

Tag
Season 1, Episode 1
"You're It"

EXT. WWI TRENCHES - NIGHT

SUPER: THE WESTERN FRONT, 1916

WILLIAM FERNSBY (26), a slight, wiry man with ferrety eyes and a shaven head, stands in British Army uniform in a World War I trench, up to his ankles in filthy water.

He scratches at his lice-infested body and waits for the SOLDIER in front of him to move forward.

The SIX MEN in the wiring party make their way out of the trench in the middle of a dark, cloudy night.

They gather supplies of six-foot pickets and rolls of barbed wire and proceed silently to No Man's Land.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - NIGHT

William treads carefully, quietly, his nerves humming. The German trenches are only 150 meters away.

There's a NOISE. The entire party freezes, nervously searching for its source. Communication is by hand signal and LOW WHISPERS.

Slowly, as they realise there's no one there, they begin to move again.

They're now in place. Using mallets wrapped in cloth to muffle the sound, they drive the pickets into the ground.

They move through No Man's Land, putting up their pickets, stretching out their barbed wire.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - NIGHT

Darkness. William has moved away from the others.

Out of nowhere appears a GERMAN SOLDIER, part of a patrol. His eyes are wild, his face contorted.

William is too slow. The German Soldier is on him immediately, but neither fire their weapons. Instead, they grapple hand-to-hand, silent except for HUFFS and PUFFS.

The German Soldier grabs William's arm with his left hand, presses the inside of his right wrist against William's.

William SCREAMS with pain.

MACHINE GUN FIRE from the German trenches engulfs them: William, the English wiring party, the German patrol.

The German Solider leaps almost gleefully into the line of fire, his body jerking grotesquely as he falls to the ground.

William lies amongst the mess of bodies, eyes barely open, blood flowing freely from bullet wounds in his chest.

Dawn breaks on the dead.

INT. NIA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAWN

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

A stylishly decorated, tidy but sparse bedroom, curtains drawn, dawn light seeping in around the edges.

A disturbingly large spider is clambering over a pile of non-fiction books about linguistics, history and archaeology on a bedside table. It reaches a glass of water, its front legs tentatively exploring the side of the glass.

Alone in the double bed lies a sleeping woman, NIA JENKINS (mid-50s). The menopause has reached Nia at last: she has thickened around the waist, greyed at the temples and is a hot sleeper. She wears lightweight pyjamas. The sheets are in disarray around her, a hot flush reddening her neck and face.

Nia awakens slowly, blearily reaches for the glass. She gets it almost to her lips before she sees what we see: the huge spider, drowned, floating in the water.

She SCREAMS, flings the glass away, throws herself in the opposite direction.

The glass breaks and water seeps in to the carpet, leaving the spider's mangled corpse just lying there.

NIA
Tomos! Tomos!

The house is silent.

NIA
Oh, shit. Dammit.

Nia edges towards the door, keeping one eye on the spider in case it somehow, miraculously, moves.

INT. NIA'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Nia holds the spider's corpse in some BBQ tongs, breath held, arm outstretched to keep the thing as far away from her as possible.

In the toilet it goes. Flush. She can breath again. She sags.

EXT. READING TOWN CENTRE - DAY

A bedraggled and filthy MAN stumbles through the pedestrian precinct, head bowed, face covered by his hoodie. Shoppers avoid him, not even acknowledging his existence.

He MUTTERS to himself, words we can't make out.

He staggers onto the road in front of a car. Brakes SQUEAL. The car stops inches from his legs. He looks up at the DRIVER, although we cannot see his face.

MAN
(staring at the driver)
No! No! You can't have it! I told
you, I'm not going to!

The driver looks away. The Man slaps his hand on the car bonnet with a BANG, and the driver looks back. But the Man has already lurched off, out of the road.

EXT. READING, CANAL TOW PATH - DAY

Sitting on a bench facing the canal is a group of STUDENTS. They talk and laugh amongst themselves.

One notices the Man, but studiously ignores him.

MAN
(muttering)
No. I can't. I can't. No. You
can't make me.

The students stare at him in alarm as he weaves his way towards them. He's getting far too close.

MAN
Alright! Alright!

With surprising speed and agility, the Man lunges at the nearest student. There's a scuffle as the others pull him off. His hoodie falls backwards and we see his face.

It is William. He hasn't aged a day since WWI, physically at least. But his eyes are haunted, his expression reminiscent of the wild German Soldier we met in the intro.

William SWEARS in frustration and runs off.

In the background, we catch a glimpse of a man (40s), with pale skin, blue eyes and dark brown hair, whom we'll come to know as CYNAN AP HYWEL (pronounced KUH-nann ap HUH-well). He has watched the scene unfold with considerable interest.