

SIGHT UNSEEN

An original screenplay by Mark A. Shoat

27/05/97 - minor alterations 29/05/01

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

DEEKS stands talking on a mobile phone.

He's wearing a black suit with a very bright tie.

DEEKS

Yeah! I'm there right now... no,
don't worry, I have fifteen minutes
to get away... I've checked it
out, everything's fine. Later.

He looks through the window and for a second catches his reflection.

He checks his hair and scratches his nose, then walks coolly through the door.

ASSISTANT

Good morning.

DEEKS

(imitating)
Good morning.

Deeks walks up to the counter, the Assistant watching carefully.

He starts looking at the high price tags on the rings, bracelets, watches.

DEEKS (CONT'D)

Whew! These are expensive watches!

ASSISTANT

Can I help you? Is there anything
in particular you're searching
for?

DEEKS

I'm looking for - Jesus Christ!
People pay four hundred quid for a
ring?

ASSISTANT

Yes. Are you looking for a ring?

DEEKS

Maybe.

Deeks walks along to look at another section.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a gun, pointing it at the Assistant, who takes a while to notice.

DEEKS (CONT'D)

Put everything in this
 (he places a bag in
 on the counter)
 Don't be a hero - don't touch the
 button under the counter - don't
 pull any stunts.

The Assistant has almost filled the bag already.

He opens the till and starts putting money into the bag.

He leaves a small pile of notes in each section of the till.

DEEKS (CONT'D)

Hey, everything!

ASSISTANT

(calm)
 It's a security thing, the bottom
 notes trigger an alarm.

DEEKS

Ok, well that's good. You leave
 them there.
 (takes the bag)
 You've been a very good victim,
 thank you very much. Now when the
 police ask you, what did I look
 like?

The Assistant looks hard at Deeks - dark hair, black suit,
 bright tie.

ASSISTANT

A pasty-faced blonde with bad acne
 wearing Bermuda shorts and tee-
 shirt.

DEEKS

Very good - you've done this before.

ASSISTANT

You got me.

DEEKS

Well, like I said - you've been
 great.

He smiles, and leaves the shop as calmly as he entered.

The Assistant watches him go, then picks up the phone and
 dials a number.

INT. DARK ROOM

A group of men sit in front of a white screen on which
 there is the silhouette of THE BOSS - king of crime in
 these parts.

A phone rings.

The Boss picks up the phone.

THE BOSS

Yeah, what?... What did he look like?... What did he take?

He puts down the phone.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Boys we're in shit unless we find this guy. He's wearing a black suit and a really bright tie. Dark hair - carrying a bag full of money and watches.

A cat miaows.

The Boss bends down and picks it up, putting it on his lap and stroking it.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Tricksy wants a wander. Someone put her out.

He puts Tricksy on the floor.

She runs out from behind the screen.

She has a heavily jewelled collar on.

Someone opens the door and she runs out.

EXT. GRIFF'S HOUSE - DAY

GRIFF stands by a car with his girlfriend.

He has a creased up suit on and a bright tie.

GRIFF

Okay then, Bonnie, I'll see you tonight.

BONNIE

You promise?

GRIFF

I promise, we'll do whatever you want.

BONNIE

I wanna see Kung Fu IV.

GRIFF

Kung Fu IV? What the fuck d'ya wanna see that for?

BONNIE

Griff I hate it when you say that!

GRIFF
 What, 'Fuck'?

 BONNIE
 Yeah, don't say it.

 GRIFF
 Well, why in the world do you wanna
 see that?

 BONNIE
 Cos.

 GRIFF
 Cos what?

 BONNIE
 Cos... I was watching a the TV
 yesterday and two people were
 watching a kung fu movie and... it
 was really romantic.

 GRIFF
 Okay so we're seeing Kung Fu IV.
 I don't understand you yet, I need
 to find the inner you.

 BONNIE
 Be there tonight and you'll see
 everything.

 GRIFF
 Oh, everything...

They kiss and part.

Griff skips up the path to his house while Bonnie gets
 into the car.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
 (Shakespeare like)
 Tonight, my love!

 BONNIE
 Shut up!

She starts the car and jets out of sight.

Griff takes his key and unlocks the door.

He walks into the hallway.

 GRIFF
 Honey, I'm home!

He walks into the lounge.

The place is a mess - tables have been overturned, and
 it's obvious that electrical equipment is AWOL.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Christ!

He runs through to another room and looks at the floor, where a goldfish bowl is laid on its side with a pool of water and a dead fish beside it.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Ah, shit ... Honey!

He picks up the fish and walks through to the toilet, dropping the fish in and flushing.

He goes back into the lounge and sits, wondering what to do.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

JOE PUBLIC stands smoking a cigarette, looking around shiftily.

A car pulls up, Joe watches it, hopeful.

Henry gets out, very upset and clearly distressed.

Henry approaches Joe, who walks up to greet him - as they get closer, Joe notices the look on Henry's face.

JOE

Henry, Henry, what the fuck happened?

HENRY

(nearly in tears)
I fucked up, Joe - my first job,
and I fucked it up.

JOE

What? Did you get the stuff, the TV set, the stereo?

HENRY

Yeah, I got 'em - no problem. But -

JOE

Then what's the problem?

HENRY

I can't find my driver's licence,
I can't find it, I - I must have
dropped it in there. He knows, he
knows who I am.

Joe looks at Henry for a second, as if he's about to flip out for the mistake.

Then he starts laughing.

JOE
 You haven't lost your licence!
 Ah! No, I have it.

He plucks it from his pockets and hands it over.

JOE (CONT'D)
 You think I'd let you wander round
 with ID. No, I have it. I took
 it.

HENRY
 How'd you-?

JOE
 I'm a thief, dolt. Okay, gimme
 your keys.

They switch car keys.

Henry sneezes loudly.

He reaches to his pocket for a handkerchief, cuffing his
 nose, fumbles in the pocket, panics.

He turns calmly to face Joe.

HENRY
 You got a tissue or something?

JOE
 Wipe it on your tie, kid.

Henry takes the advice.

Joe gets into his car and drives away.

Henry walks into the restaurant through the back door of
 the drive-thru, and takes off his jacket, hanging it on
 the door.

He grabs an apron and a badge: "HENRY".

He approaches the ordering window where a person waits :
 FERDY.

Ferdy looks smart - wearing a black suit and a fairly bright
 tie.

FERDY
 Large cheeseburger and a coke with
 lots of ice.

HENRY
 On its way.

INT. FERDY'S CAR - DAY

Ferdy drives on and stops.

His mobile phone rings.

He grabs it, presses the talk button.

FERDY

Ferdy Harbinger speaking

(looking around)

No, she's not here... well, perhaps
you have a wrong number

(he frowns)

I don't need to look, I'm in a
car... it's my car.... Ferdy Har -
excuse me?

He lowers the phone and stares out his window.

FERDY (CONT'D)

F - E - R - D - Y ... No, I like
my name.... well you can fuck off!

He hangs up.

INT. GRIFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Griff is still on the sofa.

He looks around at the debris then spots something on the
carpet.

He gets up and bends to pick it up.

It's a handkerchief, with the name "Henry Denning"
embroidered delicately on it.

Griff laughs.

GRIFF

You stupid prick!

INT. FERDY'S CAR - DAY

Ferdy's mobile rings once more.

FERDY

Hello?... look, I really don't
know who you're looking for - and
you know, I don't know how you got
my number...

(beat)

No, she's not here.... I'm outside
Brandy's Burgers, I - No, I will
not look inside for you.... no, I
said I'm outside

(sighs)

It's a fucking drive-thru!

He hangs up.

Henry comes to the window with a bag, hands it to Ferdy.

FERDY (CONT'D)

Thanks-

He looks at Henry's tag.

FERDY (CONT'D)

-Henry.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Deeks is walking slowly with his bag of watches.

He passes various alleyways, phone boxes, and shop fronts where men watch him carefully as he goes.

They start following him.

They start running.

In the distance, Deeks sees a bus filling up.

He makes a run for it and jumps on in time.

The door closes in the face of the men giving chase, their guns drawn.

INT. DARK ROOM

The Boss sits more menacing than ever.

THE BOSS

I don't wanna hear it! You didn't try at all, don't gimme that 'we tried' crap! You find him, you bring him me, alive or dead, I don't care. I want my watches, I want my stuff. You don't get them back, well, you steal from some place else. I worked my butt off to get those things, planning, timing, hitting the right places at the right times. I won't help you - you've fucked this up, you can fix it.

INT. FERDY'S CAR - DAY

Ferdy's driving now.

His phone rings again.

He stares at it and continues driving.

It continues to ring, so he pulls over and answers it.

FERDY

Look, I don't know what this is...
no! ... No. Piss off.

(MORE)

FERDY (CONT'D)

Note down my number, check your number, and don't call this number again, see? I'm driving now and I don't like distractions so... cos I don't wanna crash and die, you fuck head!

He hangs it up and starts his engine.

EXT. BRANDY'S BURGER'S - DAY

Henry hands over a meal to someone.

HENRY

Have a nice day.

He walks through to the order window.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Can I take your order?

A handkerchief flies into his face.

GRIFF

Sure, why not, you've taken everything else.

Henry looks at his name on the handkerchief and then at Griff in the car.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You serve me every Friday night, goddammit. Regular cheeseburger, regular fries, regular coke with

HENRY

No goddamn ice.

He hides the handkerchief away.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ah fuck. Listen, I didn't do this for me - it's for someone else, if I'd known it was you, I'd - I'd have done it for someone else.

GRIFF

And mess up another's life? I see. You don't kill anyone's goldfish or take anyone's TV... I was gonna take my girl home tonight. What do I do now, it's trashed.

HENRY

I'm sorry.

GRIFF

You bet you are.

He draws out a gun, cocks the trigger.

HENRY

No -

He hold up a hand.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Believe me - no. You do that you'll regret it!

GRIFF

I'm sure.

BANG.

INT. BAR - DAY

LAWRIE looks like shit in a faded black suit and a creased, faded, but nevertheless 'bright' tie.

He downs several shots of whisky and sets the glasses one by one on the bar in a row.

A cheer rises up.

LAWRIE

Alright, okay.

BARMAN

Another?

LAWRIE

Now that depends. Are my sorrows gone yet, wouldya say?

BARMAN

I don't know. How do you feel?

LAWRIE

My brother's still a millionaire?

BARMAN

I would guess so.

LAWRIE

And he won't give me a penny...

He grinds his teeth.

LAWRIE (CONT'D)

Another, sir.

The Barman pours three.

Lawrie downs them, stands, wobbles.

LAWRIE (CONT'D)

Now I have to go - I need to go somewhere.

BARMAN

Where?

LAWRIE

Ask them.

He spins around pointing his finger.

LAWRIE (CONT'D)

Ask them.

He looks at the Barman.

LAWRIE (CONT'D)

Go on ask them. Good night sir.

He walks out the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lawrie walks a while, then collapses onto a bench.

INT. DARK ROOM

The Boss sits, head in hands.

THE BOSS

Who the fuck did this? I want you
to find him - he's dead, okay?
Nobody kills my cousin and gets
away with it? Shot in the chest
you say?

(he groans)

And it that goddamn burger hole...
goddamn why'd I not give him a
spot here?

(more groaning)

You find the guy who did and scoop
his heart out with - with something
sick, y'hear? Now I want news on
our jewelry thief, what number do
I want?

THIEF #1

Just a sec boss.

THE BOSS

NO! NOW!

THIEF #1

Oh, um... 543902

THE BOSS

(dialling)

They better have him and be here
soon - where the hell's Tricksy?
Some one go find her... come on
pick up, pick up - Christ almighty..

FERDY (V.O.)

I don't believe this. Who is this -
I'm not fuckin' pulling over for
you again, I'm gonna hang up right
now, okay?

THE BOSS

Who the fuck is this?

INT. FERDY'S CAR - DAY

Ferdy is driving, staring venomously at the phone.

FERDY

Who the fuck is this? How many
goddamn people have my number?

THE BOSS (V.O.)

(to men)

Hey! Wrong fucking number, guys,
great one!

(to Ferdy)

I didn't call you.

FERDY

(rolls eyes)

Fine...

THE BOSS (V.O.)

Where the fuck is my cat guys?

Ferdy laughs at the cat remark, slowly putting the phone
down...

...and SLAMS on the brakes as a cat runs out in front of
the car.

He steers aside but alas, too late.

FERDY

AAH, shit.

The car skids, slamming into the cat.

The cat shrieks, flies up in the air and lands motionless
in the road.

Ferdy sits, hunched over the car and looks at the dead
cat.

He looks down at the phone, the "connected" symbol still
flashing.

FERDY (CONT'D)

Ooh fuck.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

Tricksy! Tricksy!? Motherfucker,
my Tricksy, go get that murderer!

Ferdy looks around to see the door of a rundown building sliding open to reveal a bunch of guys with guns.

They start firing.

Ferdy quickly restarts the car and speeds away.

INT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Griff stands breathless and shocked, holding tight to his gun.

He stares at it, and throws it in a dumpster nearby.

He looks at the dumpster - the gun stands out.

He reaches forward and thrusts it further down into the rubbish.

He looks about, and walks away slow.

INT. DARK ROOM

The Boss is pacing, still a silhouette against a white glow.

THE BOSS

Some one is fucking with me - I
hate that! That doesn't happen.
Cat, dead; cousin, dead; jewelry,
gone; what more? I want this man
fried in olive oil and served up
on a bagel.

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Lawrie wakes up and groans.

A woman walks past and drops a penny on his chest.

He puts his hand to his head and groans again.

He stands and finds his bearings.

LAWRIE

Greetings, night.

He walks along for a while, then buckles over and vomits on the street.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Barman is clearing glasses away.

He comes across the line of Lawrie's shot glasses.

BARMAN

The whisky guy. With the brother.

It hits him, gradually.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
He Didn't Pay!

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The Barman runs and looks around.

He sees Lawrie walking slowly down the street.

BARMAN
Hey! Come back here and pay!

Lawrie turns and looks but keeps walking.

The Barman starts running, then slips in something.

Lawrie stops to laugh as the Barman falls back in a superb prat-fall, banging his head hard against the floor and freezing in a final pose.

Lawrie starts to walk again.

The Barman doesn't move.

Over his head from the bar, a bottle breaks and a cheer is heard.

INT. DARK ROOM

The Boss stands still, hand on chin.

THE BOSS
It's the end, my friends. He was my favourite barman and he may never awake from that coma. It's the end. The bar is trashed, I can't drink there, can I?

A wave of "no, boss," emerges from the shadows.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
I'm not trusting you guys anymore. I want this guy, and I mean it. Eugene -

A single head lifts up from the gang.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
Turn on the lights.

A gasp.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
I'm doing this myself.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Deeks still has the bag of watches under his arm.

He has slowed down now but still looks around waiting to be attacked again.

On the road, Ferdy is driving his car dead slow with a vacant stare.

Griff emerges from his alley way and bumps into Deeks.

DEEKS

Shit!

GRIFF

What?

Ferdy watches the pair on the pavement, then returns his gaze to the road.

There's a knock at the window.

Ferdy jumps.

THE BOSS (O.S.)

We meet at last.

FERDY

I know that voice...

THE BOSS

Get out of the car, jerk. I don't want blood on it, it's nice car, it's mine now.

FERDY

What?

THE BOSS

Come on. I want my watches, then you're paying for the people you've killed. Out.

FERDY

Okay. Okay. You from Animal Protection League or something? It was an accident, you know...

THE BOSS

Out of the car, NOW.

The barrel of a gun thrusts into Ferdy's cheek.

FERDY

Sure thing.

He gets out.

FERDY (CONT'D)

What do you want?

THE BOSS

Shut up first of all.

He looks over as people pass, waiting for silence to do his deed.

He notices Griff and Deeks walking.

He notices their black suits and ties.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

This some game?

DEEKS

What?

The Boss walks over to them.

THE BOSS

That's very fucking clever.

Deeks and Griff exchange a look, then notice their similar wardrobe and exchange another.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Hide your numbers with a gimmick,
and a good one too.

(to Ferdy)

Get over here. So who did what?

The cousin, the barman, the cat?

(to Deeks)

What's in the bag, guy? Open it.

Deeks looks at the bag, then moves as if to open it.

Griff's mind flashes on the gun in the dumpster.

Deeks suddenly swings the bag around his head and whacks the Boss to the ground.

Ferdy, Deeks and Griff make a run for it as the Boss comes to.

EXT. DESERTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Lawrie is walking, still slightly drunk, along the street.

Deeks, Ferdy and Griff all come around the corner and run towards him.

As they pass, Lawrie sees the Boss behind them waving a gun, huffing and puffing, and joins the chased group.

Deeks opens the garage door of the deserted house and everyone, including Lawrie, goes in.

As Lawrie passes, Deeks does a double take, then follows.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Deeks closes the door.

He turns to face the group.

In the light, Lawrie looks up at the other three.

LAWRIE
Fuck, seein' triple now.

FERDY
How long do you think we're safe
in here?

LAWRIE
Safe?

GRIFF
Who the hell are you?

DEEKS
Look at his clothes. Who cares
who he is. Same boat as us.

GRIFF
I shot the cousin, I'm thinking.
You're the watches guy, I take
from the bag?
(to Ferdy)
Which makes you the cat guy.

Deeks puts the bag down.

DEEKS
But who is he? Why's he so pissed
off?

FERDY
Well, I'd be pissed off if someone
killed my cuz.

LAWRIE
Huh, what did I do again?

GRIFF
Must be the barman.

LAWRIE
(laughs)
Oh yeh, he fell in my puke. He
fell.

He slaps his thigh and laughs some more.

GRIFF
Well, who cares? We've got to get
out of here and out of this town.

FERDY
If we wait, he might go.

GRIFF
Right...

DEEKS

I'm for waiting. Anyone got some cards?

LAWRIE

I'll sleep if yous don't mind.

FERDY

You sleep at a time like this?

DEEKS

Off his head. Leave him be, who's got a cigarette?

FERDY

Here -

Ferdy takes a cigarette for himself and hands the pack to Deeks.

They smoke in silence.

DEEKS

What's your name?

FERDY

Ferdy Harbinger.

DEEKS

I'm Deeks, you said you killed the cat?

FERDY

I ran it over. Look at that guy-

He points at Lawrie sleeping like a baby.

He suddenly shudders and murmurs.

LAWRIE

Holy shit!

DEEKS

Someone wake him if he does that again. I fucking hate sleep talkers. Drives me nuts.

GRIFF

Sure.

FERDY

Shouldn't we take him away from the door, I mean he might open it or something dumb.

GRIFF

I'm watching him.

Griff puts his head against the door.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

It's fairly quiet out there,
actually.

DEEKS

Oh, they're still there, believe
me.

GRIFF

Seriously, it sounds pretty dead
out there, I think -

BOOM!

Lawrie wakes up, covered in blood and bone.

He starts to panic.

LAWRIE

Holy shit!

The Boss walks in holding a gun.

He aims at Deeks and fires.

Then Ferdy.

The Boss turns to Lawrie.

He aims the weapon.

Lawrie raises his arms in defense.

THE BOSS

You next, dick head.

LAWRIE

Oh fuck!

BANG

GRIFF (O.S.)

HEY.

LAWRIE

Huh?

Lawrie sits up to see everyone alive and well, sitting as
before.

DEEKS

Guy, don't talk in your sleep.
What's your name again?

LAWRIE

L-Lawrie.

They sit silent, a silence broken by Griff sneezing.

He laughs.

GRIFF
Shoulda kept the handkerchief.

 LAWRIE
What?

 GRIFF
Nevermind.

 FERDY
Bless you.

Griff wipes his nose on his tie.

 GRIFF
Thanks.

Deeks stands and searches through drawers at the back of the garage.

 LAWRIE
What are you doing?

 DEEKS
I guess these people were in a hurry to leave. There's loads of shit left here.

Griff joins him.

 GRIFF
Yeh I'm sure this stuff's useful. We can be the A-team and Mae a bazooka out of these little nails and - fuck, you're right...

Deeks pulls out an electric drill - a gigantic monster of a gadget.

 DEEKS
Odds may be against us, but I say we go out in style?

Griff pulls out a saw - another oversized giant - and Ferdy stands, walks over, and picks out an axe from behind the drawers.

Lawrie shrugs and joins them.

He searches around, and finally with an unimpressed stare pulls out a tiny hammer.

They walk to the front of the garage.

 DEEKS (CONT'D)
Wait, wait.

He laughs, holding up the plug for the drill.

DEEKS (CONT'D)

Oops.

GRIFF

Yeh oops.

Deeks walks over and takes the plug, looking around the walls for a socket.

He finds one, crouches beneath the drawers, and plugs it in.

The drill turns on, naturally, immediately.

A SCREAM

Griff quickly ducks under the drawers and turns the socket off.

DEEKS

Switch stuck.

He wraps his hand in the folds of his shirt, stands up.

LAWRIE

(ear to the door)

I think they heard that-

DEEKS

You think?

LAWRIE

Well, it's quiet again now. Sounds pretty dead-

He pauses.

It dawns on him what is happening, closes his eyes.

LAWRIE (CONT'D)

No-no-no, wake up, Lawrie! La-la-la-la-la-la!

BANG

Lawrie slowly opens his eyes to a smoking hole in the door by his face.

Smoke drifts by and he follows it to Deeks, holding a smoking gun.

LAWRIE (CONT'D)

Where the fuck did you get that?

DEEKS

In with the shit. I mean, look for a TV camera, this has to be a set-up.

LAWRIE

Well I'm sure it scared them off.

He peeks through the hole in the door.

DEEKS

Then let's go.

Deeks steps forward with the gun.

Ferdy with the axe.

Griff with the saw.

Lawrie with the minuscule hammer.

Deeks opens the door.

EXT. DESERTED HOUSE - NIGHT

The street is silent.

An owl hoots in the distance.

LAWRIE

Told yas. They gone, he gone,
whoever : gone.

A cat runs out of the bushes with a shriek and scares the
shit out of everyone.

Deeks walks forward, looking at something on the floor.

He bends over to pick it up - it's a gun.

The rest of the group join him, and turn around to form an
outward facing circle, looking for the same thing.

The ambush comes from all directions.

Bullets are fired from both sides.

Ferdy's mobile phone falls from his pocket and starts
ringing.

He leans over, full of bullets, and presses the talk button.

FERDY

Ferdy Harbinger speaking -

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello? Is Sarah there? Oh dear,
do I have the wrong number again?
I'm sorry. Hello? Hello there?
Is there anyone there? What's
that banging I hear? Honey?

Ferdy looks over at the phone, an exasperated bloody
expression.

He looks over at the others, a mass of bloody flesh - Deeks, Griff, Lawrie - dying.

The woman on the phone finally hangs up, leaving only a tone behind her.

The foursome lie, dead, outside the garage, with no sign of the killers.

THE END