

Insight™

by
A Vulcan

(C)Copyright 2025

INT. BOARDROOM ROOM - DAY

Half-eaten take-out and a few empty beer and wine bottles litter the boardroom table. STACY (30s) scrolls on her phone while CONNOR (20s) and NICOLE (20s) cast furtive glances at each other as BRETT (30s) stands before them.

BRETT

Now I'm not saying it's going to solve the world's problems overnight, but imagine. Just imagine if it could truly bring people together.

Stacy drains her glass and holds it out. Brett fills it from one of the wine bottles.

BRETT

It bridge cultural divides, hurdle language barriers, and really share personal experiences.

Nicole tears her eyes off Connor to roll them at Brett.

NICOLE

You might get an impression, a few flashes, maybe a particularly vivid memory. That's as much as we can hope for.

STACY

I don't know. The most recent deltas were approaching parity, for a few seconds anyway.

NICOLE

Yes, but actual transference?

BRETT

Connor?

Connor looks surprised at being called upon.

CONNOR

I'm just the PR guy. I'm not even sure what you're talking about.

BRETT

You've been with us for two months now. Long enough for a theory.

With all eyes on him, he takes a nervous sip of beer.

CONNOR

Well, it's just...rumor is it's
some kind of mind meld.

BRETT

Yes! A fucking mind meld! But
don't call it that on the
marketing material, we don't want
to get sued.

KNOCK-KNOCK! Brett's face lights up as he moves to the
door and opens it.

GREGORY (30s) slips inside like a gangster rolling in.

GREGORY

What up, bitches? You ready to get
fucked up?

He gives Stacy a flirty wink. She shakes her head no.

NICOLE

If you have drugs I'm leaving.

BRETT

Not those kind of drugs.

Gregory reaches into his jacket and produces four small
glass vials. Nicole's jaw drops.

STACY

Is that what I think it is?

BRETT

You want to know what it's like?

Nicole and Stacy stare fixedly at the vials. They both
slowly nod.

CONNOR

I'm sorry, what are those?

NICOLE

That's...Insight.

Four shot glasses are brought out in a line. One vial is
dumped into each.

NICOLE

This is insane. Human trials are
years away.

BRETT

Do you want to know or not?

Stacy's already reaching for a shot. Gregory takes another. Connor motions for Brett to take one.

BRETT

I want an outsider's perspective.
Don't worry, it's harmless, unless
it works.

Connor looks skeptical but takes a glass. Nicole looks at him and he smiles. She gives in, taking the last glass.

Brett produces a sewing needle.

BRETT

This, however, might hurt. Stacy?

Stacy holds out her finger and Brett pricks the tip. She lets a drop of blood fall into her shot glass.

BRETT

Who will join her?

Gregory flashes a huge grin and holds his finger out. Stacy groans, but relents. Finger pricked, Gregory drips into his shot glass.

Gregory and Stacy slide their glasses to each other. Then they drink, slamming the liquid back with a grimace.

The others watch closely, waiting for anything to happen. Stacy's brow furrows in disappointment.

BRETT

Give it a minute. Connor? Nicole?

Connor holds out his finger. Nicole does the same.

Fingers pricked, they drip and exchange glasses, looking into each other's eyes.

They drink and set the glasses down.

STACY

Yeah, I don't think it's--

Her head cranks back, eyes and mouth gaping wide as she gasps air into her lungs. Gregory curls over, fists balled as if trying to contain a tremendous outburst.

They both relax and look at each other in astonishment.

STACY

Gregory...I had no idea. The way you were treated in school, and God! Your parents! No wonder you felt so alone.

Gregory can't meet her eyes.

GREGORY

I'm sorry, Stacy. I'm so sorry for making you feel uncomfortable.

He looks at her then, and he's crying.

GREGORY

I won't make you feel unsafe. Not ever again.

Tears come to Stacy's eyes too. She nods her appreciation and leans in for a heartfelt hug.

BRETT

Yes! That's it, right there!
Bridging two people through shared perspectives, shared experiences. To really know someone, even for a moment. Insight (patent pending) is going to change fucking minds.

Connor suddenly goes rigid, eyes shut, grimacing as if from a piercing headache. After a moment it subsides and he goes slack with clarity, eyes still closed.

CONNOR

I can see your first crush, Tim, you called him Tic Tac. I know you lost your virginity on a ratty couch in a basement. There was a woman too, Julie. She tastes like strawberries.

(beat)

I feel how you feel about me.

Connor opens his eyes in wonder.

CONNOR

How is this possible?

Nicole is sitting bolt upright, eyes wide and welled up in fear, staring at him in terror.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

POV: A Woman's lifeless eyes staring into the camera.
Tilt down, Connor's hand removes a knife from her chest.

BACK TO SCENE

Nicole stands abruptly, pointing at him in fear.

NICOLE
He killed Melanie!

Stacy and Gregory look at her, confused. Brett laughs, thinking it's a joke, but quickly realizes it's not.

NICOLE
To get her job here. He's a plant.

BRETT
You saw that? Holy shit! You know what this means?

CONNOR
It means you're an idiot.

Connor produces a gun and shoots Brett. Blood splatters Nicole as Brett falls, dead.

Two more shots and Stacy and Gregory slump on the table.

Nicole quivers in fear as Connor trains the gun on her.

CONNOR
I didn't think it would be that effective.

NICOLE
Why are you doing this?

CONNOR
You wanted to use the perfect interrogation drug for peace and love. What a joke.

He shoots Nicole and she collapses, dead.

Connor goes through Gregory's pockets and finds keys and an electronic key card. He moves for the door--

--and the world goes white.

INT. LABORATORY ROOM - DAY

Connor wakes groggily, restrained to a table. A thin metal band circles his head. Brett looks up from an iPad with dismay, wearing an identical metal headband.

Nicole lies on the adjacent table, frantically trying to escape her restraints. Gregory and Stacy also lie on nearby tables, staring at Connor. They all wear the same metal headbands.

CONNOR

What is this? What's going on?

BRETT

We just shared a "mind meld." And you have a lot to answer for.

NICOLE

Why would you give him a fucking gun, Brett?

BRETT

Mind meld, remember? He must have added it.

CONNOR

Look, I don't know what happened but I didn't kill anyone!

NICOLE

Insight doesn't lie, asshole.

BRETT

Yeah, that part was real. Needles instead of shot glasses, mind you. One shot for another, get it?

Brett chuckles at his own joke.

BRETT

You were right, Connor. I was hoping for peace between Stacy and Gregory.

Gregory and Stacy share an awkward look.

BRETT

And man, I was rooting for love between you and Nicole. In the end, though, it turned out to be the perfect interrogation.

Connor slumps as sirens approach in the distance.