

INSIGHT

"Pilot"

by

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INSIGHT.

COLD OPEN

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

In a comfortable, middle class kitchen the FRASER family (Dad, mum and daughter) finish their various breakfasts. The daughter, 14, wolfs down the last of her cereal.

DAUGHTER

Finished! Can I...

MUM

Yes, you may now watch TV, go.

The girl rushes out of the kitchen.

MUM (CONT'D)

Heaven forfend she spends any more time with us.

DAD

Hate to break it to you but I have to shoot too. I'm late for work.

DAD wipes his chin on a napkin, grabs his mobile from a shelf, kisses his wife on the top of her head and sweeps out of the kitchen

CUT TO:

EXT. SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE - MORNING

DAD rushes out of his front door, making his way towards the family car. As he reaches the driver's door, he stops and grimaces.

DAD

Bugger.

Having obviously forgotten something, he races back towards his front door.

CUT TO:

INT. SEMI-DETACHED HALL - MORNING

DAD

Just me! Forgotten the ruddy files.

DAD rushes towards the stairwell in front of him. As he passes the open door of the living room, something catches his eye. Something incongruous, something not quite right. He turns and walks back towards the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAD is stopped in his tracks by the sight of his daughter violently convulsing on the floor. White foam is beginning to ooze out her mouth.

DAD

Oh my God!

He runs to his daughter and attempts to hold her to him but the spasms are too strong. He turns back towards the kitchen.

DAD (CONT'D)

Clare! CLARE!!!

No response.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'll be right back, baby, hold on!

DAD bolts out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

To his horror, he finds his wife, CLARE, also convulsing on the floor. All this is almost too much for him to take in. He lets out a whimper, then rummages for his mobile in his suit jacket pocket. Before he can retrieve the phone, however, he too starts to shake. Soon he's overcome by the convulsions and begins to spin around the room, thrashing wildly before collapsing to the floor. Both CLARE and DAD are now foaming and twitching, like gasping fish, on the parquet floor. CLARE's foot twitches up against the metal of the dishwasher door, kicking out an unpleasant, high tempo rhythm. The sound of the kicks get louder and louder. Bang, bang, bang, bangbangbang!

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT BENEDICT'S HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Bang! SAMANTHA WEIR slams her car door and makes her way up the steps of St. Benedict's church. Her hair, her make-up are all rather hum drum and practical, while her dark blue trouser suit screams 'police'.

CUT TO:

INT. SAINT BENEDICT'S HOMELESS SHELTER RECEPTION - DAY

SAMANTHA strides into the reception of the homeless shelter. As she approaches the reception desk, the youthful receptionist looks up from his newspaper.

RECEPTIONIST  
Hi, can I help?

SAMANTHA  
Hope so.

SAMANTHA pulls out a small plastic wallet from her trouser pocket. On it are her government credentials.

RECEPTIONIST  
(squinting at the ID  
card)  
Sorry, who are you?

SAMANTHA  
Samantha Weir. I'm a government  
agent.

RECEPTIONIST  
Which means?

SAMANTHA  
(said with a smile but  
also with intent)  
I'm someone you should take  
seriously.

RECEPTIONIST  
Right.

The RECEPTIONIST goes back to his newspaper.

SAMANTHA  
We're looking for a man who is of  
high importance to the security  
of this country.

RECEPTIONIST  
(without even looking  
up)  
Wow.

SAMANTHA  
Our enquiries have led us to  
believe that he may well frequent  
this homeless refuge.

RECEPTIONIST  
Do they send you people somewhere  
special to help you talk like  
that or does it come naturally?

SAMANTHA

We get sent somewhere special.

SAMANTHA pulls a photo from her inside lapel pocket. She puts it under the receptionist's nose.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Recognise this man?

RECEPTIONIST

(not even attempting to seriously analyse the photo)

Nope.

SAMANTHA

Look, I get it and I understand your reluctance, I really do, but I don't have time to play Establishment/Anti-Establishment so, please, look at the photo properly.

RECEPTIONIST

Or what?

After a moments pause, SAMANTHA leans into the RECEPTIONIST, beckoning him forward with her index finger. She whispers something, we are not privy to, into his ear. There is a pause as the RECEPTIONIST digests the information, then he springs into cooperative life.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Maggie, there's a lady here looking for someone!

CUT TO:

INT. SAINT BENEDICT'S CANTEEN- DAY

In a large, converted Church nave a cross section of London's homeless sit at long refectory tables eating hot food. SAMANTHA is escorted into the canteen by an earnest, female volunteer, MAGGIE.

One of the homeless men, WILL, sitting at a table at the back of the canteen, twitches his head around towards SAMANTHA. Years of substance abuse and self-neglect have aged WILL beyond his 36 years. He has a faint scar below his left eye.

SAMANTHA scours the crowd of diners. She confers with MAGGIE.

MAGGIE

What did you say his name was again?

SAMANTHA

Will. Will Dodd.

MAGGIE

I don't think we've got a Will here today... but they often don't give out their actual names.

SAMANTHA

Caucasian. 5'9". 36 years of age. Fair hair, Grey eyes. Scar below left eye.

MAGGIE

Sounds a bit like Gerry. Now I think he normally hides away somewhere at the back...

WILL lowers his head, shrinking into himself. He takes some deep breaths and closes his eyes. SAMANTHA and MAGGIE begin to make their way across the canteen toward his table.

Suddenly, MAGGIE stops in her tracks and tries to steady herself on the edge of a central table. PAUL, a concerned ruddy faced, red haired man, darts up from his meal to help her.

PAUL

Easy Maggie.

SAMANTHA

You alright?

MAGGIE takes a few deep breaths and nods.

WILL quickly scoops the remnants of his plate into his mouth, then throws a look over to HARRY, a large, semi-comatose man with food matted into his beard. Again, WILL closes his eyes and breathes deeply, as if trying to calm himself.

HARRY jolts to life. He stands up and, as if in a trance, wanders over to PAUL. HARRY taps him on the shoulder and, as PAUL turns, headbutts him. PAUL staggers back into SAMANTHA, who is knocked to the floor. A jeering cheer goes up around the canteen.

WILL stares intently at the fire escape at the back of the canteen and prepares to bolt towards it.

The jeering roar increases. Just as two men are about to set upon him, HARRY suddenly seems to snap out of his trance. MAGGIE steps in to prevent a riot.

MAGGIE  
Enough! Get out, Harry.

HARRY is confused.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Get out, Harry!

HARRY, obviously hurt by what he sees as an unjustified expulsion, slopes out of the canteen.

A brawl averted, WILL curses under his breath.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
And you two, help me get Paul to the nurse.

Back on her feet, SAMANTHA passes a bloodied PAUL as she makes her way towards the back of the canteen.

WILL screws his eyes shut in concentration and lowers his head.

As SAMANTHA reaches WILL's table, all the canteen diners (with the exception of WILL) stand up in unison and turn to SAMANTHA. They all extend their arms, as if looking for a hug, and in one voice say...

HOMELESS MEN AND WOMEN  
We love you, Samantha.

The diners begin to chant this like a mantra as they all shuffle towards the bewildered SAMANTHA. Within moments a mass of people surround her, with their arms outstretched, all seemingly looking for a hug.

As SAMANTHA attempts to push her way through the throng, WILL bolts towards the back of the canteen. At the fire exit, he pushes down on the metal door handle and steps out into...

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT BENEDICT'S CAR PARK - DAY

Daylight and freedom. But WILL's escape is blocked by the confident, well built frame of JOE PEVIN.

JOE  
Going somewhere?

WILL takes some deep breaths and calms himself. He stares intently at JOE, as if willing him into unconsciousness.

BEAT.

WILL's brow furrows; the expected did not occur.

JOE (CONT'D)  
 Surprised, Will?  
 (conspiratorially)  
 You'll find your 'gifts' don't  
 work on me.

WILL, in desperation, punches JOE hard in the face. JOE, taken off-guard, staggers backwards as WILL sprints away. Steadying himself against a refuse container, JOE raises his hand to his earpiece.

JOE (CONT'D)  
 This is Agent Pevin; suspect is  
 moving on foot through shelter  
 car park, towards Southwark Road.

JOE begins to give chase.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

WILL fires out of the car park exit and zigzags his way across a busy high street, dodging pedestrians and cars. A heavy set man in a bomber jacket, further up the road, begins to give chase, raising his hand to his ear.

AGENT  
 He's crossing Southwark Road,  
 heading east.

The sheer amount of people and obstacles on the pavement slows the agent's progress.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEW OF SNIPER'S P.O.V. - DAY

WILL is in the cross hairs.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST STORY ROOM OVERLOOKING SOUTHWARK ROAD - DAY

A sniper, at the window of a grimey first floor bedsit, stares through his scope.

SNIPER  
 This is Oswald 1. I have him in  
 my sights.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHWARK STREET - DAY

JOE stands near the car park exit. He shakes his head at the operative's chosen moniker.

JOE  
If you have a clear shot, take  
it.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEW OF SNIPER'S P.O.V. - DAY

WILL, now tiring, is still dead centre in the sniper's scope. Out of breath, he draws to stop and looks about him to see if he is still being pursued.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM OVERLOOKING SOUTHWARK ROAD - DAY

The SNIPER's finger squeezes the trigger. A shot is fired.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEW OF SNIPER'S P.O.V. - DAY

A jogger bounds into the crosshairs and is hit by the SNIPER's tranquiliser dart.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM OVERLOOKING SOUTHWARK ROAD - DAY

SNIPER  
Christ! Civilian down. Target  
missed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHWARK STREET - DAY

WILL notices the jogger fall to the pavement, as well as the tranq dart sticking out of his chest. As WILL looks up to try and spy the source of the shot, he instinctively backs away towards a side road. Finally, he turns and, as best he can, speeds out of view.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM OVERLOOKING SOUTHWARK ROAD - DAY

SNIPER  
Target out of line of site,  
heading down Beaumont Road.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHWARK STREET - DAY

JOE can barely contain his rage.

JOE  
For fu...Stevens, where are you!?

Behind JOE the heavy set agent, STEVENS, puffs into view.

STEVENS  
Right behind you, guv.

JOE turns to the ruddy faced agent, who has drawn to a stop in attempt to catch his breath.

JOE  
Follow me.

JOE sprints off down the road at pace. STEVENS grimaces at the prospect of more running, then sets behind his superior officer.

The men weave through the pedestrians and across the road, car horns blaring at them, to reach the felled jogger.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Stevens, tend to this man.

As the agent complies, JOE sets off down Beaumont Road, in pursuit of WILL

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUMONT ROAD - DAY

WILL's pace is slowing. Years of substance abuse have left him unfit and ill equipped for this sort of exertion.

JOE appears behind him, running at full pelt. WILL hear's the approaching footsteps but hasn't the ability to stop himself slowing even further.

JOE easily gains on him but stops to draw a hand gun from inside his jacket. He takes aim and fires, a small tranquilizer dart hitting the now hobbling WILL in the back.

Almost oblivious to the dart sticking out of his back, WILL instinctively staggers forward.

JOE stands and watches, waiting for the inevitable. Sure enough, the drugs in the dart eventually take effect and WILL collapses to the pavement.

JOE strolls up to the semi-conscious WILL.

JOE  
Will Dodd? Agent Joe Pevin.  
You're going to help us save the  
world, Mr. Dodd.

JOE kicks WILL in the face. Blackout.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS.