

The Watchful Eye: EPISODE 3
An audio drama told in 6 parts

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Scene 1.

Director And (pause) action!

Barry (nervous) *What was it, that I, Jacob, the man you have been wai-waiting for, coulda, could of, taken you down to the wishing well, and... and...*

Director Would you like the script?

Barry No. No. I've got this. Thanks.

Director Okay, whenever you're ready. Take your time.

Barry Should I start from the beginning, or?

Director No, just carry on from where you stopped.

Barry Are you sure? I kinda feel like it'll lose the flow.

Director Okay, start from the top.

Barry The *top*?

Director (impatient) Yes. The top of the scene.

Barry Oh, right. Sure, I know that. Or I could just carry on from where I was?

Director I really don't ca-

Barry (loud) *It is I, Jacob! The man you have been searching for. I am here, to take you away down the wishing well. To... To... Oh, fuck sake. I'm so sorry. I had the lines in my head, but they've just disappeared. This doesn't normally happen, I promise.*

Director It's okay, just take the script-

Barry I don't need the fucking script!

Director (pause) I think we're done here. Thanks for coming in.

Barry Oh, great. Are you sure you've seen enough?

Director I've seen plenty.

Barry And when will I hear?

Director Within the next few days.

Barry Great. I really look forward to working with you.

Director I'm not offering you-

Barry Oh, of course not. I know you have to see everyone else first. But I'm just saying, you know, maybe we'll get to work with each other in the near future?

Director Can you please leave now?

Scene 2.

Charlie (on the phone) No, I'm not that worried... It's only been a few days... Blood? Yes. It's definitely blood... No I don't want to go to the doctors... He hurt me last time, that's why!

<A door swings open and smashes against the safety rail>

Charlie (on the phone) Sorry, mum. I'm gonna have to go, something urgent has just come up. (to Barry) So, Brando, how did it go?

Barry (out of breath) Ah, god. Ah... Arggh!

Charlie That bad?

Barry It was (pause) *amazing!* I fucking nailed it. Boom. Drop the mic and walk away. The job is mine.

Charlie Aw, well done mate. Proud of 'ya.

Barry I'm buzzing! I can't believe how good I was. Totally knocked it out of the park. The director was like, *yeah we've seen enough thank you.* I only did two lines! And that was enough. I didn't even have to do the whole thing.

Charlie They must have been impressed.

Barry Yeah, obviously! Obviously they were impressed. I mean (pause) come on. I'm a natural.

Charlie So when will they let you know?

Barry (trying to play it cool) In a few days, officially. But I know it's mine. They pretty much told me, not in so many words. But yeah. This is the *start*, I can feel it.

<banging on a car window>

Druggie (muffled) How much longer are we gonna be?

Charlie (to druggie) Alright, mate! Calm down. (to Barry) I suppose we should get him down the station now. If you're done celebrating?

Barry No way! I feel so fucking alive right now! I tell you what, those Lorazepam's really did do the trick. I think I'll use them all the time now. Reckon our mate has got some more?

Charlie No harm in asking is there?

<A car door opens and closes. Eventually the car drives away>

Scene 3.

<A bar door opens>

Rodger Awhhhhh. Ouuuuu. Mmmmmmm.

<Rodger stumbles his way to the bar>

Nikki Morning!

Rodger Wha-what?

Nikki I said-

Rodger I know what you said. Just lower the volume a bit, yeah? I've got a bit of a head-sore.

Nikki Pint then, is it?

Rodger Ah? Yeah, lovely. And an espresso martini. Gotta get some caffeine into my system. I feel like death.

Nikki You look like death.

Rodger Did we (pause) Did we?

Nikki Did we what?

<Nikki pours a pint of beer>

Rodger Did we fuck?

Nikki Are you kidding?

Rodger No?

Nikki I don't know what's more insulting. That you think we did, or that you've forgotten.

Rodger I'm sorry, I had one or two too many yesterday and my memory isn't what it is.

Nikki We definitely didn't fuck.

Rodger Oh, shame (violent coughing).

Nikki Yeah, real shame. Listen, I've been thinking-

Rodger About us fucking?

Nikki Do you remember what our new friend said last night? You know, the guy who got arrested a few days ago?

Rodger He was here last night? Fuck me. That explains why I feel so awful.

Nikki Well, he told us he reckons that his missus, the woman who went missing, had *life insurance!*

Rodger Oh, that's a relief. At least he's gonna earn some dollar from it. I'm chuffed for the guy. Hey! Maybe he'll pay my tab off for me? We did get on really well after all.

Nikki (whispering) I have a plan to get that money.

Rodger Besides selling him drinks?

Nikki He left the ransom note here, right. And so I was thinking that if we come up with the cash to pay, we can then take over the kidnapping, and demand more money once her life insurance has paid out.

Rodger Wait, wait, wait (pause) wait. What?

Nikki God, sake. It's really simple!

Rodger It may be simple, but it sounds fucking ludicrous. You want us to pay the kidnappers so we can kidnap her ourselves and then demand a new ransom?

Nikki Yeah, exactly! Wow, I'm genuinely impressed you understood all that. Considering the state you're in. So (pause) are you going to do it?

Rodger Me?

Nikki Yes, you! I can't do it, can I?

Rodger Why not?

Nikki Well, I'm working. Plus it's my idea.

Rodger It being your idea means you should be the one to do it! If it was my idea I'd consider doing it myself before offering it out. Besides, what am I gonna get outta it?

Nikki Half.

Rodger Half of what?

Nikki The insurance money.

Rodger Half the insurance money?

Nikki (frustrated) Yes! What else?! It's a fool-proof plan, ain't it? We'll both be fucking loaded and no one will suspect a thing. Because here's the genius bit. We continue to act like the original kidnapers. Send an exact copy of this ransom note as if we're still the old kidnapers.

Rodger Who's to say he is going to pay us?

Nikki What?

Rodger He's not paid the twenty grand, right?

Nikki Right.

Rodger So why is he going to pay more all of a sudden?

Nikki (pause) I see your point. Err- let me think about that one.

Rodger Take your time. I'll be here all day.

Nikki I got it!

Rodger Yeah?

Nikki We give him no choice.

Rodger So we kidnap him too?

Nikki Maybe, yeah!

Rodger Okay, okay. That could work. After he's collected the insurance money, obviously?

Nikki Obviously, yeah. And when the insurance money is collected, we'll release them both, and everyone's happy?

Rodger Yeah, the kidnapped are no longer kidnapped, and we have the insurance the money.

Nikki Sounds pretty great, don't it?

Rodger I like it yeah. Sounds like a lot of hard work though. How are we gonna get the twenty grand?

Nikki This part you're gonna love!

Scene 4.

<Busy waiting area>

Charlie (calling) Katherine, Katherine Davis?

Katherine Yes, that's me.

Charlie Come with me please.

Barry Are you having a good day?

Katherine Err- it's been okay, I'm actually-

Barry Well, I've had a terrific day! Probably the best day of my life. And that includes the birth of my son.

Charlie Oh, I didn't know you had a child.

Barry Yeah, the less said about that the better though. He's a pretty selfish little fucker. I hate him. Always crying and demanding stuff. What do I even get in return?!

Charlie (awkward) Right, anyway-

<A door opens>

Charlie After you, Kathy. Can I call you Kathy?

Katherine I prefer Katherine actually.

Barry Wait, I don't think I actually mentioned *why* it's been the best day ever?

Charlie (to Katherine) Take a seat.

Barry I'm going to be a superstar like *The Rock*, or... or *Meryl Streep*!

Charlie Ignore him, he's a little (pause) *distracted* today. So how can we help you? My colleague at the front desk mentioned something about our recent murder case.

Katherine Well, that's exactly it! Is it still a *murder* case? Because there's been no body found yet.

Charlie (to Barry) Has there not? I thought he had-

Barry The director actually said *that he'd seen enough*. Can you believe that? They never say that.

Charlie Barry?

Barry I wonder when rehearsals start.

Charlie Barry?

Barry I can't wait to meet the rest of the cast! It's going to be so much-

Charlie Barry!

Barry What?

Charlie Is there, or is there not, a body?

Barry Oh, I haven't got a clue.

Charlie (to Katherine) As of yet, we don't have a clue. But as soon as we do, I'll be sure to let someone else know so they can let you know.

<A chair scraps backwards>

Charlie Now as you will hopefully appreciate, we've got another very busy day ahead of us investigating stuff, so unless there was anything else?

Katherine I'm sorry, but that's just not good enough.

Charlie No need to be sorry.

Katherine I'm not sorry, I'm just sorry for- you know, for disagreeing with you.

Charlie And I'm just saying there is no need to be sorry for disagreeing with me. The world wouldn't turn if we were all in agreement, would it?

Barry Is that true? Perhaps I can draw upon that when creating my character for the role. Maybe he's a deep thinker who knows how the world turns-

Charlie But unfortunately, I too, in turn, must be sorry. Because I don't agree with you. I feel as though we have in fact done enough, but on this occasion, no clue has presented itself to us apart from the ransom note, so please-

Katherine (shocked) There was a ransom note?

Charlie Err, yes. I think so. I vaguely remember there being something about a ransom on a piece of paper with some other demands on it, or something or another.

Katherine Well, that's a clue then!

Charlie Is it?

Katherine Yes!

Charlie (to Barry) Did you know that, Baz? That ransom note is a clue.

Barry I wonder if they'll let me wear my own clothes or I'll get fitted. I'd like to be involved in that process, you know? Just to make sure everything feels right.

Charlie Right. (to Katherine) I have no idea what he's saying now, do you?

Katherine Is this how you deal with all your investigations? Because I am truly shocked and deeply concerned that whilst my sister is out there, missing, you two clowns are in here talking about nonsense that makes zero sense rather than out there looking for her!

Charlie Actually, we've just uncovered a very promising lead. This case is going to be cracked wide open!

Katherine A clue I had to point out to you!

Charlie It's best that we leave all egos at the door when dealing with a murder investigation. It doesn't matter who found the clue, but rather that a clue has in fact been found.

Katherine Show me.

Charlie Show you?

Katherine Yes, show me the ransom note.

Charlie Oh, I see what you mean.

Katherine (pause) Well?

Charlie Well?

Katherine Show me the note!

Charlie I can't. I mean, we can't.

Katherine Why not?

Charlie We don't have it.

Barry Maybe I'll grow my hair long for the role. What do you both think? A ponytail. It's quite bold, don't you think?

Katherine You two morons better show me that ransom note, right now, otherwise I'm going to the press.

Charlie Oh, come, come now Katie-

Katherine Katherine!

Charlie I thought we had established that Katie, or Kathy, one of the two, was fine? We're all friends here.

Katherine We're not all friends. You're meant to be investigating the disappearance of my sister!

Charlie Oh, she's your *sister*? That makes more sense now.

Katherine Jesus, Christ! How on earth are you two even working here? Or is this just some elaborate prank? Am I on camera? Because I better be!

Barry Guess who'll be on camera next week (pause) *me*, that's who. You better grab my autograph now before it's too late. It'll be worth a few dimes on the internet, I'm sure of it.

Charlie Okay, we'll get you the ransom note. I personally don't see why it's so important, but whatever. If that's what it'll take to stop you phoning up the local rag, than so be it. Our time could be better spent on more productive things, but you're the boss! The ransom note it is.

Katherine Good. When?

Charlie When, what?

Katherine (frustrated) When will you have it?

Charlie Oh, I don't know. These things can take months, years even.

Katherine Does Max have it?

Charlie Who's Max?

Katherine My brother-in-law! The guy you arrested for her murder.

Charlie Oh, that Max! I thought you were talking about a different Max. (showing off) Well, actually. He didn't murder her. We know that for sure.

Katherine For sure, eh?

Charlie Yep.

Katherine How?

Charlie Because he told us.

Katherine Terrific. And I suppose he was telling you the truth.

Charlie Why would he lie?

Katherine To get away with it!

Charlie But there was a ransom note.

Katherine And there is no chance that he just made up all the shit to make it look like it was someone-

Charlie Or some people!

Katherine Or someone else did it! The ransom note could be a fake, and Max is just covering his tracks, throwing

you both off the scent. And by the looks of things, it didn't take much.

Charlie So you're saying Max was lying to us?

Katherine It's a possibility, yes. It's your job to find out!

Charlie Oh, wow. I didn't see that twist coming.

Scene 5.

<Typing on a keyboard>

Raymond Tuesday 13th of August. 2006. The Watchful Eye blog post #136. I have big, big news. The investigation has started to really dial up the heat, and things have started to develop beyond my wildest dreams. Yours truly, your faithful writer, was directly involved in an incident yesterday. The deceased person's sister knocked down my door and demanded, *demanded*, to know what I knew. And that, will stay between you and me.

<We hear a ding>

Raymond Ooo! A new subscriber, how exciting! (trailing off) Let me just see who...

<A mouse clicks several times>

Raymond (to himself) Katherine Whitman. Well, welcome. Welcome to *The Watchful Eye*. You are most welcome. No idea who you are, but glad to have you on board. Two subscribers, it's growing Burtie, it's growing! We've doubled our subscribers in less than three days!

<A car meows>

Raymond Wow, all this reporting really takes it out of you, don't it? I'm exhausted. I think I'll take a little nap and continue writing this afternoon. (to Burtie) What do you think Burtie? Should we have a little snooze to rest a while? We do deserve it after all! (pause) I do wish I wasn't so alone.

<We hear a car pull up outside>

Raymond Let me just see who that is.

<Metal blinds open>

Raymond (shocked) Is that... No! No way. It can't be.

Scene 6.

Travel Agent We have plenty of options for you to choose from. Ibiza is particularly nice at this time of year, and we have plenty of offers for the Caribbean and-

Max Do you have anywhere more remote?

Travel Agent Remote?

Max Yeah, like Russia or Mozambique?

Travel Agent You want to go to Mozam-

<A phone rings>

Max (to Travel Agent) Excuse me. (to phone) Hello?

Charlie (on the phone) Hi Max, it's Charlie.

Max Oh, right.

Charlie (on the phone) The police detectives.

Max Sure.

Charlie (on the phone) Who are investigating the disappearance of your wife, Francesca.

Max Okay.

Charlie (on the phone) Do you remember me at all?

Max I can't say that I do.

Charlie (on the phone) Right, well. We spoke to you yesterday, and you presented a clue for the case, and well, we need that clue back. It's kinda important.

Max Do you mean the ransom note?

Charlie (on the phone) Yes! The ransom note. We really need it. We're led to believe it may help us solve the mystery of what's happened to Fran.

Max Oh. Are you still planning on finding her then?

Charlie (on the phone) Yes, we are! Unless of course you paid the twenty-grand?

Max Nah. I've got more exciting things to spend my money on.

Charlie (on the phone) That's cool. But if you could drop off that note at the station, I think we could get this whole thing rolling.

Max I don't actually know where it is anymore.

Charlie Oh. Damn.

Max Yeah.

Charlie (on the phone) That's fine. Sorta frustrating though, you know? I thought we were on to something, and then you go and lose the one clue we have.

Max Mhmm. Anyway, I'm trying to book a holiday, do you mind if I call you back in a bit?

Charlie (on the phone) There's no need. We'll figure something else out. Cheers, bye.

Max Cheerio! (to travel agent) Sorry about that. The police are investigating the disappearance of my wife, and wanted the ransom note in hope it may lead them to her whereabouts. So, somewhere remote, somewhere warm. Where do you recommend?

Travel Agent Err- the police are investigating the-

Max The disappearance of my wife, yes.

Travel Agent And you want to book a *holiday*?

Max Of course! Now is the perfect time. Fran would never let me choose where to go. So where were we?

Travel Agent I think you mentioned Mozambique.

Max Yes! Yes, I did. What do you think? Does the computer offer up any special packages or deals that look interesting?

Travel Agent (unsure) Let me have a look.

Scene 7.

<A car pulls up and the engine turns off>

Rodger Where are we?

Nikki Your *friend* with the dog lives in that house over there.

Rodger I don't have any friends with dogs.

Nikki You do.

Rodger I don't. I definitely don't. I'd remember if I did.

Nikki You do! Come on. Think about it-

Rodger I barely have any friends at all, I'm pretty sure I'd remember if one of them had a dog.

Nikki (awkward) I meant Jude, from the pub, and Butch. The big Doberman who barked at you yesterday for being a dick.

Rodger Oh. You were being *funny*.

Nikki Yeah.

Rodger I do have friends, you know.

Nikki Sure.

Rodger I was joking.

Nikki Obviously.

Rodger Please don't think I'm a sado.

Nikki Noooo! Why would I?

Rodger Because I sit in a pub all day and have no one to talk to and I come home every night to an empty house and I'm forty-five and no one loves me and I smell and, and, and- (starts weeping).

Nikki Get a grip of yourself! Okay? I need you to pay attention.

Rodger (stops weeping) Sorry, I'm not sure what came over me.

Nikki We are going to take Jude hostage until she gives us the twenty grand.

Rodger Say that again.

Nikki Old people always have money. So we, you and me, are going to ask her politely to hand it over, and if she doesn't, well... you're gonna have to force her to.

Rodger I'm gonna do what?

Nikki This is the plan. Deal with it.

Rodger Steady on, Nikki. This sounds a bit (pause) illegal, don't it?

Nikki What were you expecting?

Rodger I know I look like a thug, but I'm actually quite timid. Especially when it comes to confrontation. I get all clammy, and mix up all my words, and generally just sweat loads. It can be quite embarrassing.

Nikki I don't care what you normally do. But tonight, we are going to get that twenty grand one way or another. And then we are going to pay this ransom, get the wife back, and then ask for more once the insurance has paid out. It'll be the quickest buck you've ever earned. You ready?

Rodger No.

Nikki Well, you better get ready, 'cos here we go!

<Knocking on the door. Silence. Followed by more knocking>

Nikki Wow, old people really are slow, ain't they?

<A door opens>

Jude (concerned) Hello?

Nikki (mock pleasant) Hi, Jude!

Rodger (worried) Yeah. Hello, Jude.

Jude What are you two cunts doing here?

Nikki Can we come in?

Jude No you cannot! I'm just about to go to bed and-

Nikki Where's Butch?

Jude He's out back in his kennel, why?

<The door is kicked and it hits the hallway wall hard>

Jude Argh! Careful! You've damaged my wall-

Nikki Get her, Rodg! Get her-

Rodger Get her? Get her, how?

Nikki Grab her!

Rodger How?

Nikki Use your imagination!

Rodger Should I hit her?

Nikki Yes!

Rodger What with?

Jude Get out of my house, you fucking-fuckers!

<An ornament is picked up from a side table>

Nikki Listen now, Jude. This can go one of two ways, you either play ball and this goes smoothly or-

Jude Arrrrrrrrrgh!

<a dog starts barking in the distance>

<There is a tussle between Charlie and Jude until eventually we hear a thud. Jude falls to the floor>

Nikki (to Charlie) Blimey. Good work! She was being hysterical.

Rodger Fuck (pause) that's a lot of blood!

Nikki Come on, help me lift her out of the porch so we can close the door before the whole neighbourhood sees.

Scene 8.

<Gaffer tape unravels and is placed over Jude's mouth>

Nikki Do her legs.

<More gaffer tape>

Nikki Charlie! I said-

Rodger What's the point? She's... She's dead!

Nikki No she's not! Look-

<We hear a couple of slaps land on Jude's face>

Rodger She's not moving.

Nikki She will, don't worry. I just need to hit a bit-

<A harder slap>

Rodger Careful! She'll bruise.

Nikki Sor-ry. I didn't realise you cared so much.

Rodger I'm just thinking about how we are going to get out of this. If you're leaving bruises all over the place, it'll be harder to deny.

Nikki You really think we'll be able to deny what we've done now? Look at her!

Rodger I haven't done anything. This was totally all you. Don't be getting me mixed up with things I have and haven't done. I know what I did, and I definitely didn't kill that little old lady.

Nikki You're an accessory.

Rodger Like a pencil sharpener?

Nikki No, to murd- Well. Maybe murder if she doesn't wake up.

Rodger I thought you said...

Nikki I know what I said, but- she does look pretty dead, don't she?

Rodger Mhmm. That's what I'm trying to say.

Nikki What are we going to do about the twenty grand?

Rodger I literally have no idea. This is on you.

Nikki Can you stop trying to part blame! No one is going to believe I did this. Let's be honest.

Rodger I'll tell them the truth.

Nikki A bit risky though, isn't it?

Rodger No, I don't think so.

Nikki If you say so.

Rodger I do!

Nikki Great.

Rodger Yes.

Nikki We'll have to wait and see.

Rodger Yes we will.

Nikki Fucking *idiot*!

Rodger Don't call me that! (hurt) I'm not a *idiot*.

<Jude starts to groan>

Nikki Oh fuck!

Rodger She's alive!

Nikki How??

Rodger She's the Terminator.

Nikki She's *not* the Terminator! I just think all that blood made it look worse than it is. Maybe we can play it all off as a prank?

Rodger Yeahhhh, maybe.

Nikki You think?

Rodger Nope.

<Jude groans louder>

Nikki Do you think we should take off the tape?

Rodger Oh, now you want me to make all the decisions? Before, when none of this shit had happened, you

didn't want to know. But now it's all gone uppity-boo, it's Charlie to the rescue, is it?

Nikki Uppity-boo? Who says that?

<Jude's groan turns into a cry and it sounds like she can't breath>

Rodger Right, get that off her! Get it off right now.

Nikki Get what off?

Rodger The tape! Get the tape off.

Nikki Okay, okay- calm down. What's the rush?

Rodger She can't breath! She might choke to death.

Nikki Would that be such a bad thing?

Rodger Yes! Yes, it would. You almost killed her once, I can't take it a second time.

Nikki I'm just saying, if she *did* die, it'd make things a lot easier for us.

Rodger (serious) Take the tape off, right now!

<We hear the sound of gaffer tape ripping from Jude's mouth. She lets out a deep breath and gasps for more>

Nikki (mock pleasant) Hi there, Jude, sweetheart. And how are you feeling? You had a terrible fall, didn't you? Are you feeling better now?

Jude Wha-what? What happened? My head... what?

Nikki (mock pleasant) It's okay now. You're safe with us now. Just take it easy.

Jude I fell?

Nikki Yes, you did. Badly. Several times.

Jude (pause) Because you threw something at me!

Nikki No, no. That's not what happened. Why would you think that? I'm insulted.

Rodger Fuck! We are in so much trouble.

Nikki (to Charlie) Stop! Okay? It'll be fine. I've got this. (to Jude) Now listen, Judie. You took a nasty

fall, and we were here to save you, okay? Do you remember?

<Jude groans>

Nikki And... And... You mentioned a reward as well. For saving your life.

Rodger Seriously?

Nikki Twenty-grand, you said.

Jude (confused) You saved me?

Nikki Yes- yes, we did! We saved you from certain death. A reward, of twenty grand, that's all we need. No need to thank us otherwise.

Jude (groggy) That's very sweet of you.

Rodger I can't believe you're-

Nikki Shut it! (to Jude) What about this reward then, eh? Jude? Could we get it from you now because we need to leave soonish?

Jude (pleasant) Oh, sure. Get my purse. I'll write you a cheque.

Nikki Great! Where's is it?

Jude Huh? Wha-

Nikki Jude? Stay with us, Jude! The chequebook, Jude! The cheque-

Jude I'm... I'm-

Rodger She's fucking dying!

Nikki She's *not* dying! (to Jude) Jude! Jude... Where's your chequebook? Just tell us where it is, and we'll be on our way.

Jude Am I bleeding?

Nikki Yes, Jude! You fell over, hitting your head very hard, and now you're going to pay us. Jude... Jude... God damn it!

Rodger What are we going to do?

Nikki Let me think, let me think. Where would she keep her chequebook?

Rodger Can we phone an ambulance? Please? We could save her-

Nikki No! We're gonna get the money and leave.

Rodger I think this is the most sober I've been in years.