

DAMN YOUR EYES

By

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FADE IN:

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

An audio file plays on a computer screen, sound levels rise and fall to an angry rant.

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...Tyranny people, the death of
free will. State, local, federal -
forget it. There is no distinction.
They're following our every move...

BROOKES, mid 40s, sits at a window, his chair carefully positioned behind a blind. He peers from a crack in the slats with binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV:

Sweeping over a leafy suburban neighborhood. MR CLEAN, late 30s, sponges down an SUV in his driveway...across a road to a front yard. GREENFINGERS, 40s, hair tied back weeds a garden border, her back to the window.

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...Closed circuit cameras and
surveillance drones weren't enough.
No, they're in our smart-phones,
our cars, our kids toys. What next,
our food? And get this, we invite
them in!

The same voice MUTTERS over the recording.

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

Greenfingers turns, tosses a weed into a bucket. She glances our way, casual.

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

END POV

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

Brookes, puffy eyes set in a pasty face, balances the diary in his lap. The binoculars slung around his neck.

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 scans the diary, frowns.

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...We're a dying society, folk,
clawing at freedom. And they won't
stop-

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.

COURIER
Whatever you say, man.

BROOKES
It's nutraceuticals.

COURIER
Fun times.

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
...Crank.

INT. BROOKES' HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Brookes sits at his computer, sound levels bouncing 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. I'm gonna
use my platform to call you out.
...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 MEGA', 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

An audio file plays on the computer monitor.

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...Beelzebub himself, burning up
your tax dollars in a Pentagon
basement drawing up new ways to spy
on you! ...Breaks my heart to tell
you, folks.

Brookes lies in bed asleep, the bedsheet askew.

One foot twitches, spasms. He shifts, rubbing at it with the other foot.

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
(softening)
...It's that time of the night
where I thank my sponsors. I
(MORE)

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.) (cont'd)
 couldn't fund this podcast, this
 truth-cast, without the good people
 at Vita-Med and their unique range
 of nearly organic nutraceuticals
 and dietary supplements, including
 the new Nutra-Max Mega...

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 -

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. The diary and 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 throws open a medicine cabinet. It's stacked with Vita-Med bottles. He hunts through the vials -

BROOKES
 Nausea, headache, diarrhea,
 anxiety, insomnia,
 hallucinations...

He plucks out the Nutra-Max Mega bottle.

BROOKES
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 avoids eye contact. Rattles the trash bag defiantly.

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

Mr Clean returns him 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 paces, agitated, growling into a microphone attached to the hand-held 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.

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...They know I'm close to the truth
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.

Brookes settles again. The lump 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 midriff, 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, unfocused.

He takes hold, pulls - the nerve trails from the wound 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 into the bucket.

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, horror rising with each new discovery. He freezes...reaches a hand down his shorts - quickly withdraws it in shock.

The tape recorder CRASHES to the floor -

Brookes gropes blindly about the desk. The keyboard follows, triggering the audio on impact.

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...We invite them in. We're a dying
society, folk, clawing at freedom.
They won't stop until they're
watching us all...

Hand Eye trades a concerned look with Temple Eye.

Back Eye tracks an empty bottle of lighter fuel as it bounces across the room.

Brookes straightens, his skin glistening wet.

RECORDED BROOKES (V.O.)
...To that I say-

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