

Only Have Eyes for You

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

In a modern, open plan living room, photos of a married couple stand proudly on a wooden side board. Warm light from a large lamp beside it falls across several other homely possessions, including a vase of red roses and an old record player.

In the adjoining kitchen, on a beautifully clean counter, an array of vegetables are frying in a pan alongside a meticulously laid out set of knives and chopping boards.

A composed woman, JULIA, around 28 years old, is stood at the kitchen counter; her immaculate nails matching the blood red of the raw meat she is preparing. She is wearing a formal A-line dress that nods to a 1950's style.

Over the sounds of her slicing the meat, she is quietly humming the song "I Only Have Eyes For You" by The Flamingos. The knife glimmers as she places it down on the counter; she begins to marinate the steak.

Julia pauses as she hears her husband, CHARLES, around 28 years old, enter through the front door arriving home from yet another long day at the office. His dishevelled shirt is coming untucked from his smart trousers as he takes off his matching blazer.

Julia looks up slowly, staring in front of her, expressionless, before turning around to face him. She greets him with a welcoming smile.

JULIA
(enthusiastically)
How was your day, darling?

His exhausted smile appears round the opening from the living room to greet his wife. She turns to wash her hands at the large sink.

CHARLES (O.S.)
(grunting)
Meh.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia takes his jacket from him and hangs it up neatly on a coat rack stood in the corner. Two sophisticated armchairs sit facing each other in the middle of the living room with a small table between them. Charles walks over and slumps down into one of them.

The delicate sound of Julia's classy red heels on the marble floor follows her to the elegant bar cart by the wall where she begins to fix them both a drink.

Her back is to Charles who is rubbing his tired eyes.

JULIA
I'm making steak for dinner, is that
alrig-

Julia is cut off by the loud ringing on Charles' phone from his pocket. He answers it enthusiastically. Into phone-

CHARLES
Hello, hello!

Beat.

CHARLES
What, tonight? Yeah I'm up for that,
is Sophie coming?

He laughs into his phone. Julia is listening, her eyes narrowing at the mention of Sophie.

CHARLES
Yeah, yeah, I bet.

Beat.

CHARLES
Nah, don't worry about Julia, she
won't come.

Julia stiffens, the hurt in her eyes is overshadowed by anger.

CHARLES
Yeah, okay, okay great, see you later.

He hangs up the phone and is in a noticeably better mood. His eyes don't leave his phone as he addresses Julia.

CHARLES
You don't mind if I go to the pub with
the guys from work tonight, do you?

JULIA
(quietly)
Apparently not.

Julia continues making their drinks.

JULIA (CONT'D)
So, your presentation went well today
then?

With a sigh, Charles drags his eyes away from his screen and looks towards Julia with a forced smile.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Yeah, uh, yeah it was fine.

Beat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(perking up)
I couldn't have done it without Sophie
though. She's an angel for helping out
with all these late nights.

Julia tenses at the mention of Sophie's name again.

JULIA
(calmly)
Sophie again?

CHARLES
(snappy)
Really?

Julia pauses, taken aback by Charles' confrontational tone; she takes a deep breath before continuing to pour Charles' whisky.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
She's really taken some of the strain
off me; I thought you'd be happy about
that.

JULIA
(quietly)
She probably sees you more than me at
the moment.

CHARLES
(dismissive)
I'm not having this conversation right
now.

Charles turns his attention back to his phone.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The vegetables frying in the pan are starting to burn.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Julia's parents, MARTIN and VICTORIA are sat in a sterile psychiatrist's office. The environment is cold and unsettling. JULIA AS A CHILD (8), is distracted, loudly playing with barbie dolls on the floor in the background.

A PSYCHIATRIST sits across from Julia's parents in a smart blue shirt. Her hands are clasped together, arms leaning on the large oak desk that separates them. Piles of papers are spread out in front of them. She adjusts one of the pens next to her so it falls back in the neat line.

Victoria turns around in her seat to face Julia.

VICTORIA
Julia, shush!

Victoria turns back around to the psychiatrist.

PSYCHIATRIST
There's not much else I can suggest.
She exhibits some troubling behaviour.

VICTORIA
(worried)
What can we do?

Julia is still occupied, playing with the barbie doll she is holding.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)
(muffled)
I'm going to recommend this medication
for her outbursts. For a girl her age
the dosage should be increased as she
gets older...

Her parents look at each other concerned. Julia stares intensely at the barbie doll, an unsettling glimmer in her eye.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia turns from the bar cart to hand Charles his tumbler of

whisky on ice. He takes a swig from it immediately before turning to face the TV, switching it on. She walks with the martini she made for herself back to the kitchen and takes the burning vegetables off the heat.

The news plays quietly in the background.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

A domestic disturbance broke out on
Courtney Street last night...

Charles places his glass on the small table.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A young man was stabbed 14 times
resulting in the tragic loss of his
life.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julia, carrying her martini, oblivious to the news, walks over to the record player on the side board and fiddles with the needle. A song from the 50s begins to play, drowning out the TV.

INT. JULIA'S CHILDHOOD HOME HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A large wooden front door stands at the end of a homely entrance hall. A key turns in the lock and Julia's father, MARTIN, 40s, a burly man, dressed in a smart suit, trudges in.

A little girl, MILLIE, 7 years old, comes racing down the corridor to greet him; squealing with glee at her dad's arrival home from work. He drops his briefcase as Millie jumps into his arms and swings her round.

MARTIN

(smiling)

Hey trouble!

Julia, aged 8, watches on from the stairs as her dad carries her giggling younger sister into their living room without even a glance in her direction. Julia wanders behind them but hesitates at the doorway.

Lining the walls of the staircase are photos of Millie; in her school uniform, with her parents, with her friends. There are none of Julia.

INT. JULIA'S CHILDHOOD HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Martin playfully throws Millie onto the sofa and sits beside her.

MILLIE

Julia hit me again today.

Julia moves back in the doorway as she hears this. Martin and Millie are oblivious to her presence.

MARTIN

(concerned)

Oh did she now?

Millie is nodding her head, fiddling with her school skirt.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well, that's not very nice is it? But
do you remember what I told you about
Julia?

Millie is distracted with her skirt. Martin's eyes flick sharply to the door where he has noticed Julia hovering.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Don't pay any attention to your
sister.

Julia, behind the door, deflates upon hearing this.

VICTORIA, 30s, appears from down the corridor to find Julia deep in thought. She is wiping her hands on the flour-covered apron that hangs off her small frame.

VICTORIA

(to Julia)

What are you doing out here darling?

Hearing Victoria at the door, Martin gets up abruptly and walks out; pausing to stand over her. His voice is low but filled with anger.

MARTIN

(ignoring Julia)

She's your daughter. You sort her out.

His eyes dart to Julia. There is a flash of fear in them that he can't hide. Martin pushes past his wife, leaving her standing staring emptily past Julia. Julia is looking up at her mum with big, innocent eyes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She comes back into the living room and gracefully sits down in the chair opposite him, humming the song that is playing, taking a sip of her martini.

CHARLES

You know that reminds me actually; we had the most amazing steak sandwiches in the office yesterday. Sophie brought them for everyone.

Julia's expression tightens again.

JULIA

(bluntly)

How lovely of her.

CHARLES

Honestly Juls, I think you'd really like her. You guys are so similar.

Julia is staring deep in thought across the room, running her finger round the rim of her glass, slowly nodding.

CHARLES

(persistent)

Come on, don't do this again. I've had an exhausting few weeks at work and she's been a god send.

Julia still won't look at Charles. He switches off the TV in frustration.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(getting more worked up)

That's all. You know I think you're amazing.

Julia pauses, there's a flicker of something in her eyes as she turns to look at Charles.

JULIA

(quiet but fiercely)

Just nothing compared to Sophie clearly.

CHARLES
(fed up)
You're deluded. I've had enough!

He downs the last sip of his drink and stands up from his chair in an attempt to leave the conversation; instead his legs give up on him and he collapses to the cold floor. The glass smashes in his hand as he hits the ground with a thud.

Julia sits calmly in her chair watching him struggle, holding her martini gracefully in one hand, the other resting on her crossed leg. Charles tries to reach a hand out for help but it falls to his side.

CHARLES
(confused)
Julia?

He struggles to move his body. Panicking, he glances over to the smashed glass across the floor, a few drops of the drink dripping off a shard. His vision is blurred but he can make out the blood dripping down his hand from where it has cut him.

CHARLES
(becoming frantic)
Julia?!

Julia looks at him with a subtle expression of anger, her eyes glinting again.

He looks at his drink again and then back to her with realisation and panic. He tries desperately to rotate his limp body and crawl to the door. But much to his frustration he can't move very far.

Julia takes a sip from her martini before standing up and slowly walking to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "I Only Have Eyes For You" by The Flamingos.

Julia is pacing in the kitchen.

JULIA
(quoting Charles)
'Just one more late night'. 'Just one more'.

She turns around to face his direction.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(rolling her eyes)
'Sophie this', 'Sophie that'...

Charles is still trying to crawl to the door in the living room.

She lazily drags the knife off the chopping board and slowly makes her way towards him.

INT. JULIA'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Child Julia (8), calmly lights a small candle and places it on the upstairs landing carpet in her home. Stepping over it, she slowly makes her way downstairs in silence, so as not to wake her sleeping family up.

She tiptoes to the kitchen with her dressing gown over her arm and, holding her jumper sleeve over her mouth and nose, she turns on the gas on the hob.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charles is still struggling to make his way to the door, having made little progress.

Julia simply watches him.

EXT. JULIA'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Child Julia is stood in her dressing gown and slippers in the street looking up at her home. Her face is aglow with orange light from the explosion and flames. Her eyes are filled with awe.

After a minute, blue and red police lights also reflect off her.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The slow, calm clicking of Julia's heels follow Charles as he desperately tries to crawl away.

JULIA
(almost laughing)
You just kept going on and on about
her. It was like you just wanted to

bury her into my head as much as you could. I mean how could I even compare?

CHARLES
(breaking down)

No!

He is lying slumped on the cold floor, his eyes frantically darting around the room for something to help but Julia's red heels fill in his view as she walks round his limp body.

She slowly crouches to his level, tilting her head to look at him sympathetically. She strokes his hair gently and leans down to kiss his forehead, whispering in his ear.

JULIA
(softly)
You made me do this.

Charles' attention falls on the knife in her hand, her knuckles are white from her grip on it. Fear fills his eyes.

Julia basks in the moment, her eyes filled with wild electricity. She lifts her knife slowly and carves with precision a surgeon would be proud of. Charles lets out muffled cries, unable to open his mouth.

Her face splatters with blood and twitches with anger as she continues. Charles falls silent.

She sets the knife, now dripping, down in the pool of crimson blood flooding from Charles' direction.

Julia sits back to admire her work; she begins humming the song that is still playing from the record player. She holds, in her delicate fingers, the eyes of her husband.

She calmly gets up and walks over to the sink in the kitchen, the knife in one hand and his eyes enclosed in other. She places them lovingly on the counter as she washes the blood off her hands; the water in the bowl turning a violent shade of vermilion.

Walking over to the counter, she begins to cook the steak in a pan on the hob; Charles' eyes are watching on from by the sink. Julia continues eerily humming along to the music.

Over on the bar cart lies a small prescription bottle tipped over; the label has Julia's name on it. Remnants of crushed pills is scattered across the surface next to their tumblers.

Charles' body lays motionless at the foot of the bar cart, scarlet holes where his eyes once were. Julia's heels walk elegantly past him into an adjoining bedroom.

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julia crouches to reach under their impressive four-poster bed; she takes out a memory box and runs her fingers over the surface, it is worn and dusty. Lifting the lid, she gazes over old photos of seemingly happy childhood memories and family photos.

Underneath the photos are various objects of sentimental value; a watch, a bracelet, an earring. There is also an old clipping from a newspaper dated ten years prior. The heading reads 'EXPLOSION IN FAMILY HOME RESULTS IN TRAGIC DEATH OF ALMOST ENTIRE FAMILY; ONE DAUGHTER MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVING WITHOUT INJURY'.

Into this box, she gently places a framed photo of her and Charles that had been sat in the center of the side board.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julia returns to the kitchen and finishes cooking the steak. She calmly plates up dinner for herself.

She glances at the large wooden dining table across from her in the kitchen. The cutlery, table mats and glasses are laid out immaculately for two.

Carrying her plate in one hand and her unfinished martini in the other, she places them down at one of the place settings on the table, glancing at the second in frustration. Julia quickly picks up Charles' eyes off the kitchen side and arranges them carefully at the empty place at the table.

Satisfied, she takes a seat. A small content smile passes her lips and she takes a bite of her food.

MUSIC: "I Only Have Eyes For You" by The Flamingos still plays.

THE END.