

Beneath The Surface Through The Looking Glass Pilot Episode

By

Carly Street

Carly Street ©

[carlystreet@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:carlystreet@hotmail.co.uk)

FADE IN.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Heavy breaths. The bathroom door creaks barely open.

A teary eye frantically studies the dark hallway.

POV SHOT - A hand slowly pushes the door open and we step onto --

THE HALLWAY

We walk slowly down the hallway.

A MAN, 39, exits one of the bedrooms and into the hallway.

The Man grasps a shot gun. Alert, he points it towards us.

We turn on our heels and run back to the bathroom. The door slams shut. A shaky hand fumbles at the lock.

FADE TO BLACK.

A SINGLE GUNSHOT.

INT. BECKER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

BECKER, 51, bolts upright in bed. The sweat drips from his brow and soaks his shirt as he regains his breath.

INT. CORNER SHOP - MORNING

Becker roams the aisles of a corner shop.

He reaches the aisle containing the alcohol and picks up a bottle of Scotch.

He makes his way to the counter and places the bottle on it.

As the shopkeeper scans it, the local newspaper catches his attention.

The cover article - A fifteen-year-old missing persons case which has been solved by a private detective, written by Eric Kenner.

Becker scoffs at the article as he fumbles for change from his pocket. Chucking a note and shrapnel on the desk he picks up the bottle and exits.

(CONTINUED)

On his way out he passes RICHARD GRAVES, 45 who is skimming the contents of the article as he waits in the que.

Noticing Becker pass him, he glances back to the article.

EXT. STREET

Becker walks along the street. Richard exits the shop and follows.

RICHARD  
Becker?

Becker rolls his eyes and continues walking.

Richard moves into a jog to catch him up.

RICHARD  
Pete Becker? You remember me?

BECKER  
Yes. I was trying to ignore you.

RICHARD  
I was just reading about you.

BECKER  
Oh, yeah?

RICHARD  
The article, it's pretty far out.

Becker stops and turns to Richard.

BECKER  
Come to get your pound of flesh?

RICHARD  
No.

BECKER  
Then what? What could you possible think that you and I would have to stop and chat about?

RICHARD  
I came to ask for your help.

BECKER  
I can't help anybody.

Becker turns to continue walking. Richard moves in front of him and blocks his way.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD  
I think you can.

BECKER  
Helping isn't my job anymore.

RICHARD  
In the news article, you solved  
that case using ----

BECKER  
There's been a lot of bullshit  
about how I solved that case.

RICHARD  
I just--- Five minutes. Please?

BECKER  
I don't have five minutes.

Becker pushes past him and continues up the street. Richard watches after him.

INT. DINGY APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWELL - DAY

Richard timidly makes his way round a dingy low-rent apartment block.

He climbs a flight of stairs and into --

CORRIDOR LEADING TO APARTMENT 32

He pulls a torn piece of paper from his pocket, which has the address written on it and checks the number.

He knocks on the door.

Moments later Becker answers. Wearing a grubby half-done up shirt with a vest exposed underneath.

He barks at Richard in a gruff voice, the alcohol steaming from his breath.

BECKER  
What now?

RICHARD  
If you've got time to wash Scotch  
down, you've got time to listen to  
me.

Richard pushes past him and into --

## THE APARTMENT

Closing the door Becker walks over to the refrigerator.

BECKER  
Want a beer?

RICHARD  
No.

BECKER  
Mind if I have one?

RICHARD  
Whatever.

BECKER  
How'd you find me?

Becker takes a beer from the refrigerator.

RICHARD  
A colourful character like you  
isn't that hard to find.

BECKER  
What do you want?

RICHARD  
My daughters sick.

Becker's attitude softens.

BECKER  
I'm sorry to hear that.

RICHARD  
Yeah, isn't everyone? You can do  
some wacky things. I know.

BECKER  
Wacky is one of my many talents.  
Get to the point.

RICHARD  
Can you...(inhales) Can you heal my  
daughter?

BECKER  
Heal her?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD  
I heard that people with  
certain...heightened senses---

BECKER  
There's a gentle euphemism.

RICHARD  
They have the power to do that.

BECKER  
Richard, I'm not what you think I  
am.

RICHARD  
No?

BECKER  
I'm sorry.

RICHARD  
The article confirmed that you'd  
done it before---

BECKER  
The article's wrong.

Richard studies him for a few moments.

RICHARD  
Yeah. Of course it is.

Richard rises and approaches the door.

RICHARD  
You seem to be forgetting who  
you're talking to. I know the  
articles not wrong. I know you've  
done it before.

BECKER  
I just....I can't.

RICHARD  
Not for someone like me?

BECKER  
Not for anyone.

Richard smiles weakly before opening the door and exiting.

Becker sits alone. He takes a swig from the bottle.



BECKER  
What's wrong with her?

RICHARD  
What?

BECKER  
You want me to help or not?

RICHARD  
Yeah.

BECKER  
What's wrong with her?

INT. RICHARD GRAVE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

Richard stirs a cup of tea. Becker sits at the kitchen table.

RICHARD  
She was diagnosed eight months ago.

BECKER  
Terminal?

RICHARD  
Not initially.

BECKER  
But now?

Richard looks to the floor.

BECKER  
I'm sorry.

RICHARD  
I must admit, I was surprised to see your name in the article. I thought you were one to shy away from the limelight.

BECKER  
I am. What can I say? A few drunken comments taken out of context.

Silence for a beat.

RICHARD  
What did it feel like?

(CONTINUED)

BECKER

Shameful.

Richard looks hurt.

BECKER

Of all the people to save, it was a low life, coke head with the blood of some poor teenager he jumped on his hands. If there's a God, it makes me sick to think that's who they used me to save.

RICHARD

Then why did you?

Becker takes a moment to think.

BECKER

I was just trying to stop the bleeding.

RICHARD

He's doing much better now. He's clean.

BECKER

I really don't care.

RICHARD

I know. But he is. It took him a while but he's getting there.

BECKER

Well, it's gratifying to know that he hasn't totally ruined his chances of a job in the prison library.

RICHARD

Did you try it again?

BECKER

Once.

RICHARD

Did it work?

BECKER

No. And it was a much more valued life.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

How so?

BECKER

It just was.

RICHARD

What about your 'abilities'?

BECKER

I left them well alone. That case was....well, I was desperate.

RICHARD

But you're gonna try and help my daughter?

BECKER

Richard, I'm willing to try. But I'm not willing to promise anything. If I can't help her then I can promise to help her cross over.

RICHARD

I'm sorry, what?

BECKER

I can be there when she.... When the time comes, I'll help her soul to cross.

RICHARD

Shut up.

BECKER

You don't want her to be scared, do you?

RICHARD

I don't want her to be dead which is why I found you.

BECKER

Rich---

RICHARD

Shut your mouth, now.

MAISEY (O.S.)

Daddy?

Becker and Richard turn to the open bedroom door. MAISEY, 6 hugs the door frame, watching them.

(CONTINUED)

Richard turns to her with a warm smile.

RICHARD  
You should be in bed asleep, madam.

MAISEY  
I heard shouting.

Richard approaches and crouches in front of her, stroking her face as she rubs her tired eyes.

RICHARD  
I'm sorry, sweetheart. Daddy's  
friend's going now so you can go  
back to sleep.

She peers over his shoulder at Becker.

MAISEY  
Do you like bunnies?

BECKER  
Can't say I'm a fan, no.

She thinks for a moment.

MAISEY  
Do you like dogs?

Becker tries to hold back a smile.

BECKER  
Yeah, I like dogs.

Maisey beams.

MAISEY  
I've got the bestest dog in the  
whole wide world.

Running into the room (off screen) she returns moments later with a large, cuddly dog toy. She hugs it tightly.

BECKER  
Wow. That is the best dog I've ever  
seen.

MAISEY  
His name is Buggles. What's your  
name?

Becker. BECKER