

FIVE EYES

INT. ST. PANCRAS TRAIN STATION, LONDON - DAY

A SMARTLY DRESSED BUSINESSMAN strides across the concourse of a busy train station, neatly side-stepping tourists weighed down by luggage, and daisy-chains of school children in hi vis vests.

He wears a long wool coat, carries a briefcase and umbrella, and screams superiority. In his leather-gloved hand is a first class EUROSTAR TICKET to Paris.

He glides through the turnstiles with the air of a well-seasoned traveller, reaches his platform and boards the train.

INT. TRAIN - SAME

Storing his briefcase and umbrella on the rack above him, he sheds his coat and gloves. He takes a seat at a table for four. All around him, zombie-like droids sit glued to their phones - surfing the web, checking Facebook, sending messages. Smiling smugly, he crosses his arms over his chest, and sits back.

EXT. SOUTH BROULEE BEACH, CANBERRA - DAY

Mountainous waves pound down on the beach. Surf's up, and dozens of neoprene covered boarders eye the horizon. Most crash and burn in the vortex, limbs flailing, boards floating away. ONE SURFER, however, stands out - riding the wave fluidly we can see his chiselled abs flex as he ducks gracefully beneath the spray as the wave corkscrews and flattens, his SUN-KISSED LOCKS flowing behind him.

The wave delivers him right on to the beach where he HIGH-FIVES an awestruck child and jogs over to where his friends await, cheering.

SURFER DUDE

Way to go! That was awesome!

SURFER GIRL

You were epic, babe.

She hands him a tinny, delivers it with a kiss. Our surfer gratefully cracks open the can, relishing the cool beer.

She follows the can with a phone.

SURFER GIRL (CONT'D)

Five times in the last ten minutes.

He looks at the phone:

MISSED CALL: DAD.

OUR SURFER
Balls.

EXT. CANBERRA AIRPORT - EVENING

Our surfer, now in board shorts and shirt (you can still see the abs), pulls a case behind him across the tarmac. He's on his phone.

OUR SURFER
I'm literally at the airport now,
Dad. Stop panicking.

He holds open the door for a pretty air hostess to walk through.

OUR SURFER (CONT'D)
I'll bring you home a cuckoo clock.

He follows the air hostess' clacking heels.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

In downtown Ottawa, City workers are leaving work for the day. NAOMI RAINER, 22, not your average Millennial, shuts down her laptop and immediately picks up her phone, heading to the elevators. Without taking her eyes off the screen, she calls an elevator and waits.

Behind her, two Japanese businessmen also wait, talking to themselves.

Her phone rings.

NAOMI
Oui?

The elevator doors open and she and the two businessmen step in. They stand behind her as the lift descends.

She talks into her phone, in French.

BUSINESSMAN
(in Japanese)
I told you they were pretty over
here.

SECOND BUSINESSMAN
Nice ass.

BUSINESSMAN
[derogatory chat]

Naomi continues her conversation, seemingly oblivious.

The elevator reaches the ground floor.

NAOMI
 (into her phone)
 Un moment.

She turns to the businessmen, blocking the doorway.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 (in Japanese)
 Do you speak French?

The Japanese businessmen, aghast and astounded, shake their heads.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 Mandarin?
 (in Mandarin)
 English?

The two businessmen stand shamefaced.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 Je ne pensais pas. In future,
 gentlemen, perhaps you should
 understand who understands YOU,
 before making derogatory remarks
 about their ketsu. *Connard*.

Returning to her phone call -

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 I land at midnight. I'll call you
 from Zurich.

EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY

It's snowing. Not your picture perfect wisps, but a heavy wet blizzard. Slush drowns the pavements, and a howling wind bites the air.

Out of the airport's revolving doors come a pair of red Laboutin, followed by long shapely calves, tastefully met by a royal blue satin dress. The BRASSY BLOND in such an ensemble shivers violently in the weather she's so woefully prepared for, and attempts to hail a cab.

BLOND
 Hey! Hey!

All the cabs are taken. She strides over to a waiting porter.

BLOND (CONT'D)
 I need a cab. A taxi. TAXI???

Shouting does not aid his comprehension.

BLOND (CONT'D)
 I. NEED. UNE CAB. You understand?
 UNE TAXI!

A Gallic shrug.

BLOND (CONT'D)
 Christ Almighty. Do you have Uber?

She delves into an expensive handbag and brings out her phone. Zero reception.

Just as murder is about to be committed on Flughafenstrasse, from the revolving doors out steps our SMARTLY DRESSED BUSINESSMAN from London, looking no worse for wear after his seven-hour journey.

Seconds later, a black Diplomat's car pulls neatly to the kerb, its liveried driver out of the door and to the passenger side practically before the car stops moving.

BUSINESSMAN
 Evening, Hans.

He sees the blond, shivering angrily.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
 May I offer you a lift, Madam?

BLOND
 (in a deep Texan accent)
 You speak English - you can offer me what you want.

BUSINESSMAN
 Where might you be travelling? I would be very happy to take you there.

BLOND
 Well sugar, I'd be happy to go where you're going. But, I'm headed for... uh...
 (checks her phone)
 P-faff...faff.. Puh...

BUSINESSMAN
 Pfäffikon?

BLOND
 That's it.

BUSINESSMAN
 Blackjack?

BLOND
 However it comes, honey.

BUSINESSMAN

Hans, please see to the lady's luggage. Miss...?

BLOND

Goldberg. Mrs. But you can pretend I didn't say that.

BUSINESSMAN

A pleasure. Sebastian Woodcock.

MRS GOLDBERG

Where'd you get a name like that?

SEBASTIAN

It was my father's.

She climbs into the car, her shapely calf disappearing into the depths. He walks around to the other side and slams the door. They drive off into the night.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

As the snow continues to build, the black limousine purrs gently around the mountainous roads. We pass a sign: PFAFFIKON.

EXT. SWISSCASINO - NIGHT

The car pulls into the driveway of the casino. Unfolding his umbrella, Sebastian is ready to shelter Mrs Goldberg as soon as she steps out. Together they walk into the warmth of the casino.

INT. CASINO - SAME

A mid-range casino, not hugely plush, but still warm and inviting after the blizzard outside. Together, Sebastian and Mrs Goldberg walk to the front desk, where a CONCIERGE waits.

CONCIERGE

Good evening, sir, madam. Checking in?

SEBASTIAN

Monsieur Woodcock and Madame Goldberg.

CONCIERGE

Ah of course. One moment.

She turns to the desk behind her, picks up two key cards and two gold envelopes.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
Suite three and suite four, on the
top floor. And please accept these
with the compliments of Monsieur
Brandenberg.

As they take the gold envelopes, we see that each is embossed
with five gold eyes. They smile smugly at one another.

MRS GOLDBERG
You said you were a banker.

SEBASTIAN
You said you were a lawyer.

MRS GOLDBERG
I'm a thoroughly law-abiding
citizen.

SEBASTIAN
I have a lot of money.

A flurry of snow whirls into the reception as the doors open
again, admitting OUR SURFER from Canberra, still in board
shorts, but to which he has added an oversized parka jacket
complete with fur trim.

OUR SURFER
G'day fellas. Brass monkeys out
there.

He strides over to the desk, where the Eyes look him up and
down disdainfully. He clocks the envelopes.

OUR SURFER (CONT'D)
Ah. You got one of those beauties
for me?

SEBASTIAN
I hardly think so.

CONCIERGE
What's your name, sir?

OUR SURFER
Hunt. Mike Hunt.

CONCIERGE
Excuse me, Mike...?

MIKE HUNT
Hunt.

The concierge looks through the key cards on the desk.

CONCIERGE
Mike Hunt. Hmm, I don't see Mike
Hunt...

Mike smiles broadly - sometimes the joke works perfectly.

SEBASTIAN
Oh for goodness sake.

MIKE
My parents had a sense of humour.

CONCIERGE
Oh, here we are! So sorry, Monsieur
Hunt.

She hands him a gold envelope, like the others.

SEBASTIAN
You? An Eye?

MIKE
Canberra's finest. Where's the bar?

INT. CASINO - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

The buffet bar is taking a pounding from the many hungry tourists setting themselves up for the day. Mike balances a plate of croissants on top of a glass of orange juice as he loads another with scrambled eggs and bacon.

At the other end of the bar, Mrs Goldberg fills a cup with black coffee. At a nearby table, Sebastian sips tea, scanning the room. His gaze settles on Naomi Rainer, busy at her laptop, an untouched croissant on her plate.

He's about to get up to say hello when the concierge from the night before approaches him. All four Eyes look up.

CONCIERGE
Good morning ladies and gentlemen.
Would you please follow me.

MIKE
(with a mouthful of
croissant)
Can I bring this with me?

She strides off; they follow.

INT. CASINO - EYE IN THE SKY - DAY

The four Eyes sit round a circular table in the middle of a small room. Positioned all around the perimeter, black and white monitors show all that is going on in the hotel and casino - from every imaginable angle. We see maids making up rooms, garbage being taken out, gamblers feeding coins into slot machines, high rollers putting it all on black. Every inch is covered.

So our first glimpse of SEVERIN BRANDENBERG, the elderly casino owner, is on a monitor, showing his stooped gait and shock of white curly hair, approaching the room in which they're all sat.

The door opens and he shuffles in, taking a seat at the head of the table.

Which leaves one chair empty. All eyes turn to look at the space at the table whose placeholder reads 'NEW ZEALAND'.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

An unslept-in bed lies in semi-darkness, as black-out blinds prevent all natural daylight from coming into the room. At the foot of the bed, bathed in blue light, sits a young man staring into a laptop. DANIEL WAITITI wears thick rimmed spectacles, and a mop of black hair obscures most of his face.

DEATH METAL pounds out of his earbuds, rendering him oblivious to the persistent knocking on the door.

INT. EYE IN THE SKY - SAME

The Eyes look around the table goofily. Severin smiles. They smile back. They glance around again, fidgeting in their seats.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Daniel continues to concentrate on his screen, displaying impenetrable code, his fingers a blur on the keyboard. The death metal reaches a crescendo.

INT. EYE IN THE SKY - SAME

SEBASTIAN
Might I suggest...

One look from Severin silences him.

SEVERIN
We wait.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SOME TIME LATER

A slightly dazed and confused Daniel stumbles behind the concierge towards the elevators.

INT. EYE IN THE SKY - SAME

The door opens and Daniel enters, bashful at keeping everyone waiting. He slides into his seat.

DANIEL

Uh, hi.

SEVERIN

Finally. We're all here. Welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Most auspicious members of the Five Eyes.

SEBASTIAN

So - do we finally get to understand what this is all about?

SEVERIN

You've read the contents of your golden envelopes, have you not?

SEBASTIAN

I have.

SEVERIN

Then that should tell you all you need to know.

He gets up, looks at some of the monitors.

SEVERIN (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to be robbed. In three days' time, an unknown thief or thieves will enter my casino and attempt to relieve it of its most precious possessions.

MIKE

No sweat mate, I've already rinsed the mini bar.

SEVERIN

(ignoring him)

I have a date, I have a time. I know what they intend to steal. What I don't know is WHO this thief is, or his or her accomplices. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is why you are here.

MIKE

To stop a robbery?

SEVERIN

No. The robbery will take place. The thief or thieves will get the bounty.

(MORE)

SEVERIN (CONT'D)

But before any of this happens,
with your assistance, I will know
who these people are. Using your
expertise, I will understand what
makes them think they can choose my
casino as their target. I will know
every single last thing about them,
from the moment they first drew
breath to what they had for
breakfast on the morning of the
heist. And I will make them regret
every last one of those moments.

He looks up at the five people watching him.

SEVERIN (CONT'D)

Any questions?