

DAMN YOUR EYES

(C) 2017

FADE IN:

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

BINOCULAR POV:

Sweeping over a leafy suburban neighborhood. Focus on MR CLEAN, late 30s, sponging down an SUV in his driveway.

A voice track can be heard in the background - like a radio broadcast. A heated, angry tone.

PRE-RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...Tyranny people, the death of
free will, that's what it's come
to. State, local, federal - forget
it. There is no distinction...

Pan across a road to a front yard. GREENFINGERS, 40s, hair tied back, kneels as she weeds a garden border.

The same voice MUTTERS over the radio broadcast.

BROOKES (O.S.)
Go on...do it.

Greenfingers glances our way, casual.

BROOKES (O.S.)
I'm onto you bitch. I know all your
spook tricks.

END POV

An audio file plays on a computer screen, sound levels bouncing as the angry rant continues.

PRE-RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...Closed circuit cameras and
surveillance drones weren't enough.
They're in our smartphones, our
flatscreens, our kids toys! And get
this, we invite them in!

A pen writes the word 'GREENFINGERS' in a diary.

BROOKES, mid 40s, puffy eyed, anxious, balances the diary in his lap. He sits at a window, his chair carefully positioned behind a blind. The binoculars at his side.

He logs the time: 9:30. The page is full of similar entries: 'GREENFINGERS' and 'MR CLEAN', all with times.

An intercom BUZZES.

Brookes tenses. He checks the diary, frowns.

PRE-RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
 ...We're a dying society, folk,
 clawing at freedom in a world gone
 to Hell and you know they'll never
 let us-

He jabs the keyboard. The audio pauses.

Brookes squints through the blind, watching Mr Clean and Greenfingers for a reaction - nothing.

BROOKES
 Amateurs.

BUZZZZ!

Across the room now, Brookes checks a video intercom to see a COURIER, mid 20s, holding a package on the doorstep. Courier looks around, hurried, not sure what to do. He wears a body camera on his uniform.

BROOKES
 State your business.

COURIER
 Pharma-Drop, I got your monthly.

BROOKES
 Where's the usual guy?

COURIER
 I'm on the clock, man-

Courier checks his clipboard.

COURIER
 Is this twenty-four Sundown?

BROOKES
 Leave it on the step, the package,
 just set it down.

COURIER
 You gotta sign.

BROOKES
 I never signed for the other guy.

COURIER
I guess they don't check his
paperwork like they do mine.

Brookes palms his face in frustration.

BROOKES
What's with the body-cam?

COURIER
I deliver prescription meds, man.
Company's paranoid about shit like
that.

Courier leans his face closer to the camera -

Brookes recoils. He hugs the wall, deep breaths, fighting a
wave of panic as the Courier's eyeball fills the frame.

COURIER
(confiding)
I'm pretty sure it's a dummy.

EXT. BROOKES' HOUSE - FRONT STEP - DAY

Courier waits while a series of locks CLUNK open.

Brookes emerges, a poker-visor pulled low, sunglasses hiding
his eyes. He slaps an I.D. into the Courier's hand.

BROOKES
It's not meds. It's nutraceuticals.

COURIER
It's a what?

Brookes takes the package, nods to the body-cam.

BROOKES
Who's the real dummy here?

Before Courier can answer Brookes plucks back his I.D. and
SLAMS the door. Locks CLUNK into place.

COURIER
...Asshat.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Brookes sits at his computer, sound levels rising and falling as he rants into a microphone. He's heated, emotional.

BROOKES

...You put a closed circuit camera outside a Home Depot, in my town, I'm gonna want answers. It's the end of free will, folk, I'm telling you... Here's a message from our sponsor.

He hits pause. Sags, rubs his eyes, tired. He looks over at the package, the words 'VITA-MED' stamped on the side.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

A covered window. Bath and sink faucets taped off. Bottled water and filtration systems stacked in the tub.

Brookes shakes a couple of pills into his palm from a bottle labelled 'VITA-MED - NUTRA-MAX', washes them down.

He catches his eyes in the mirror, bagged, bloodshot - he quickly looks away, a shiver of discomfort.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Brookes lies in bed, shifting restlessly in his sleep.

An audio file plays on the computer monitor.

PRE-RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)

...Beelzebub himself just burning up your tax dollars in a Pentagon basement! Breaks my heart to tell you, folks.

(softening)

Alright, it's that time of the night where I thank my sponsors. I couldn't fund this podcast, this truth-cast as I call it, without the good people at Vita-Med and their unique range of nearly organic nutraceuticals and dietary supplements, including the new Nutra-Max...

LATER

Shelves of daylight cut through the blind. Brookes shuffles to the window wearing a gown. He stretches out the kinks: side twists, toe touches -

He finds a trail of dried blood on his ankle, frowns, traces it to a marble-sized lump on his shin.

An eye blinks through a magnifying glass.

At his desk, Brookes hovers the lens over his leg, inspecting the lump. He prods it - soft.

Brookes straightens, thinks. He collects the binoculars.

At the window, Brookes mans the binoculars. A half-eaten bag of potato chips in his lap, his vest-top covered in crumbs.

He shifts, scratching irritably at his thigh.

BINOCULAR POV:

Glimpse Mr Clean in his back yard watering his lawn. Track to the front...SUV in the drive...across the street...Courier and Greenfingers on her step. Catch the tail end of a glance our way. Courier leaves. Greenfingers closes the door.

END POV

Brookes lowers the binoculars in scandalized outrage.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Brookes opens a medicine cabinet. It's stacked with Vita-Med bottles. He roots around till he finds the Nutra-Max vial.

His finger traces a list of 'SIDE EFFECTS'.

BROOKES

Nausea, headache, diarrhoea,
anxiety, insomnia,
hallucinations... You left out
complicity.

He twists off the cap, empties the bottle's contents into a toilet. He looks back at the medicine cabinet.

EXT. BROOKES' HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Brookes, dressed in shades and poker-cap, marches out, head down, a clear trash bag full of pill bottles in hand.

Mr Clean looks up from watering his front yard.

Brookes looks away, avoiding eye contact. He rattles the trash bag defiantly.

BROOKES
 (mumbles)
 That's right, take a good look,
 spook.

Mr Clean gives a puzzled wave.

Brookes dumps the bag at the curbside, scurries back to the house, face turned from Mr Clean. Door SLAMS. Locks CLUNK.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Cassette reels spin on a tape recorder -

Brookes sits at the window, binoculars beside him. He growls into a microphone attached to the recorder.

BROOKES
 ...And don't even get me started on
 what they're putting in the water!
 But you know what? They're afraid
 of me, folks...

LATER

Night now. The room in shadow. An audio file plays on the monitor. The sound levels bouncing with Brookes' rant.

PRE-RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
 ...They know I got the proof and
 they're scared. I'm a spanner in
 their machine. I am truth to power,
 they don't like it one bit!

Brookes lies asleep in bed.

The bedsheet twitches. A marble-sized lump on his hip slowly traces a path beneath the sheet. It pauses as Brookes scratches around his waist.

It twitches...a drop of blood flowers through the fabric.

LATER

Daylight edges the blinds.

Brookes drifts awake. He looks down at the blood soaked bedsheet in horror.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Brookes inches up his bloodied vest, afraid to look. He steels himself, tears it off. He paws at his midrift, gropes at his back, searching, finding nothing.

Ever so slowly his eyes travel to the mirror -

Blood trickles from a lump nestled in his clavicle. The lump pops open, an EYEBALL surveys its surroundings.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

On the monitor, sound levels leap as Brookes SCREAMS O.S.

Brookes stumbles across the room, crazed with fear.

BROOKES

Don't look at me you sonofabitch!

He glances around...the desk.

Brookes wrenches open a drawer, rummages inside.

The Eye watches as he pulls out a stapler, screwdriver, lighter-fuel - nope. He finds a pair of needlenose pliers, tests the jaws - SNICK!

The Eye blinks.

BROOKES

Surveil this.

The Eye scrunches tight.

Brookes digs the pliers into his flesh, gouging the Eye from its roost.

He bites back the pain. Soft tissue TEARS O.S. Blood spurts. He sinks to his knees in a howl of rage -

The Eye plops onto his chest, dangled from an optic nerve. The pupil swivels, loose and unfocused.

He takes hold and pulls - the nerve trails out like a magician's handkerchief -

TWANG!

It snaps taut. He pulls harder - it's anchored tight.
 Brookes wraps the nerve around the bathroom door-handle.
 He takes up the slack, kicks the door closed -
 A sickening RIIIP -

EXT. GREENFINGER'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Roots tear from the ground in a spray of dirt -
 Greenfingers tosses the weed aside. She scrapes out the hole with a trowel.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Brookes lies crumpled on the floor.
 He groans, turns, blood streaks his cheeks from beneath his eyelids. He tries to open them, winces, the pain too great. He feels his face, hands trembling in shock.

BROOKES
 What the hell did you do to me?

A lump on the back of his hand twitches open - an eye sweeps the room.
 He senses it, clutches the back of his hand.

BROOKES
 No, no, no-

Another eye pops open on his temple.
 A third blinks from his back.
 He feels them out one-by-one, his horror rising with each new discovery. He freezes...reaches a hand down his shorts - quickly withdraws it in shock.
 The tape player CRASHES to the floor -
 Brookes gropes blindly about the desk. The keyboard follows, triggering the audio on impact.

PRE-RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...We invite them in! We're a dying
society, folk, clawing at freedom
in a world gone to Hell...

Back Eye tracks a bottle cap as it bounces across the room.

Hand Eye trades a concerned look with Temple Eye.

Brookes straightens, drops the empty lighter-fuel bottle.
His skin glistening wet.

PRE-RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...And you know they'll never let
us rest in peace!

Brookes raises a Zippo - CLINK!

BROOKES
Damn your eyes!

EXT. GREENFINGER'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Greenfingers pats the earth into place around a freshly
planted sunflower. She pauses, scents the air...turns to
look across the street towards Brookes' house.

Mr Clean turns from polishing his rims. They trade a look.
He returns to his SUV. She takes up the trowel.

She digs, her back turned. Her skin twitches. An eye pops
open on the nape of her neck and stares right at us.

FADE OUT