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THE UNDERWORLD IDENTITY

by

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Second draft

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1. EXT. CITY STREET. DAY 1.

A scruffy-looking homeless man pushes a shopping trolley along the footpath. This is HUGHIE SMITH. He's heavily bearded, with wild hair and shabby clothes, in his 40s.

Busy commuters walk back and forth, ignoring Hughie, as traffic zooms past.

2. EXT. CAR IN CITY TRAFFIC. DAY 2.

In the back seat of a big black luxury car with tinted windows, a blindfolded, gagged man, VINCENT DE SOUZA, struggles with a thickset HEAVY. Another well-dressed HEAVY drives the car. These are the Maripodi brothers.

Vincent is middle-aged, bearded, wearing a sharp suit. His wrists and ankles are tied with jumper cables. The car rocks around as Vincent struggles for his life.

3. EXT. CITY STREET. DAY 3.

Hughie sees a nearby BUSINESSMAN discard a half-smoked cigarette as he walks past. Hughie dives for it, trying to reach the smoking butt before it gets squashed by passing commuters' feet.

Crawling through people's legs, Hughie moves steadily closer to the holy grail. He smiles in anticipated triumph.

4. EXT. CAR IN CITY TRAFFIC. DAY 4.

Struggling desperately in the back seat, Vincent manages to reach the button for the automatic window with one elbow. The window lowers. Vincent tries to climb out.

The heavy sitting next to Vincent grabs at him and tries to drag him back in.

Vincent squirms and kicks back. The window raises and lowers. The car approaches a corner.

5. EXT. CITY STREET. DAY 5.

Stretched out on the footpath, Hughie reaches for the still-smoking cigarette butt. He's about to grab it - when the butt is squashed by a passing boot. Hughie is bereft. He closes his eyes in defeat, head bowed.

6. EXT. CAR IN CITY TRAFFIC. DAY**6.**

Vincent manages to get his upper body out of the window as the Maripodi heavy tries to drag him back in. The car corners sharply. Vincent's jacket flies over his head.

Struggling crazily against his bonds, Vincent's wallet flies out of his pocket and away.

The heavy in the back seat silences Vincent with a well-placed punch. He drags him back inside as the car completes the corner and straightens.

The tinted window closes smoothly. The black car drives anonymously away.

7. EXT. CITY STREET. DAY**7.**

Still down on the footpath amidst the walking feet, Hughie has missed all the excitement, shaking his head at the cruelty of the world.

Opening his eyes, Hughie sees a fat wallet lying next to the crushed cigarette butt. He stares at it in amazement, as though it's a gift from God.

He looks up and around. No one seems to be missing the wallet, or paying any attention to him.

After a moment, Hughie picks up the bulging wallet. It's made of fine leather, very expensive-looking. The wallet is fastened with a clasp.

8. EXT. PARK BENCH. DAY**8.**

Hughie sits on the bench and stares at the wallet, his shopping trolley parked nearby. No one is around. Hughie wonders what he should do.

After a beat, Hughie opens the wallet. It's stuffed with cash in various currencies, including plenty of Australian bills. There are several credit cards, and a driver's licence in the name of Vincent De Souza.

A bad photograph of a bearded man who looks vaguely like Hughie stares back at him. His name doesn't mean anything to Hughie. There's a street address in an expensive suburb on the licence.

Carefully, Hughie stuffs everything back into the wallet and does up the clasp.

9. EXT. WEALTHY SUBURBAN STREET. DAY**9.**

Tired and very out of place, Hughie pushes his shopping trolley down the street of a ritzy, leafy suburb full of mansions and luxury cars.

A female JOGGER and a male GARDENER stare at him rudely, as though he doesn't belong.

Hughie stops outside a particularly opulent mansion and checks the address on the driver's licence. This is it.

There's a high security gate with a tight grille and a sign 'No Hawkers'.

Hughie rings the buzzer. A video camera swivels to examine him.

10. INT. DE SOUZA MANSION - SECURITY ROOM. DAY**10.**

A young, stupid-looking security guy, FELIX, stares at Hughie on the CCTV monitor. Hughie looks like what he is; a homeless man, down on his luck.

Felix can see Hughie's lips moving, but he can't hear anything - the mic isn't working.

11. EXT. WEALTHY SUBURBAN STREET. DAY**11.**

Hughie talks to the camera awkwardly.

HUGHIE

Listen, I er... found something.
It's yours I think. A wallet,
you know? Mr...

He checks the name.

HUGHIE (CONT'D)

De Souza? Anyway, if you like
I can leave it here somewhere,
but if you let me in I could
give it to you. That would be
safer, I guess.

12. INT. DE SOUZA MANSION - SECURITY ROOM. DAY**12.**

Watching Hughie addressing the camera, Felix is increasingly convinced he's dealing with some ranting homeless lunatic. He presses the talk button.

FELIX

Listen homeless fuckwit,
whatever you want, you're not
gonna get it here, and if
you're selling something, we
don't want any, so bugger off,
and take your shopping trolley
with you!

13. EXT. WEALTHY SUBURBAN STREET. DAY

13.

Hughie listens to the disembodied voice unhappily. He sees himself reflected in the mirrored letterbox and realises it's hopeless; there's no way these people are going to let him in looking the way he does.

He tries to stuff the wallet in the letterbox, but it's too fat to fit in the slot.

Suddenly Hughie notices a COUPLE up the street in a car, staring at him.

Feeling awkward and annoyed, Hughie decides to leave. He wheels the shopping trolley back away down the footpath.

14. EXT. STAKEOUT CAR IN STREET NEAR MANSION. DAY

14.

The couple are two plainclothes police, DC ROTHMAN, late 30s, and a female detective in her 40s, DCI SUMMERS. The police radio chatters quietly to itself.

Rothman stares at Hughie through binoculars as he leaves.

ROTHMAN

Who's this guy?

SUMMERS

I don't know. Just some
homeless lunatic I guess.

15. INT. DE SOUZA MANSION - SECURITY ROOM. DAY

15.

Felix sits back, pleased with himself, as he sees Hughie (on the CCTV security monitor) making his way off down the street.

16. INT. SHOPPING MALL - MONTAGE. DAY

16.

Still pushing his trolley, Hughie goes into the mall.

Hughie stops outside a beauty salon. The female SALON WORKERS look at him, unsure whether to call security. Hughie pulls a large bill out of De Souza's wallet and their frowns turn to smiles.

Hughie gets a full shave, haircut and manicure.

At a gentleman's outfitters, Hughie buys himself a flash new suit and shoes. He comes out looking like a new man, but still pushing his old shopping trolley.

A cool pair of shades completes his new look.

Hughie stops outside a tobacconists and points to an expensive cigar.

TOBACCONIST
Anything else, sir?

Seeing the huge pile of bills remaining in the wallet, Hughie thinks for a moment, then points to a big carton of cigarettes.

Hughie stuffs the big carton into his shopping trolley.

He goes to light up his cigar, but a STERN MAN points to a nearby sign: 'No Smoking'. Reluctantly, Hughie puts away his cigar.

At a takeaway food place, Hughie fills his tray to overflowing.

After eating everything in sight, he heads for the exit, munching on a bag of donuts.

17. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET NEAR MALL. DAY 17.

Passing a rubbish bin, Hughie stuffs his ragged old clothes inside.

18. EXT. WEALTHY SUBURBAN STREET. DAY 18.

Still pushing his trolley, Hughie moves up the street with a swagger.

He passes the jogger and the gardener again. They stare at him differently this time; discreetly and furtively.

A new spring in his step, Hughie sniffs his expensive cigar luxuriously. He goes to light it, but then realises he has no matches - he's left them in his old clothes.

Disgruntled, Hughie leaves his trolley out of sight behind a hedge and walks the final few steps up to the entrance of the De Souza mansion.

19. EXT. STAKEOUT CAR IN STREET NEAR MANSION. DAY 19.

The plainclothes detectives, DCI Summers and DC Rothman are asleep in their car seats.

RADIO VOICE (O/S)
DCI Summers! Rothman!

20. EXT. DE SOUZA MANSION. DAY 20.

Hughie rings the buzzer. As before, the camera swings to look at him.

21. INT. DE SOUZA MANSION - SECURITY ROOM. DAY 21.

Felix stares at the sharply-dressed character on the CCTV monitor. Hughie looks nothing like he did earlier.

Felix squints at the image.

FELIX (TO HIMSELF)
Mr De Souza?

On the screen, Hughie pulls out De Souza's wallet and shows it to the camera. He gets out the driver's licence and shows it to the camera.

Felix focuses the camera and sees that it's De Souza's licence. Hughie rings the buzzer again impatiently.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Oh fuck.

He hits the mic button.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Welcome home, Mr De Souza.

Frantically, Felix jabs at the other buttons until he hits the right one. The big gates start to open slowly.

22. EXT. DE SOUZA MANSION. DAY 22.

A little unnerved as the big gates open, Hughie considers throwing the wallet inside and making a run for it.

23. EXT. STAKEOUT CAR IN STREET NEAR MANSION. DAY 23.

The plainclothes detectives, Summers and Rothman, are woken by the squeak of the opening gates.

RADIO VOICE (O/V)
He's here! He's bloody here!

Summers grabs the binoculars and stares at Hughie.

ROTHMAN
Is that him?

SUMMERS
It's hard to tell without the beard.

ROTHMAN
Who else would it be?

SUMMERS
Yeah, you're right. It must be him.

She grabs the radio.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)
Go! Go! Go!

Summers and Rothman leap out of the car and run towards Hughie.

The jogger and the gardener pull on police caps and converge on Hughie from the other direction.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)
Police! Don't fucking move!

Hughie is terrified. He raises his hands, one still holding De Souza's wallet.

HUGHIE
What's going on?

Summers, Rothman and the jogger cop send Hughie sprawling to the ground. Summers cuffs him roughly from behind.

The cop dressed as a gardener pulls on white evidence gloves and carefully extracts the box of cigarettes from Hughie's shopping trolley.

ACT/COMMERCIAL BREAK

24. INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

24.

Hughie is handcuffed to his chair. DCI Summers interrogates him.

SUMMERS

Do you think we're stupid, Mr
De Souza?

HUGHIE

I'm not Mr De Souza.

SUMMERS

Who are you then?

HUGHIE

My name is Hughie Smith. Can I
have a cigarette?

SUMMERS

(disbelievingly)
Smith.

She puts down De Souza's wallet in front of him.

HUGHIE

Listen, I just found this
guy's wallet on the street. I
was trying to return it when
you grabbed me.

SUMMERS

Is there anyone who can
corroborate your story? Got a
wife at home? Family?

HUGHIE

I don't have a wife or family.
I've been living rough on the
street.

SUMMERS

That's a pretty sharp suit for
a homeless guy.

HUGHIE

I can explain.

SUMMERS

What about the expensive
haircut and the shave? Christ,
De Souza, did you really think
we wouldn't know it was you?

HUGHIE

After I found the wallet, I used some of the money to tidy myself up.

SUMMERS

This really is pathetic. I expected more from a criminal mastermind like you.

HUGHIE

Look at the photo on the license. It doesn't look anything like me!

SUMMERS

It'll take more than a makeover to get past us, Vincent.

HUGHIE

My name's not Vincent!

SUMMERS

You're carrying Vincent De Souza's wallet. You've got no other ID. No one would be stupid enough to steal that wallet.

HUGHIE

I didn't steal it. I found it. Anyway, I've never heard of this Vincent De Souza. Please, just give me a smoke.

Summers smiles.

SUMMERS

Tell me something, Vincent. Why did you come back to the country after all these years? Business interests?

HUGHIE

You're making a mistake. I don't have any business interests.

SUMMERS

Really? You do surprise me.

She pulls out a thick file marked 'Most Wanted'.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)
Vincent De Souza. Wanted for
drugs running, people
smuggling, child prostitution
out of south east Asia,
illegal arms dealing, money
laundering... shall I go on?

Hughie is appalled. Summers flicks through the cash in De Souza's wallet.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)
Looks to me like business has
been good.

25. EXT. WASTE GROUND. DAY

25.

Standing beside a shallow grave in sandy waste ground, the grinning Maripodi heavies take off Vincent De Souza's blindfold and wrist ties. They motion with their guns for him to get undressed.

Gagged, Vincent starts to take off his jacket.

26. INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

26.

Hughie is still tied to the chair. He's looking rough.

HUGHIE
Just one smoke. Please.

SUMMERS
Enough games, Mr De Souza. We
followed you from the airport
til your friends shook us off.
What were you doing with the
Maripodis? Getting a manicure?
Those guys killed your former
business partner. Remember?

Hughie shakes his head. She comes in close.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)
We found his head in the
harbour.

Hughie gulps.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)
What is it then? Going into
business with your enemies?

HUGHIE

I was just trying to return
the guy's wallet.

SUMMERS

Sure you were. Real bloody
samaritan, aren't you? Tell
that to all the widows you've
created, all the kids with
needles in their arms.

27. EXT. WASTE GROUND. DAY

27.

From some distance away, one of the Maripodis aims his
pistol at Vincent De Souza as he stands with his back to
them, naked except for his underpants. A single shot
rings out. Vincent falls into the grave, apparently dead.

They kick Vincent to make sure. There's no movement. The
two heavies kick some sand over him and leave.

28. INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

28.

Hughie is getting desperate now, seriously jittery.

HUGHIE

Please. Just one smoke. I
can't think straight without
one.

SUMMERS

Like a smoke, do you?

Hughie nods.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Which brings us to this.

She produces the carton of cigarettes from under the
table.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Don't you normally get other
people to bring your stuff in
for you? Must be something
special, am I right?

She opens the box and starts tearing the contents to
pieces.

Hughie looks at the cigarettes with longing eyes.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

You're a smart bugger, De Souza. I'll give that to you. What did you do? Get someone to make fake packets and seal them for you? Some kind of new chemical process? I'm impressed. These look just like the real thing.

Cigarettes fly everywhere. Suddenly there's a knock at the door.

Summers goes to answer it, conferring with someone out of sight while Hughie tries to reach a cigarette with his mouth. It's just out of reach.

Irritated, Summers picks up her coat.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Don't go anywhere.

She leaves the room.

29. EXT. WASTE GROUND. DAY

29.

Vincent De Souza digs himself out of the shallow sandy grave. He's covered in dust and blood, but very much alive, and filled with rage.

30. EXT. BACK YARD. DAY

30.

Still wearing only his underpants, Vincent steals a pink nightie from an unattended washing line, the only thing he can find.

He skulks off.

31. INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

31.

Hughie dozes fitfully in his chair, leaning forward in his handcuffs.

DCI Summers wakes him she returns with a fresh cup of coffee. Groggily, Hughie sits up. He looks terrible.

HUGHIE

Please give me a smoke. I'll tell you whatever you want to know. Everything.

Summers holds a cigarette up to his eyes, teasing him.

SUMMERS
Everything?

Hughie nods, transfixed by the cigarette.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)
Okay, let's start with
something easy. What's your
name?

HUGHIE
Hughie Smith.

Summers shakes her head.

SUMMERS
Uh uh.

She pulls out a lighter, flicks it on, a little too far
from the cigarette to ignite it. Hughie is in agony.

HUGHIE
I can't remember. Tell me
again.

SUMMERS
Vincent De Souza.

Hughie watches the flame like a drowning man looking at a
rope.

HUGHIE
My name is Vincent De Souza.

Smiling, Summers lights the cigarette and puts it between
his lips. Hughie takes a long drag.

SUMMERS
There, that wasn't so hard,
was it?

Suddenly a nervous, well-dressed man in his 50s bursts
into the room. This is MR TANG. He seems frightened of
Hughie.

MR TANG
I'm sorry, Mr De Souza. I got
here as soon as I heard.

SUMMERS
Who the hell are you?

MR TANG
I'm Mr De Souza's solicitor,
Mr Tang. My client has been
bailed. You have to release
him immediately.

Mr Tang thrusts a piece of paper at DCI Summers. She reads it, scowling. Reluctantly, she undoes Hughie's handcuffs.

Summers hands Hughie the wallet. He takes it like a poisoned chalice, and Mr Tang escorts him from the room.

ACT/COMMERCIAL BREAK

32. EXT. CAR DRIVING THROUGH CITY. DAY

32.

Mr Tang drives through the streets in a luxury car. He looks nervously back at Hughie in the rear view mirror.

Hughie looks around for an escape route while the solicitor talks.

MR TANG
We missed you at the airport.
We thought maybe something had
happened. Is everything all
right?

HUGHIE
I'm a bit confused. Have we
met before?

MR TANG
Never met, Mr De Souza. Only
spoken on the phone. It is an
honour to meet you sir. I only
wish the circumstances had
been different.

HUGHIE
Ah well, can't be helped.
Look, just let me off
anywhere.

He sees a sign outside a shop: 'Discount Cigarettes'.

HUGHIE (CONT'D)
Here would be fine.

Mr Tang looks at him strangely.

MR TANG
There's no time, sir. Mrs De
Souza is waiting for you.

Hughie is aghast.

33. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET NEAR MALL. DAY

33.

Approaching his own neighbourhood, Vincent De Souza finds Hughie's discarded clothes in a bin and changes into them.

Mr Tang and Hughie drive past. Hughie recognises his clothes. For a moment, his eyes meet those of De Souza.

Hughie is chilled.

34. EXT. DE SOUZA MANSION. DAY

34.

They arrive back at the house. Hughie sees his old shopping trolley is still behind the hedge.

The camera swivels to see the car, and the gates open automatically.

35. INT. DE SOUZA MANSION - GARAGE. DAY

35.

Inside the huge garage, there's a BMW, a Rolls Royce and a Ferrari. Hughie looks at them in amazement as they pull up nearby.

HUGHIE
Who owns these?

Mr Tang looks at him strangely.

MR TANG
You do, sir.

The door of the garage closes behind Hughie like a trap.

36. EXT. STREET IN WEALTHY SUBURB. DAY

36.

Looking like Hughie did earlier, only even filthier, with blood matted in his beard, Vincent De Souza stomps homeward.

37. INT/EXT. DE SOUZA MANSION/GARDEN. DAY**37.**

The big security guy, Felix, arrives to greet Hughie as Mr Tang escorts him out of the garage. Felix is too frightened to meet Hughie's eyes, stammering madly.

FELIX

I'm very sorry about before,
sir. You've been away so long.
It took a moment for me to
recognise you without the
beard.

Felix and Mr Tang usher Hughie down a corridor and through to a garden. There's no way he can get away from them.

A woman with spectacular big hair is lounging by the pool in a bikini. This is CHERIE DE SOUZA, Vincent's gorgeous wife, in her 30s.

Hughie looks around for a way out. There's no possible escape.

Mr Tang points out the woman by the pool to him, as if he's failed to notice her.

MR TANG

Your wife, Mr De Souza.

Hughie waves awkwardly as Mrs De Souza peers over her sunglasses at him.

HUGHIE

Hi darling.

Mrs De Souza looks at him strangely, and comes over.

MRS DE SOUZA

Why did you shave off your
beard?

Hughie is very nervous.

HUGHIE

Oh, you know. It felt like
time for a change.

There's a weird moment between them as she looks into his eyes. Hughie doesn't know what to say.

HUGHIE (CONT'D)

Your hair, it's... amazing.

Mrs De Souza seems moved by the compliment, if a little surprised.

MRS DE SOUZA
I did it for you.

She embraces him.

MRS DE SOUZA (CONT'D)
Oh Vincent, I'm so happy
you're safe.

38. INT. DE SOUZA MANSION - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM. DAY 38.

At the door to the palatial upstairs bedroom, Mrs De Souza waves Mr Tang and Felix away coquettishly.

MRS DE SOUZA
Leave us.

Tang and Felix bow and nod deferentially as Mrs De Souza ushers Hughie inside and shuts the door.

Mrs De Souza goes to the bar. While her back is turned, Hughie runs over to the French windows. There's a little balcony outside, but it's too far to jump down.

MRS DE SOUZA (CONT'D)
Who are you? What's going on?

Hughie turns to see Mrs De Souza has a little gun pointed straight at him, cold fury in her eyes.

Hughie puts his hands up and starts babbling.

HUGHIE
My name's Hughie Smith. I
found your husband's wallet
and tried to return it, but
the police refused to believe
I wasn't him.

She cocks the gun as he goes for his pocket. Slowly, Hughie takes out De Souza's wallet and tosses it across to her.

HUGHIE (CONT'D)
Here it is. It's all there.
Well, most of it. I don't want
it. Just let me go. Please.

Mrs De Souza considers him.

39. EXT. DE SOUZA MANSION - GATE. DAY**39.**

Very much the worst for wear, Vincent De Souza arrives at the front gate of his house. It's shut. The security camera swivels to look at him.

VINCENT

It's me! Let me in!

40. INT. DE SOUZA MANSION - SECURITY ROOM. DAY**40.**

Felix watches Vincent's mute performance on the CCTV monitor. He beckons Mr Tang over.

FELIX

Look at this.

41. INT/EXT. DE SOUZA MANSION - BEDROOM. DAY**41.**

Mrs De Souza lowers her gun a little. She stares at Hughie. Gradually, she comes closer.

MRS DE SOUZA

You do look quite a lot like him. Maybe a little more handsome. Men look so different without their beards.

Hughie shrinks up against the French windows. They fall open, and Hughie falls back against the balcony fence, with nowhere to go.

MRS DE SOUZA (CONT'D)

I knew you couldn't be Vincent when you complimented me on my hair. He never notices. Do you really like it?

She's close to Hughie now, and seems strangely turned on. Mrs De Souza's hairstyle looms over him.

HUGHIE

Oh yes. It's incredible.

42. INT. DE SOUZA MANSION - SECURITY ROOM. DAY**42.**

Felix and Mr Tang watch the monitor as Vincent disappears, then comes back with Hughie's shopping trolley. He bangs it against the bars like a maniac.

FELIX
Can you believe this guy?

MR TANG
Who is he?

FELIX
Just some crazy wino. He was
here before. I thought he'd
buggered off.

Vincent screams at them furiously, but they can't hear a word.

MR TANG
He looks dangerous.

FELIX
Don't worry. He can't get in
here.

43. EXT/INT. DE SOUZA MANSION BEDROOM/GARDEN. DAY 43.

Looking over Hughie's shoulder, Mrs De Souza watches Vincent's performance at the front gate with interest.

He tosses the shopping trolley aside as he sees her at the balcony.

VINCENT
(shouting)
Cherie! You stupid bitch, it's
me, Vincent!

Hughie turns and sees Vincent De Souza at the gate.
Vincent stares at him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Who's that bastard? Cherie?

From their high vantage point, Mrs De Souza and Hughie can see the big black car of the Maripodis slowly cruising down the street. They're looking for Vincent.

MRS DE SOUZA
(to Hughie)
You know, maybe if you stayed
we could do things differently
around here. What do you say?

She puts down the gun and picks up a cigar from Vincent's nearby desk.

Hughie doesn't know what to say, overcome by the weirdness of the situation and Mrs De Souza's powerful sexual aura.

Mrs De Souza lights her cigar.

MRS DE SOUZA (CONT'D)
I'm sure you've got lots of
good ideas. I know I have.

VINCENT
(shouting)
Cherie! What's going on?

Suddenly Vincent sees the big black car. Simultaneously, the Maripodis see Vincent. They're not going to let him get away this time.

Mrs De Souza helps Hughie to his feet.

Vincent runs for his life - the Maripodis accelerate down the street after him.

Mrs De Souza offers Hughie her cigar. Hughie smiles. Mrs De Souza ushers him inside, towards the palatial bed.

Fade to black.