

A NEW VIEW

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GREG'S GOGGLE SHOPPE: THE ROBOTIC LOTUS - DAY

Jeremiah enters and his eyes meet with the shop owner who is standing secluded behind a big counter, overcrowded with screws, cables and other mechanical devices. Jeremiah nods silently towards him.

GREG

(sigh)

What do you want?

JEREMIAH

I need to borrow something from you.

Jeremiah winks, purely satirical.

GREG

(massaging one of his
shoulders anxiously)

Fuck... Dude... I just don't know anymore. You've already been here twice today.

JEREMIAH

(confused)

So? Do you think people are starting to wonder?

GREG

No! No, no. They probably just think you're one of the regulars. ...But that's the problem. I'm worried about you dude.

JEREMIAH

I just need to relax a little. Just let me have an hour. I'll be outta here before you know it.

Jeremiah starts walking towards a door behind Greg, but Greg, in a sporadic moment of heroism, walks in front of him and pushes him to the side.

GREG

No! I won't let you do it anymore.

JEREMIAH

(frustrated)

Look. I fix everything here for you; all for free. And this is even though I know that a mechanic is invaluable in this town. If you refuse to give me the only thing I want, I could easily find someone much more cooperative. And YOU know that!

GREG

Yeah, but-

JEREMIAH

Do you want me to walk out that door?

GREG

No, I just-

Jeremiah and Greg's eye meet. Greg sighs, knowing he can't win. He accepts defeat and slowly moves away from the door.

GREG (CONT'D)

Alright. You win. Just... promise me to be careful.

JEREMIAH

Always am.

Jeremiah opens the door and walks in. The door closes behind him.

GREG'S OFFICE

Inside is a small desk with a computer. Stuffed in a corner is a worn down couch, a seemingly misplaced intravenous drip, and beside it a pair of goggles on top of a small drawer. Jeremiah's heart races just looking at them.

In the office lies another door beside a big glass window. He stops for a second to look through it.

The view is not pretty: a room filled with people strapped down to an uncomfortable apparatus, hooked up to the same type of intravenous drip that is present in Greg's office, and a machine that is monitoring their heart rate.

A pair of goggles, similar to the ones found in Greg's office are placed over their eyes and connected to the back of their head with tiny cables. Some of them are jerking around, but the straps around their chest, arms and legs are refusing them to move around freely.

His expression shows nothing but disgust, seemingly unaware of how much these people actually have in common with him.

JEREMIAH

(muttering to himself)

Revolting freaks.

Perhaps it's denial.

Jeremiah moves to the couch, rolling up the sleeves of his shirt.

He hooks himself up to the intravenous drip and then lies down on the couch, making himself comfortable while reaching for the goggles.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Hellooooooo, paradise!

END.

JEREMIAH'S SANCTUM - DAY

As he puts on the goggles, the room flickers and changes into a new scene. The sun is shining. Everything is radiant.