

SURVEILLIA

by

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FROM BLACK:

INT. COMPUTER SCREEN

A computer screen blinks on in the dark.

We hear the mouse moving as a secure internet browser opens.

The user brings up a site. Its banner features crosshair-marked western leaders.

The page scrolls through news: COWARD OBAMA RESTRICTS GUN SALES, FEARS REVOLT; BRITISH SPIES FLOODING HACKNEY WITH HEROIN--PROOF!!; NEW 9/11 SECURITY FOOTAGE CONFIRMS INSIDE JOB.

Keyboard-clacks sputter as a second site loads, Black Road.

A chatroom appears, with a conversation in progress:

Concerned4uk has entered the chat room.

Red: best off just killin the lot of them m8

Green: Agreed. It's not practical though, there's not the people power right now. Anyway R, you seen that new fluoride documentary yet?

Red: nahh not yet m8. o hey, Cs here. how you been?

Cyan: Hey hey. How's the family, R?

Red: good good

Green: Hello C, you ready to send those docs over now? Get encryption sorted?

Cyan: Yes! I'm excited to get started, going to rile those sheeple up :)

Green: Alright, I'll hit send. Should get it...

A notification appears on-screen: Cookbook.rtf received.

Green: now.

Cyan: OK, cheers! Hopefully I can buy the bits locally. Looking now.

Red: make a bang m8

The user clicks the notification, and a text file opens.

...-----...

OPENING CREDITS

INT. MARJANE'S KITCHEN - MIDDAY

MARJANE, early 30s, tired, no makeup or hair products. She's of Iranian heritage but behaves like a typical Brit.

Marjane presses together a chocolate spread and peanut butter toasted sandwich.

As she leaves, she throws the knives into the laden sink.

Shots show us the physical evidence of her loneliness.

INT. MARJANE'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marjane's silhouette approaches the net curtains of her bay window. She tucks into her sandwich.

FATHERLY VOICE (O.S.)
Grr, I'm gonna get you!

A FAMILY approaches along the pavement outside, and she stops short of the second bite.

The father, LUKE, early 40s, freckled black skin, long neat beard and suited, swipes playfully at the LITTLE BOY, 9, whenever he comes close. The little boy dashes back and forth laughing at the game.

The daughter, LEAH, 12, smiles as she watches this between glances at her phone.

The son, BILLY, 15, walks with his headphones in.

Beside him the mother, WILLOW, late 30s and creased across her pale forehead. Willow has a stuffed hippy-style canvas tote, and wears an oversize knit jumper.

Marjane ducks away very slightly as they pass the window, but steps on...

FX: A loud meow.

MARJANE
(surprised)
Jeez!

Sandwich in mouth, Marjane attempts to pick up the ginger tomcat, but it dashes away.

She reposes, then continues to watch as the family head down

the street, past the CAR on the driveway, and into their house.

MARJANE (CONT'D)
Cat bastard-

FX: Her phone rings.

Off-guard, she looks puzzled as she stares at the NO CALLER ID.

She grimaces.

MARJANE (CONT'D)
C'mon...

She rubs the side of her head, and having built herself up to it, she answers the phone.

MARJANE (CONT'D)
Hello?

TIM
(phone)
Hi Marjane, it's Tim. How've you been?

MARJANE
Alright. How was your, y'know, uh, staying at work?

TIM
Great, great. Anyway, new assignment. Mind coming in?

MARJANE
Ah, well Tim, I've got people over right now. Can it wait?

TIM
Not really. Marjane...

MARJANE
Yes?

TIM
Since when did you get 'people'?

MARJANE
Uhh, you know-

TIM
Never mind, Marj. Just come in okay?

MARJANE
I'll, um, get rid.

TIM
Alrighty! See you in an hour.

The call drops and Marjane flicks a smile.

She walks past the game controllers and drinks cans and junk food detritus, back into the kitchen.

INT. FAMILY HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS - MIDDAY

Willow holds Downward Facing Dog. In front of her, the two boys sit inches from Call of Duty.

After a second, she unfurls and dons her big knit jumper.

She walks through to the kitchen where Luke is preparing soup, and sits at the table.

LUKE
Good session?

WILLOW
I think it's helping. I'll tell you what though, my calves are so bad. I think I've got a serious problem. So tight.

No reply as she nurses her leg.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
What time are you going in?

LUKE
In a minute. I'll just take summa' this toast with me.

WILLOW
Not going to eat?

Luke holds up a slice.

LUKE
I just said, I'll eat this.

WILLOW
It's Saturday, at least eat with me...
(looks at the boys)
With them, Luke.

LUKE
Can't. This is ready now. Mind
serving it?

WILLOW
Hold on.
(hushed)
I've got my therapy thing this
afternoon, are you going to be
here?

LUKE
Doubtful.

WILLOW
Then what-

LUKE
Billy'll hold the fort, Willow.
It'll be fine.

WILLOW
Hmmm.

Luke leaves the room without looking at Willow.

LUKE
(O.S.)
Bye!

Willow hangs her head for a beat, before raising it toward
the boys.

WILLOW
Billy? Can you watch the house
while I go to my appointment in a
bit?

BILLY
Ughhh. How long will you be?

WILLOW
Two hours-ish.

No reply.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
Billy!

BILLY
Sure thing, mum.

EXT. FAMILY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Luke gets into the car and starts it. His shoulders drop.

He plugs his phone in and taps a few times.

As the Sex Pistols kick in, he sits back, grins, and pulls away.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - DAY (BUT YOU'D NEVER TELL)

A windowless office burned orange by fluorescent lights.

TIM, sculpted man of 45, sits at his desk checking his runner's watch.

FX: It beeps.

Moments later, a younger, messier man strolls in.

TIM

Got your report?

ANALYST

Hi boss, yeah. Here you go.

Tim is handed a USB stick, which he plugs in.

TIM

Anything major?

ANALYST

Yeah, you're gonna wanna see this.
Check out the clip from cam three,
twenty-three hundred last night. I
marked it.

Tim shoots the analyst a raised eyebrow with a frown, while clicking.

TIM

Is this more of what I think it is?

The analyst grins.

ANALYST

They're weapons-grade, boss.

The computer erupts with gasps, smacks and moans. Disgust rips across Tim's face.

TIM

Out now.

ANALYST

Aww, come on.

TIM

If I have to repeat myself...

Tim's demeanour breaks as he looks the man dead in the eye.

TIM (CONT'D)

You're a sick little child. You think it's fun to play peeping-Tom on the women these fucks drag up, because you can't handle a conversation in the lift in real life. Get your slimy hands off my desk and out of my sight.

ANALYST

Alrigh-

TIM

Don't say shit.

He points at the door.

The man sheepishly exits, leaving Tim sighing, palms on temples. He looks up at the computer, exasperated.

Then he frowns, something crossing his mind.

After a beat, he stands up. He removes the USB and carefully stashes it in an inside jacket pocket. He jerkily moves to leave his office--

But as he reaches the door, Marjane walks in. Tim freezes while Marjane just stares.

After a second, Tim pierces the moment.

TIM (CONT'D)

Hi Marjane! Sorry, come in, ha! How did the move go?

Marjane lets her mouth smile but not her eyes.

MARJANE

Oh you know, okay.

TIM

Brilliant. Get any leisure stuff in?

MARJANE

Ah, yeah...

TIM
Great, cool.

They sit.

TIM (CONT'D)
So, we've got a fresh case for our
refreshed agent.

He hands Marjane a dossier. She opens it and nods.

Then she stops. She hides surprise. Tim sees, raises his
brows, but when their gazes meet again it's as if nothing
happened.

TIM (CONT'D)
So, you're starting right away,
tech have sorted your bits out
already since we had them this last
week anyway.

MARJANE
Okay, thanks.
(pause)
Cameras going in?

TIM
Nah. This is a quiet one. We've got
a full phone access warrant, so
you'll be listening through pockets
mostly. No-one's to go anywhere
near them, apparently, so no
sending in a team.

MARJANE
How come?

TIM
Not sure, I haven't read it all
myself. It'll be your only case
until something else comes in, so
you'll have time. It's in that lead
file, somewhere.

MARJANE
Okay Tim. Call if you need.

Marjane stands, ready to leave, concealing agitation.

TIM
No chat? Did you get your personnel
stuff updated yet?

MARJANE

Hmm?

TIM

For the move.

MARJANE

Ah, not yet. I'll sort it from home.

TIM

Okay, eager! Don't be a stranger.

MARJANE

Yep.

Marjane flashes a smile, then whisks away. Tim shrugs, sighing again.

INT. MARJANE'S FRONT ROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Marjane's cat stalks across the front room and up into the bay window.

It sees Marjane's car pull up, listens to her get out, lock it, and put the key in the door.

Marjane beelines for the sofa. She can't unpack her laptop quickly enough.

She shoos the cat away as it nuzzles her arm. She plugs her headphones in, clicks a few buttons.

NOTE: The following are heard through headphones.

WILLOW

-made me feel bad, y'know? Like I just shouldn't-

Click.

LUKE

-mate, she's giving me hassle all the fucking-

Click.

LEAH

-I can't believe the band's splitting-

Click.

BILLY
-piece of shit-

Suddenly, time begins to race forward.

Several hours pass and night falls as we hear a cacophony of voices stream through Marjane's unmoving ears. She's wired, addicted, twitching occasional smiles.

Time slows, and we focus back in.

LUKE
-late for dinner at this rate. Try
it again.

The tinny sound of a car ignition turning over floats through the headphones.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Ah fuck.

WILLOW
Language. It's the battery?

LUKE
Yeah. Goddamn.

WILLOW
Let's call someone out.

LUKE
Nah, that's pointless. In the
morning I'll get next door to jump
it. It's too late now, I'll call
Bob, he'll be fine about it.

Marjane bolts upright and stares outside.

After a few false starts, she throws the laptop and headphones aside.

She darts outside, slamming the door. She jumps in the car, reversing quickly out of the drive.

She drives fifty feet down the road and pulls over, window rolling down. Her face is uncharacteristically full of life.

MARJANE
Hey, I know those looks! Car
trouble there?

LUKE
Umm... We should be alright.

WILLOW

Yes, yes! We have a jumper cable,
if you could help?!

Marjane smiles like a cartoon skeleton.