

The Voyeur's Logbook

written by

Kenneth Perkins

23 Whitemarsh Dr. Aiken, SC. 29803
843-730-6099
kennethperkins1982@gmail.com

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INT. BATHROOM, DAVE'S GAS STATION - NIGHT

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN enters the bathroom made up of two sinks and three stalls- two of which are out of order. She sports an outdated FANNY pack, removes her phone from it-

This place looks like it hasn't seen a broom or mop since laying its foundation. The walls are streaked in bacteria and muddied with insults and phone numbers of relationships long gone.

"*Call for a good time*" is stamped and etched in every corner- a proverbial calling card for souls depraved enough to use these facilities.

PHIL (V.O.)
You're not paying attention. You're
not really listening...

The woman places her purse on a sink and enters the only serviceable stall.

An EYE peers down through a hole in the ceiling. Someone watches intently as the woman removes her belt and jeans, shimmies down her panties.

PHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You project yourself onto others.
Make your problems part of their
identity...We think we know people,
but we don't.

She squats, hovering over the porcelain, careful not to touch its disgusting surface. Almost a circus act, as she wads a handful of tissue paper while doing her business, careful not to lose her balance.

The EYE above continues to watch, WIDE and unblinking.

PHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You make judgments. Decide things
about others without an inkling of
evidence-
(beat)
You make these judgments because
you're not really interested in who
they are...

She finishes her business, wipes and decides against touching the handle to flush, as others before her have done - the evidence overwhelming.

As she turns to leave the stall-

-her PHONE slips from her fingers and ricochets from toilet rim to bowl as it SPLASHES and ultimately MELTS deep in the cesspool of bodily waste.

PHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You only care about yourself...who
 you are- If you stopped and truly
 paid attention, you'd find that
 people are fascinating...

The EYE continues to watch enthusiastically, and oddly enough, even wider than before, glued to the show below.

The WOMAN hovers over the toilet, defeated. She kneels down and inspects the maze of feces and urine below as she contemplates how to retrieve the device.

SGT. ARNOLD (V.O.)
 Fascinating? How about Phone Fanny
 here? That's what you labeled this
 one...you find her fascinating?

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OFFICE, DAVE'S GAS STATION - DAY

A husky man (late 40s) with the nametag- SERGEANT ARNOLD- sits opposite of PHIL KETTLE (late 20s), scrawny and unshaven, malnourished behind inquisitive eyes.

The room around them is barren and empty, save for a centered collapsable table and some chairs, almost resembling an interrogation room and appropriately so.

A DIGITAL RECORDER tapes their conversation.

Sgt. Arnold points down to the open LOGBOOK in front of him, singles out a particular line of information.

SGT. ARNOLD
 Says here Phone Fanny fished her
 phone from the toilet with her bare
 hands. That true?

The obfuscated face of DETECTIVE SPENCE (40s) in the background joins Sgt. Arnold in a brief laugh.

Phil remains silent. Arnold's expression changes as his smile dissipates.

SGT. ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 Listen, son. You're in a world of
 shit here.

His smile returns briefly at the pun. Continues:

SGT. ARNOLD (CONT'D)
We'll go through every person in
this book until we get to the
bottom of this. Now back to Phone
Fanny-
(beat)
It says here she fished it from the
toilet with her-
(holds up his own hands to
emphasize)
-bare hands. Mind sharing that one
with us?

Phil clears his throat, choosing his next words carefully.

PHIL
She's not the first. It happens
quite a lot actually. It's not
always a phone. Sometimes it's a
piece of jewelry, food-
(stops a beat, smirks at a
thought)
You want to see someone really dive
headfirst? Let them drop their
drugs. I've seen that at least a
dozen times.

Sgt. Arnold leafs back through the logbook several pages.

SGT. ARNOLD
My god, how long have you been at
this?

Phil shrugs, scratches his face with both hands. We now
notice he is HANDCUFFED.

PHIL
A few years worth of entries.

SGT. ARNOLD
Any others?

Silence.

SPENCE
He's speaking to you...

PHIL
Books? No. Just the one.

Sgt. Arnold fans through the pages to a more recent entry.
Phil uneasy with his invasion of privacy-- ironically...

PHIL (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

SGT. ARNOLD
About that. Let's talk about 'here'
for a second.
(beat)
Dave's. The only gas station for at
least 15 miles in any given
direction. You own this place?

Phil nods, looks down, studies his restraints.

PHIL
Am I under arrest, officer-
Reads the name tag-

PHIL (CONT'D)
-Arnold? I know my rights. You
can't-

SGT. ARNOLD
-Why Dave's?

PHIL
Excuse me?

SGT. ARNOLD
The name Dave's. Why not PHIL'S or-
Lifts up Phil's driver's license, finds his last name-

SGT. ARNOLD (CONT'D)
-Kettle's? That's kind of catchy.

PHIL
My uncle left it to me.

SGT. ARNOLD
When did ya start looking, Phil?
(beat)
At the girls? -- peeping through
the ceiling? When did the obsession
begin?

PHIL
You've got it all wrong- what you
think about me. Like I said before,
people are fascinating. When you
watch...you learn so many
interesting things.

SPENCE

From the looks of it, you've had a lot of practice, you sick prick...

Sgt. Arnold fidgets with his wedding band on his ring finger, twisting and sliding it slowly against the callused skin beneath, an obvious habit when deep in thought.

PHIL

It's not just women. I watch everyone.

SGT. ARNOLD

Everyone? Even kids?

Phil retracts momentarily, his eyes glazed over, somewhere else.

PHIL

Children are innocent. Predictable. I don't watch children. They haven't figured out who they are yet.

SGT. ARNOLD

You're a voyeur. You trying to convince us this isn't a sexual thing?

PHIL

No, I mean, yes, I suppose at times it could be. But mostly, it's purely observation. I'm just watching...

(beat)

So, again, I ask. Am I free to go? I've done nothing wrong...

He raises the cuffs in Sgt. Arnold's direction.

SGT. ARNOLD

I have enough evidence here-

(taps the page)

-to build a compelling case.

Wouldn't be a stretch to convince a jury that a depraved soul such as yourself would be capable of a violent crime, given the nature of your...hobby.

(searches Phil's eyes)

I have a series of questions about these entries. If you give us what we need, we'll cut ya loose.

(MORE)

SGT. ARNOLD (CONT'D)
However, you so much as queef a lie
in our direction, I'll have no
choice but to turn you-- and this
book-- over to our precinct.
Capisch?

Phil nods. *There's no use fighting it.*

PHIL
I have nothing to hide. You have
everything in front of you. What
else do you need?

SPENCE
A girl's missing.

SGT. ARNOLD
Well, several girls are missing in
these parts-- but we have reason to
believe that one in particular came
through here recently.

Phil shifts in the uncomfortable chair. They've got his
attention.

PHIL
What does this have to do with me?
This is why I'm being detained?

SGT. ARNOLD
Do we really need to answer that
question?

Sgt. Arnold lifts the book, thumbs a few pages back.

SGT. ARNOLD (CONT'D)
There's no doubt. Your freakishly
perverted hobby's gonna shed light
on a few things. We'll get to the
bottom of her disappearance. Sift
through this book of yours and find
our girl...and then you're gon'
tell us what happened to her-

Phil drops his head, accepting his fate.

PHIL
When did she disappear?

SGT. ARNOLD
Around a month ago.

PHIL
Then we have a lot of entries to
examine, officer...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAVE'S GAS STATION - DAY

A SUV screeches to an abrupt halt in front of an analog gas pump. Hot pink FLATS sink into loose gravel amongst settling dust. These flats belong to ERICA DUNFREE (early 20s)- a stylized and polished beauty- not from around here.

SUPERIMPOSED: JULY 22, PRETTY IN PINK - BUBBLICIOUS

SGT. ARNOLD (V.O.)
Tell us about this entry. The
Bubblicious girl...What was your
interaction like?

PHIL (V.O.)
She was your typical beauty queen
city slicker. Not from around these
parts...

Phil studies her behind DAVE'S LOGO through a dirty window pane. She adjusts one of her heels, empties a few rocks that've made their way inside. Continues toward the entrance-

PHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Even through dirty glass, I knew I
wanted to watch her...

SGT. ARNOLD (V.O.)
Watch her?

PHIL (V.O.)
Yes. I wanted to put her in my
book. Observe her behavior.

Erica enters the store, door bells chiming. She approaches the counter, stares out the window nervously as another car races by-

Phil buries his face back into his CROSSWORD puzzle. Still stumped with *eight across*. Only a few words have been filled in. He looks up from his distraction at her entrance.

PHIL
Can I help you?

ERICA
I'm sorry. I don't really need
anything.

PHIL
Oh...

Phil places the puzzle on the countertop as Erica registers
the confusion on his face.

ERICA
This is the only place for miles. I
had to stop.

PHIL
You in trouble?

ERICA
Ummm, well I don't think so. Not
now, at least.
(smiles, feigning relief)
Okay, so I'm going to sound crazy,
but...someone's been following me
for like, miles now and I'm totally
freaked out.

PHIL
I can call somebody.

ERICA
No, no. That car with the blacked
out windows that just went
by...that's him.

Phil glances through the dirty glass at her idling car
outside.

PHIL
You do know this road is a bypass?
There's nothing for miles in each
direction.

ERICA
I'm aware.

PHIL
So, cars have no choice but to go
East or West...

ERICA
Right.

PHIL

So, is it possible that *that* car
was simply going in the same
direction as you because there's no
other alternative?

She laughs as she fidgets with the zipper on her purse.

ERICA

This is embarrassing. Of course
it's possible.

(beat)

But he had this look about him, ya
know? I pride myself on being able
to read people-

PHIL

Oh yeah?

Phil eyes his logbook under the counter, longing to record a
new entry in it.

ERICA

Like you wouldn't believe. For
example, I can tell you're a really
good guy. You've got a good aura
about you.

PHIL

Good aura? Never been told that
before...

ERICA

Oh, take the compliment. Trust me.
I would know.

(beat)

Also, I appreciate you bringing me
back down to reality. Of course
there's no one following me. I tend
to worry a lot. And normally, it's
absolutely nothing. Just had an
icky feeling, ya know?

She reaches in her purse, fishes out a dollar, hands it to
Phil.

PHIL

What's this for?

ERICA

The gum.

She holds up a pack of Bubblicious that Phil hadn't even noticed her grabbing. Erica pops a slice in her mouth and motions outside.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Restroom?

Jackpot. Phil, already with one hand on his logbook under the counter-- points outside.

PHIL

On the side of building. Two stalls are out of order.

ERICA

Thanks, love!

Erica shakes her tail feather out the door and disappears around the corner. Phil steps out back to-

EXT. BATHROOM, DAVE'S GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

-where he scales a ladder that leads into the rafters of the building.

Inside, he low crawls quietly to a spot he's been to a hundred times. A small LED overhead illuminates his logbook as he CLICKS his pen in preparation.

We now notice that this tight loft is an extremely pristine work area. The cleanliness and meticulously placed surrounding decorum are out of character with the rest of the unkempt compound.

He presses his EYE against a ceiling peephole peering down into-

INT. BATHROOM, DAVE'S GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

-where Erica makes a disapproving face upon entry. She approaches the sink and reapplies lipstick in the one clean spot in the mirror.

ERICA

(to herself in the mirror)

Someone's been following me...You dumb bitch. You sound insane.

She investigates the only operable stall, sees its condition, thinks better of it.

SGT. ARNOLD (V.O.)
Didn't get a peek at that one, huh?

BACK TO:

INT. BACK OFFICE, DAVE'S GAS STATION - NIGHT

Sergeant Arnold is tapping his index finger against the open log over Erica's entry.

PHIL
Once again, you're taking it out of context.

SPENCE
Bullshit. I can't imagine how bad you abuse yourself up there in Peeper Land!

Arnold silences his partner with a slight raise of his hand.

SGT. ARNOLD
Now, now. Let's give junior here a chance to defend himself. Tell us what happened next...

BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM, DAVE'S GAS STATION

Erica places her purse on the sink, digs in its recesses-

Whispering something unintelligible to herself, she finally finds-

-a small bag of COCAINE.

She rips a long sheet of brown tissue paper from a free roll and spreads it across the ledge of the sink.

Divvies out a line onto the paper and then--

--SNORTS the entire line in one fell swoop. Takes in its immediate effects. Eyes rolling in the back of her skull. Gripping the countertops to assist her weakening knees...

ERICA
Oooo, fuck yeah baby!

At the top of her lungs, the bathroom reverberating her ecstasy.

-Back to the mirror. She finally steadies her dilated pupils on her reflection. Her heart races but her breathing subsides.

In the PEEPHOLE, Phil watches in excitement. Jots something down.

-Back to ERICA, her eyes fixated on her reflection, unflinching, unwavering. They lock hard to the mirror's surface and then-

KERPLUNK!

She CRASHES hard against the tile floors, her jaw meeting the sink on her way down- Her body, a pile of limp, flaccid muscle- sprawls out unnaturally.

Phil watches in awe, looking for any signs of breathing-

A LONG, QUIET MOMENT. Erica remains still and unresponsive-

Until she COUGHS heavily and VOMITS profusely without lifting her head.

VOMIT pools beneath her face, trails of blood intermingling- blanketing the surrounding tile- tracing its grouted cracks.

Phil watches, his gaze unchanging.

SGT. ARNOLD (V.O.)
You left her there to die?

SPENCE (V.O.)
You sick bastard...

PHIL (V.O.)
No, of course not. I watched her.
Just like I told you.
(beat)
I waited-

SGT. ARNOLD (V.O.)
-Until what?

PHIL (V.O.)
...Until she woke up.

We push in on the Peephole as the outside ambient light changes drastically to late evening.

Phil's EYE has grown tired and heavy now, but refuses to retire.

Erica inhales deeply, jolts to-- removes her face from the dried, pooling vomit-- wobbles as she slowly stands.

Attempts to wipe her face with more paper towels, inspects the GASH on her chin. She pockets what's left of the COKE, grabs her purse and exits the bathroom.

BACK TO:

INT. BACK OFFICE, DAVE'S GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sergeant Arnold isn't impressed with the outcome. He shakes his head, spins the wedding band on his finger once more.

SGT. ARNOLD

You want me to believe you watched
her passed out for hours?

PHIL

Yes.

SGT. ARNOLD

What if she was dead?

PHIL

She wasn't.

SGT. ARNOLD

But what if she was? What would you
have done then? Wrote it down in
your book?

Phil nods. Stares at his handwriting and entries.

PHIL

That's what I do, officer. I told
you this already...

SGT. ARNOLD

So, apparently, Snow White here's
not our girl. You see, our girl
left some unmistakable clues behind
and pink heels wasn't one of them.

PHIL

You could just share those details-
To get this over with...

SPENCE

It doesn't work that way.

SGT. ARNOLD

You see, we know what we know
already. You confirming it will
only confirm our suspicions...we're
trying to figure out who you are,
Phillip Kettles.

(beat)

Did you kill our girl?

PHIL

I've never killed anyone. I watch
people.

Sergeant Arnold lets those words resonate momentarily as he
stands and stretches.

SGT. ARNOLD

You watch people. You've made that
abundantly clear.

(beat)

You ever watch somebody die, son?
Tell us about Dimples here?

He points to another entry in the log, leans over the chair.

SGT. ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Was dimples the one you watched
die?

CUT TO:

EXT. BATHROOM, DAVE'S GAS STATION - NIGHT

A HIPSTER COUPLE enter the bathroom. The male (early 30s)
sporting dual sleeves of tattoos-

SUPERIMPOSED: AUGUST 3, DIMPLES - TATS & PIERCINGS

-pulls the woman (early 30s)-- face sporting several
piercings -- in by her curvy hips and draws her close.

TATTOOS

You have the sexiest dimples...

DIMPLES

Oh no you don't. Not here, *horndog*.

TATTOOS

I didn't follow you into some-

(looks around)

-rat infested shitbox to drain the
lizard, babe...

(MORE)