

EYES WITHOUT A FACE (Part 2)

written by

Hannah Hershfeldt & Richard Fukuda

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING

Alarm goes off.

MICHAEL, a young superficial teenage prettyboy, turns off his alarm, gets out of bed, and stares vainly in his bedroom mirror, admiring himself for a while.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Michael sweetie, get ready for school or you're going to be late!

MICHAEL

I know, mom! Stop riding my ass!

Michael brushes back his hair, points little finger guns at himself cockily and walks away from the mirror to dress.

INT. KITCHEN CONT.

Michael enters the kitchen. His sister LISA, a somewhat geeky girl who is a year younger than him is in the kitchen eating a bowl of cereal. Michael storms past his mother towards the door, attempting to leave.

MOTHER

Michael! Wait for your sister please!

Michael pauses, looks at Lisa, rolls his eyes and leaves the house.

EXT. OUTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD CONT.

Michael is listening to music and hastily walking to school. Lisa is running to catch up, juggling books. Michael is annoyed.

LISA

You seriously couldn't wait 30 seconds!?

MICHAEL

You seriously can't be any less annoying?

Lisa scoffs.

LISA

(Sarcastically)

Well then, I'm sorry to disturb  
Sir Michael the douchebag's  
morning stride to school. Take it  
easy there, jeez!

MICHAEL

Shut up, Lisa.

LISA

My bad, someone's grumpy today.  
What'd you do get a pimple on  
your butt?

Lisa trips and spills her books on the ground. Michael looks,  
chuckles softly, and continues walking.

EXT. SCHOOL

Michael and Lisa walk up to their school lockers. Michael  
trying to move as fast as possible shoves his backpack into  
the locker and takes out a textbook.

LISA

What's up with you lately, why  
are you being such a jerk to me?

MICHAEL

Lisa, shut up and go away.

LISA

You used to at least pretend I  
was alive and in the family now  
it's like I'm a ghost to you or  
something!

KRISTEN approaches in a huff from behind Michael. Lisa  
notices her.

LISA (CONT'D)

(Under Breath)

Oh, this should be good.

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Michael!

Michael and Lisa turn around to see Kristen walking towards  
them.

Lisa rolls her eyes. Michael sees Kristen speed walking towards him and attempts to look cool by leaning against a locker but visibly stumbles.

MICHAEL

Hey, what's up Kristen. How's it going?

KRISTEN

Michael, where have you been for the past few days!? You haven't been responding to my texts, you haven't been speaking to me or my friends, tomorrow is our anniversary and you have been absent from my life so far you idiot! What are we going to do!?

MICHAEL

Look, Kristie, I'm sorry.

KRISTEN

My dad has made a reservation for the two of us tomorrow at Dorsia, it's going to be a lovely dinner and you better show up! If you don't go I'll break up with you.

Kristen's attitude switches. She shoots a fake smile with a little hop.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

OK honey?

The bell rings. Kristen starts to walk away from Michael and bumps into Lisa. Her binder falls to the ground and a picture of Robert Downy Jr. pops out.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Excuse you!

LISA

Oh I'm sorry, my bad.

Kristen sees the picture on the floor. Humored, she raises her voice to draw attention to it.

KRISTEN

Oh no its really my bad. I'm so sorry to make you drop your...

Kristen picks the picture up and studies it

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Wait, is this Robert Downy Jr.?  
Oh my gosh, does Lisa have a  
little crush.

Kristen raises the picture for everyone to see, and laughs.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Everyone look! Little Lisa,  
dreams about marrying Robert  
Downy Jr. Oh this is too cute!

Lisa snatches the photo back.

LISA

Give that back to me, it's none  
of your business!

KRISTEN

Wow OK, excuse me!

Lisa is embarrassed, she looks to her brother who is  
laughing. Kristen turns to Michael.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Michael, your sister's kinda a  
freak.

Michael continues to laugh

MICHAEL

Yeah.

Lisa looks at him disgusted, tears in eyes, and storms off as  
the bystanders around her laugh.

KRISTEN

OK Lisa, run away, go cry about  
it!

INT. HALLWAY (CONT.) - MOMENTS LATER

Michael walks down the hallway and sees Lisa sitting alone on  
the floor, crying. He hesitates before deciding to talk to  
her.

MICHAEL

Come on Lis, you're overreacting,  
it was just a joke.

Lisa raises her voice to Michael.

LISA

A joke!? I cannot believe you.  
You wouldn't be here, talking to  
me, if you thought I was  
overreacting.

MICHAEL

Why can't you just be more  
normal, like me. Sometimes you  
are such a freak.

Lisa stops and looks at Michael disgusted and in disbelief.

LISA

Why would I want to be like you?  
You have become such an ugly  
person. I wish you looked like  
the monster you really are on the  
inside.

Lisa storms off.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING

Michael's alarm rings, he turns it off and walks towards his mirror. Examining his face he finds a big swollen blemish has appeared on his cheek. Surprised and scared, he quickly tries to pop it. Pus shoots out from the blemish onto his mirror and a small trail trickles down his face.

MICHAEL

OH SHIT! What the-!?

Michael runs to his bedside cabinet, opens it up, and pulls out a box of large band-aids. He opens one and sticks it over the blemish which still continues to visibly ooze pus. He uses his bed sheet to wipe the residue off and begins to change hastily.

INT. KITCHEN CONT.

Michael runs into the kitchen, late for school, only his mother is present.

MOTHER

Oh my goodness honey, what's  
wrong with your face!?

MICHAEL

It's nothing, Mom, leave me alone!

MOTHER

No, come here Mikey, let me just take a look at that...

MICHAEL

No! Mom!

Michael's Mother peels back the band-aid and pus shoots out onto her face.

MOTHER

Oh my god! What's wrong with you!?

Michael quickly storms out the door and hurries to school.

INT. MICHAEL'S CLASS - LATER THAT DAY

The class is quiet, the white board reads, "The Picture of Dorian Gray".

Michael is staring blankly, he goes to grab his pencil but winces in pain when he grabs it. He turns his hand over and sees a deformed rash in the palm of his hand. He quickly raises his hand but puts it down and raises his other hand.

MICHAEL

Mr. Taylor, I need to go to the bathroom!

MR. TAYLOR

Michael, can't you wait five minutes class is almost over!

Michael submits for a second, before banging his hand on the desk and storming out of the room.

MR. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Michael!

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM

Michael bursts through the door panicking and runs up to the sink. He pours water on the rash which begins smoking. He hops back in pain.

He catches his face in the bathroom mirror only to find a red rash similar to the blemish on his cheek, this time on his neck. He casually scratches at it and peels off a bit of his skin.

MICHAEL  
SHIT SHIT SHIT!

He puts his hoodie over his head and stuffs the paper towels into it.

EXT. HALLWAY

Michael rushes out of the bathroom and runs into Kristen.

KRISTEN  
Michael where are you going I  
need to copy your math homework-

Michael cuts her off, ignoring her, and rushing away panicked

MICHAEL  
Yeah, yeah, see you tonight!

Michael bumps into his sister, ignores her, and hastily walks away.

LISA  
Okay, Jerk!

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael is in bed, freaked out. He hesitantly looks at his hands, even more shriveled and flaky than before, and quickly puts them down, continuously confirming the presence of the marks.

A notification goes off on his phone, the text reads, hey! Ill meet you at the place tonight, see you then. Don't be late! Michael looks and sits up panicked.

He rushes to his mirror and begins checking out his cheek blemishes, his throat rash. He runs out of his room and walks towards Lisa's bedroom.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM (CONT.)

Michael sneaks into her room and grabs some of her make up, Lisa walks in.



LISA

What are you doing in here!? Get  
out, creep!

Michael slips some face makeup into his pocket before rushing  
out of the room.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM (CONT.)

Michael is looking in the mirror, putting the make up on very  
poorly as he looks at himself, the scars are still highly  
noticeable. He puts on a bandage over his pimple and wears a  
scarf around his neck. Michael heads for the door.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Michael is sitting alone at a table, looking at the menu. He  
is nervously adjusting his scarf and looking at the door,  
waiting for Kristen.

Kristen arrives and does not recognize Michael. She walks  
around the restaurant bewildered, Michael watches her and  
gains the courage to call to her. Waving his hand, he yells.

MICHAEL AND LISA

(Muffled)

Hey, Kristen! Over here!

Kristen sits down and stares at Michael with curiosity.

KRISTEN

Oh hey Michael, didn't see you.  
Why do you look like such a  
weirdo all of a sudden. What's up  
with your face?

MICHAEL

Oh I just, well I had this bad  
zit on my face and so I have to  
cover it up.

KRISTEN

(quickly)

Oh you have a zit? Did you try  
applying clay to it? My friend  
sheila says that if you soak it  
in cold clay form Aztec soils you  
can remove the blemishes faster  
because the spirits of the  
Aztecs...

Kristen's speech blurs into obscurity as Michael begins to fidget with his scarf and itching parts of his face. Sweat begins to dribble down his forehead. He turns to look at the bathroom and then back at Kristen.

MICHAEL

Uhhhh I gotta go to the bathroom!  
I gotta, take a, I gotta shit!

There is an awkward silence as Michael pauses, Kristen and the whole restaurant stare at him. Michael quickly runs for the bathroom.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM

Michael runs into the bathroom and takes off his scarf. Underneath the rash is pulsating, expanding and contracting, it's swollen and red and his veins are accentuated. Michael looks up at his face quickly and he sees his face is turning greener, the bumps are pointed, he looks like a shriveled up cactus. His eyes are red and his skin is slightly moving around. Michael screams and throws himself against the bathroom wall. Kristen suddenly knocks on the door.

KRISTEN

Michael!? Michael?! Open this door I know you're hiding in there from me!

MICHAEL

No, Kristen, it's bad, I can't come out!

KRISTEN

What are you talking about? Are you texting someone else in there? I don't hear anything!? Come out right now!

MICHAEL (HESITANTLY)

O-OK, but you gotta, you gotta prepare yourself for something.

KRISTEN

Wha- are you breaking up with me!? Michael!

## EXT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM

Kristen keeps knocking on the door, Michael quickly opens it and reveals to Kristen his disfigured and monstrous face. Kristen covers her mouth in shock and backs away. Michael sheepishly smiles.

MICHAEL

Hi.

Kristen screams and runs away. Michael runs after her to follow her.

## EXT. PARKING LOT

Kristen runs towards her car, Michael follows her trying to coax her to come back. Kristen trips on the ground, Michael slowly walks up to her, casting a looming shadow over her face.

MICHAEL

Kristie, please, stop running!

KRISTEN

(hysterically)

Ew! No! Please! Ew! Just get away from me!

Michael reaches down to help Kristen up but she swats his arm away and starts crawling away.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

(hysterically)

Get away from me! You're hideous!  
You're ugly!

MICHAEL

Kristen, please, stop!

KRISTEN (HYSTERICALLY)

Get away! Help! Help!

Michael darts quickly back and forth looking for people, he turns and runs away into the darkness. Running through streets and past houses he lumbers like a monster. His heavy legs dragging along the ground, scaring passerby's in his wake.

INT. MICHAEL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Michael is sitting in the bathroom, upset and looking at his lumpy face in the mirror. His skin droops and slightly peels showing visible cracks. He's beginning to look more monstrous. Lisa knocks on the door.

LISA

Michael! Michael! Come on hurry  
up you jerk, you've been in there  
forever!

Lisa barges in, and see's Michael's face in the mirror. She jumps and stumbles backwards. She looks at Michael, puzzled. She gets closer.

LISA (CONT'D)

(quivering)

Michael...is that you?

She studies his face further.

LISA (CONT'D)

what happened?

MICHAEL

(crying)

I don't know.

Lisa continues to look at him, concerned and confused. Michael continues to cry.

LISA

(Empathetic)

It's ok. We will figure this out.

Lisa grabs towels and residual medical supplies from the bathroom cabinet and walks up to help Michael. Michael, reluctant to receive the help and confused, tries to nudge her away, but then gives in.

She helps clean him up for a moment, putting bandages on his face and hands. They sit in silence.

MICHAEL

Lis, I-I'm sorry. I-

Lisa cuts him off.

LISA

(Empathetic)

Shhh. Its Ok.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING

Michael's alarm goes off. He gets up, sore, and walks past his mirror with out looking.

INT. KITCHEN CONT.

Michael enters the kitchen and sits down next to his sister. Lisa looks at him and smiles, then her face turns to that of abject and comical horror.

LISA

(Sarcastically)

Ahhh. Michael! It got worse, its so bad, I don't know what to say!

INT. MICHAEL'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael panics and runs to the bathroom mirror, he looks and his face is back to normal. He studies his face

Lisa approaches behind him.

LISA

See, way ugly.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Michael! Lisa! Hurry up or you two will be late to school!

BOTH (MICHAEL AND LISA)

Coming, Mom!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and Lisa are leaving together for school. Michael's mom stops him.

MOTHER

Wow honey, you look so cute this morning!

MICHAEL

(Smirking)

Yeah, I know.

Michael and Mother hug and Michael quickly runs out the door to catch up with Lisa.

EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Michael and Lisa walk down the hallway. Kristen sees Michael has returned to normal and runs to him, lighting up to him, she grabs his arm flirtatiously. Michael smiles, giving in.

KRISTEN

Michael, thank god you're cute again. It was like a bad dream. Why did you do that to me? You know, you really shouldn't run out on my like that.

MICHAEL

Yeah, It was the weirdest thing, I'm so sorry about all of that.

Lisa scoffs.

KRISTEN

Hey freak, do you mind?

Lisa's shoulders slump, she feels defeated. Michael looks at Lisa and pulls his arm from Kristen's grasp. He assertively shouts...

MICHAEL

Hey!

Kristen is shocked and hurt.

KRISTEN

What?

MICHAEL

Stop being rude to her.

He looks at Lisa, take a deep breathe, smiles to her, and turns back to Kristen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

She's cooler than you'll ever be.

Kristen is shocked and offended, she yells.

KRISTEN

Oh my god Michael, we are so through!

MICHAEL

Alright, see yah later!

KRISTEN (DUMBFOUNDED)

Wha...I mean it Michael! We are done!

MICHAEL

K, bye.

Michael and Lisa begin walking away, slightly snickering to themselves. The two stop and Lisa turns around to face Kristen.

LISA

By the way Kristen, you've got something on your face.

Lisa and Michael continue to walk away.

KRISTEN

(Under breathe)

Ugh, whatever.

Kristen turns around and pulls out her lipstick. She opens up her small makeup mirror and holds it up to her face. A large blemish is on her cheek resembling that of Michael's first pimple. She reaches up to pop her pimple.

Cut to black.

Kristen lets out a high pitched scream.

THE END.