

BLIND EYE

Written by

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Beyond Time
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OVER BLACK:

ANTHONY

(voice note recording)

Hey, Isaac. It's weird saying your name. Like, I'm used to saying your name, but, to other people. It feels like I'm talking about you to you. Sorry. I don't know.

The voice laughs nervously, unsure of himself. As he continues, the sound of heavy PANTING sets in. Then the rhythmic BANGING of a weight machine. The sounds grow.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I'm being weird. It was nice hearing your voice again-
(self-conscious)
A drink'll be good. See you tonight. It'll be good to see you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: extreme close ups of a man's body as he performs rigorous exercises and abstract images of the inner workings of an optometry device as it carries out an eye exam. Both feel violent and mechanical.

We end on a jarring image of a BLOODSHOT EYEBALL pressed into the device's eyepiece. It blinks, then struggles to stay open as a light shine into it.

TITLE CARD: BLIND EYE

1

INT. OPTOMETRIST OFFICE - DAY

1

A doctor sighs with concern. The eye pulls away from the machine. This is ISAAC (30, lean, fidgety). He applies pressure to his eyes, trying to ease the pain.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Excessive cardiovascular stress and muscular exertion is causing a surplus of blood in the sclera.

Isaac nods, his mind elsewhere.

DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do you know what that means, Isaac?

ISAAC

I'll get it under control.

DOCTOR (O.C.)
Permanent vision loss-

Isaac removes his hands from his face and opens his eyes as wide as possible, determined to make eye contact. He smiles.

ISAAC
I'm good. See?

2 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

2

A violent, BUZZING blender.

MOMENTS LATER

Isaac stands by the counter, sipping a protein shake, holding a cold compress to his eyes. He smiles as he listens to Anthony's voice note through headphones. *

ANTHONY
Hey, Isaac. It's weird saying your name. Like, I'm used to saying your name, but, to other people. It feels like I'm talking about you to you. Sorry. I don't know. *

Isaac finishes the shake. He takes off the cold compress, but keeps his eyes closed. Still listening to the voice note, he goes to the sink and starts washing up.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I'm being weird. It was nice hearing your voice again - A drink'll be good. See you tonight.

Isaac feels around for a dish. He slowly opens his eyes and sees his warped reflection in his toaster. Staring at his body, he lifts up his shirt and traces the lines of his torso with his fingers. *

We quickly FLASH TO several extreme close ups of exercise.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
It'll be good to see you.

Isaac leans in to inspect his reflection. He stops when he sees his bloodshot eyes, stares at them, and leaves. *

3 **INT. PUB - DAY**

3

Isaac, dressed nicely, wearing sunglasses, is seated by the bar. *

His eyes flutter around the space and catch on a BARTENDER pouring a pint. Isaac hones in on the man's muscles, scrutinizing the size and definition of his arms. Isaac absentmindedly squeezes his own arms.

*
*

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Hey.

*
*

Isaac whips around and sees ANTHONY (30, muscular). They smile each other. A warm tension hangs in the air. Neither knows what to say.

*
*
*

4

MOMENTS LATER

4

Isaac and Anthony sip drinks. Isaac fixes his eyes on his drink, but keeps stealing glances at Anthony.

*
*

ANTHONY

You look great.

Isaac finally looks Anthony in the eyes. He smiles. We see Isaac in profile and glimpse his eyes. The whites look terribly infected.

ISAAC

Thanks. Been on a health-kick.

ANTHONY

Almost didn't recognize you. Maybe because you look like you're undercover.

Isaac tries to hide his nerves. Anthony eats some bar nuts.

ISAAC

I've changed a lot.

ANTHONY

I've been writing. Suppose we've both been working on ourselves.

ISAAC

That's great!

ANTHONY

It's dumb-

ISAAC

No it's not. What's it about?

ANTHONY

...A relationship.

Isaac's stops smiling. He starts bouncing his leg even more.

ISAAC
Can I read it?

Anthony smiles a little and shakes his head, self-conscious.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Is one of them an asshole?-

ANTHONY
He's complicated-

ISAAC
Complicated as in asshole?-

Isaac stops himself. He takes a breath, and puts on a smile.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
How does it end?

Isaac moves his foot to touch Anthony's. Beat.

ANTHONY
I'm still figuring it out.

Anthony sips his drink. Isaac takes a gulp of his own.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Can I try yours?

Isaac nods. Anthony takes a sip. He nods, and then swaps the glasses. Isaac looks confused.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
They gave me the diet one.

Beat. Isaac's heart races. He tries to hide his panic. He stares at his drink, getting overwhelmed by the sound of the carbonation, the chaos of the bubbles, the ice cracking.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I'm still figuring out the ending.

ISAAC
(looks up)
What?

ANTHONY
Of the relationship story.
Nevermind.

ISAAC
Can you excuse me for a sec?

