

Open Your Eyes  
by  
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EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A man walks out of a blackened fog halfway down the block.

DANIEL GRAY, 26, fit, facial stubble, stumbles down the sidewalk of his lower, middle-class neighborhood. His eyes droop.

Gray trips. He stumbles into a tree, but catches himself. He walks through a yard towards an older, two-story house.

EXT. GRAY HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Gray walks up the steps of the porch, he trips. He pulls his keys from his pocket.

GRAY

Just need to get to bed.

The keys fall. Gray groans and taps the dead porch light. He grips the doorknob. Gray notices the door is already cracked open. The lines on his face go slack.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Wait...

Panic sets in. Gray moves so his back is against the house and nudges on the door. It opens slow. He peers around the door jam.

INT. GRAY HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gray's steps are careful as he enters the house. He pulls out a black handgun from a side table.

Gray looks around in the darkness. Gray cocks the handgun, the CLICK echoes.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

Why'd you do it?

Gray spins around. He is face to chest with SERGEANT DOMINIC BRADLEY, 25, tall, broad, dead, wearing USMC camouflage covered in blood.

GRAY

How did you? What are you even doing here?

Bradley's forehead wrinkles, his jaw sets.

BRADLEY

Damnit, Doc. Why'd you do it?

Gray looks Bradley up and down. His body sags.

GRAY

Bradley, I told you. I tried. I swear I tried.

Tears fill Gray's eyes.

GRAY (CONT'D)

I did everything I could for you out there, man. I just couldn't get the blood to stop.

BRADLEY

You made it back home and this is how you repay us?

Gray hangs his head.

GRAY

Are you going to start haunting me at night too?

Bradley is gone.

INT. GRAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gray enters a dimly lit kitchen with dirty dishes in the sink and school books, papers all over the table. Gray drops the gun on a stack of mail on the counter.

He looks at the pile of books for a moment then walks to the refrigerator. Taped to the freezer is a photo of Gray and friends on deployment.

He and Bradley have their arms around each other smiling. He opens the freezer and pulls out a bottle of liquor.

He drinks right from the bottle and sits at the table as he looks at his books. He buries his face in his hands.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. GRAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gray sits on the floor against his bed as he studies. The bedroom is bare, except for a poster, a bed, and a dresser.

Blood seeps onto the notes. Gray looks over and sees JACOBSON, 19, baby faced, bullet hole in his throat, as he lays on the floor. Jacobson begins screaming.

Gray springs into action. He grabs a blanket from the bed to staunch the blood.

JACOBSON  
(southern drawl)  
Doc! What happened?

Jacobson coughs blood up into Gray's face.

GRAY  
Pop shot. Stay down!

JACOBSON  
Don't let me die, Doc.

GRAY  
I'm working on it, kid. Shh!

Gray holds the sheet in place. He reaches down to grab something, but realizes he is not in his uniform.

He looks around and sees he's still in his room. Gray shakes his head. He wads up the now clean sheet and throws it across the room.

The bloody mess is gone, but Jacobson remains. He lays on the floor of the room writhing.

JACOBSON  
Mamaaaa! Mamaaa!

Jacobson claws at Gray's shirt.

JACOBSON (CONT'D)  
Doc! I want my mama!

GRAY  
Your mama ain't here.

Jacobson grabs ahold of Gray's leg. Gray tries to shake him off.

JACOBSON  
Don't let me die again, Doc.

GRAY  
You're already dead.

Gray stands and walks across the room to grab a bottle of liquor off of the dresser.

He brings it back to his notes, sits, and takes a drink.  
He looks at Jacobson.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
You'll be gone in awhile, kid.

He tips the bottle towards Jacobson in a one sided  
cheers. Gray takes a longer drink from the bottle and  
tries to look at his notes again.

Jacobson lies on the floor. His breaths are shallow and  
ragged.

JACOBSON  
(coughing)  
Mamaaa! Doc. Save me.

Gray looks over at Jacobson with a hopeless expression.

Blood begins to pour from the wound again. Gray cringes  
and takes another drink. Jacobson holds his neck, blood  
pools under his fingers.

JACOBSON (CONT'D)  
Doc, you let me die.

GRAY  
Kid, I fought like hell to keep you  
alive.

JACOBSON  
You know what it's like to die at  
nineteen?

Jacobson rolls onto his stomach and grabs Gray by the  
arm. Gray grits his teeth.

JACOBSON (CONT'D)  
I came home in a box, Doc. My mama  
couldn't even look at me, Daddy had to.  
You were supposed to save us, Doc. You  
let us die.

Gray grabs a fist full of his own hair.

GRAY  
I didn't let you die!

INT. GRAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Gray sits on the floor. The bottle he was drinking from  
is empty, a new one sits next to him.

Gray hugs his legs. His head rests on his knees. On the other side of him, lays the handgun on the floor.

Jacobson still cries out for his mama to taunt Gray. He reaches over every now and then and grabs Gray's pant leg.

JACOBSON

I can't believe we trusted you to have our backs.

Gray tries to ignore Jacobson.

JACOBSON (CONT'D)

Do you even remember everyone you let die, Doc? How many was it? How many of us died over there?

Gray looks over to the gun. His hand trembles.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

INT. GRAY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Gray sits at the kitchen table, bottle in hand.

SIRENS sound in the distance. Gray shakes himself out of the memory. He looks around in the darkness.

FOOTSTEPS echo from the floor above. Gray's eyes narrow at the ceiling.

Gray stands and walks to where he left the pistol. It is gone. He rubs the back of his head. Gray walks back to the table and picks up the bottle.

He turns it to hold it like a club and TAPS it into his palm.

INT. GRAY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gray enters from the kitchen and looks up the dark stairs. He makes his steps slow and precise.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

You need to open your eyes.

Gray jumps. He looks behind him and sees that Bradley has reappeared.

GRAY  
(harsh whisper)  
Damn it Bradley! Get lost. I don't have  
time to do this shit right now.

Gray looks back up the stairs. Bradley's eyes follow.

BRADLEY  
You've got all the time in the world,  
Brother.

Gray looks over his shoulder to Bradley. Bradley is gone.  
Gray takes two steps up the stairwell.

MAN 1, tall, wide, with a cell phone in hand, barrels  
down the stairs past Gray and out the door. Gray squints  
after the man. He shakes his head.

He sighs and looks up the stairs.

Gray moves to take a drink from the bottle in his hand.  
He sees that it is gone. Gray stares at his empty hand.  
He looks down the stairs behind him.

GRAY  
I need to quit drinking.

Gray rubs his eyes and trudges up the rest of the stairs.  
He stops in front of a closed bedroom door.

Jacobson leans against the wall next to the door with a  
grin. Blood seeps from the hole in his throat down onto  
his uniform.

SIRENS get louder.

JACOBSON  
You know, I remember you being the last  
face I saw when all I wanted was my mama.

Gray's attention turns from the door to Jacobson.

GRAY  
I just wanted to help people.

Jacobson snorts.

JACOBSON  
You couldn't help me or any of the others  
who died.

GRAY  
I tried everything I could. For you, for  
Bradley, for all of them.

JACOBSON

And still, we're the ones who died. You came home to live your pathetic life.

Gray's hands ball into fists.

GRAY

I didn't let you die!

Jacobson rolls his eyes, the smirk returns.

BRADLEY

Open your eyes, kid.

Bradley is beside him.

GRAY

What do you mean? They're open. I see you.

JACOBSON

He can't see past his own failures.

GRAY

I know I failed. I failed at saving you.

BRADLEY

You only failed yourself.

JACOBSON

You failed at everything. You couldn't even save yourself.

Gray roars and goes for Jacobson. Jacobson disappears.

Bradley's arm wraps around Gray's shoulder. Gray glances up at Bradley. He sees the bullet holes in Bradley's chest.

GRAY

I did try. It was just too much blood.

Bradley nods.

GRAY (CONT'D)

It was all just too much.

Red and white lights flash through the windows. The SIRENS are right outside the house. Gray pushes the bedroom door open.



INT. GRAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Red and white lights flash in the room. SIRENS wail.

Gray's body lays on the floor next to the missing liquor bottle. His hand still clutches the gun. Blood covers the bed and wall behind him. His books and notes scattered on the floor.