

**"RAGE" Screenwriting Example
Exerpt #3: "Your Eyes"**

INT. RESTAURANT TABLE - NIGHT

Michael sits back down. His finger has been hastily bandaged in the towel. Blood is beginning to soak through.

MICHAEL

Okay.

SHELLY

Are you okay?

MICHAEL

Oh. Yeah. Fine.

Shelly looks concerned.

SHELLY

You didn't talk in class tonight. Why?

MICHAEL

I'm in that class as a favor to my brother in law.

He lies his hand on the table. The blood has soaked through even more, to the point that it begins to drip upon the table.

Shelly's eyes become focused on it.

SHELLY

What did you mean earlier?

MICHAEL

When?

SHELLY

Earlier. (She motions to the ring) You said that she's gone. But she's not really gone. Is she on vacation or...

MICHAEL

She's dead.

The dripping become thicker.

SHELLY

Oh. (Nervous pause) I'm sorry. But you're uh...
you're...

MICHAEL

Yeah, me too.

SHELLY

You're dripping everywhere.

Michael's eyebrows dip questioningly.

SHELLY

Your hand.

MICHAEL

Ohhhhhhhh.

He takes a napkin to it, and hastily folds it around the
preexisting bandage.

SHELLY

What was she like?

MICHAEL

Very beautiful.

SHELLY

I bet.

MICHAEL

I'm actually... I'm having a hard time remembering
her lately.

SHELLY

Remembering what?

MICHAEL

It's just, when I close my eyes, I'm not
seeing her like I used to. I'm not seeing
the little things. I mean, I can go to a picture
when ever I want to and see *her*. But I'm
not *remembering her*. The little things.

SHELLY

What's that like?

MICHAEL

It's like... falling asleep to a story. In the beginning, the words are all there. It's real. (He knocks on the table) It's hard. But then you close your eyes and fall asleep.

CUT TO:

Sean stands in the center of a road. Cars are flying past her.

Michael runs to the sidewalk, but is unable to reach her because of the cars. He shrieks at her, waving his arms, trying to get her attention.

CUT TO RESTAURANT:

MICHAEL

And the words, they're all floating around, the very same words that you heard in the light of day, they're all there, and the feeling of it's still there. But it's not real. You can't touch it.

CUT BACK TO:

Sean is still standing in the street, but she is now as she was when she died. Her shirt is stained with blood. She raises a single hand, which has a deep gash in the center of her palm, and waves.

MICHAEL

Memories, a thousand of 'em, memories that are so thick, you have to brush them away from your face. And that fog is so fucking thick sometimes, it's hard to breathe. It's suffocating. And then you wake up.

Michael ferociously shakes his head, mouthing "NO. NO!!!"

She then turns, and walks into an oncoming car.

CUT BACK TO RESTAURANT.

MICHAEL

And then there's nothing. I don't know, I feel like I spend all my time trying to remember when everybody else is just trying to forget.

SHELLY

You shouldn't ever have to forget.

MICHAEL

I don't know. Have you ever just wanted to hold on to something, even knowing that it's over? Because it just... *it still feels close.*

CUT TO:

He and Sean lie in the field, and Sean takes her hand and folds her hair back over her ear.

CUT TO:

Shelly does the same movement, and Michael's gaze cannot be broken.

He looks down. His hand is trembling. She reaches over, and takes it.

SHELLY

More than anybody.

He looks up.

SHELLY

Do you wanna get out of here?

INT. BEDROOM

The two sit on the bed. The two sit face to face. Christmas lights are strewn across the room.

SHELLY

You're eyes, they're so sad.

She raises her hands and puts them over his eyes, shutting them. Tears begin to stem down Michael's cheeks. She kisses his eyes.

SHELLY

These eyes... I can tell, there used to be so much love in these eyes.

She takes her hands off. His eyes are watery, and he looks up to her.

MICHAEL

I just want it back.

SHELLY

Close your eyes.

He does as he is told.

SHELLY

When you close your eyes, do you see her?

He nods. She bends down so that they are face to face, eye to eye.

SHELLY

How about now?

He nods.

SHELLY takes her hand to his cheek.

SHELLY

Do you feel that?

MICHAEL

(in a whisper)

Yes.

SHELLY

She's touching you Michael. Do you remember what it's like to be touched?

She takes his hand, and brings it to her face.

SHELLY

And to touch someone else. Did she used to get goosebumps when you touched her? (She smiles) I bet she did. Now, open your eyes.

He does. They are eye to eye, mere inches apart. She slowly brings her mouth to his and kisses him. He's slow to respond, timid at first, but with each passing moment he gains intensity before finally pulling away.

MICHAEL

I don't know if I'm any good at this anymore.

SHELLY

It doesn't matter.

They hold each other, lost in lust.

Fade to black.