

I'M BEING WATCHED

Written by

48 Hrs Writer

Copyright © 2019 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

A bright, small room with a couch and a tiny admission counter. A YOUNG RECEPCIONIST types in a computer.

Alone on the couch sits BARRY SMITH (40s). Man of the street, middle of the road handsome, he would look normal if it wasn't for his eyes. Someone may call them "crazy eyes".

The Young Receptionist steals a dumbfound glance at Barry as he takes his panama hat out and adjusts a sheet of aluminum foil that wraps the inside.

He notices and smiles at her when--

A phone rings. Saved by the bell, the Young Receptionist answers the phone, ignoring Barry. Then:

YOUNG RECEPCIONIST
You may come in.

Barry takes a huge ring binder that rests on the neighboring couch and exits.

YOUNG RECEPCIONIST (CONT'D)
Weirdo...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. ANGELA BELFORT (30s), a stoic woman with analytic eyes, sits in a chair with a notebook and a pen.

Barry is across from her, in a couch. He looks nervous.

ANGELA
How do you feel, Barry?

He doesn't answer. His look fixed on a Doctor's bobblehead doll resting on a nearby desk.

Angela follows his line of sight and sees the figurine.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Oh, that's a gift from my son...

Barry doesn't say a word. He just looks at the doll with anxious eyes.

Angela gets up, takes the doll and stashes it in a drawer.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Better?

He nods.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Okay, now let's resume where we
left off. You were telling me about
how it all started...

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

A large store. Rows of shelves with used goods. Barry waits
in line at the counter, holding a bag.

BARRY (V.O.)
I was in a pawn shop, to sell my
old UFO tapes when I felt it. The
bobblehead doll.

He feels something and turns. A bobble head Dog doll sits at
a nearby shelf, bobbing his head at him.

BARRY (V.O.)
Every time I looked up, every time
I turned, it was looking at me.
Just looking me in the eye...

Barry looks ahead, but something's wrong. He turns again. The
bobble head doll has stopped moving.

His lifeless eyes focused on him.

BARRY (V.O.)
After that, I started noticing a
pattern. They were everywhere...

INT. BUS - DAY

Barry sits up front, right next to the DRIVER.

A baseball player doll sits on the dashboard, his head
bobbing up and down with every braking.

BARRY (V.O.)
In the bus I catch every morning...

INT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Barry hands a twenty to a CASHIER without taking his eyes off the counter.

From it, a bobblehead doll of an alien observes him.

BARRY (V.O.)
In the store under my flat...

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Barry puts his clothes in a washing machine.

Next to him, a full load spins around in another washer.

An Elvis doll is on top, its head moving up and down with each twirl.

BARRY (V.O.)
Even at the laundromat...

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Angela writes something in her notebook.

ANGELA
So, you think they are spying on you? The bobblehead dolls...

Barry fidgets in his seat.

BARRY
I don't think it, I know it! The government is using them to spy on us! Like they did with the security cameras! The cellphones, the internet... Now they are using bobblehead dolls. And I have proof!

He opens the ring binder. It's filled of news clippings, pictures, photocopied documents with scribbled notes...

ANGELA
Have you been taking your meds lately, Barry?

BARRY
What? Why are you asking?

Angela gets up and opens the drawer. Barry's eyes open with fear as she takes the doll out of it.

Slowly, she walks to him and puts it in his hand.

ANGELA
Take a look.

He hesitates.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
There's nothing to be afraid.

Barry inspects the doll closely.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
See? It's just a figurine. There's nothing special on it.

He calms down a little.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Let's make a deal. If you promise you'll take your meds, I'll bring your binder to a journalist friend of mine. See if he can publish it. What do you think? Sounds like a deal?

Barry thinks for a moment. He smiles and nods, she's the first person who believes him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Good. See you next week, then.

Without further ado, Angela places the doll on the desk and walks Barry out of the room.

As soon as he's out, she takes the heavy binder and tosses it in a paper bin.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Pfff.

The doll observes Angela from the desk, uncannily still...

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Barry walks off when --

There's a mechanical whirr. It is subtle, but identifiable.

A bobblehead doll lying on the Young Receptionist's desk turns its huge head.

Two microlenses stick out of its eyes, focusing on Barry--

INT. SPACESHIP - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--the image of Barry freezes on a monitor screen.

Dozens of monitors fill the room, displaying various locations: the pawn shop, the bus, the laundromat...

TWO ALIEN CREATURES, bulky, with lizard skin, operate the room, controlling the screens with joysticks.

ALIEN #1
(in alien; subtitled)
Yessss! I won!

ALIEN #2
Damn humans...

Before them, two screens display Barry and Angela. Alien #2 moves his stick and Angela's monitor zooms in on the bin.

ALIEN #1
Haha. She didn't believe him! I told you!

ALIEN #2
Assholes, I shouldn't have betted for them!

On the top corner there's a large heatmap of Earth. It is riddled with landing spots and graphics and indications for an alien invasion.

ALIEN #2 (V.O.)
Intelligent life on Earth? No fucking way...

ALIEN #1
Show me the money, brother...

ALIEN #2
Alright, alright...

The creatures exchange a couple of twenties -- alien money, not dollars -- as we PUSH IN on BARRY'S SCREEN. On it, he gets out of the building, oblivious to their fate.

FADE OUT.