

'Agents'
Episode One
by
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"AGENTS - EPISODE ONE"

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

FOCUS ON: The gun in the GUARD's holster. Then EMMA across the room, staring at the gun, trying to remain calm.

We pull out. A sterile, windowless room, black walls, a few harsh lights bearing down at the table in the centre where EMMA EASTON (35, cheery, smart, ADHD AF - brain moves at a million miles a second, usually in different directions) is seated. To her right is a door and a GUARD (31, northern, muscly, harsh-looking but disarmingly friendly at times).

DRAKE (51, US, like a severe Ron from 'Parks & Rec') enters, making EMMA jump, and sits down opposite EMMA, places a file on the table between them. He stares intently at her - she's stewing internally.

DRAKE

Where is he, Emma? Where's Will Marsden?

Beat.

EMMA

I'm sorry - is this a torture situation?

DRAKE

No. It's more of an informal chat.

EMMA

Oh.

Beat.

DRAKE

Would you like a drink?

EMMA

Yes.

DRAKE

What would you like?

EMMA

(thinks, blurts)
...Do you have Ribena? I've not had Ribena since I was like...nine.

DRAKE
(to GUARD)
Do we have that?

GUARD
Er, we have lime, errr...

DRAKE
Lime cordial?

GUARD
Yes! Lime cordial!

DRAKE
(to EMMA)
We have lime cordial.

EMMA
No Ribena?

DRAKE turns to the guard.

GUARD
We do but it'll take longer.

DRAKE
(to EMMA)
He does but it'll take longer.

EMMA
I'll just have water.

DRAKE nods at the GUARD who leaves. DRAKE stares blankly at EMMA for some time. EMMA is trying to keep it together.

DRAKE
What do you do for a living, Miss Easton?

EMMA
I'm an agent.

DRAKE
(raises eyebrow)
That's very honest of you.

EMMA
Oh, no-no! I'm a talent agent! For actors!

EMMA fumbles in her pocket and passes a business card to DRAKE. DRAKE stares at EMMA as he taps the card against the table - he never once looks at the card. Seconds later, he stops tapping and holds up the card.

DRAKE

See, I've already checked this out,
Miss Easton, and I know it's
bullshit.

EMMA

(under breath)

Fuck!

DRAKE

I'm sorry?

EMMA

Sorry! I just...I said 'fuck'.

Beat.

DRAKE drops the card and opens the folder.

DRAKE

I know that you represent the
elusive Mr. Marsden.

DRAKE places an actors' headshot (WILL MARSDEN, caucasian,
36) on the table.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

And that until recently you worked
as a-
(mimes quote marks)
-'writer'.

EMMA

It's a real job.

DRAKE

But it's not what's been paying the
bill of late...is it, Miss Easton?

EMMA's awkward silence gives DRAKE his 'Yes'. DRAKE takes a
photo from the file and places it face down on the table.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

So my question is this - what is an
agent pretending to be an agent
doing with this-

DRAKE holds up photo - EMMA sees, we don't. Her eyes widen.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

-in her possession? And does she
really think she'll get out of this
room alive without answering my
questions?

EMMA is a rabbit in headlights - DRAKE just stares.

Seconds later, GUARD re-enters holding a tray on which is a bottle of Ribena with just a slither left in it, a glass and a jug of water. The Ribena is slightly golden coloured.

GUARD

I, er, actually found some in the back but-

(holds up Ribena bottle)

-it's kind of an odd colour. Do you think it's still ok?

DRAKE

(to GUARD)

Oh my lord, that is an odd colour!

(to EMMA)

Do you think it's still ok?

EMMA

I-I-I'm sure it's fine.

DRAKE nods. The GUARD makes EMMA a Ribena and passes it to her. DRAKE and GUARD stare at EMMA expectantly.

DRAKE

You still haven't answered my questions, Miss Easton.

EMMA

...Honestly...if I could make the last three months make sense...I would...