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# Gun Shy

By Eric Blakeney

"GUN-SHY"

Excuse me, Ms. Sieveking?

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

It's open.

Sorry, I'm late.

I'm not hungry.

You're new here, huh?

Sorry.

Those foreigners

still think I'm sexy.

Put it on the table.

- What's your name?

- Lukas.

Lukas.

If you wanna fuck me, I'll  
do it for half price, okay?

Okay.

You know if Ms.

Meffert's there?

How should I know?

Who are you anyway?

I'm doing social service.

I deliver meals.

I see.

Actually.

I haven't seen the old  
lady for two or three days.

Yeah, well...

I've got a key.

Maybe she's asleep.

Just leave it here.

Ms. Meffert?

Could you get something to  
cut her down with, please?

Quick!

Let her hang there.

She's a goner.

What's in here?

Ms. Meffert's meal.

What's for lunch today?

Mashed potatoes, vegetables  
and a beef patty.

Anyway, it seems to

smell strange, I come in,  
and the old guy's  
shit the bed.

I just left the  
food there...

Take care!

Yeah, see you.

- Bye!

- Bye.

- Bye.

- Bye, take care.

Have a nice evening.

Same to you.

- Enjoy it.

- Thank you.

Bye.

Please, shut the  
door tightly.

- I will.

- Thank you.

Hey!

Hey!

HELP ME!

Hey, could you open the door?

Could you open the door?

Sure.

Excuse me!

Do you live around here?

Could I stay at  
your place tonight?

Stay over?

Yeah... sure.

What d'you think?

Which one is yours?

I'm sure it's not  
the black one.

I sure wish I'd had one of  
those when I got started.

Candles are somehow too hard.

Not even creams will help.

Bananas are no good either.

I peeled 'em and  
put condoms on 'em.

But they get so mushy in the

condoms from all the friction.  
And that's no good either.  
Of course, you can  
use a cucumber.  
If you leave it lying  
around for a few days,  
it feels like a real cock.  
But then it gets all wrinkly  
and isn't very erotic anymore.  
My mother used to buy big  
pieces of beef tenderloin,  
and when she wasn't there,  
I'd sneak to the fridge...  
and take out a piece,  
warm it up, punch a hole in it,  
and then I'd stick  
my cock in it.  
That was really nice.  
Can I use your shower?  
Sure, but I only  
have a bathtub.  
What about water?  
Water?  
Sure, I have water.  
I'll take a bath then.  
Okay?  
- Can I use your towel?  
- Yeah, sure.  
- Is this okay?  
- Yeah, sure.  
- You got an ashtray?  
- An ashtray?  
Yeah... somewhere.  
Thanks.  
Careful!  
Sorry.  
Sorry.  
Do you really wanna fuck me?  
No!  
That's good.  
What's that?  
I got scalped once.  
Bullshit.  
Really?

Yeah.

When I was a kid I went  
sledding with my dad.

There was a freight car at  
the bottom of the hill...  
that everyone rode under.

But not me.

I was chicken,  
'cause I was too big.

But my father really wanted  
me to do it, so I did.

He always said I  
shouldn't be a coward.

The problem was that my head  
got caught on a piece of metal,  
and they'd to sew on my entire  
scalp at the hospital...

...32 stitches.

I don't know if  
you've seen this scar.

I was 21/2 and it was the  
worst winter of the century,

I wanted to paint

Easter eggs,  
and the boiler was broken.

So there was boiling water, and  
they had this velour sweater...

It doesn't matter.

In any case, I was...  
in the hospital again.

Hey.

Good morning.

Lukas.

Want some coffee?

I have to get off here.

Can I... can I  
see you again?

Can I maybe have  
your phone number?

I'll only give  
it to you once.

0-1-7-1-2-5-8-7-3-5-4

0-1-7-1-2-5-8...

Isabella.

Using someone's hair  
to stimulate them...  
means you enhance the perception  
of the nerves and senses.  
He took new shoes and hit me  
in the face with the shoes.  
Come over here and sit down.  
A customer?  
Not yet.  
And then he broke  
off the heels.  
He can't stand it that  
I'm bigger than he is.  
I'm so lucky you're here.  
Why don't you open it?  
Hungry?  
I have pasta with...  
No, thanks.  
I've already eaten.  
Too bad.  
I'll have to throw it away.  
Thanks.  
Put that crap here.  
You can find a knife and fork  
over there in the drawer.  
Underneath it.  
Why don't you want  
to go to the army?  
Well, that's one answer.  
I was a sniper.  
I don't have a bad  
conscience though.  
It was wartime.  
What kind of crap is this?  
Knuckle of veal in gravy,  
Bavarian cabbage and potatoes.  
Is he allowed to  
eat from the plate?  
As an exception.  
What a hungry dog you are!  
What a hungry dog you are!  
That's enough, Robbie.  
Come on.  
Come to Mommy.

My little friend, eh?

My little friend.

- Hi, is Isabella home?

- Yeah.

- Who are you?

- I'm Lukas.

- And you are?

- Jonas.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Is Isabella home?

I wanted to pick her up.

Isabella?

Yes, I have a

date with her.

I see, a date.

And who are you?

Oh yes, I'm Lukas,

Lukas Eiserbeck.

Hello.

She's upstairs.

Hi, Lukas.

I'm almost ready.

You can wait in my room.

Rorschach test.

- Do you know it?

- No.

You take a piece of paper,

fold it, unfold it again...

And then you drop ink on it.

Then you fold it again.

Then you unfold it,

tell me what you see,

and I tell you who you are.

It looks... like

all the others.

Yes!

Strange, isn't it?

Read this to me.

Come on.

Places, place,

stone, stones...

Stones, brake, brake,

sports, sports, place...

Jonas?

- I'll bring you something.

- Something nice?

Sure.

- Bye!

- Bye!

Sporty, trip,  
travel, minute...

Watch out, you'll hit a tree.

Careful, duck!

Yeah.

Okay.

Why are you here?

Normally guys do their social  
service where they live.

My father lives here.

But you don't live with them.

No, my dad has  
a new family.

He doesn't even  
know I'm here.

I wanted to leave my small  
town and go to the big city.

My father left when I was 14.

My mother married  
a few months later,  
'cause she was lonely.

Yeah.

I gotta go.

What?

Why do you have to go?

I just do.

Bye!

Masks on!

That music's giving  
me a headache.

Do we have to listen to that?

What kind of fucking  
music is that?

Are you whacko or something?

I'm sorry I bothered you.

I really didn't mean to.

I'll turn down the volume.

I've got a better idea;



come on in and we'll  
have a beer together...  
and I'll make up for it, okay?  
Come on.  
You know, every year, I take  
a 3-week trip to North Korea.  
Have a seat.  
You can't imagine what a  
beautiful country it is.  
How friendly the people are,  
how clean the streets are.  
It's all so fresh,  
so unspoiled, so...  
so human.  
And who do we owe that to?  
Him!  
Kim Jong-Il!  
So, cheers!  
Cheers!  
Nice to meet you.  
These are cassettes of the German  
program from Radio Pyongyang.  
Is that a real snake?  
Yep.  
Snake whisky.  
A North Korean specialty.  
The snakes are bottled alive  
and spray their venom...  
in death throes.  
It's good for rheumatism.  
And for...  
yeah, you know...  
love.  
The dance of the  
rice peasant.  
Planting...  
washing...  
love...  
love...  
Come here.  
Look, those  
windows over there.  
Everything's dark.  
Everyone's alone.

No one's doing anything.  
People don't believe  
anyone anymore,  
because there's nothing  
left for them to believe in.  
Their souls are  
totally empty.  
- Good evening.  
- Good evening.  
What do you  
have on your head?  
That's a night vision aid.  
You look like a  
single combat marine.  
All that's missing  
is your gun.  
So what?  
What're you doing here?  
Just swimming around a bit.  
I'm playing the dead man.  
I've still got this  
stupid thing on.  
Lukas, you're all wet.  
Come on.  
What kind of thing is that?  
Oh God, I'll take it off you.  
Come on in.  
Calm down.  
Come on, sit down.  
Come on, sit down.  
There...  
Here you are.  
No, not there.  
Here.  
Come on now.  
That's good.  
Hold still.  
Hold still.  
Come on.  
Now... calm down.  
Calm down, come on.  
That's good, that's good.  
You'll warm up quickly, okay?  
Lukas, is that you?

The door was open.  
Where were you?  
Who...  
Who's that man?  
Would you give me  
a towel, please?  
Please?  
When I was in India I saw a dog  
that had lost 1/4 of its head.  
A clean cut right  
across its head.  
It was standing in Varanasi  
in a puddle, drinking.  
You could see the  
bones and all,  
but it drank as if  
nothing was wrong.  
3 weeks later I met an  
Englishman who also mentioned  
a dog in Varanasi, that was  
missing 1/4 of its head.  
But he hadn't seen  
it 3 weeks before.  
He'd seen it 2 days before.  
You understand?  
That means the dog lived at  
least 3 weeks with 3/4 of a head.  
It must've hurt so much, but  
the dog couldn't know why.  
It's just a dog.  
Sometimes I don't know  
why it hurts so much.  
Hi, my name is Johannsen.  
Police department.  
Here.  
Are you Lukas Eiserbeck?  
Yes, what can I do for you?  
I'd like to ask  
you some questions.  
May I come in?  
Thank you.  
Sorry.  
Sit down.  
Thank you.

Please, sit.

You belong to the  
Germania Rowing Club?

Yes, I joined a  
few weeks ago.

Do you have a key  
to the boathouse?

Yeah, sure.

I sometimes train early in the  
morning when no one's there.

Could you imagine that  
someone would steal a boat?

No.

Anybody can go to the  
club and rent a boat.

Why would anybody  
want to steal one?

That's what I'd say, too.

But a boat was actually  
stolen from Germania.

A racing skiff.

What do you say to that?

But the thief  
didn't get very far.

He crashed into the  
first pier of a bridge,  
and the boat sank.

So?

And then he hightailed it.

Or drowned.

No, no, no.

In that case, we'd have found  
the body, but we didn't.

But...

We have a witness who says  
he saw the man in the boat.

So?

Yes, it's really strange.

Because the witness says that  
the man rowing was wearing...  
something on his head that  
looked like a night vision device.

Could I have a  
glass of water?

Yes, of course.

Thank you.

- Are you ill?

- Yeah, I'm dying of cold.

Yes, thank you.

Now I'm kind of stuck.

I mean...

Who's going to be rowing  
around in such lousy weather  
at night, alone on a river?

Wearing a night  
vision device.

Do you have any ideas?

No.

On the other hand, maybe  
he wanted to carry out...  
an assault from the water.

There are enough people  
living on the river...  
who might have enemies  
or people who envy them.

Who's that anyway?

Kim Yong... what's-his-name,  
the president of North Korea.

Yeah?

Are you interested  
in politics?

No.

Yeah, and he's just  
standing there,  
the president of North Korea.

Yes.

Look at that!

That's strange, isn't it?

A snake in a  
bottle of whisky.

Someone found it  
on the riverbank.

Do you know where  
it comes from?

North Korea.

They put poisonous  
snakes in whisky bottles.

Strange, eh?

Hello.

Oh, it's you.

Did you leave the door open?

Yes.

- Did you hurt yourself?

- Well...

- Are you okay?

- Yes.

Heinrich!

Heinrich, how often

have I told you,

that thing isn't

suitable for stairs!

Why do you do kendo?

You learn not to

move your heart.

To keep control.

Not to run away, even

if it sometimes hurts.

As a kid, I couldn't

sleep for months,

'cause our toilet was broken.

My room was right

next to the bathroom,

and I could hear water

splashing all night.

I'd lie in bed, convinced

that there was a stranger...

who never stopped peeing.

When I was a kid, I'd

always wake up at night.

My father was a salesman,

so he was always on trips.

We didn't have much money,

so we had to rent out a room.

It really bugged me,

'cos it was mine.

So colleagues of my father

would sleep in my bed,

and I had to sleep

next to my mother.

And eh...

Sometimes...

I'd wake up and look through

the keyhole, and there,  
sitting on my bed, was  
some fat guy in underwear,  
farting and playing  
with my electric train.

So eh...

Once when I woke up during  
the night I heard noises.  
My mother was gone, so I  
looked through the keyhole.  
I saw my mother in there  
with a strange man.  
When my father came home she  
hugged  
him as if nothing had happened.

I've never told  
anyone that before.

Really?

Thanks.

- Bye!

- Bye!

- See you soon?

- Yeah.

Bye!

- Look, here comes Mr. Lukas.

- Come on, we have to go.

And don't be so sad.

Come on, come on.

Easy does it.

Now come on.

Hey, sweetie.

You'll see, it  
isn't so bad there.

I don't wanna go to a home.

You're so alone here.

You'll be with  
other people there.

But all those  
people are sick.

She won't need  
any more meals.

You can't live alone.

What about my  
food and my dog?

Hello, Ms. Wessel.

Please, sit down here.

- I'll take your dog.

- Don't take my dog!

We have to.

It can't go with you.

- What about my dog?

- Someone'll take care of it.

- What about my dog?

- I put the food in there.

What about my dog?

What about my dog?

My poor dog!

Okay, that's good.

I don't want to!

My poor dog!

It'll be cared for.

- My poor dog!

- It's Okay.

My poor dog!

My poor dog!

Eat up!

- I don't want it anymore!

- Come on.

I'm not interested.

Don't you see?

- Going home?

- Yes.

Aw, come on.

Leave me be!

Okay?

Oh, good evening,

Mr. Eiserbeck.

What a surprise,  
running into you.

Nice neighborhood, huh?

Yeah, I'd like to

live here, too,

but being a policeman...

You know how it is.

We earn peanuts.

Yeah, nice neighborhood.

What are you doing here?

Well, you see...



I can't get that  
thing outta my mind.  
That mysterious man rowing.  
I was sitting at home in  
front of the TV and...  
suddenly I got restless, and  
I felt I had to come here.  
Maybe he's  
planning something,  
that guy with the row boat.  
So I came here and...  
everything's quiet.  
Nothing special.  
Then I run into you.  
How do you think  
he'll strike?  
Who?  
I don't know either.  
I have to go.  
Take a look.  
Those bright windows.  
An easy target!  
No problem with a good rifle.  
I have to go!  
- Don't you want...  
- No, I have to go.  
Too bad.  
See you next time.  
Yeah, bye!  
Dad!  
- Dad!  
- Yes, I'm coming.  
Here you are.  
Brand new!  
And here.  
- Look at this, please.  
- Don't need any, thanks.  
Please, buy one.  
Please, buy one.  
Here, please.  
- Another nice one.  
- I don't need it!  
I was a parachutist.  
I parachuted over Crete.

Those Tommys...  
They shot at us as  
if we were sparrows.  
They shot me in the air.  
Underneath my knee,  
upwards through the bone.  
That crap got stuck  
in there somewhere.  
A fucked-up  
landing, I tell you.  
I was lying there...  
with my face in the sand.  
And then a scorpion came  
along and stung me in the eye.

- More?

- No, thanks.

Aren't you hungry?  
Does he force you?  
Oh yeah, harder.  
That's good.  
Do it harder.  
Hi, Lukas.  
We've been waiting for you.  
This is my neighbor.  
Have a seat.  
Nice to meet you.  
I've heard a lot about  
you from this dear lady.  
She told me a lot about you,  
a lot of very good things.  
And uh... now...  
you want to buy a rifle.  
What a coincidence.  
That's just great.  
I have several good  
rifles for sale.  
This really tastes good.  
Eat it up.  
I'm not hungry anyway.

- Can I have a knife?

- Yes, here you are.

I have an excellent rifle  
for a good marksman.  
Really very good.

Of course, you'll need  
a telescopic lens, too.  
I also have an excellent  
telescopic lens from Jena.  
Oh!  
- Would you like some coffee?  
- I really would, thank you.  
And you'll need  
ammunition, too.  
Hollow-tip bullets.  
Familiar with them?  
Hollow-tip bullets splatter.  
That's very good.  
Even if they don't strike the  
target in the heart...  
or in the head,  
the target is finished.  
Isn't that nice?  
I can really recommend  
hollow-tip bullets.  
Anyway, they're the only  
ones I have on offer now.  
CONQUER YOUR FEAR  
There is an  
invisible enemy,  
and that enemy...  
is fear.  
Remember your childhood.  
You're lying in bed.  
It's dark.  
Your jacket is  
hanging on a chair.  
Together, the chair and the  
jacket become a monster...  
which you're afraid of.  
Your fear increases, and you  
have to turn on the light.  
What has happened?  
It isn't the monster that  
makes you afraid, no.  
It's fear that  
creates the monster!  
Fear is the monster.  
The monster lives inside us.

We create the  
monster ourselves,  
so we can also control it.  
It is our fear that makes  
the chair into a monster.  
Fear alone doesn't exist.  
Fear cannot exist without us.  
We know our fear keeps  
us from being happy.  
But when something stands in  
the way of your happiness,  
then rip it out of the way.  
Kill it!  
Cut off the monster's head!  
Do you know how  
I learned German?  
By reading Thomas Mann.  
Do you like Thomas Mann?  
Yes.  
We only had 2 books  
in our library,  
"Buddenbrooks" and  
"Magic Mountain. "  
I read them 20 or 30 times,  
and then I was able to speak German.  
- Hello!  
- Hello!  
Have a seat.  
And then I discovered Goethe.  
"Above all the  
peaks is peace,  
in all the treetops  
hardly a sigh you sense.  
Wait, soon you  
will know silence. "  
Isn't that excellent?  
I've brought you everything  
that you ordered.  
In excellent condition,  
really perfect.  
I have to congratulate you.  
You've ordered a  
very nice rifle,  
and I feel that guns can be

just as nice as literature,  
art, Kokoschka.  
Well!  
A beer, please.  
Shit!  
Being a good shot begins  
with the way you breathe.  
You have to breathe  
rhythmically.  
And when you shoot,  
you hold your breath.  
Understand?  
Okay.  
Inhale, exhale...  
Inhale...  
exhale halfway,  
hold your breath...  
Let me show you.  
Give me that.  
Our target!  
You take the rifle and push it up  
tightly against your shoulder.  
Here.  
And you pull back here and  
here, so it's really tight.  
Put your cheek, your head  
down in line with the  
sighting notch and  
close the one eye.  
Now do it yourself.  
Now move your feet apart,  
in line with your shoulders.  
Yes!  
Steady!  
Move your right  
foot back a bit.  
That's good.  
You can't stand there like  
you're on the dancefloor.  
Head down, left eye closed.  
You see something?  
Yeah?  
The sighting notch?  
Stand steady, without moving.

Okay.  
Okay, and don't  
forget to breathe.  
Now!  
Yes!!  
Hello!  
I thought you  
were Mr. Grinna.  
He's the hunter around here.  
But you're not Mr. Grinna.  
Are you a hunter, too?  
Yeah, I'm a hunter.  
A strange rifle.  
It isn't strange.  
It has a silencer  
for wild ducks.  
Exactly.  
Wild ducks.  
And who are you?  
I'm the shepherd.  
I look after the sheep.  
But there aren't  
any wild ducks now.  
It's too cold.  
Too cold.  
I gotta go.  
I gotta get moving again.  
Could you help me a bit?  
I can hardly walk now.  
My wife.  
The Tommys tried to  
court-martial her after the war.  
A half year later, she  
ran off to England  
with a military judge.  
I really loved her.  
That bitch.  
Know what's strange?  
Just at the moment when I...  
pull the trigger,  
I close my eyes.  
That was the mistake.  
There were soldiers who,  
even after 6 years of war,

shut their eyes when  
they pulled the trigger.  
It's the fear of shooting.  
And you...  
are afraid to shoot.  
I'm not afraid.  
So...  
Thank you for coming,  
and...  
don't forget...  
conquer your fear.  
Well, what a surprise!  
You're here, too.  
Trying to get motivated?  
Well, that's not a bad idea.  
It's funny running  
into you here.  
I've been thinking a  
lot about you recently.  
It was quite an interesting  
conversation we had the last time...  
when we met by the river.  
I feel you're  
planning something.  
Of course, that's my  
job to collect clues.  
But I know you're  
planning something.  
Hey, am I right?  
Be honest.  
Yes, believe me, I've  
had a lot of experience.  
20 years of working for  
the police is a long time.  
You know, I like you.  
It'd be best for you  
if I arrested you.  
I'm sure of that.  
But I can't.  
I don't have anything on you.  
Excuse me.  
Heart attack.  
Where's my boat?  
Too late.

Your oar's already taken.

Hey, Lukas!

Hey, Lukas!

Come back here!

What's the big idea?

Put that boat back in place!

Hello, Isabella.

It's me, Lukas.

I just wanted to get

in touch, 'cause...

I've been looking for you

everywhere, but you're...

actually, you're never there.

Maybe we could get

together sometime.

Call me back.

Bye.

Hello, Isabella.

It's me, Lukas, again.

I'm calling, because I

have two things to say.

First of all...

I know what happened.

I was there.

And eh...

And eh... second...

I'm going to tell

you something,

and I hope you'll

please call back!

I got myself a rifle, and

I've learned how to shoot,

quite well actually, and I

really wanted to kill him.

How's your girl doing?

I don't know.

I don't know

what she's doing.

I'm sorry, Lukas.

You look pale.

Do you have a temperature?

Bye.

Good evening!

No boat today?



I've stopped rowing.  
Don't start getting  
lazy, young man.  
The water's coming in faster  
and getting higher every day.  
You'll see, it'll soon cover  
the entire surface of the earth,  
pure and virginal,  
like on the first day.  
Maybe we can play the  
dead man together.  
Someday.  
See you.  
Isabella!  
Are you coming, too?  
No, I'd rather go  
home early tonight.  
Isabella!  
You're still awake?  
Should I read to him?  
- Yes, please.  
- No, I'm putting him to bed.  
Good night!  
Sleep tight.  
SkyFury