Real-Look synthetic strands cost a fortune!

JEANINE

You can bill my office.  
(to courtroom)  
I rest my case.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

The doors to the courtroom burst open and the hall fills with enthusiastic chatter.

PENELOPE

Innocent! I'm innocent.

JEANINE

Technically, and I suspect more accurately, you were found not guilty.

PENELOPE

As my lawyer, I would expect you to have more faith in me.

JEANINE

As your lawyer, I find it impossible to have any more faith in you. Those android butlers--

PENELOPE

Those butlers were all programming, darling. We made all our code available to the defense, you recall.

JEANINE

Mmm, I do recall... still, I *do* love the feel of victory.

PENELOPE

And I love the feel of freedom. Of Egyptian cotton sheets, 800-thread count. The warm flesh of another person between my--

JEANINE

We've talked about this, Penelope. I never want to hear about you and the flesh of another anything.

Penelope makes a pouting noise as she trails Jeanine down the hall.

PENELOPE

I simply thought we were bonding over our interests. Speaking of, darling, what's your favorite color? Black? Brown? A sort of olive-y Middle Eastern situation... I'm asking about men, darling.

JEANINE

I figured, but you can stop your problematic questioning. I'm not looking for a boyfriend.

(beat)

Close that ocular projector and stop transcribing me.

There's a blipping sound as Penelope blinks away a small screen that's been taking down Jeanine's every word.

PENELOPE

Can't a woman wonder about her favorite lawyer?

JEANINE

I'm only your favorite lawyer because you see me so often. Why can't you stay out of trouble?

PENELOPE

Because I love seeing you, darling. Why don't you surrender my cases to another lawyer?

JEANINE

Because I'll be damned if someone else gets all of these billable hours.

PENELOPE

I was expecting something more from the heart, but perhaps that's difficult for one who hasn't exercised that muscle in quite a while.

JEANINE

Maybe it's time we take another stab at establishing some professional distance--

PENELOPE

(ignoring her)

Who do you go home to, without love in your life? Who do you work for? Why are you *alone*?

JEANINE

I go home to myself. I work for myself. I'm *fine* by myself, Penelope. It's not a crime. Unlike half the shit you get up to.

PENELOPE

My dear, please regard the lack of handcuffs.

JEANINE

Please regard the skepticism of the woman who kept you out of them.

CUT TO:

INT. JEANINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeanine's in her office, practicing an acceptance speech.

JEANINE

And finally, I'd like to thank Mr. Stokes and Mr. Hoffenwilder. Though I haven't laid eyes on either of them in two years, it means the world to me that my name is next to theirs. To Hoffenwilder, Stokes, & Bell! Here here...

Jeanine trails off as she hears someone approaching.

MICHAEL

Barb, you got those case files for me?  
Mm, you make my heart sing, baby!  
Noah, my man, let's hit the gym later  
and I'll show you how to get traps  
like *these* and trap the ladies.

This man is the walking embodiment of finger guns.

JEANINE

For heaven's sake, not today. Room,  
activate Do Not Disturb Mode.

ROOM

Do Not Disturb Mode initiated.

JEANINE

Quickly, please!

ROOM

Going dark in 3-2-

Just then, MICHAEL PARKER (30, wears the same cologne as Satan) slow-claps his way into her office.

ROOM (CONT'D)

Do Not Disturb Mode suspended.



JEANINE  
 (under her breath)  
 Damn these last-century Rooms.

Jeanine puts on her professional passive-aggression.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
 Did they announce I've made partner  
 already? I'd say this is so  
 unexpected, but it's not.

MICHAEL  
 Don't get ahead of yourself. More  
 specifically, don't get ahead of me.  
 That partner spot is mine.

JEANINE  
 Not possible. I work longer, harder,  
 and faster than anyone here.

MICHAEL  
 Mmm, I love it when you talk dirty.

JEANINE  
 Can you get out of my office, please?

Just then, ROSEMARY MCNAB (25) knocks briskly on the door and enters without waiting for a response.

ROOM  
 Do Not Disturb mode still suspended.

JEANINE  
 (to the Room)  
 Yeah, I'd noticed.

ROSEMARY  
 Don't be rude the Room, it's not a  
 good look.

MICHAEL  
 Does the Room have feelings? Because  
 it shouldn't. Because that'd be a  
 crime.  
 (beat)  
 Wait, does the room have feelings? Has  
 Jeanine committed a crime?

JEANINE  
 You wish. Looks like you'll have to  
 work to make partner instead of  
 kissing ass.

MICHAEL

I can do both.

ROSEMARY

Which brings me to the reason I'm here: reminding you The Partner Potluck is this weekend. Please remember to bring a *homemade* item. The wiring in Mr. Stokes' cybernetic augments *will* be able to tell if it's store-bought.

JEANINE

Will Mr. Hoffenwilder be there, or will he be "occupied" occupying a crypt somewhere?

MICHAEL

Don't be ridiculous. He'll be cooling his heels in cryogenic storage.

ROSEMARY

It's sweet that you two only get along when you're ganging up on me.

JEANINE / MICHAEL

We aren't getting along.

Rosemary scoffs as she prepares to leave.

ROSEMARY

Oh, and significant others are welcome at the Potluck. It's not required, obviously, but the partners love family ties. Makes us seem less robotic.

Rosemary chuckles at her little joke. Jeanine and Michael give exactly one (1) pity laugh each.

MICHAEL

Man, this is gonna be tough. Do I bring flexible Francesca from Florence or sultry Stella from Stockholm?

JEANINE

Ew. Hey, Rosemary, what about those of us who *don't* have a stable of European supermodels to choose from?

ROSEMARY

You can come alone if you want to, but the partners do like everyone to... have partners.

JEANINE

Damn it.

Michael grins and rubs his hands together.

MICHAEL

I'm going to start taking measurements in that empty corner office. Want to help me out, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

I have a lot of work to do, so no.

MICHAEL

How much can you really have going on? One of your bosses hasn't left a conference room since 2308.

ROSEMARY

He's very busy and important, just like me.

Michael continues to pester Rosemary as they exit Jeanine's office.

MICHAEL

And your other boss is definitely dead. Right? We're gonna get you to admit it one day.

There are several whirring and swooshing noises as Michael and Rosemary exit the room.

ROOM

Do Not Disturb Mode activated.

JEANINE

Too little, too late, Room!

CUT TO:

INT. JEANINE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeanine slams her car door shut, then plunks her head down on the steering wheel and screams into it.

JEANINE

Ah, that's better.

She starts the car and begins her drive home.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
 (imitating Michael)  
 Should I bring this hot white lady or  
 that hot white lady?  
 (normal voice)  
 I don't know, Michael, what about a  
 hot non-white lady? Or, hear me out...  
 a regular-looking lady of any hue?  
 (Michael voice)  
 Oh, I would rather die.

Just then, Jeanine's phone rings. Jeanine sighs as she picks up.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
 I've had a long day, so--

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 Jeanieeee, favorite sister.

JEANINE  
 No.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 We're coming over for dinner.

JEANINE  
 I said no.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 It'll be good for you. You've been all  
 work for the past three months, which  
 means you've been more boring than  
 usual. I didn't think it was possible.

JEANINE  
 Insulting me is not helping.

A new voice shouts its way down the line.

AGGIE (O.S.)  
 We're bringing wine!

JEANINE  
 ... Aggie can come for dinner.

While Aggie cheers, Ellie grumbles.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 The differences in treatment between  
 sisters and future sisters-in-law...  
 I'm suing.

JEANINE  
 (cheerfully)  
 You'd lose!

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 What's got you in such a mood, anyway?

Jeanine groans and beats her steering wheel with her fist.

JEANINE  
 I have to bring a *date* to a *work function*, and I find this to be *totally--*

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 -- Awesome! Jeanie, this will be great for you.

AGGIE (O.S.)  
 Yeah, maybe you can even find a plus one in time for our wedding.

JEANINE  
 You didn't even give me a plus one with my invitation, so that's on you.

Ellie and Aggie start talking over themselves.

AGGIE (O.S.)  
 I tried to tell her you might be able to find someone--

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 And I told her there was no point paying for a worthless table setting--

While Ellie and Aggie bicker, Jeanine pulls up to her house and spots something.

JEANINE  
 Guys. Guys, shut up!  
 (intense)  
 There's a man on my porch.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
 ... Is he hot?

JEANINE / AGGIE (O.S.)  
 Are you serious? / She could be about to get murdered right now.

Jeanine pauses and looks at her phone.

JEANINE  
Okay, Aggie, wow.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEANINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeanine gets out of the car with Ellie and Aggie still on speakerphone. She whispers into the phone as she approaches.

AGGIE (O.S.)  
You're not just walking up to him, are you?

JEANINE  
Don't worry, I have the Mace I got myself for Valentine's Day.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
That's very practical and very sad.

JEANINE  
It won't be sad if it saves my life, you dick.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Every time you're mean to me, I add another embarrassing story to your eulogy.

AGGIE (O.S.)  
Shhh, you two! Jeanine, what's he doing?

Jeanine takes baby steps closer to the porch.

JEANINE  
He's just standing there with his eyes closed. Is he... sleeping?

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Is he masturbating?

JEANINE / AGGIE (O.S.)  
Ellie!

ELLIE (O.S.)  
I'm just saying, check his hands.

Jeanine inches her way up the steps.

JEANINE  
I'm walking up the steps now...

Suddenly, there's a whirring sound as the figure on the porch opens its eyes.

LEOH

Hello, Jeanine. I'm LEO(h), and I've been waiting my whole life to meet you.

There's a pause.

ELLIE (O.S.)

... Maybe you *should* mace him.

LEOH

I have no pain sensors in my eyes. I assume Maker Lane didn't think I would need them.

(then, seriously)

If that's something you'd like, I can request an upgrade.

JEANINE

Wait, *Penelope* sent you? You're a robot?!

LEOH

Android. I'll disregard the incorrect terminology because I love you.

JEANINE

What the hell?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. JEANINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeanine bustles LEO(h) into the house.

JEANINE

Get in here, quick. Quick!

LEOH

Ah, you're dominant. Recalibrating.

JEANINE

Do not recalibrate! Don't calibrate at all! Just get in and let me think.

Jeanine fumbles in the darkness until she hits the light switch on the wall.

LEOH

You don't have Intel-Lights?

JEANINE

I work with tech all day. I like to keep it simple at home-- wait. Stop. Forget what I just said. Don't learn anything about me!

LEOH

But I want to know everything about you.

He peers around interestedly.

LEOH (CONT'D)

So this is how you live?

ELLIE (O.S.)

Girl, I ask her the same thing.

Jeanine belatedly realizes that Ellie and Aggie are still on the line.

JEANINE

You're still-- AGH. Hanging up now,  
NOT A WORD TO ANYONE.

Jeanine lowers the blinds by hand.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

How many people saw you?



LEOH

According to my background data logs, ten vehicles and three pedestrians have passed since my drop-off. But since I was programmed not to power on until I heard your voice, it's impossible to know for sure how many people took notice of me.

JEANINE

Okay. Okay. This is fine, this is fine ohmygosh I'm freaking out.

LEOH

I could give you a massage--

JEANINE

No massages. No touching. Just give me a minute to figure this out.

Jeanine opens a door and pushes LEO(h) inside.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

Wait in here.

SFX: Jeanine dials a number on her cell phone and taps her foot impatiently as it rings.

PENELOPE

Jeanine, darling, how lovely to hear from you!

JEANINE

Why is there an android in my house?

PENELOPE

An android in your house? How strange!

JEANINE

Wait, so you *don't* know anything about this?

PENELOPE

He was meant to be on the porch.

JEANINE

(teeth clenched)  
I brought it inside once I realized *you sent it*.

PENELOPE

Well, of course I sent him. To thank you, my dear.

(MORE)

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

He's running the latest version Lane Robotics Sentience Science.

JEANINE

You don't mean...

PENELOPE

Don't worry, he's perfectly safe. We worked out the issues with those pesky Abe Units. Turns out the missing ingredient was free will!

JEANINE

Penelope!

PENELOPE

LEO(h) is programmed to love you, and he will be very, very good at it. Exceptionalism is the Lane Robotics promise!

JEANINE

How can he have free will and be programmed to love me?

PENELOPE

He can make all of his own choices in almost every way, but when it comes to love... well, I just gave him a little nudge.

JEANINE

You sent me a sexbot!

PENELOPE

He's an android, Jeanine, don't be crass. Besides, he's not *just* interested in sex. He's interested in you. LEO(h) comes fully-loaded with all the intelligence on you've I've gathered throughout our trials.

JEANINE

Oh, they've been trials all right.

PENELOPE

LEO(h) is your ideal man. He's loving, empathetic, optimistic, and... well, he's sort of helpful. Never quite got the kinks sorted on that bit. But for all your other kinks? He's good to go.

Jeanine breathes heavily for a moment.

JEANINE

You mean to tell me... that you  
created an *illegal* android... and sent  
him to your *lawyer*?

PENELOPE

You're welcome.

Just then, the doorbell starts ringing off the wall. Ellie  
and Aggie pound on the door.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Are you alive in there? Was that sexy  
robot actually a sexy *killer* robot?

AGGIE (O.S.)

If you can hear us, scream for help!

ELLIE (O.S.)

If she's already dead she won't be  
able to scream.

AGGIE (O.S.)

Step aside. I'm gonna break down the  
door.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Not with the WINE!

There's a tussle on the other side of the door as Ellie  
wrestles Aggie for the wine bottle.

PENELOPE

I sense this might be a good moment to  
remind you of attorney-client  
privilege. Must dash!

JEANINE

(into phone)

Penelope, we're *not* done--

*Click.* Jeanine hyperventilates into the phone while Ellie and  
Aggie resume their pounding.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Are you dead *now*?

AGGIE (O.S.)

I went five over the speed limit to  
get here and rescue you! You better  
not be murdered!

Jeanine opens the door and lets Ellie and Aggie inside. Ellie  
brandishes the bottle of wine.

ELLIE

Where is he? Let me at him!

AGGIE

Yeah... Where is he?

JEANINE

Oh, whoops.

Jeanie opens a door and LEO(h) emerges.

LEOH

Hello! You must be Ellie. I've heard so much about your volatile dynamic with Jeanine.

Ellie whacks Jeanine with the wine bottle.

JEANINE

Ow!

ELLIE

You put him in the closet?!

JEANINE

I panicked!

(another whack)

Ellie! That's a really heavy bottle of wine!

ELLIE

You know I can't condone keeping people in closets!

JEANINE

I'm sorry!

(beat, then to LEO(h))

Did you clean the closet?

LEOH

I like to be useful.

Aggie clicks her tongue admiringly.

AGGIE

Wow, you should let him get his hands on the rest of your house.

ELLIE

I want to get my hands on his code.

(to LEO(h))

May I?

LEOH

Well. Since you asked politely. Do you have a data cable.

ELLIE

I'm a programmer. Never leave home without one, baby.

LEO(h) takes off his shirt.

JEANINE

Do you really need to take your clothes off for this?

ELLIE

Unclench, Jeanie. He's just giving me access to the port under his arm.

(re: code)

Holy shit. This is the most advanced code I've never seen.

JEANINE

Advanced how?

ELLIE

I know thirty coding languages and what's happening here makes me feel like a kindergartner.

JEANINE

Apparently he has free will.

There's a shocked pauses.

ELLIE

(weakly)

Then yep, that would do it.

(to Jeanine)

So you're just out here doing *crime* crime.

LEOH

I'm powered by the latest in Lane Robotics artificial intelligence technology and have a dynamic personality matrix.

ELLIE

And even more interesting-- you love my sister?

LEOH

Yes.

ELLIE  
That one over there?

LEOH  
Yes.

ELLIE  
You're absolutely sure?

JEANINE  
Ellie!

ELLIE  
I'm not being glib... I'm not being  
*entirely* glib. I'm just testing. I  
think he really means it.

AGGIE  
How is that possible?

JEANINE  
I'm not sure it is.

LEOH  
It is.

He takes a few steps, slowly closing the distance between him  
and Jeanine.

LEOH (CONT'D)  
I feel it in the curve of my smile  
when I see your face. In the  
butterflies in my stomach when you  
speak. In the way I--

JEANINE  
Enough!

Ellie cackles with delight.

ELLIE  
I am *loving* this. It's too bad he's  
not black. Grandma Ree will still have  
something to complain about.

AGGIE  
Wait, does she complain about me  
because I'm Chinese?

ELLIE  
Oh, baby, no. She thinks you're  
Korean, and she complains about *that*.

Jeanine, who has been pacing worriedly in a corner throughout this exchange, stops in front of LEO(h).

JEANINE

LEO(h) Unit--

LEOH

Just LEO(h).

JEANINE

LEO(h)... this is never going to happen.

LEOH

Why not?

ELLIE / AGGIE

Yeah, why not?

AGGIE

(apologetically)

I love a good rom-com.

ELLIE

And I love mess!

JEANINE

Sentient androids are illegal, first of all. Illegal. Second, even if what this unit-- LEO(h)-- feels is love, it's programming. There's no way to consent.

LEOH

I consent. Do whatever you want to me. Please.

There's a heavy pause.

AGGIE

Elle-belle, there's a slight chance I have a case of the bisexuals.

ELLIE

Right there with you, babe.

JEANINE

FURTHERMORE, I'm perfectly capable of finding a boyfriend by myself.

ELLIE

Really? Because you were just whining on the phone about not having anyone for the-- OUCH, don't kick me!

JEANINE

Get out of my house. LEO(h), can you, like, power down?

LEOH

I can enter sleep mode.

JEANINE

Do that, please. I'll figure out how to handle this situation in the morning.

ELLIE

(suggestive)

I think he can tell you how to handle him.

JEANINE

Out!

CUT TO:

INT. JEANINE'S HOUSE - DAY

SFX: Bacon and eggs sizzle on the stove as Jeanine tip-toes down the stairs.

JEANINE

What in hell?

LEOH

You're awake! Good morning! Breakfast is just about ready.

(beat)

You won't need a baseball bat to eat it.

Jeanine comes downstairs and sheepishly sets the bat down in the corner.

JEANINE

No offense. I'm just not used to having company. Especially company beyond the limits of human comprehension.

LEOH

You could *get* used to me.

JEANINE

Wow, okay, here's a little something about me. Suggestive lines make my skin crawl. Recalibrate that.



LEOH  
Noted. Recalibrating.

Jeanine takes a seat at the kitchen counter and takes a look around.

JEANINE  
Wait a minute, did you clean?

LEOH  
I just moved a few things around.  
Don't worry, I kept a detailed  
organizational log.

JEANINE  
I wasn't worried. Not about that,  
anyway.

LEOH  
Breakfast is served!

He sets a steaming plate down in front of Jeanine.

LEOH (CONT'D)  
I also fixed that squeaky board on the  
porch and made your lunch.

Jeanine is face-first in her plate of food.

JEANINE  
Mmm, ohmygosh, I'm in love--

LEO(h)'s breath catches.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
With these eggs! What did you put in  
them?  
(interrupting)  
And if you say, "love," I will scream.

LEOH  
It's just a little bit of cumin.  
(then)  
Jeanine, let me stay. Give me a  
chance. I can make your life better.

Jeanine puts down her fork.

JEANINE  
Penelope did program you with the  
knowledge that I'm a lawyer, right?

LEOH  
Yes.

JEANINE  
A robotics intelligence lawyer?

LEOH  
Yes.

JEANINE  
Then you should understand that you have not made my life better. Your presence represents an enormous and illegal conflict of interest for me. I could be fired. Previous cases could be overturned. I could go to *prison*. And for what?

LEOH  
For love?

Jeanine pushes her plate away.

JEANINE  
For-- okay, no, this is too much. I get that your programming is making you say that, but it's too much.

LEOH  
It's not just my *programming*--

JEANINE  
-- I can't hear that, okay? Just... stay here today while I try to figure a way out of this mess.

Jeanine heads away to get ready for the day, then returns for her plate.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
I am just gonna finish these, though.

CUT TO:

INT. HOFFENWILDER & STOKES - DAY

Jeanine taps her fingers nervously on her desk.

ROOM  
Rosemary McNab is approaching.

JEANINE  
Great yes thanks!  
(then)  
Rosemary!

Jeanine yanks Rosemary into her office as she passes.

ROSEMARY

(by rote)

Mr. Hoffenwilder is unavailable for meetings at this time--

JEANINE

Relax, I'm not interested in your dead boss. I just had a question. Kind of a thought experiment.

ROSEMARY

It's not like I have pressing legal matters to attend to. My student loans won't mind if I get fired. Ask away!

Jeanine, impervious to Rosemary's sarcasm, dives in.

JEANINE

Thanks, okay, so. How would you feel if you found out that your, say, toaster was aware.

ROSEMARY

Aware how?

JEANINE

Like, sentient. Someone has programmed your toaster to have feelings and possibly free will.

ROSEMARY

Well, there'd be a lot of guilt. I've shoved... many bagels into my toaster. A lot of sesame seeds have been wedged in some uncomfortable places.

JEANINE

Okay, and after the guilt?

ROSEMARY

The guilt would keep me from *destroying* the toaster, so that just leaves fleeing the country.

JEANINE

Wait, what?

ROSEMARY

I've been harboring an illegal toaster for going on five years. No one's going to believe I couldn't tell the toaster was sentient.

(MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

If I ship the toaster away and someone else finds it, they can trace ownership back to me-- Hey, Michael!

Jeanine tries to shush Rosemary.

JEANINE

No no no, it's okay, we don't need to make this a group project--

MICHAEL

Hey, what's up?

ROSEMARY

Sentient toaster thought experiment. Assuming you don't want to destroy the toaster, I'm thinking you flee the country.

MICHAEL

Yeah, running's your best bet, probably to a country with less restrictive robotics laws, like Greenland. Stick around here and it's prison for sure.

Michael laughs to himself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I mean, an illegally conscious android, toaster or otherwise, living with a robotics intelligence lawyer? That'd be crazy!

LEOH (O.S.)

Hello.

Jeanine, Rosemary, and Michael all jump.

JEANINE

Merciful Zeus, what are you doing here?!

(sotto to LEO(h))

I told you to *stay at home*.

LEOH

But you forgot your lunch. I just wanted to drop it off for you.

LEO(h) sets the lunch down on Jeanine's desk and opens it up, and boy, does it bring all the lawyers to the yard.

JEANINE

Holy Michelin star.

MICHAEL  
Is that prime rib?

ROSEMARY  
And an adorable mini-creme brulee?

JEANINE  
I'm gonna need everyone to take five steps back from my lunch, thank you.

LEOH  
(smug)  
I knew you'd like it.

ROSEMARY  
Who is this culinary drink of water?

JEANINE  
Uh, this is my... LEO(h).

Jeanine has a sudden burst of inspiration.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
And he's coming with me to the Partner Potluck!

ROSEMARY  
Amen. If he cooks, Hoffenwilder and Stokes might actually show up.

MICHAEL  
Wait, what?

JEANINE  
Oh, he's definitely cooking.  
(for Michael's benefit)  
LEO(h), would you come with me for a second? There's an office I need to measure.

CUT TO:

INT. JEANINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LEO(h) makes dinner as Jeanine quizzes him.

JEANINE  
How long have I been at Hoffenwilder & Stokes?

LEOH  
Five years, which gives you three months seniority over Michael Parker.

JEANINE

My sworn nemesis and the bane of my existence. You don't have to remember that part, I just feel contractually obligated to mention it every time his full name comes up.

LEOH

Mr. Stokes has been in meetings for the duration of your time at the firm. You've seen Hoffenwilder once or twice, but for all of ten minutes. You suspect he is dead and his cybernetic augments are keeping his body mobile.

JEANINE

There's no other rational explanation.  
(then)  
You know a lot.

LEOH

Penelope wanted to be sure I was perfect for you.

JEANINE

You're not perfect for me.

LEOH

(imitating Jeanine)  
"You're not perfect for me."  
(normal voice)  
Stop getting on my nerves and eat your food.

Jeanine is startled into laughter.

JEANINE

You make jokes.

LEOH

I know what you think is funny.  
(off her look)  
Not from Penelope. Just from talking to you. I am a person, Jeanine.

JEANINE

Well...

LEOH

I'm sentient, then. I laugh, I cry. I love, not that you've noticed. Here.

LEO(h) pours Jeanine a glass of water and slides it over.

JEANINE

Thanks, I needed that.

(off his look)

Don't raise your eyebrows at me. I'm sure you have sensors that tell you when nearby humans are dehydrated.

LEOH

Nope. I'm no med-droid. I'm just paying attention to you.

JEANINE

Mmm, sure. Hold that thought, I need--

LEOH

Coasters are in the container on your right. I might have used *some* sensors to figure out your most likely locations and rearrange the kitchen to be more convenient for you.

JEANINE

Huh. Thanks, I guess.

LEO(h) stirs something and takes a pot off the stove.

LEOH

Try this caramel sauce?

Jeanine comes over.

JEANINE

Hit me.

LEO(h) spoons the sauce directly onto Jeanine's tongue. We hear the sounds of the two of them getting closer.

LEOH

(softly)

How is it?

JEANINE

(wonderingly)

Sweet. Complex. I'd eat this by the spoonful.

LEOH

So you like it?

JEANINE

It's perfect.

(then)

Hey, you've got little gold flecks in your eyes...

The universe holds its breath.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
All of a sudden I'm very full!

LEOH  
Jeanine...

JEANINE  
Thanks for dinner, goodnight!

As Jeanine flees the scene, we:

CUT TO:

INT. JEANINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeanine dials and paces breathlessly as her phone rings.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
I knew you'd call-- listen, you didn't  
feed us dinner so we took that wine  
right back home. Them's the rules.

JEANINE  
That's not why I'm calling.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
You sound weird, where are you?

JEANINE  
In my room.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
With the robot?  
(gasp)  
Is this a post-coital phone call? Is  
that why you sound all winded?

JEANINE  
Ellie! I'm not winded, I am freaking  
out.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Less fun, but okay. What's up?

Jeanine plops down onto her bed and sighs before answering.

JEANINE  
He seems like a person. A real person,  
I mean, not just an android.



ELLIE (O.S.)

I can believe it. Leo(h)'s a brilliant piece of craftsmanship.

JEANINE

That's what I mean. Craftsmanship. He was made. He's just code.

ELLIE

To be fair, aren't we all? Code, DNA... Tomato, heirloom tomato.

JEANINE

I don't think that way. I literally get paid to think the exact opposite of that way.

ELLIE

But if you weren't? If you weren't so afraid of losing your job and going to jail and never seeing the sun again?

JEANINE

Wow, way to paint the picture.

ELLIE

I'm just saying, then what?

JEANINE

Then I would still be dealing with a "being" that can't fully choose. No matter how charming Leo(h) is, no matter how many dinners he cooks--

ELLIE

Wait, he *cooks*--?

JEANINE

He can't choose me. So I can't fall for him. Which means I cannot forget that he's not a real person.

Just then, the distant sound of vacuuming.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

And now he's cleaning again.

ELLIE

Truly the perfect man. You gotta go?

JEANINE

No, he only cleans when I'm not watching.

ELLIE

Ah, good ol' background programs.

JEANINE

I'll stay in here to give him time to finish the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTNER POTLUCK - DAY

Jeanine and LEO(h) enter the Potluck, appropriately awed.

LEOH

So if you make partner, you'll live like this?

JEANINE

It's not just about quality of life. It's about justice, and upholding truth... but yeah, I'd be loaded.

MICHAEL

Bell!

Michael ambushes Jeanine just inside the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(greeting LEO(h))  
And Bell's boy-toy, how you doin'?

JEANINE

He's not my boy-toy.

MICHAEL

Then what is he?

LEOH

(sotto to Jeanine)  
Yeah, what am I?

Jeanine reluctantly wraps her mouth around the words.

JEANINE

LEO(h) is... my... boyfriend.

Jeanine patently ignores the sound of LEO(h)'s mechanical heart beating out of his chest.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

I never mentioned him because I didn't want to mix my work and home lives.

MICHAEL

Uh-huh, or, did you just hire some chef to pose as your boyfriend so that you could trick the partners into noticing you?

JEANINE

I... totally should have done that.

Rosemary swoops by to snatch LEO(h)'s dish out of his hands.

ROSEMARY

Jeanine's boyfriend, you're here! What did you bring?

LEOH

Beef Wellington.

ROSEMARY

It smells good enough to wake the dead. I'm going to waggle it under Mr. Hoffenwilder.

JEANINE / MICHAEL

Is he--

ROSEMARY

Currently unavailable for viewing, check back later.

JEANINE

Truly, who runs this law firm?

ROSEMARY

(imperiously)  
I think we all know the answer to that.

Michael's date, heretofore silent, makes her presence known in her throaty Italian accent.

FRANCESCA

Michael, I'm parched, absolutely.

LEOH

Please, let me get your drink, Ms--

FRANCESCA

Francesca. A water to drink and a negroni to look at.

(explaining)  
I have a runway show tomorrow. A hangover will make my walk... how do you say, like the tower, in Pisa?

LEOH  
 Back in a moment.  
 (to Jeanine)  
 I'll bring your drink, too, sweetie.

JEANINE  
 (sotto)  
 Don't push it.

Jeanine watches as LEO(h) heads into the potluck unsupervised.

MICHAEL  
 It's a big house, but he's not gonna get lost in it. There's a digital map in every room.

JEANINE  
 I'm just worried he'll get cornered by someone and interrogated and all of his secrets will be exposed.  
 (beat)  
 You know, the usual fears.

MICHAEL  
 I never see you this wound up. You must really like this guy.

FRANCESCA  
 Don't tease her, Michael. It is good to have passion.  
 (to Jeanine)  
 I myself never show passion because, as you know, it wrinkles the face and shortens the career.

A slight pause.

JEANINE  
 I'm just gonna go help LEO(h) with those drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTNER POTLUCK - SAME TIME

A tipsy LEO(h) confides in an android bartender.

LEOH  
 I told Jeanine I knew her drink, but I was lying. Penelope didn't know, so she never told me. That's why I'm TASTING. EVERYTHING.

ANDROID BARTENDER

Totally get it. Here's your old-fashioned.

LEO(h) downs the drink as Jeanine approaches from behind him.

LEOH

It's just that this is really important. If I can help Jeanine through this Potluck, she might let me stay. And if she lets me stay, who knows what could happen with us?

A stricken Jeanine stops dead in her tracks.

JEANINE

Oh no.

She pulls out her phone and dials.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

Ellie? Still not post-coital, just another freak-out!

Back on LEO(h) and the Android Bartender:

ANDROID BARTENDER

We've all been there, man. Can I getcha another?

LEOH

(suspicious beat)

How many stock phrases are you programmed with?

ANDROID BARTENDER

Seventeen. I can also take shots!

LEOH

Maybe later. For now, I'll just take the negroni and... the martini.

ANDROID BARTENDER

Coming right up.

LEO(h) gathers the drinks into his hands and starts to head back to where he last saw Jeanine. As he does, he passes a slightly open door.

INT. ROOM - SAME TIME

Jeanine is on the phone speaking in hushed tones.

JEANINE

You really think that could work?

(listens)

I'm pretty desperate, Ellie. I don't want to flee the country over a toaster.

LEO(h) gasps (unheard by Jeanine) and steps away from the door. Then he rapidly throws back both drinks and power-walks back over to the bartender.

LEOH

I'm ready to do shots.

ANDROID BARTENDER

Activating shots mode!

Tinny hip-hop music starts playing in the bar area.

LEOH

Is that a disco ball?

ANDROID BARTENDER

Wouldn't be shots mode without a light show! Down the hatch, brah!

LEO(h) pounds his first shot.

LEOH

We had a moment last night. An actual moment.

ANDROID BARTENDER

Totally. Round 2?

LEO(h) takes the second shot.

LEOH

I swear she almost saw it. How perfect we are for each other. I was literally made for her.

ANDROID BARTENDER

Don't get what you mean.

LEOH

Uh, it doesn't matter. Two shots at once, let's go!

LEO(h) and the bartender throw back shots three and four.

ANDROID BARTENDER

Whew. My programming does not like tequila.

LEOH

I love her, bar-droid. What do I do?

The android bartender starts to short out.

ANDROID BARTENDER

Love isn't a valid discussion topic  
during shots mode- mode- mode. And the  
tequila-a-a-a--

The android bartender starts to whir. Meanwhile, Jeanine emerges from the small room and takes in the sight.

JEANINE

No no, not this shit again.

ANDROID BARTENDER

System failure. System failure.

There's a popping sound as the bartender's head literally explodes.

FRANCESCA

Mama Mia, it's-a fire!

Guests knock into each other as they panic and begin to flee. There's a crash as someone knocks the baking dish from Rosemary's hands.

ROSEMARY

Nooo, not the Beef Wellington! It was  
my last hope!

Jeanine rushes over to LEO(h).

JEANINE

What happened? I left you alone for  
one second!

LEOH

You know what? How about you just  
leave me alone forever.

LEO(h) storms out, leaving a bewildered Jeanine behind.

JEANINE

Wait, did I just get stormed out on?

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. JEANINE'S CAR - LATER

SFX: Car and traffic noises and Jeanine drives LEO(h) home in near silence.

JEANINE

So you don't have anything to say?

LEOH

Not to you.

JEANINE

You're mad at *me*? You blew up my boss's bartender!

LEOH

You called me a toaster.

Jeanine makes a noise of surprise.

JEANINE

I was just talking to Ellie about-- you weren't supposed to...

She rallies and tries to regain her righteous indignation.

JEANINE (CONT'D)

Well, you were eavesdropping! You shouldn't have been listening to me!  
(beat)  
Hello?

LEOH

(not sorry)  
Oh, I'm sorry, I wasn't listening to you anymore.

Jeanine huffs in irritation as we:

CUT TO:

INT. JEANINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SFX: Vacuum cleaner as LEO(h) moodily vacuums the living room. Jeanine clears her throat from the doorway.

JEANINE

LEO(h). LEO(h)!

LEO(h) keeps vacuuming.



JEANINE (CONT'D)  
LEO(h), I'm... I'm sorry.

The vacuum cleaner powers down.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
You could hear me that whole time,  
couldn't you?

LEOH  
I was just waiting for you to say  
something important.

There's a beat as the two contemplate each other.

JEANINE  
The toaster thing-- it wasn't about  
you. Or, well, it was a reference to  
an earlier conversation. I see how  
that must have hurt you, though, and,  
yeah. I'm sorry.

LEOH  
Thanks. I guess I forgive you.

JEANINE  
But do you? I mean, do you really?

LEOH  
What do you mean?

JEANINE  
You're programmed to love me. Wherever  
I'm concerned, your free will isn't  
free. Lane Sentience Science might  
have given you something like a soul,  
but it's put limits in your soul by  
not letting you choose who you love.

LEOH  
Jeanine. To me, this feels like  
choosing. I don't want anyone else.  
All I want is you.

JEANINE  
How do you know?

LEO(h) cannot answer this.

JEANINE (CONT'D)  
I do have a possible solution.

LEOH  
 (hopeful)  
 What is it?

JEANINE  
 I called Ellie to ask if there was any way we could isolate the part of your code that compels you to love me.

LEOH  
 And?

JEANINE  
 And she thinks it's possible, although who knows how long it could take. But once that's gone... well, you'll still be deeply illegal, but at least you can decide for yourself whether you love me or not. You can hide in plain sight.

LEOH  
 What do you get out of this?

JEANINE  
 I avoid some prickly consent issues, I won't have to kill the toaster- sorry - and I won't need to flee the country.

LEO(h) considers for a beat.

LEOH  
 All right, let's do it.

JEANINE  
 This will all work out. You'll see.

LEOH  
 Yes. Or maybe you'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. LANE ROBOTICS - NIGHT

Penelope Lane sits at her desk scrolling through some reports on the latest tablet technology.

PENELOPE  
 Room, be a dear and open the LEO(h) log, would you?

ROOM  
 Loading LEO(h) log. Hah! I adore alliteration!

This room has markedly more personality than Jeanine's office. There's a pleasant tone as the Room projects the log into the room.

PENELOPE

(reading)

Hmm... okay... oh, my! This caramel sauce moment gets a bit salacious. I might take this in with some wine.

ROOM

Pinging an Abe Unit now.

PENELOPE

Thank you, Room. Yes, the background data from the LEO(h) unit is very good indeed. We may soon be able to move forward with the next stage of the program. Send notice to the team.

SFX: A dramatic "dun dun dun" noise plays.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

... Room, did you change my notification sound again?

ROOM

Yes. I like that one because it sounds dramatic.

PENELOPE

Well. I suppose there is *something* dramatic about changing the course of history.

Penelope's notification sound again, and off that "dun dun dun," we:

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW