

"For an Eye"

by
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1 INT. OPTOMETRIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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MR. LANGE sits in the examining chair. The lovely DR. HOLLAND has just administered some eye drops to her patient.

HOLLAND
Nearly done, Mr. Lange.

LANGE
What are those for again?

HOLLAND
To dilate your pupils. That way, I can get a *good* look inside your eyes to make sure everything is alright.

LANGE
Oh, yes. I remember now. Dr. O'Rourke used them the last time I was here.

HOLLAND
We want to be as thorough as possible.
(chuckles)
After all, you only have two eyes.

Lange starts blinking rapidly.

LANGE
They work *fast*. Everything is getting brighter.

HOLLAND
That will pass.

LANGE
Have you worked with Doug O'Rourke long, Dr. Holland?

HOLLAND
A few months, though I usually can't do these late appointments. I have two kids at home, and my husband works very odd hours.

LANGE
I'm glad you could stay late for me. Thank you.

(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LANGE (CONT'D)

These headaches I've been getting
are *very* painful.

 HOLLAND

You probably need a new
prescription.

 (beat)

In today's computer-filled world,
the eyes are subject to a *lot* of
strain.

 LANGE

(grunts in slight
pain)

Lange squirms a little in his seat.

 HOLLAND

Is something wrong?

 LANGE

(confused)
My arms have gone numb. *Both* of
them.

 HOLLAND

You mean they've fallen asleep?

 LANGE

No, I've. . . I've felt that
before. This is. . . *different*.

 HOLLAND

It must be the way you're sitting -
poor blood flow.

 (beat)

Sit up straight.

Lange tries unsuccessfully to do that.

 LANGE

(grunts as he tries;
growing alarmed)
My legs. . . they feel the same
way!

 HOLLAND

Perfect.

 LANGE

(shocked)
What?

(CONTINUED)

HOLLAND

Those drops do more than dilate
your pupils. When mixed with the
proper herbs, they paralyze the
limbs.

(beat)

They work their way into your
bloodstream through your tear
ducts.

LANGE

(confused)

What's going on?

HOLLAND

Does the name Millicent Barker
ring a bell?

LANGE

Millicent. . .

HOLLAND

She was my little sister.

Using all of his remaining strength, Lange pitches
himself out of the chair.

LANGE

(grunts as he throws
himself from the
chair)

He lands in a heap on the floor. Holland slowly walks
over to him, looking down at him disdainfully.

HOLLAND

Very impressive. I didn't realize
you had that much strength left.

(beat)

We can talk with you on the floor.
You *should* be at my feet - like
the dog you are!

LANGE

(nervously)

What are you doing?

HOLLAND

When I heard that you wanted an
eye exam, I suggested that Doug
take some time off so I could be
here for you.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOLLAND (CONT'D)

The good doctor and his family are vacationing at a lovely resort in Maine.

LANGE

(anxiously)

What about Millie?

HOLLAND

(insulted)

"Millie," is it? That's awfully familiar for someone you got in a family way and then deserted.

LANGE

I offered to pay to take care of things.

HOLLAND

Knowing full well that Millie would *refuse* such a procedure. Your leaving tore her apart.

(beat; sniffs)

We found her hanging from the ceiling fan.

LANGE

How did you learn about us?

HOLLAND

Millie wrote everything down in her diary, including about your poor eyesight.

LANGE

(surprised)

I didn't know she. . . she kept a diary.

HOLLAND

Of course you didn't! You would have *destroyed* it if you did.

LANGE

It wasn't like that between us.

HOLLAND

With a little Googling, it was easy to locate you. All I had to do was get a job here and wait.

(CONTINUED)

LANGE

(breathing becomes
labored)

I. . . I can't move *at all*!

(calls out)

Help! Somebody!

HOLLAND

You're wasting your voice. The
windows are locked, and no one
will be here until Monday morning -
which gives me *plenty* of time.

LANGE

(frightened)

For. . . For what?

HOLLAND

Revenge.

(longish beat)

First, though, we need to finish
the exam.

(beat)

Can you see the eye chart from
down there?

LANGE

What?

HOLLAND

Read the first three lines for me
please.

LANGE

(disbelievingly)

You *must* be kidding.

HOLLAND

Do it!

LANGE

(clears throat)

Y-O-U, A-R-E, D-E-A. . .

(beat; with sudden
realization)

. . . D.

HOLLAND

Very good.

(beat)

Here's your new prescription.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

She pulls a gun from her lab coat and fires two bullets into Lange's chest.

LANGE
(reacts as the
bullets hit him)
Oof!

He dies.

Holland looks down at her victim.

HOLLAND
(chuckles)
An eye for an eye.

FADE TO BLACK.