

INSIGHT

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

A well-appointed home office. Desk, computer, bookshelves, carpet, wet bar in the corner. A wall of windows and French doors.

Into the room strides PAUL, 50, in tuxedo, the father of the bride. Handsome, well cared for, he exudes confidence and success.

PAUL

I apologize for making you wait.

In a leather chair facing the desk sits ALFRED, 40, summer suit, bow tie, not refined, he looks like a bookkeeper. He doesn't smile as Paul goes to the wet bar and pours himself several inches of whiskey.

PAUL

Can I get you something, Mr...?

ALFRED

No, and it's Alfred, just Alfred.

PAUL

Exactly, and I'm Paul. I hope you understand what a busy time this is. But that's part of it, isn't it?

Alfred doesn't answer. Sipping his whiskey, Paul rounds the desk and sits.

PAUL

Yes, well, before we get to the...actual task, can you give me some idea of how this works.

ALFRED

You know how it works, or you wouldn't have called me.

PAUL

I know what I've been told. According to Ted-

ALFRED

No last names.

PAUL  
According to Ted, you have a way of  
telling, is that correct?

ALFRED  
I can tell.

PAUL  
But how? I'm shelling out a lot of  
cash here.

ALFRED  
My grandfather was an engineer. He  
worked for an airplane manufacturer  
during the age of propellers. He  
designed the most efficient  
propellers the industry had ever  
seen. You understand what a five  
percent increase in air flow means.

PAUL  
I know all about efficiency.

ALFRED  
My grandfather thought he deserved  
a raise. But they said no, so he  
quit. For the next six months, the  
company spent thousands of dollars  
trying to determine how my  
grandfather designed propellers.

Alfred stops and waits.

PAUL  
And?

ALFRED  
The company concluded that my  
grandfather evaluated them by  
sight. He could look at a design  
and tell if the propeller was  
efficient.

PAUL  
The company hired him back?

ALFRED  
No, he went to work for a  
competitor. His original employer  
went out of business.

PAUL

So, you're saying you do what you do because you know what you do, but you can't explain it.

Alfred offers a bland smile.

PAUL

OK, I get it. The great swami sees all, knows all. I get it. I really do. But you know, if you're scamming me, I'll find you and rip your heart out. Got that?

Alfred stands.

ALFRED

I'm sorry we couldn't do business.

Alfred turns for the door.

PAUL

Wait, wait, WAIT!

Alfred turns back.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I apologize. I'm not myself. I have this wedding, and the business down turn. It's eating me alive.

He stands and sips and nods once.

PAUL

OK, OK, I'm going to run with you, and I'm not making any threats. Let's get started. You need to see them, correct?

ALFRED

Yes.

Paul finishes his drink and goes to the bar to refresh it.

PAUL

They're all out there at the reception. Have any idea what a wedding planner costs? Not just any planner, the most expensive fucking planner in the state.

Alfred rises and goes to the windows to look out.

ALFRED  
I do not like swearing.

PAUL  
I'm sorry. God, that's all I can  
say. I'm soooo f...sorry.

Paul joins Alfred, and they look over the reception.

PAUL  
Where do I start?

ALFRED  
Wherever you like.

PAUL  
My wife. That's the woman in the  
peach colored dress that cost as  
much as a good used car. See her?

ALFRED  
Yes.

PAUL  
And?

ALFRED  
What is your horizon?

PAUL  
No more than a year.

ALFRED  
No, she won't do.

PAUL  
My daughter, the bride.

ALFRED  
No.

PAUL  
My son. He's the drunk kid at the  
far table. I can't tell you how  
many schools kicked him out.

ALFRED  
Yes.

PAUL  
You're kidding. What? Overdose?  
Accident?

ALFRED  
Even if I knew, I wouldn't tell  
you.

Paul belts down a gulp of whiskey.

PAUL  
My older daughter, the maid of  
honor in that hideous purple thing.

ALFRED  
No.

PAUL  
My brother, the guy at the end of  
the bar with the glass of red wine.  
So refined. Asshole.

ALFRED  
Yes.

PAUL  
You're making my day, Alfred. One  
more. My partner, the man flirting  
with my wife. He's f...boinking  
her, and neither one thinks I know.  
Major asshole.

ALFRED  
Yes.

PAUL  
(patting Alfred on the  
shoulder)  
I knew I liked you the first time I  
saw you.

Paul goes to the desk, opens a drawer, and takes out a thick  
envelope. He comes back and hands it to Alfred.

PAUL  
As agreed. And I tell you what.  
When this all goes down, come back,  
and I'll give you a bonus.

ALFRED  
(taking envelope)  
I'm afraid that's not possible.

Alfred starts for the door.

PAUL  
Hey, what about me? Got a date for  
me?

Alfred turns and smiles.

ALFRED  
I never read the person who hires  
me. Bad for business.

With a nod, Alfred walks out. Paul turns to the windows and toasts.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

The clean, upscale office of a successful insurance agent. Banners on the wall feature insurance companies, file cabinets all around.

At the desk, TED, 50, owner. Tan, in polo shirt, gold chain, and rolex, he projects success with a tinge of used car salesman. On the phone, cigar in hand.

TED  
Yeah, Paul, yeah, I got it. Two million on your son. Two million on your brother, and ten million on your partner. You know the premiums are going to set you back some real money. And I have to collect the whole first year when I deliver the policies. You can handle that? Great, great. I'll call you when they're ready.

Ted hangs up and turns to Alfred in suit and bow tie.

TED  
You're sure?

ALFRED  
Have we ever had an unprofitable experience?

Ted opens a drawer and pulls out a thick envelope which he slides across the desk.

TED  
What was his horizon.

ALFRED  
One year.

Alfred takes the envelope, tucks it away, and stands.

TED  
What happens in a year when they're  
all still alive? I imagine he's  
going to be really pissed.

ALFRED  
You don't need to worry about that.

TED  
You mean?

With a smile, Alfred turns and heads for the door.

TED  
Hey, hold up.

Alfred turns back.

TED  
I got a couple more fish we can  
skin.

ALFRED  
I'm afraid we don't have the time.

Alfred nods and spins away.

TED  
Wait, wait, what are you talking  
about? I got all the time in the  
world. Hey, you can't just walk.  
Hey!

Alfred stops by the door and steps to one side.

Through the door charges LANCE, 40s, a man at the end of his  
rope. Coat, no tie, he pulls out a pistol. He never sees  
Alfred.

LANCE  
(to Ted)  
You sonofabith!

Alfred slides out, closing the door behind him.

INT. TED'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Behind a desk, a SECRETARY types on a computer. She looks at  
Alfred.

SECRETARY  
Should I schedule an appointment?

ALFRED  
I'm afraid—

A GUNSHOT from the inner office.

ALFRED  
That won't be necessary. Call 911.

Alfred walks out as the Secretary grabs the phone. A second GUNSHOT.

FADE OUT