

FADE IN:

ECU - EYE - DAY

The eye is illuminated with yellowish-brown light. Wind HOWLS. Sandy dust swirls around the eye and gathers on its lashes but it doesn't blink.

SUSAN (V.O.)
I once was blind but now can see.
It worked. I can see.

The eye blinks and the screen goes BLACK.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

SUSAN, 30's, sits in a medical exam chair in the middle of a dust storm while DR. TIBOR ROTH, 40's, examines her.

The dust swirls around and has a distorted, pixilated quality to it. Tibor leans in to check her eyes. Their mouths inch closer...they kiss.

They swirling, pixilating dust storm envelops them.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - DAY

Dusty wind buffets a lone, well-used trailer surrounded by sand drifts. There's a beat-up pickup truck parked beside it.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

It's run down. Dirty laundry is strewn about and it's crammed with electronic equipment.

Tibor wakes with a start. He looks exhausted, worn thin.

He makes instant coffee with equal parts water and rum.

He sits at the kitchen table and lights a smoke. A large monitor hangs above him, crowding the space.

He jiggles a computer mouse and the monitor lights up.

ON THE MONITOR: It plays pixilated handheld footage of someone walking in the desert.

He checks the time.

TIBOR

Ah, fuck.

He grabs a set of keys and hustles out.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Tibor drives on a desert road in the beat-up pickup. Wind blasts his windshield with sand and dust.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Tibor spots Susan at the deli counter and watches from a distance, as though he doesn't want to be seen.

MOMENTS LATER

Tibor stares at the condiment shelf. Susan sneaks up and nudges him with her hip.

SUSAN

So what, you're spying on me now?

TIBOR

I'm buying mustard.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

It's a simple examination room that looks like it hasn't been updated since the 1950s.

Susan sits in a chair while Tibor's stands between her legs and examines her eyes. The floor is gritty with sand.

Susan's inner thigh touches his leg and he shifts away.

SUSAN

The wind. Fucks people up.

TIBOR

What?

SUSAN

You having weird dreams?

TIBOR

Oh, yeah. No, not really.

He scans her eyes with a laser.

TIBOR (CONT'D)
So how are the spots, are they
clearing up at all?

SUSAN
No. But I don't really care, it's
still better than being blind.

Tibor jots down notes.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Were you spying on me in the
supermarket yesterday? When I was
at the deli counter?

TIBOR
I saw you, I wouldn't call it
spying.

SUSAN
So what, are you avoiding me?

TIBOR
Am I avoiding you?

SUSAN
It's not like I'm trying to sleep
with you or anything.

TIBOR
That's a relief.

SUSAN
If I could see into that head of
yours I'd soon know the truth,
wouldn't I?

TIBOR
Tilt your head back...

She leans her thigh on him again.

SUSAN
You're shaking.

TIBOR
Can you stop talking, please?

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Tibor's drunk. He looks out the door - there's no wind, the
desert is calm, the sky is clear.

He chases some sleeping pills with rum and checks the time.

He stubs out his cigarette and checks the monitor.

ON THE MONITOR: It's distorted, but the pixilation has cleared enough to see it's the POV of someone washing dishes.

He hits some keys on his keyboard and the monitor switches to complex computer code. He scrolls through it.

TIBOR

Where's my miracle...

He switches back to the vision stream.

ON THE MONITOR: A woman's hand picks up a brush off a dresser...and then looks into the mirror and brushes her hair. It's Susan. He is seeing through her eyes.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a small room with 70's styled furniture.

Susan brushes her hair. Her clock radio plays MUSIC.

The song changes and she turns it up.

CUT TO:

SUSAN'S POV as she turns up the volume. Her vision is pixilated, the same as we see on Tibor's monitor.

We stay with Susan's POV but the MUSIC suddenly CUTS OUT and we pull back to reveal we're back in -

TIBOR'S TRAILER - SAME

- and are now watching her POV on the monitor.

There is no mistaking it - Tibor is watching her vision through her eyes in real time.

Tibor taps his fingers anxiously on the table. He lights a smoke and stares at the pickup's keys. He closes his eyes.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

It's the dream sequence from the opening scene; Tibor and Susan kiss in the desert. But this time as the storm and pixilation intensify she dissolves into it. Tibor searches for her in vain, yelling in an inaudible voice.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Tibor finishes his drink and stubs out his cigarette.

He looks through a small stack of 8x10 photos; a series of intimate images from Susan's life captured from her vision that chronicle her transformation from a frumpy, disheveled state into the beautiful woman she has become (she gets her hair done, tries on fashionable clothes, paints her toes, etc.).

He swipes his car keys off the table.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan reads in bed. She puts the book down and rubs her eyes.

Someone KNOCKS on a door, off-screen.

INT./EXT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Susan opens the door to find Tibor sitting on her steps, drinking from a bottle of rum.

TIBOR

I don't know why are your eyes so
fucked up.

SUSAN

You're loaded.

TIBOR

Hey, I'm a fucking scientist. And a
doctor.

SUSAN

My eyes are fine.

TIBOR

No. They're not. And I can't figure
it out.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Early morning light streams through the windows. Tibor SNORES on the couch and wakes to the sound of a clock CHIMING.

He walks -

INTO THE KITCHEN -

- and drinks directly from the tap. He looks up to find Susan holding a glass for him. He fills it.

SUSAN

Why are you here? At my house?

TIBOR

Your eyes. I can't figure it out.

SUSAN

For a second I thought it was a
booty call.

TIBOR

Right.

He pats down his pockets and finds his cigarettes. He sits at her kitchen table and lights up.

TIBOR (CONT'D)

I've got more important things on
my mind than sex.

She takes him by the hands and pulls him off the chair.

SUSAN

Just because I can't see for shit
with these eyes of yours doesn't
mean I don't know what's on your
mind.

She inches up to him and he's unable to resist. They kiss.