

THE LAZY EYE

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A rundown 2002 CHEVY CAVALIER chugs into the driveway.

DENNIS, 35, intense as fuck, grips the steering wheel. He eyes the house, notices a pair of suspicious eyes lurking through a single raised window blind.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

CARL, 40s, uptight and fidgety, peers through the blinds.

CARL

Fuck. He's here. Act normal, Lisa.

Carl backtracks away from the window and clumsily takes a seat on the couch, trying to act normal.

LISA

We haven't seen your brother in months. How am I supposed to act?

Carl violently fluffs the couch pillows.

CARL

He thinks I fucked him over.

The doorbell DINGS.

LISA

Fucked him over? How?

CARL

I placed a 5150 on him.

LISA

You placed an involuntarily psychiatric hold on your brother!?

Carl lets loose a cross between a laugh and a whimper.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa opens the door. Dennis stands with a gift basket.

LISA

Dennis, Merry Christmas!

DENNIS
Merry Christmas. Where's Carl?

Carl attempts to lay comfortably on the couch.

CARL
Dennis! What a pleasant surprise.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carl cautiously takes the gift basket from Dennis.

CARL
Front row tickets to the symphony?
Dennis, I can't accept these.

DENNIS
I insist. I owe you one.

Dennis plants his hand firmly on Carl's shoulder.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Trust me.

Dennis stares deep into Carl's eyes. His grip on Carl's shoulder tightens. Carl is noticeably uncomfortable.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
I just wanna get you back for all
you've done to me.

CARL
Don't you mean done for me?

Dennis just stares straight ahead like a maniac, smiles.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The symphony halls looms in the distance. Carl and Lisa exit the car. Carl is visibly paranoid.

LISA
It's like a winter wonderland!

CARL
Something fishy's going on.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT

A massive SECURITY GUARD pulls up a chair. He sits directly in front of Carl and stares right at him.

CARL

Can you a... Could you possibly look somewhere else? You know, anywhere? Anywhere but looking directly at me?

SECURITY GUARD

(whispers)

It's standard procedure, Sir.

CARL

It seems kind of personal. Like you're looking at me.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm not looking at you, Sir. I'm scanning the crowd for trouble.

CARL

We're at a fucking symphony. Who's gonna cause any trouble?

SECURITY GUARD

Currently just you... Sir.

CARL

How am I supposed to watch this shitty symphony when you're eye is staring right into my soul!?

SECURITY GUARD

It's called a lazy eye, Sir.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL - MONTAGE

- Carl shifts in his seat, no matter how he turns, or how he looks, the Security Guard's lazy is dead focused on him.

- Carl retreats into a ball.

CARL

(mutters to himself)

Lazy eye. Huh? Not so lazy to me.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL - INTERMISSION

Carl bursts through a crowd of people.

CARL

Thank fuck!

Lisa follows, trying not to be associated with her husband.

CARL (CONT'D)
My crazy brother did this on
purpose. I now it!

Carl takes out his phone and calls Dennis.

CARL (CONT'D)
Thank you so much for the tickets.
We're having the time of our lives.
So much culture, such rich history.

DENNIS
(on phone)
How are the seats?

CARL
Fantastic!

An ANNOUNCER's voice booms through the waiting area.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Intermission is now ending.

CARL
Sorry, Dennis gotta get back to the
best fuckin' show on Earth.

Carl hangs up, turns to Lisa. A manic look in his eyes.

CARL (CONT'D)
That fuckin' fuckwad isn't gonna
get the best of me.

LISA
You sound like a psychopathic.

CARL
I'M NOT A FUCKIN' PSYCHOPATHIC!

Lisa steps away, shields herself from Carl.

CARL (CONT'D)
He thinks he can fuck me! I'll fuck
him first! I'll fuck him so hard!

INT. SYMPHONY HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Carl and Lisa take their seats. The lights dim. Carl takes
deep breath after breath, trying to remain calm.

The Security Guard remains fastened to his seat. His lazy eye
wavers for a moment, then fixates on Carl.

An almost identical SECOND SECURITY GUARD pulls up a chair, sits in front of Carl and Lisa.

The Second Security Guard gazes into the audience for a moment, before his lazy eye hones in on Carl.

Both security guards lazy eyes focus solely on Carl.

Carl retreats into his seat, puts his head into his hands.

CARL
Fuck no! Fuck.

EXT. SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT

A manic Carl is escorted into an ambulance.

CARL
I'm gonna fuck my brother so hard!
I'll fuck him so fast and furious
he won't know what fucked him!

A group of onlookers watch, some film with their iPhones.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Dennis relaxes on his couch, watching a news broadcast.

NEWSCASTER
A local man was placed into custody today after he had a suspected psychiatric episode. His wife placed a 5150 on him until he can receive further psychiatric evaluation.

Dennis leans back, gives a kiss on the cheek to the BLONDE BLOWUP SEX DOLL that he caresses on his right shoulder.

DENNIS
Awww yeah. Daddy got his payback.

Dennis turns to his left, nuzzles his chin against the BRUNETTE SEX DOLL on his left shoulder.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Did somebody say threesome?

FADE OUT:

