

NCIS

"SIGHT UNSEEN"

SELECT ANNIE B. SCENES

ANNIE B. SCENE #1

EXT. CAMPGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: Bacon frying in an IRON SKILLET above a campfire. A tent is pitched on the edge of a LAKE. TREVOR B. (27), gung-ho camper, cracks eggs in a bowl as he takes in the (very) early morning air.

TREVOR B.

Annie. Over easy or scrambled?

ANNIE B., Trevor's sister (30s, a spark plug), sits in the open zippered door of their TENT, tying her SHOES.

ANNIE B.

I am never camping with you again.

TREVOR B.

Oh, come on, sis. That's just your stomach talking.

ANNIE B.

I'm not hungry. I'm tired.

TREVOR B.

But I let you sleep in. It's already five-thirty.

Annie harrumphs, standing and stretching groggily. The still morning air drips with dew as nature awakens around them.

VROOM! A PATROL CAR, sirens blaring, rockets through their camp, hurtles an embankment, flies through the air, and lands in the lake with a SPLASH! As the siblings process what just happened...

ANNIE B.

Trevor! Go help!

Trevor is frozen in shock, glued in place. So Annie makes a move for the lake. Trevor tries to hold her back.

CONTINUED:

TREVOR B.
Whoa whoa whoa.

ANNIE B.
Let me go!

ANNIE B. SCENE #2

A PICNIC TABLE, where ANNIE B. sits, wearing dry clothes and SUNGLASSES. Her WET CLOTHES are drying on the table beside her.

Torres approaches.

TORRES
Annie Barnes?

ANNIE B.
That's me.

TORRES
Agent Nick Torres, NCIS.

Torres sticks out his hand. She doesn't shake it. Okay.

TORRES (cont'd)
I understand you swam out to help?

ANNIE B.
I tried. My brother stopped me
before I made it very far.

TORRES
Other witnesses mentioned a man in
a boat, maybe a fisherman, who saw
the crash.

ANNIE B.
I heard him shout, asking the
deputy if he was all right.

TORRES
The man in the boat disappeared.
Did you see what he looked like?

Annie laughs.

ANNIE B.
I have no idea.
(takes off her sunglasses)
I'm blind, Agent Torres.

A fact we've kept hidden till now. Torres is thrown for a loop.

CONTINUED:

TORRES

Oh. I...I'm sorry.

ANNIE B.

Why?

TORRES

Uh. Because... I just thought....
Wait -- why'd you go into the lake?

ANNIE B.

To try to save someone's life.

As Torres takes that in...

ANNIE B. (cont'd)

Blind people can swim, you know.

TORRES

Yeah. Sure.

ANNIE B.

We cut our own meat and feed
ourselves, too.

TORRES

Of course. I'm sorry.

ANNIE B.

You can stop apologizing.

TORRES

I'm sor--. I mean...

As he fumbles for the right words, Torres hears something behind him. McGee, Bishop, Gibbs and Jimmy are crowded around the patrol car, now being pulled ashore.

TORRES (cont'd)

Excuse me. I have to...

Torres trails off as he moves to the car, water pouring out from every crack in the frame.

ANNIE B. SCENE #3

INT. ANNIE B.' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A very dark living room. Shades drawn, lights off. Annie carefully hammers a nail in the wall.

A DOORBELL rings.

ANNIE B.' VOICE

One minute!

Our eyes slowly adjust as Annie places the hammer on the table, then expertly navigates the path to her front door. She swings it open to reveal Torres.

TORRES

Miss Barnes? Nick Torres, NCIS.

ANNIE B.

Hi, Nick. Come on in.

Torres steps tentatively into the dark.

ANNIE B. (cont'd)

It's not much, but it's home. What do you think?

TORRES

I can't really tell. It's pretty dark.

ANNIE B.

Oh my gosh. 'Harvey, turn on the lights.'

"Harvey," Annie's version of "Alexa," illuminates the room to reveal a tidy, tastefully decorated home.

ANNIE B. (cont'd)

Forgive me. I always forget to do that for visitors.

TORRES

I guess you don't need lights.

ANNIE B.

No. Useless as pictures on the wall. But I'm hanging one anyway.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE B. (cont'd)
A friend gave me this Braille map
of the U.S. Pretty cool, right?

Her hands find the FRAMED MAP leaning against the wall, and holds it up for Torres to see. He instinctively grabs at it.

TORRES
Hey, let me do that.

Annie doesn't let the map go.

ANNIE B.
No thanks. I got it.

During the following, Annie finds the CLASP on the back of the map's frame, and hooks it over the nail. Then she places a MARBLE atop the frame to check the map's levelness.

TORRES
You said on the phone that you had
information that could help us.

ANNIE B.
I do. But instead of telling you,
I have to show you.
(re: the map)
How's it look?

TORRES
Actually, it's perfect. Your
marble trick works better than just
eyeing it. I mean --

Torres realizes he just said "eye."

ANNIE B.
Don't worry about it. I can hear
the word 'eye' without crying. I
can't produce tears anyway.

TORRES
So what do you want to show me?

ANNIE B.
It's not here. We're going on a
field trip. You want to drive, or
should I?

Annie smiles. Torres doesn't know quite what to make of this woman. But he's intrigued, both by her and the information she may have.

ANNIE B. SCENE #4

EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

Torres leads Annie by the arm toward the same campsite she and her brother used the other night.

ANNIE B.
Congenital glaucoma. It's hereditary. Thanks, Mom.

TORRES
Can you see anything?

ANNIE B.
Shadows and shapes. Light and dark. I was seventeen when I was declared legally blind.

TORRES
Do you ever use a cane?

ANNIE B.
Not if I can help it. Human guides are much more fun. And get it straight: Blind people use sticks. Canes are for old people.

TORRES
Got it. Sorry.

ANNIE B.
There you go apolo--

TORRES
Apologizing. You're right. I won't do that again.

As they arrive at the campsite...

ANNIE B.
I think we're here.

TORRES
We are. How'd you know?

CONTINUED:

ANNIE B.

I smell bacon grease. My brother must've dumped it in the fire pit, although I've told him many times it's bad for the environment.

Torres eyes the fire pit, mucked with BACON GREASE.

TORRES

You're like Superwoman with your other senses. I guess if one goes away, the others improve?

ANNIE B.

You try it. Close your eyes.

TORRES

No. It's okay.

ANNIE B.

This is actually why we're here. Close your eyes.

Torres keeps his eyes open.

TORRES

Okay, they're closed.

ANNIE B.

Don't lie to me.

Caught, Torres closes his eyes.

TORRES

Fine. How'd you know --

ANNIE B.

(cutting him off)

Now listen. What do you hear?

TORRES

Ummm. Birds.

ANNIE B.

What else? Come on, Nick, really listen. What do you hear?

TORRES

All right, all right, stop talking.
(he listens)

I hear water against the shore. I hear cars on the road.

CONTINUED: (2)

And so can we. An unseen passing car makes a distinct sound -
- THUNK THUNK.

ANNIE B.
(mimicking the car noise)
Thunk thunk. Thunk thunk. Every
time a car passes by, it makes the
same noise: *thunk thunk*.

And a car passes with a *THUNK THUNK*.

TORRES
Yeah, there's some kind of grate on
the highway. We passed over it on
the way in.

ANNIE B.
Yesterday morning, I heard the cop
car pass over that grate right
before it splashed into the lake.
I remember one *thunk thunk*.

TORRES
So?

ANNIE B.
Where was the drunk driver?

A question that causes Torres to open his eyes.

ANNIE B. (cont'd)
I heard a news story that said a
drunk driver ran the deputy off the
road. But I didn't hear a second
thunk thunk.

TORRES
Maybe you just missed it.

ANNIE B.
Maybe you put on too much cologne
this morning.

TORRES
Annie, stop joking. This is
important. Is it possible you
missed the second *thunk thunk*?

ANNIE B.
Is it possible you're wearing too
much cologne, Agent Torres?

CONTINUED: (3)

TORRES
No. It's not possible.

ANNIE B.
Exactly.

Torres stares at her. Then gets out his phone and dials...

TORRES
(into his phone)
Gibbs. We've got a problem.