

"EVIL EYE" by Des Nnochiri

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

DR. LEN SCHREIBER, forties, smiles fondly and a little infatuatedly at his patient, SARAH BARTLETT, twenties, who sits upright on the edge of her bed. She wears a hospital smock over street clothes. On the bed beside her, an overnight bag, and a few items of loose clothing.

An OPTICAL CUP covers Sarah's left eye, gauze pad taped underneath. There are light scars on that side of her face.

Dr. Schreiber holds a pair of spectacles in his hand.

DR. SCHREIBER

...and the scars will fade, in about a month or so. We've made great strides, in cranio-facial surgery. I think you'll be very happy - very happy - with the results.

SARAH

Thank you.

DR. SCHREIBER

Now, Ms. Bartlett.

SARAH

Sarah.

DR. SCHREIBER

Sarah. About the, uh, accident. I understand your boyfriend--

SARAH

Ex.

DR. SCHREIBER

--was involved? Ex. Are you, um, are you sure I can't persuade you to--

Even with the eyepatch, Sarah's expression darkens, visibly.

SARAH

Dr. Schreiber--

DR. SCHREIBER

Len. Please.

SARAH

Len.

She takes a deep breath, lets it out. Her good humor apparently restored. She smiles at him, radiantly.

SARAH

Len, you've done so much for me, already. You've given me back my life.

DR. SCHREIBER

Oh, please. I'm, I'm just the instrument. Thank modern medicine. The corneal replacement technique we use here is, uh, is almost routine, now. I'm just glad we found a donor for you who was such a, such a perfect match.

He holds up the glasses in his hand. They're Rayban style, but the right lens is clear plastic, the other dark.

DR. SCHREIBER

You'll have to wear these, for a week or so. To protect the implant.

Sarah squints at the shades, with her good eye.

DR. SCHREIBER

The clear lens is UV-reactive. So, uh, if you go out on the beach, it'll, uh, you know.

SARAH

Groovy.

DR. SCHREIBER

I, uh, I hope you've enjoyed your time here?

SARAH

The Jello was cool. The raspberry. Very... very red.

DR. SCHREIBER

Well. Let's, uh, let's get that Long John Silver contraption off your head. Get you into these,

and you can, uh, you can say goodbye to us. Okay?

SARAH

Okay.

Dr. Schreiber puts the glasses down, beside Sarah's bag. He reaches behind her head, and unstraps the optical cup. Gently pulls the gauze away from Sarah's eye.

The eye: a little bloodshot, but a perfect match. Sarah blinks. The eye focuses. And the cornea and iris glow an unholy red.

Dr. Schreiber's skin peels off his bones. His skeleton crumbles. In seconds, he's a pile of ash at the foot of Sarah's bed.

Sarah, stunned, finally finds her voice.

SARAH

Yaaaagh!!!

A NURSE peeks in the door. Sees Sarah screaming, and rushes in.

NURSE

Ms. Bartlett? Sarah? Is there--?

Sarah's head snaps round, to the nurse. Her left eye glows red. The nurse crumbles to dust.

Sarah rises, zombie-like, from the bed. She crosses to the door, and shuts it quietly. Takes a deep breath, and lets it out.

SARAH

Well. This could get... complicated.

She looks at the dust piles that used to be Dr. Schreiber and the nurse. Her expression darkens, a look similar to the one she had when the doctor mentioned her ex-boyfriend, and the accident.

SARAH

Useful, though. So long as...

Sarah turns her head toward the TV set-up opposite the bed. She focuses on it; her eye glows red. The television is vaporised.

SARAH

Hmmm.

Quickly, Sarah strips off the hospital smock. Wads it up, into her overnight bag. Slips the rest of the items in. Perches the two-tone shades above her forehead. Picks up the bag. Nods, to herself.

SARAH

Mm-hmm.

And strides purposefully from the room.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

It's a short walk to the exit door. Sarah takes it, swivelling her head, and vaporising everything in her path: security cameras, SECURITY GUARD, RECEPTIONIST, WAITING PATIENT. She stops at the door.

SARAH

Oh, yeah. That'll do nicely.

Sarah settles the glasses on her face. Then steps out, into her brave new world.

FADE TO BLACK

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